This fund is $30,000, and of its income three quarters shall be spent for books and one quarter be added to the principal.
HENRY VI. PART III
Act IV Scene 6 lines 7-8

Lieutenant If an humble prayer may prevail.
I then crave pardon of your majesty.
PREFATORY NOTE.

The present volume contains five plays, and, in addition, Charles Kemble's condensation of the Three Parts of Henry VI. into one play, printed from Kemble's MS. in Mr. Henry Irving's possession. This clever attempt to accomplish a most difficult task has never before been published; and it is hoped that it may prove interesting to all students of dramatic literature. Two of these five plays, the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., are of more than ordinary length; and, as every endeavour has been made to render the historical notes very complete, this volume, necessarily, extends to greater length than its predecessor. The extracts in the Notes on Richard II. from "The Tragedy of Richard the Second," the original of which is in the volume of MS. plays in the Egerton Library, now in the British Museum, will be found quite new to nearly all Shakespearian students. The paper alluded to in the Introduction to Richard II., p. 396, has not been printed, as it will be embodied in an edition of the Egerton MS. play which I hope shortly to be able to print among the publications of the New Shakspere Society.

I have to thank Mr. Thomas Catling, the editor of Lloyd's Newspaper and a most ardent lover of Shakespeare, for an important correction with regard to the date of the late Mr. Phelps's production of Love's Labour's Lost at Sadlers Wells Theatre. It was produced not in 1853, as stated in the Stage History of that play (vol. i. p. 4), but on September 30, 1857. I am also indebted to Mr. Catling for the information that Mr. Phelps brought out Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew on November 15, 1856; he himself playing the part of Christopher Sly. I have been favoured with communications from various correspondents; some of which are very useful, and all, no doubt, intended to be so; to those whom I have not been able to answer personally I must here return my thanks.

It is well to take this opportunity of stating that the Stage History
of the plays does not profess to deal with recent representations of
Shakespeare's plays, unless they happen to be of exceptional impor-
tance; or with isolated representations of the various plays, not produced
under the regular management of any theatre. It would be impossible
to deal with such performances in this edition, though the record
of them would be interesting in any work devoted to the history
of our modern stage.

I cannot help acknowledging the very generous recognition which my
share of the work has received, not only at the hands of those who have
reviewed the first volume in the press, but also from fellow-workers on
Shakespeare, who have not only encouraged me with their approbation,
but have been most courteous in affording me any help or information
which I have asked from them. In the case of two or three short
notices which have appeared from the pens of those who evidently have
not had time to read the Introductions and Notes, there appears to have
been a misconception, on the part of the writers that, because this edition
professes to regard Shakespeare chiefly as a writer of plays which were
intended not only to be read but to be acted, therefore the criticism of
his works, from a literary point of view, has, presumably, been neglected.
I cannot plead guilty to any such neglect; as to whether that portion of
the work is done ill or well, I must leave to the judgment of those who
have the inclination and the time to read it.

In the Third Part of Henry VI. I have had the assistance of Mr. P. Z.
Round, to whom all the notes on that play, with the exception of those
on the Dramatis Personæ, are due. He has also been of great assistance
to me in verifying quotations from works in the British Museum.

F. A. MARSHALL.

LONDON, January, 1888.
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PASSAGES AND SCENES ILLUSTRATED.

KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

Act I. scene 3. lines 1, 2, ........................................... 13

First Pat. My masters, let's stand close: my
lord protector will come this way by and by.

Act I. scene 2. line 1, ........................................... 17

Dekk. Why drops ye my lord?

Act I. scene 4. line 31, ........................................... 22

Spar. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!

Act II. scene 1. lines 1, 2, ........................................... 25

Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven year's day.

Act II. scene 1. line 153, ........................................... 27

"A Miracle!"

Act II. scene 2. lines 59–62, ........................................... 29

War. Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot, be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Act II. scene 3. lines 101, 102, ........................................... 33

Peter. O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right!

Act III. scene 1. lines 228–230, ........................................... 38

Queen. Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

Act III. scene 2. lines 102, 103, ........................................... 42

Queen. When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm.

Act III. scene 2. line 149, ........................................... 43

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign.

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Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may daw it with my mournful tears.

Act III. scene 3. lines 2, 4, ........................................... 48

Car. If thou be'st dead, I'll give thee England's
treasure.
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

Act IV. scene 1. lines 70–72, ........................................... 50

Suf. Peele!
Cap. Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

Act IV. scene 2. lines 92–94, ........................................... 53

Smith. The clerk of Chatham; he can write and
read and cast account.
Cade. O monstrous!

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Back. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supposition?
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Code. For with those arms before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss.

Act IV. scene 10. lines 77-79. 62
Cate. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory.
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man.

Act V. scene 1. line 66. 65
Iden. Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head.

Act V. scene 2. lines 51, 52. 68
Y. Chf. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes.

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

Act I. scene 1. line 16. 111
Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Act I. scene 1. line 259. 115
K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Act I. scene 3. lines 25, 26. 118
Chf. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me.

Act I. scene 4. lines 79–81. 120
q. Mar. Look, York: I stand'd this napkin with the blood那瓦兰丁·克利福德, with his raper's point, Made issue from the bosom of the boy.

Act II. scene 1 lines 45-47. 123
Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on
Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain.
Thy princely father and my loving lord!

Act II. scene 4. line 1. 130
Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.

Act II. scene 5. line 88. 131
Y. Sol. It is mine only son!

Act II. scene 6. line 28. 133
Chf. Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest.

Act III. scene 1. line 55. 136
Sec. Kep. What, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

Act III. scene 2. lines 194, 195. 140
Glo. Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

Act III. scene 3. lines 119–121. 143
K. Lee. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

Act IV. scene 3. lines 4–6. 148
First Watch. He hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

Act IV. scene 4. line 1. 150
Rich. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Act IV. sc. 6. 1. 7, 8. (Etching) Frontis.

Ren. If an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

Act IV. scene 7. lines 74, 75. 154
Mon. And whose'oe'r gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

Act V. scene 2. lines 23–26. 158
War. Lo now my glory smeare'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length!

Act V. scene 5. lines 39, 40. 161
Glo. Sprawle't thou? take that, to end thy agony.
Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

Act V. scene 6. line 63. 164
Glo. See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!

THE TAMING OF THE SREW.

Act IV. scene 1. line 78. 255
Grumio. How be beat me because her horse stumbled, &c.

Act I. scene 1. line 105. 261
Ore. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.

Act I. scene 2. line 229. 266
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Act II. scene 1. line 156. 270
Hor. And they stood amazed for a while.

Act II. scene 1. line 220. 272
Pet. Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kate. That I'll try. [She strikes him.

Act II. scene 1. line 365. 274
Fra. Sir, list to me.

Act III. scene 2. line 43. 277
Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, &c.

Act III. scene 2. lines 240, 241, (Etching) 280
Pet. Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee.
Kate:
I'll buckler thee against a million.
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_Pet._ There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.
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_Brais._ Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?
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_Pet._ God save you, sir!

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_Pet._ Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?
Act V. scene 1. line 84, . . . 294  
_Vis._ His name! as if I knew not his name.

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Act V. scene 1. lines 406, 407, . . . 327  
_Tit._ Hand in hand, with fairy grace,  
Will we sing, and bless this place.
Act II. scene 1. line 39, . . . 333  
_Fairy._ Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm.
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_Tit._ Set your heart at rest:  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
Act II. scene 1. line 188, . . . 336  
_Dem._ I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Act II. scene 2. line 74, . . . 338  
_Puck._ And here the maiden, sleeping sound.
Act III. scene 1. line 22, . . . 340  
_Bot._ I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver.
Act III. scene 1. line 121, . . . 342  
_Guince._ Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

Act III. scene 2. lines 65, 66, . . . 345  
_Her._ Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds,  
Of maiden's patience.
Act III. scene 2. lines 201, 202, . . . 347  
_Hel._ O, is all forgot?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
Act III. scene 2. lines 404, 405, . . . 350  
_Dem._ Lysander! speak again:  
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou dead?
Act III. scene 2. line 442, . . . 351  
_Her._ Never so weary, never so in woe.
Act IV. scene 2. line 27, . . . 356  
_Bot._ Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what.
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KING RICHARD II.

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_Mar._ Stay, stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.
Act I. scene 1. line 69, . . . (Etching) 402  
_Boling._ Pale trembling coward, there I throw my snake.
Act I. scene 3. lines 253, 254, . . . 409  
_Gueret._ O, to what purpose dost thou hound thy words,  
That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?
Act II. scene 1. lines 137, 138, . . . 414  
_Gueret._ Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:  
Lover they to live that love and honour have.
Act II. scene 2. line 30, . . . 417  
_Questor._ I cannot but be sad.
Act II. scene 3. lines 110, 111, . . . 421  
_York._ Thou art a banished man: and here art come,  
Before the expiration of thy time.
Act III. scene 2. lines 2-5, . . . 424  
_Amas._ How brooks your grace this air,  
After late toasting on the breaking seas?  
_K. Rich._ Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy  
To stand upon my kingdom once again.

Act III. scene 2. lines 213, 214, . . . 427  
_K. Rich._ let no man speak again  
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Act III. scene 3. lines 190, 191, . . . 431  
_K. Rich._ Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee  
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
Act III. scene 4. lines 79, 80, . . . 433  
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Canst thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.
Act IV. scene 1. line 181, . . . 437  
_K. Rich._ Here, cousin, seize the crown.
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_K. Rich._ Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence  
for France:  
Think I am dead.
Act V. scene 2. lines 10, 11, . . . 442  
_York._ With slow but stately pace kept on his course,  
Whilst all tongues cried "God save thee, Bolingbroke!"
Act V. scene 2. line 71

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

Act V. scene 3. lines 30-32

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to the roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

Act V. scene 5, lines 19-21

K. Rich. how these vain wekn nails
May *hear* a passage through the flinty rib
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls.

Act V. scene 5, lines 110, 111

K. Rich. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's *blood staint* the king's own land.
KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

F. A. MARSHALL.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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

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

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers,

SCENE—In various parts of England.

TIME OF ACTION.

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

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.—Interval (?!) eighteen months.
Day 3: Act II. Scenes 1, 2.—Interval a month at least.
Day 4: Act II. Scene 3.—Interval at least two days.
Day 5: Act II. Scene 4.—Interval about twenty-seven days.
Day 6: Act III. Scene 1.—Interval a few days.
Day 7: Act III. Scenes 2, 3.—Interval three days or more.
Day 8: Act IV. Scene 1.
Day 9: Act IV. Scenes 2, 3.
Day 11: Act IV. Scene 8.
Day 12: Act IV. Scene 9.—Interval three or four days.
Day 14: Act V. Scenes 1-3.

HISTORIC PERIOD.

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

The connection between the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. is so close that we have thought it best, as far as the Introduction is concerned, not to treat them separately. With regard to the sources whence they are derived, the literary history of these plays is very clear. We have more than one edition of the two old plays from which the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., as they were first published in the Folio of 1623, were adapted by Shakespeare. As to the authorship of these two plays, whether they were the work of one, or more than one author, a controversy has been going on ever since the days of Malone; and will go on most probably till the end of time. The theory that they are merely imperfect copies of the two latter Parts of Henry VI., as we have them in the Folio 1623, is quite untenable. It seems beyond dispute that the Second Part of Henry VI. is an adaptation of a play first printed in quarto (Q. 1) in 1594, and called “The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancastre, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolk, and the tragical end of the proud Cardinal of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Jacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke’s first claim unto the Crowne.” Printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop under Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594. The Cambridge edd. in their preface (p. vii) to I. Henry VI., say: “The only copy known of this edition is in the Bodleian Library (Malone, Add. 870), and is probably the same which was once in Malone’s possession, and which he collated with the second Quarto printed in 1600.”

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

The second edition (Q. 2) of the First Part of The Contention appeared in quarto, in 1600, with the following title: “The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancastre, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolk, and the tragical end of the proud Cardinal of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Jacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke’s first claim unto the Crowne.” London: Printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop under Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1600. The Cambridge edd. say (p. ix) “Copies with this title are in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, and in the Bodleian (Malone, 867). An imperfect copy, wanting the last seven leaves, is in the Capell collection. Another impression bearing the same date, ‘Printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington,’ is said to exist, but we have been unable to find it.” The only evidence of the existence of this edition is a MS. title, prefixed to a copy of Q. 2 in the Bodleian (Malone 36), which Mr.

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1 Stokes describes it as “A 12mo edition” (p. 6); but it is always described as a small quarto. It was entered on the Register of Stationers’ Hall on March 12th, 1598-94.
Halliwell-Phillipps seems to have mistaken for a separate edition. We are indebted to the careful collation by the Cambridge Editors of this copy with that in the Capell collection for the establishment of the fact that it is not a separate edition.

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

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

In 1600 the second edition (Q. 2) was published with the following title: "The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt: With the whole contention betweene the two Houses, Lancaster and Yorke; as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke his servants. Printed at London by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1600."

The Cambridge edd. (p. x) say, "Copies of this edition are in the Duke of Devonshire's Library, the Bodleian (Malone, 36), and the British Museum."

The third edition (Q. 3) of The True Tragedy, forming the second part of The Whole Contention, instead of title-page bears the heading, "The Second Part. Containing the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the good King Henrie the Sixth."

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

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

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

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For one instance, see II. Henry VI. note 195.
INTRODUCTION.

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

By far the best account of the whole of the history of these plays, and of the controversy concerning their authorship, will be found in a most admirable paper by Miss Jane Lee (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1875–6, part 2, pp. 217–219). Miss Lee comes to the conclusion that The Contention and The True Tragedy were by Marlowe and Greene, and that possibly Peele had some share in them; that they are not imperfect representations of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.; that Shakespeare had nothing to do with the older plays, and that he was probably helped by Marlowe in altering them into the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. She gives several resemblances of verbal expression and of thought, in both The Contention and The True Tragedy, to the acknowledged works of Marlowe and of Greene; and several allusions from both dramatists, especially from Marlowe’s Edward II., which are either repeated or imitated in The Contention and The True Tragedy.

As to the external evidence which tells against Shakespeare having had anything to do with the two older plays, it may be noted that Miss Lee insists very strongly on what Mr. Hallywell-Phillipps pointed out in his Introduction to the republication of The Contention and The True Tragedy (see Hazlitt, pp. 388, 389), namely, that Millington did not put Shakespeare’s name to either of these plays, not even in the edition published as late as 1600; that after the year 1598, none of the undisputed plays of Shakespeare, except the early edition of Romeo and Juliet, and the first edition of Hamlet (Q. 1, 1603), were published without his name on the title-page; that it was not till 1619, or three years after Shakespeare’s death, that the Two Parts were published together by Pavier, to whom the copyright had been transferred, with Shakespeare’s name on the title-page. This gentleman appears to have done a great business in spurious Shakespearean plays, but not during the poet’s lifetime. After his death he published Sir John Oldcastle, The Yorkshire Tragedy, and The Puritan; stating that they were written by William Shakespeare, though we know that he had nothing on earth to do with any of them. The omission by Meres, writing in 1598, of any mention either of any of the Three Parts of Henry VI. or of The Contention and The True Tragedy among the list of Shakespeare’s plays, although he gives Titus Andronicus, is a strong negative argument against the theory that Shakespeare was part author of the older plays.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile.

Also with regard to Queen Margaret; however much her speeches may be improved in the revised editions, and however easily we may trace the touches of Shakespeare's poetic fancy in many scenes in which she figures—in that, for instance, between her and Suffolk in the Second Part—still we must admit that the resolute and purposeful woman, who struggles so boldly against every difficulty almost with success, even against the greatest difficulty of all, the paralyzing influence of her too gentle and too conscientious husband, exists in the Margaret of The Contention and The True Tragedy; and that the development of her character in Richard III. is but a development and not a creation. No one can read carefully The Contention and The True Tragedy without perceiving that there are passages where all sense, and rhythm, and metre seem wanting; passages the language of which is of the baldest description. On the other hand, there are also passages evidently written by one who was a master of blank verse, as far as its capacities were then developed; by one who had no little sense of dramatic effect as well as poetic fancy and vigour. It is also clear, when we compare the revised versions as printed in the Folio with the older plays, that the former are something more than a mere correction of transcribers' or printers' errors, an amplification of scenes or of individual speeches: they are, evidently, the result of a careful revision and partial rewriting by one who was at once a poet and a practical dramatist. It is therefore a perfectly fair and reasonable theory to suppose that the two plays were, originally, the work of other authors than Shakespeare; while to him belongs the merit of the additions and the improvements found in the revised edition. But it is scarcely fair or reasonable to say that every passage in the older plays, which is of sufficient merit to have been Shakespeare's, and which we cannot assign to any one of his contemporaries, was therefore written by him; but that for faults in those plays he is in no way responsible. What is
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more just and reasonable, and probably nearer the truth, is that Shakespeare did assist the authors of the older plays; but that he was at the time an unknown man, and quite unpractised in his art. He therefore did not carry so much influence with him as did his older and more experienced collaborators, who might fairly expect to receive the far larger share, if not the whole, of the credit attached to the work. But, as Shakespeare advanced in the estimation not only of those connected with the theatres but also of the public, the rumour would get about that he was, at least, part author of The Contention and The True Tragedy; and perhaps rather more than his due share of the merit of these plays would have been assigned to him. This could not but have irritated Greene and his other coadjutors; and the well-known passage in Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, already quoted, was the result. Afterwards, when Shakespeare had established his position in the theatre, he would very naturally take up again The Contention and The True Tragedy; and, having conceived the idea of writing a play on the subject of Richard III., would revise them with as much care as his inclination or his other occupations allowed.

STAGE HISTORY.

There does not appear to be any record of the performance either of The Contention or The True Tragedy, in their unadapted shapes. We only know from the title-page of the first edition of The True Tragedy that it had been acted by the Earl of Pembroke's servants sundry times before 1595. On none of the title-pages of The Contention is any mention made of its having been performed. It will be observed that both Q.1 and Q.2 of The True Tragedy have on them “The True Tragedy,” &c., “with the whole contention between the Houses of Lancaster and York,” although they only contain the Second Part properly speaking; the third edition of 1619 is also called The Whole Contention, and does include both parts. We may therefore infer that the First Part, usually called The Contention, was acted as well as The True Tragedy, which forms its sequel. It is not very probable that the play mentioned by Henslowe (see Introduction to I. Henry VI.) contained any portion of The Contention or of The True Tragedy; and there is no mention of the performance of either the Second or Third Parts of Henry VI. As to the two plays, after they had been altered by Shakespeare and their titles changed, there is no mention of them in Henslowe, Downes, or Pepys. The only contemporary reference—and that not an over complimentary one—to the performance of these two plays is to be found in the Prologue to Ben Jonson's Every Man In His Humour:

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

—Works, vol. i. p. 4.

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

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

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

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

Damn your unlucky planets—

And a little after

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

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

"Act 5th.—King Henry is restored—Ed-
ward makes his escape—then comes the battle
at Barnet—Lady Eleanor Butler enters in boy's
clothes, and is killed by King Edward, who
did not know who she was—he next kills
Warwick—Queen Margaret and her Son are
brought in prisoners, as in Shakspeare—the
scene changes to the Tower—the ghost of
Richard the 2d and a good Spirit appear to
Henry the 6th—Richard Plantagenet kills him
—and King Edward concludes the play"
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(Genest, vol. i. pp. 305, 306). The Second Part is said to have been published in 1680, a year before the First Part; but it is not likely that it was written before. The latter play is full of bits of claptrap, conceived in that spirit of ultra loyalty which distinguished Crowne, and which the eminent virtues of the Merry Monarch were so calculated to excite. The next production of these plays, or of any version of them, was at Drury Lane Theatre, 1723; when a version by Theophilus Cibber was introduced on July 5th, the title of which was, "An Historical Tragedy of the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster in the reign of King Henry VI.—altered from Shakespeare—containing the marriages of King Edward the 4th and Young Prince Edward with Lady Grey and Lady Anne—the distresses of Queen Margaret—the depositing of King Henry 6th—the battles fought at St. Albans, Wakefield, Mortimer's Cross, and Tewksbury—the deaths of Lord Clifford of Cumberland and his Son, the Duke of York, his son young Rutland, the great Earl of Warwick, and young Prince Edward and many other true historical passages (B.M.)" (Genest, vol. iii. p. 110). Theophilus Cibber was a young man, who does not appear to have ventured on the humorous freaks of originality, in which Crowne indulged. The principal additions seem to consist of love scenes between Prince Edward and Lady Anne, the second daughter of Warwick, and a few tedious speeches by the adapter himself. He availed himself to a considerable extent of Crowne's version. Genest says, "Cibber's alteration is a very bad one; he has, however, retained considerably more of the original than Crowne had done" (vol. iii. p. 112). The name of Savage appears in the cast as the representative of the Duke of York; and it appears that this was Richard Savage, the poet, who was the friend of Theophilus Cibber, and, possibly, may have assisted him in concocting this version of Shakespeare's play. According to Johnson, Savage was a very bad actor; but, as the Duke of York is killed in act ii., it is quite possible he may have been intrusted with that character. Young Cibber himself played Edward Prince of Wales; and young Wilks played young Clifford. This version was only represented once.

It appears to have been a long time before any attempt was made to revive these two plays in any shape whatever. In 1818 Edmund Kean appeared at Drury Lane Theatre as Richard Duke of York, in a play with that title. This version was by Mr. Merivale, the grandfather of Mr. Herman Merivale, the dramatist, and seems to have attained greater success on the stage than any previous adaptation of Shakespeare's Henry VI. The first act is chiefly taken from I. Henry VI. The rest of the play is mainly taken from II. Henry VI., with two or three scenes from III. Henry VI. in the last act, which ends with the death of the Duke of York. Of course it was necessary to amplify the principal character to make it worth the while of the great tragedian to undertake it; and this has been done, very tastefully and ingeniously, by the insertion of some well-chosen passages from other Elizabethan dramatists, principally from Chapman; no other play of Shakespeare's being put under contribution. In the preface to the published edition of this play Mr. Merivale, in very temperate language, joins issue with some of his critics whose conflicting opinions were certainly difficult to reconcile; one of these ingenious gentlemen, finding fault with the compiler for modernizing Shakespeare, selected as "his favourite passage in the original" the short scene between York and Rutland, introduced with great propriety, from a dramatic point of view, before the murder of Rutland; that being one of the very few passages written by Mr. Merivale himself! It would appear from this that the knowledge of Shakespeare, possessed by the critics of that day, was neither as wide nor as deep as it is now. Barry Cornwall, in his Life of Edmund Kean 1 says (vol. ii. p. 178): "Kean produced some striking effects in the part of Richard, and always spoke of it in terms of high eulogium." The cast of "Richard Duke of York" included, among other well-known names, Wallack as Young Clifford; T. P. Cooke as Buckingham; Munden as Jack Cade; and Mrs. Glover as Margaret

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1 The work was published by Moxon in 1835.
of Anjou. I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Herman Merivale for the loan of his copy of this play, which contains numerous M.S. alterations and additions in the handwriting of his grandfather; the title-page is dated 1817, and the preface refers to various features in the representation of the play and to the criticisms thereon. Mr. Herman Merivale informs me, in a letter, that the play was first represented in 1816, so that the date 1818 given in the Life of Kean above referred to, must, if correct, refer to a revival of the play, not to its first production. The only other occasion on which any version of Henry VI. has been represented, as far as I can discover, was at the Surrey Theatre in 1863, when, under the management of Mr. Anderson, a version of I. Henry VI. was presented, called The Wars of the Roses, and was played some thirty or forty nights. Mr. Anderson himself doubled the part of the Duke of York and Jack Cade. In the letter, in which he kindly gives me this information, he adds that "unfortunately the M.S. with all books and papers were destroyed when the theatre was burnt down in the year 1864."

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

CRITICAL REMARKS.

In speaking of these two plays it is evident, from what has been said above as to their authorship, that one cannot treat them, any more than I. Henry VI., as being Shakespeare's own work. I cannot pretend to follow those who venture to portion out the lines of these plays between their different authors. For the purposes of criticism it is quite sufficient to accept the additional passages in F. 1 as being virtually the work of Shakespeare, whether Marlowe assisted him or not in the revision. For what he chose to leave of the old plays in the revised editions of them he is responsible, as far as his taste as a poet and his judgment as a dramatist are concerned. Most critics do not hesitate to prefer these two plays, II. Henry VI. and III. Henry VI., to I. Henry VI.; and there is no doubt that they contain many more passages of merit both from a poetical and dramatic point of view; but the nature of their subject prevents them being as sympathetic as I. Henry VI. Indeed, had the same amount of talent and of pains been bestowed upon the latter, it would have more than held its own with the Parts founded upon The Contention and The True Tragedy. But we may take it that not only was the original play, from which Shakespeare worked in the case of I. Henry VI., of inferior merit to those from which he adapted the two other Parts, but also that he bestowed less care upon the First Part than on the Second and Third; and, probably, that he had not, at the time he prepared the former for the stage, made much progress in his art. Otherwise, the play, which tells the story of Talbot's glorious victories and heroic death, of Joan of Arc's noble enthusiasm for her country, and of her cruel end, would have taken a much firmer hold upon our sympathies than these two somewhat monotonous records of grasping ambition, mean treachery, and bloodthirsty cruelty. For, after all, when we come, fresh from a careful reading of them, to look back upon these two plays, with what characters, crowded as they are with many and various individualities, can we sympathize? Scarcely with the ambitious and disingenuous York; or with Warwick, brave though he be, yet never setting his heart upon anything else but his own selfish ends, changing his allegiance with as little scruple as he changes his armour, whenever it suits his purpose; hardly with the uncles, wrangling over their royal nephew; or with Edward IV., young, brave, and handsome as he is, but sensual, and only less cruel because more indolent than his scheming, vulpine brother Richard. We can care little for Clarence, who has just enough audacity to be a traitor, without the courage to be loyal; nor do our hearts go out even to Margaret, loyal
and nobly tenacious of purpose though she be; for the fiendish cruelty with which she triumphs over her enemy, York, almost justifies the abuse which is heaped upon her. Henry alone stands out, among the crowd of grasping, intriguing, and cruel men-slayers which surround him, gentle, merciful, thinking of others rather than of himself, shrinking with horror from severity even to those who had deserved it; with a heart that bleeds for his country's misfortunes, that is not only wrung with grief at the death of some friend of noble birth, but overflows with pity at the sorrows of the poorest of his unhappy subjects. Yet Henry lacks those qualities which rarely, if ever, coexist with such a character; he has neither resolution nor vigour to cope with the crowd of unscrupulous foes around him. Timid by nature, and morbidly averse to everything that wears the slightest appearance of cruelty, he yields when he should resist, entreats when he should command, and laments the crimes that he ought to punish. Among the minor characters, Humphrey of Gloucester stands out, perhaps, as the most prominent; we are intended to admire him, but the finger-post which points to his supposed good qualities is rather too obtrusive; and we feel that, in all the eloquent speeches he makes on behalf of his king, he says one word for his sovereign and three for himself. Nor can we quite get over his conduct to his duchess; having raised her from something worse than an insignificant position to that of his wife, we feel that he might have been a little more indulgent to her ambition, which is not altogether selfish; and that, in the hour of her humiliation, he might sympathize with her more and preach to her less. Indeed, his conduct, after her performance of her painful and degrading penance, almost prepares us for his own fate as an act of poetic justice. Figures that, for the moment, attract our sympathy and touch our hearts, like those of the young Rutland, or of Edward Prince of Wales, or of Lady Grey, flit across the crowded scene, and are gone almost before we have time to admire them. It was inevitable, perhaps, from the nature of the subject, that the interest should be dissipated among so many characters, that neither play seems to have any hero at all. Margaret might be made the heroine; but the attempts, clever as they are, that have been made to invest one of the male characters with paramount interest, have almost inevitably failed.

It may seem a strange thing to say, but there is nothing more pathetic in these two plays—except, perhaps, the beautiful episode of the father and son, III. Henry VI. ii. 5.—than the absence of one character, whom we should certainly have expected to have been taking a prominent part in the stirring incidents of those times. I mean Katharine, the young and happy bride of Henry V., so soon left a widow, with nothing but her infant child to comfort her. One remembers the bright scene of her courtship by Henry (Henry V. act v. scene 2); one reads of the enthusiasm and delight with which she was welcomed by the people of England as the beautiful young bride of their genuinely beloved king; one pictures the exultant pride with which, directly she was well enough to travel, she hastened to France to show her husband their infant child, and the joyous days of festivity passed there; then comes the sudden death of King Henry in the pride of life, and the fair promise of happiness is blighted for ever. For the first two years Katharine seems to have held her proper place as mother of the young king; but when the child was only three years old the mother was deposed, and Dame Alice Boteller was appointed as governess of the infant monarch. The history of the young queen-dowager's disgrace is shrouded in mystery; probably her attachment to Owen Tudor, whom she subsequently married, was thus early discovered. But from an historical as well as from a dramatic point of view her complete effacement is to be much regretted. The whole face of English history might have been changed, if Katharine could have taken and held the position which, of right, belonged to her. She had the enormous advantage of her dead husband's name to conjure by, and what an advantage it was we learn from the speech of Clifford to Jack Cade's followers. Only give to this queen-mother half the energy and decision of character which Margaret had, and
what might she not have achieved for her son's cause? Margaret did much; but it must be remembered that she always laboured under the great and insuperable disadvantage of being connected, in the public mind, with the disgraceful cession of English territory to France. Katharine had come as a foreigner indeed, but also as a beautiful messenger of peace to England, and a guarantee of her husband's succession to the fair land of France. If, indeed, her misalliance was the sole reason for her being entirely excluded from taking any part in the care and education of her own child, what more striking anomaly can there be, than this relentless enforcement of the decrees of conventional etiquette, in a society which held human life in less respect than was ever the case in any civilized community; in an age when ferocious cruelty was the rule rather than the exception? But Katharine had her revenge: if, unwilling to mix herself with the intrigues of her proud and unscrupulous brothers-in-law, she sought refuge from the turmoil of the life around her in a simple marriage of affection, she became the direct ancestress of one of the most powerful race of monarchs that ever sat on the English throne.

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

ACT I.


Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter on one side King Henry, Humphrey Duke of Gloster, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort; on the other, Queen Margaret, led in by Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, and others following.

Suf. As from your high imperial majesty I had in charge at my depart for France, As procurator1 to your excellence, To marry Princess Margaret for your grace, [So, in the famous ancient city Tours, In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil, The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, Alençon, Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,] I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd: And humbly now upon my bended knee, 10 In sight of England and her lordly peers,

Deliver up my title in the queen 12 To your most gracious hands, that are the substance Of that great shadow I did represent; The happiest gift that ever marquess gave, The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd. King. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret: I can express no kinder sign of love Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life, Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! 20 For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face, A world of earthly blessings to my soul, If sympathy of love unite our thoughts. Queen. Great King of England and my gracious lord, The mutual conference that my mind hath had, By day, by night, waking and in my dreams, In courtly company or at my beads, With you, mine alder-liefest2 sovereign,

1 Procurator, substitute, proxy.

2 Alder-liefest, dearest of all (Anglo-Saxon).
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords 90
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish; but her grace
in speech,
[Her words yclad¹ with wisdom’s majesty,]
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping
joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart’s content.

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

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

Queen. We thank you all. [Flourish.
Suff. My lord protector, so it please your
grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace 100
Between our sovereign and the French king
Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

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

[Flourish.]

Let’s the paper fall.

King. Uncle, how now!

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the
heart 114
And dimm’d mine eyes, that I can read no
further.

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

Car. [who has picked up the paper, reads]
“You, It is further agreed between them, that the
duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and
delivered over to the king her father; and she sent
over of the King of England’s own proper cost and
charges, without having any dowry.” 122

King. They please us well.—Lord mar-
quess, kneel thou down:
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gi’st thee with the sword. Cousin of
York,
We here discharge your grace from being re-
gent

¶

¹ Yclad = clad.

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I’ the parts of France, till term of eighteen
months
Be full expir’d.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;]

We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform’d.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the
state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his
grief,—
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
[Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter’s cold and summer’s parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?]
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, [Somerset, Bucking-
ham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious War-
wick,]
Receiv’d deep scars in France and Normandy?
[Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house 130
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept
in awe?
And was his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours
die?
Shall Henry’s conquest, Bedford’s vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
[Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown, 140
Defacing monuments of conquer’d France,]
Undoing all, as² all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate
discourse,

² Debating to and fro, i.e. discussing the question in
all its bearings.
³ As = as if.
This peroration with such circumstance?  

For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it 
still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can; 
But now it is impossible we should: 
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the 
roast, 
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine 
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large 
style,
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died 
for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
[But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant 
son?
War. For grief that they are past recovery: 
For, were there hope to conquer them again, 
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no 
tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both; 
Those provinces these arms of mine did con- 
querr:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds, 
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

Mort Dieu!]

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate, 
That dims the honour of this warlike isle! 
France should have torn and rent my very 
heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league. 
I never read but England's kings have had 
Large sums of gold and dowries with their 
wives; 
And our King Henry gives away his own, 
To match with her that brings no vantages.

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

Before—

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

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

T is not my speeches that you do mislike, 
But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.

Rancour will out: proud prelate, trouble ye. 
I see thy fury: if I longer stay, 
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—

Lording's farewell; and say, when I am gone, 
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long. 

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage. 
'T is known to you he is mine enemy; 
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all; 
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king. 

Consider, lords, he is the next of blood, 
And heir apparent to the English crown: 
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage, 
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west, 
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it. 

Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing' words 
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circum- 
spect.

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

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud 
voice,

"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"

With "God preserve the good Duke Hum- 
phrey!"

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

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

Car. This weighty business will not brook 
delay;
I'll go to the Duke of Suffolk presently. 

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

1 Circumstance, circumstantial details.
2 For = as for.
3 Large style, i.e. long list of titles.
4 Lordings = lords.
5 Smoothing, flattering.
6 Flattering gloss = "specious appearance given him by 
flattery."
7 Hoise, overthrow; literally, heave.
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant:
Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[Exit Warwick and Salisbury.]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased.
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.

I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands
And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shard and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.

Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

[Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!]

Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;

And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:

---

1 Pride, i.e. the cardinal. See line 201, below.
2 Ambition, i.e. Buckingham and Somerset. See line 202, below.
3 Demean, behave. 4 Housekeeping, hospitality.
5 The main, the chief point (i.e. the safety of the realm).
KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT I. Scene 2.

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

ACT I. Scene 2.

Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist, 245
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humour\(^1\) fits not for a crown.\(^2\)

Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state; 250
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars: \(^3\)
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, \(^3\) I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit.


Enter Gloster and his wife Eleanor.

Duch. [Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?] Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same. \(^{10}\)

[Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
What is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.]

---

\(^1\) Humour, disposition.
\(^2\) Fall'n at jars, fallen into a quarrel.
\(^3\) Force perforce = by very force.
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of
Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God
knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argu-
ment.
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet
duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are
crown'd;
There Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to
me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide out-
right:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so
choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

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

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness'
pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Where as the king and queen do mean to
hawk.

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

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow pre-
sently. [Execute Gloster and Messenger.

Follow I must; I cannot go before,

---

1 Argument = a sign in proof.
2 Ill-nurtur'd, ill-educated.
3 Hammering, forging.
4 Check'd, rebuked.
5 Where as, where.

While Gloster bears this base and humble
mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless
necks,
Being but a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.—
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear
not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

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

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's
advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as
yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show
your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the
questions:
When from St. Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry,
man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[Exit.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the
duchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. [But, how now, Sir John;
Hume!]
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:]
The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast:—
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal

---

Pageant, here a tryallable.
2 But grace, i.e. but a duchess.
KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT I. Scene 3.

And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
[Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
They say "A crafty knave does need no
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.]
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack,
And her attainture[1] will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort[2] how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[Exit.


Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter, the
Armourer's man, being one.

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

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

Enter Suffolk and Queen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1 Her attainture, i.e. her being attainted, or impeached
2 Sort, turn out, befall.
3 In the quill, i.e. in a body.

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

Sec. Peti. Alas, sir, I am but a poor peti-
tioner of our whole township.

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

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

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

Suf. Who is there? [Enter Servant.] Take
this fellow in, and send for his master with
a pursuivant[4] presently. We'll hear more of
your matter before the king.

[Exit Servant with Peter.

Queen. And as for you, that love to be pro-
tected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[Reads the supplications.

Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

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

Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the
guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
[Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?]
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
[I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship,[5] and proportion:]

But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads:
His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would the college of the cardinals

Of={for.

Pursuivant, an officer of state who executes warrants.

Presently, Immediately.

Cullions, wretches; a term of contempt.

Courtship, courtliness.

Proportion, shape, form.
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.]

Suf. Madam, be patient: 1 as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace’s full content.
Queen. Besides the haughty protector, have we Beaufort
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buck-
ingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.
Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevills:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.
Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector’s wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey’s wife:
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke’s revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng’d on her?
[Contemptuous base-born callat 2 as she is,
She vaunted ’mongst her minions t’other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father’s lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daugh-
ter.]

Suf. Madam, myself have lim’d 3 a bush for her,
And plac’d a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me,
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York,—this late complaint

Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we’ll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Sound a sennet. Enter King Henry, York,
and Somerset, conversing with him; Duke
and Duchess of Gloster, Cardinal Beau-
fort, Buckingham, Salisbury, and War-
wick.

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not
which;
Or Somerset or York, all’s one to me.
York. If York have ill demean’d 4 himself
in France,
Then let him be deny’d 5 the regencyship.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.
War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.
Cur. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters
speak.
War. The cardinal’s not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters,
Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son!—and show some reason,
Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be prefer’d in this.
Queen. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
Glo. Madam, the king is old enough him-
self
To give his censure: 6 these are no women’s matters.
Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it, then, and leave thine inso-
Ience.
Since thou wert king,—as who is king but thou?—
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack;
The Dauphin hath prevail’d beyond the seas;

1 Patient, here a trisyllable.
2 Callat, strumpet.
3 Lim’d, smeared with bird-lime.
4 Demean’d, behaved.
5 Deny’d, denied.
6 Censure, opinion.
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd, the
clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy
wife's attire
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Queen. Thy sale of offices and towns in
France—
If they were known, as the suspect is great—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy
head.

[Exit Gloster. The Queen drops her fan.

[To the Duchess] Give me my fans: what, minion! can ye not?

[She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was't I! yes, I it was, proud French-
woman:

Could I come near your beauty with my
nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

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

Duch. Against her will! good king, look
to 't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a
baby:

[Though in this place most master wear no
breeches,]
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unre-
veng'd.

[Exit.

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he pro-
ceeds:
She's tickled now; her fury needs no
spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[Exit.

Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-
blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul;
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me
leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am un-
meet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture.
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:
Last time I danc'd attendance on his will
Till Paris was besiegd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold
my peace?

Enter Servants of Suffolk, bringing in Horner,
the Armourer, and his man Peter.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of trea-
son:
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!
York. Doth any one accuse York for a
traitor?

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

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these,—Richard Duke of York

---

1 Rack'd, oppressed with exactions.
2 Treasury, treasure.
3 Suspect, suspicion.
4 My ten commandments, my ten fingers, a cant phrase.
5 Most master, one who is most master, i.e. the queen.
6 Wear, 3rd person singular, subjunctive mood.
7 Listen after, gain information about.
8 Tickled, irritated.
Was rightful heir unto the English crown, and that your majesty was an usurper.

King. Say, man, were these thy words?

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

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

York. Base dunghill villain and mechanical, I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—

I do beseech your royal majesty,

Let him have all the rigour of the law. 199

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witneses of this: therefore I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

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

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

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

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

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

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

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

[Flourish, Exeunt.
Scene IV. London. The Duke of Gloucester's garden; part of the house, with balcony, at back.

Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell, and Bolingbroke.

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

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

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

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

Enter Duchess above, Hume following.

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

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deepest night, dark night, the silent3 of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and bandogs4 howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up5 their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

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

Spir. Adsum.6
M. Jourd. Asmath,7
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

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

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

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

[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.

Boling. "What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?" Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.
Boling. "What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?"
Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
False fiend, avoid!9

[Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.

Enter the Duke of York, the Duke of Buckingham, William Stafford, and others, with their Guard and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.

[To M. Jourdain] Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.10
[To Duchess] What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd11 for these good deserts.

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

Injur'd12 Duke, that threatst where's no cause.

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

[Holding up a paper.

---

1 Convenient, 8t. proper.
2 Gear, business.
3 Silent = silence.
4 Bandogs, mastiffs; literally, dogs chained up.
5 Break up, break open.
6 Adsum, "I am here."
7 Asmath, the name of an evil spirit.
8 That = would that.
9 Avoid, begone.
10 At an inch, in the nick of time.
11 Guerdon'd, rewarded.
12 Injur'd, insulting.
KING HENRY

VI.—PART II.

ACT II. Scene I.

By water shall be die, and take his end.
What shall beside the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand."
Come, come, my lord;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.
Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.
York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—
Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Serv ing man.

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

[Execunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Saint Alban's.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloucester, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers halloowing.

Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
[Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.]

King. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
[To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.]

1 "I say that you, descendant of Aeneas, the Romans can conquer."
2 Hardily, audaciously.
3 Flying at the brook, i.e. hawking at wild fowl.
4 Had not gone out, "would not have taken flight at the game."
5 Pitch, the height to which a falcon soars before attacking its prey.
6 Pain of, i.e. fond of.

1 As it like, if it please. 2 Tower, fly high. 3 By that, about that. 4 Beat on, are intent upon. 5 Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT II. Scene 1.

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer, 21
That smooth'st it so with king and common- 
wealth!]

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

Tantene animis celestibus ire? 3
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such ma-
lace;
With so much holiness can you not do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well be-
comes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord,
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship. 30

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine 
insolence.

Queen. And thy ambition, Gloster.

King.

Prithee, peace,
Good queen, and what not on these furious 
peers;
[For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I 
make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

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

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

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

Glo. [Aside to Car.] Make up no factious 
numbers 4 for the matter;

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. [Aside to Glo.] Ay, where thou dar'st 
not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening, on the east side of the grove.

King. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so sud-
denly,
We had had more sport.—[Aside to Glo.] Come 
with thy two-hand sword.

1 Pernicious, pronounced as a quadrasyllable.
2 Smooth'st, flatterest.
3 "Can there be such passions in heavenly minds?" (Virgil, Ezold, l. 15).

4 Make up no factious numbers, i.e. "do not get to-
gether a band of factious retainers."
5 An yf—but if. 25
Glo. True, uncle.

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

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

King. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

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

[Aside to Car.] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this, or all my fence² shall fail.

Car. [Aside to Glo.] Medicine, tejpsum³—Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

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

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

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

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim? 60

Towns. A miracle! a miracle!

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

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

Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight;

A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

King. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

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

Car. See where the townsmen, on procession,

Come to present your highness with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,

Although by sight his sin be multiplied.

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

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

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

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

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

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

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

King. Where wert thou born?

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

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

Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

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

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

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

A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep, 90

By good Saint Alban; who said, "Simpcox, come,—

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

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

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

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

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

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

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

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

¹ Are ye advis'd? i.e. do you understand?
² Fence, skill in fencing.
⁴ Stomachs, angry tempers.

₆ But that, i.e. only that (tree).
Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve. —
Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open them:
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.
Glo. Sayst thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth: coal-black as jet.
King. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

"A Miracle!"—Act II. 1 183.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?

[Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his! [Pointing to the Cardinal.
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saundar Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glo. Then, Saundar, sit there, the lying'st knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?
Simp. O master, that you could!
Glo. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?
May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
Glo. Then send for one presently.
May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

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

1 Wink, shut them.

2 By and by, immediately.
from whipping, leap me over this stool and
run away.
Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand
alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

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

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

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

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

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

King. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st
so long?
Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain
run.

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

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

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

[Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, &c.
Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle
to-day.

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

Glo. But you have done more miracles
than I;
You made, my lord, in a day whole towns to
fly.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What tidings with our cousin Buck-
ingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to
unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,

The ringleader and head of all this rout, have practis'd dangerously against your
state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy-counciel;
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this
means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

[Aside to Glo.] This news, I think, hath turn'd
your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your
hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict
my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my
powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

King. O God, what mischiefs work the
wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads there-
by!

Queen. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy
nest,
And look thyself be faultless, thouwert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do ap-
pel,

How I have lov'd my king and commonweal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
That hath dishonoured Gloster's honest name.

King. Well, for this night we will repose us
here:

To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause
prevails.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

1 Sort, company.  
2 Naughtly, worthless.  
3 Lewdly, wickedly.  

Practis'd, plotted.  
Tainture, defilement.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

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

Which is infallible, to England's crown.

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

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—

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

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

Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,

That shall salute our rightful sovereign With honour of his birthright to the crown.—(Act II. 2. 28-58).

The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt, 22 Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth, Seiz'd on the realm, depose'd the rightful king, Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came, And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know, Was harmless Richard murder'd traitorously. War. Father, the Duke of York hath told the truth; Thus got the House of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
         Sal. But William of Hatfield died without
an heir. 33
         York. The third son, Duke of Clarence,—
from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a
daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of
         March:
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.
         Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Boling-
broke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown; 40
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.
         York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was
son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth
son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son 51
Succeed before the younger, I am king.
         War. What plain proceeding is more plain
than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of
         Gaunt,
The fourth son; while York claims it from the
third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot, 1 be we the first 60
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.
         Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, Eng-
land's king!
         York. We thank you, lords. But I am not
your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice 2 and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days:
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence, 70
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the
flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek, and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.
         Sal. My lord, break off; we know your mind
at full.
         War. My heart assures me that the Earl of
         Warwick 78
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.
         York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the Earl of War-
wick
The greatest man in England but the king.

[Exeunt.]

Scene III. London. A hall of justice.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen
Margaret, Gloucester, York, Suffolk, Sal-
isbury, and Attendants; the Duchess of
Gloucester, Margaret Jourdain, South-
well, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under
guard.

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham,
Gloucester's wife:
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.
You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to
ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gal-
lows.—
You, madam, for 3 you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life, 10
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

1 Private plot, i.e. sequestered spot.
30

2 Advice, careful consideration.  8 For, because.
Thus Eleanor’s pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go. — Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Queen. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

King. O God’s name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it; God defend the right!
York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

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

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

Sec. Neigh. And here, neighbour, here’s a
cup of charneco.

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

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

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

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

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

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1 Would = would have, desires.
2 Should be to be, i.e. should need to be.
3 Shrewd, bad.
4 Raught, taken away.
5 This refers to Gloster’s fall.
6 Her = his; refers to pride.
7 Let him go, i.e. “let him pass from your thoughts,”
8 Think no more of him.
9 Worse bested, in a worse plight.
10 Charneco, a kind of sweet wine, made at a village near Llambur.
KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

And after summer evermore succeeds 2
Bare winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what’s o’clock?
Serv. Tis almost ten, my lord.
Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish’d duchess:
Unneath1 may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook2
The abject people gazing on thy face, 11
With envious looks, still laughing at thy
shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the
streets.
But, soft! I think she comes; and I’ll prepare
My tear-stain’d eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER in a white
sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her
feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand;
SIR JOHN STANLEY, the Sheriff, and Officers.
Serv. So please your grace, we’ll take her
from the sheriff.
Glo. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.
Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open
shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they
gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on
thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban3 thine enemies, both mine and thine!
Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this
grief.
Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!
For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along, 30
Mail’d up in shame,4 with papers on my back,
And follow’d with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet5 groans.

1 Take my death, i.e. take it on my death.
2 To double, i.e. to speak thick, as a drunken man.
3 In thy master’s way, i.e. that hindered him from
fighting.

32

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SCENE IV. A street.

Enter GLOSTER and his SERVINGMEN, in
mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day
a cloud;

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1 Unneath, hardly, with difficulty.
2 Abrook, endure.
3 Ban, curse.
4 Mail’d up in shame, alluding to the white sheet of
penance which she wore.
5 Deep-fet, i.e. deep-fetch’d.
KING HENRY

VI.—PART II.

ACT II. Scene 4

The ruthless fiend doth cut my tender feet, 34
And when I start, the envious people laugh
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;

To think upon my pomp shall be my hell. 41
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death

Peter. O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right!—(Act II. 2. 101, 102.)

Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will; 50
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,—
And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be sma'red,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou almost all awry;
I must offend before I be attained:

And had I twenty times so many foes, 60
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell: I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

1 Trow'est, thinkest. 2 As = that. 3 Pointing-stock, an object to be pointed at. 4 Lim'd, smeared with bird-lime.
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5 Scathe, injury. 6 Sort, adapt, conform. 7 Patience, to be pronounced as a trisyllable.
Enter a Herald.

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

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

This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there. 71

[Exit Herald.

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

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays;
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

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

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

Glo. Entreat 1 her not the worse in that I pray
You use her well; the world may laugh again; 2
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!

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

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak. [Execut Gloster and Servingsmen.

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

For none abides with me: my joy is death;

Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity. 90
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach,—
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;
According to that state you shall be us'd.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct 3 of my shame.

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

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is disch'g'd.

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attend you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes
And show itself, attend me how I can. 109
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[Execut.

ACT III.

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

Sennet. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, the Parliament, and others.

King. I muse 4 my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since 5 he was mild and affable,
And, if we did but glance a far-off look, 10
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That 6 all the court admir'd him for submission:

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1 Entreat, treat.
2 The world may laugh again, i.e. "Fortune may smile again on me."
3 Conduct, conductor.
4 I muse, I wonder.
5 Since, when.
6 That = so that.
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn, 18
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

[Small curst are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.] 31
First note, that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.

By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him. 30

[Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.] 31
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.

If it be fond, 4 call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the duke.

My Lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can; 40
Or else conclude my words effectual.

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

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit. 57

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

King. My lords, at once:—the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but,—shall I speak my conscience?

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

Queen. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all 60
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

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

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

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

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1  *Me seemeth, i.e. "it seems to me."
2  *Respecting, considering.
3  *Collect, gather together by observation.
4  *Fond, foolish.
5  *Subscribe, yield the point.
Y York. [Aside] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
[Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud
And caterpillars my leaves away; ]
But I will remedy this gear\(^1\) ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter Gloster.

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

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

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? what\(^2\) are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France;
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!

[That doit\(^3\) that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat\(^4\) I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!]
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disbursed\(^6\) to the garrisons,
And never asked for restitution.

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

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

York. In your protectorship you did devise

Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
That\(^6\) England was defam'd by tyranny. 122

Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment: 130

[Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon\(^7\) or what\(^8\) trespass else.]

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy,\(^6\) quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspect: 139
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;

[Equity exil'd your highness' land.]
I know their complot\(^11\) is to have my life,
And if my death might make this island happy
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness: 150
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back, 160

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\(^1\) Gear., matter.
\(^2\) What = who.
\(^3\) Doit, a very small coin; properly, the twelfth part of a penny.
\(^4\) Groat, a small coin of the value of fourpence.
\(^5\) Disbursed = disbursed, paid away.

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\(^6\) That, so that.
\(^7\) The felon, i.e. the felon's (sin).
\(^8\) What, whatever.
\(^9\) Easy, slight, trivial. Some take it as an adverb = easily.
\(^10\) Suspect, suspicion.
\(^11\) Complot, concerted plan.
By false accuse⁴ doth level at my life:— 160
[Turning to the Queen] And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr’d up
My lievest⁴ liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
Myself had note⁶ of your conventicles⁶—
And all to make away my guiltless life.
[ I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.] 171
Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
[If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason’s secret knife and traitor’s rage
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.
Suf. Hath he not twit⁶ our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch’d,⁷
As if she had suborned some to swear 180
False allegations to o’erthrow his state?
Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;—
Beshrew the winners, for they play’d me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buck. He’ll wrest the sense and hold us here all day:—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.
Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.
Glo. Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body. 190
[Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling⁸ who shall gnaw thee first.]
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.
[Exeunt Attendants with Gloster, guarded.

King. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best, 196
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.
Queen. What, will your highness leave the parliament?
King. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown’d with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
[ My body round engirt with misery, 200
For what’s more miserable than discontent?]
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth and loyalty:
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e’er I prov’d thee false or fear’d thy faith.
[ What louring⁹ star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf, 210
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling’s loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster’s case
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm’d eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.] 220
His fortunes I will weep; and, ’twixt each groan,
Say, “Who’s¹⁰ a traitor, Gloster he is none.”
[Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort,
Suffolk, and York; Somerset remains apart.
Queen. Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun’s hot beams;
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; [and Gloster’s show
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll’d in a flowering bank,
With shining checker’d slough,¹¹ doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.] 230

¹ Accuse, accusation. ⁴ Liefest, dearest.
² Note, information. ⁶ Conventicles, secret meetings.
⁴ Effected, practically proved. ⁸ Twit, twisted.
⁵ Clerkly couch’d, put in good (or scholarly) language.
⁶ Gnarling, growling, snarling.
⁹ Louring, gloomy-looking.
¹⁰ Who’s, whoever is. ¹¹ Slough, skin.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him. 234

Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.
Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life,

The commons haply rise, to save his life; 240
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.
York. So that, by this, you would not have
him die.
Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!
York. [Aside] 'Tis York that hath more
reason for his death.—

Queen. Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.—(Act iii. i. 235-238.)

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

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

Queen. So the poor chicken should be sure
of death.]
Suf. [Madam, 'tis true; and were 't not
madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,³
Because his purpose is not executed.

¹ Colour, pretext. ² Empty, famished. ³ Posted over, slurred over.
KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT III. Scene 1.

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

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

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
[ I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burden of dishonour home
By staying there so long till all were lost. 298
Show me one scar charact'rd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win. 10]

Queen. [ Nay, then, this spark will prove a
raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—]
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be
still:—

[ Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent
there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

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

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

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

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

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

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content: provide me soldiers,
lords,
While I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see
perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with
him
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.

1 Quilleta, petty niceties of law.
2 Mates, disables, renders powerless.
3 Censure well = approve.
4 Tender so, have such regard for.
5 Skills, matters.
6 Impugns our doom, opposes our decision.
7 Amain, at utmost speed.
8 Expedient, expeditions.
9 Far-fet, far-fetched.
10 i.e. "Men whose flesh is kept so free from wounds
are seldom conquerors."
11 Happily = perchance.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:  
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days  
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;  
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

[Exeunt all but York.

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,  
And change misdoubt to resolution:  
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art  
Resign to death; [it is not worth th' enjoying:  
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,  
And find no harbour in a royal heart.  
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought  
on thought,  
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.  
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,  
Weaves tedious snare to trap mine enemies.]  
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicily done,  
To send me packing with an host of men:  
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,  
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:

[I take it kindly; yet be well assur'd  
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.]  
Whiles I in Ireland nurse a mighty band,  
I will stir up in England some black storm  
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;  

[And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage  
Until the golden circuit on my head,  
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,  
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.]  
And, for a minister of my intent,  
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,  
John Cade of Ashford,  
To make commotion, as full well he can,  
[Under the title of John Mortimer.  
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade  
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,  
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;  
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen  
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,  
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.  
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,  
Hath he conversed with the enemy,  
And, undiscover'd, come to me again,  
And given me notice of their villanies.]  
This devil here shall be my substitute;  
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,  
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:  
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,  
How they affect the house and claim of York.  
Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured,  
I know no pain they can inflict upon him  
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.

Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,  
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,  
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;  
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

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

Enter certain murderers, hastily.

First Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know  
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

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

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

First Mur. Here comes my lord.

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

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

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;  
I will reward you for this venturous deed.

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

1 Flaw, violent gust of wind.  
2 Fought—he fought.
ACT III. Scene 2.

KING HENRY

Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well.
According as I gave directions?
First Mar. 'Tis, my good lord.
Suf. Away! be gone. [Exeunt Murderers.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, Lords, and others.

King. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.
[Exit.

King. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Queen. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!
King. I thank thee, love; these words content me much.

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.
Queen. Marry, God forfend!
Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.
[The King swoons.
Queen. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

[Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.
Queen. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!]

1 Is all things—is everything.
2 Straiter, more strictly.
3 Approv'd, proved.
4 Practice, plotting.
5 That faultless, &c., i.e. "that may condemn a nobleman who is faultless."
6 Rear, raise.

Suf. He doth revive again:—madam, be patient.
King. O heavenly God!
Queen. How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
 Came he right now to sing a raven's note, 50
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast, 51
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
[Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight! 52
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.]
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.
Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
[And for myself,—foe as he was to me,—
Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy! 70
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!]
King. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!
Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper;—look on me. 75
What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?

KING HENRY

VI.—PART II.

[ Erect his statua and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign. ]
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
[ What boded this but well forewarning wind
Did seem to say—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loose'd them forth their brazen caves:
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Αεolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty-vaulting sea refuse'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinkings sands
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret. ]
As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land: the sea receive'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
[ And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue—
The agent of thy foul inconstancy—
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts commence'd in burning Troy!]

Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then, dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.
Am I not witch'd like her! or thou not false like him?]
Ay me, I can no more! die, Margaret! 130
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick and Salisbury.
The Commons press to the door.
War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey trait'rously is murder'd

And comment then upon his sudden death.
War. That shall I do, my liege.—Stay,
Salisbury, 134
With the rude multitude till I return.
[Warwick goes through folding-doors into the bed-chamber. Salisbury retires to the Commons at the door.
King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,—
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect 2 be false, forgive me, God;

For judgment only doth belong to thee. 140
[ Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to rain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?]
[ The folding-doors are thrown open, and the dead body of Gloster is discovered, lying on the bed; Warwick and others standing by it.
War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

1 Henry, pronounced as a tryallable. 2 Suspect, suspicion.
KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT III. Scene 2.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made; 150
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
And seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state
upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, 101
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and bloodless,
[Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same foraidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.]
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man; 170
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tug'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd:
[Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking:
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.3] 4
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers. 181

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:

Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 't is well seen he found an enemy. 185
Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless' death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
[Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird is dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.]

Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk?—
Where's your knife?
[Is Beaufort term'd a kite?—Where are his talons?]

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scour'd in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.—

Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[Execut Cardinal, Somerset, and others.

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still,—with reverence may I say it;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!

If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock

1 Timely-parted ghost, i.e. the corpse of one who has died a natural death.
2 Being, i.e. (the blood) being.
3 Lodg'd, i.e. beaten down.
4 Timeless = untimely.
5 Puttock's, kite'a.
6 Faulty in, i.e. guilty concerned in.
7 Controller, i.e. one who interferes with, or dictates to others.
VI.—PART II.  

Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,  
Or banished fair England's territories,  
They will by violence tear him from your  
palace,  
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.  
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey  
died;  
They say, in him they fear your highness'  
death;  
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,—  
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,  
As being thought to contradict your liking,—  
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.  
[They say, in care of your most royal person,  
That if your highness should intend to sleep,  
And charge that no man should disturb your  
est,  
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death,  
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait\(^4\) edict,  
Were there a serpent seen, with forked  
tongue,  
That silly glided towards your majesty,  
It were but necessary you were wak'd;  
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,  
The mortal worm\(^5\) might make the sleep  
 eternal:  
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,  
That they will guard you, whether you will  
or no,  
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,  
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,  
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,  
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.]  

Commons. [Within] An answer from the  
king, my Lord of Salisbury!  

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd  
hinds,  
Could send such message to their sovereign:  
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,  
To show how quaint\(^6\) an orator you are:  
But all the honour Salisbury hath won  
is, that he was the lord ambassador  
Sent from a sort\(^7\) of tinkers to the king.  

Commons. [Within] An answer from the  
king, or we'll break in!  

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from  
me,  

\(^1\) Graft, past participle of to graft; = grafted.  
\(^2\) Deathsmen, executioner.  
\(^3\) Quitting, freeing.  
\(^4\) Strait, strict.  
\(^5\) Worm = serpent.  
\(^6\) Quaint, clever, fine.  
\(^7\) A sort, a pack, a gang; used contemptuously.
I thank them for their tender loving care; 290
And had I not been cited 1 so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore,—by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
He shall not breathe infection in 2 this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit Salisbury.

Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

King. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!

No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.—

[To Suffolk] If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exit all but Queen and Suffolk.

Queen. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!

Heart's discontent and sour 3 affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you: the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Queen. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should
I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, 4 as harsh and horrible to hear,
[Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,]
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
[Their chiefest prospect mur'dring basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart 5 as lizards' stings;]
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the consort 6 full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;

[And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.
]

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave? 7
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
[Where biting cold would never let grass grow,]
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
[Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.]
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,

[Kisses his hand.

That thou mightest think upon these 8 by the
seal, 9
Through whom 10 a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!

---

1 Cited, urged.
2 Breathe infection in, i.e. breathe his infectious breath into.
3 Sour, bitter.
4 Curst, sharp.
5 Smart, painful.
6 Consort, band of musicians = concert.
7 Leave = leave off.
8 Monuments, mementoes, records.
9 These, i.e. these lips.
10 The seal, i.e. the kiss she impresses on his hand.
11 Through whom, i.e. through which lips.
HENRY VI PART II
Act III Scene ii lines 339-340

Queen: O let me entreat thee cease, give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mornful tears.
KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure? Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee, and with the southern clouds contend in tears, Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?—

Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

**Suf.** If I depart from thee, I cannot live; And in thy sight to die, what were it else But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap? Here could I breathe my soul into the air, As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe Dying with mother's dug between its lips: Where, 

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes, To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth; So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul, Or I should breathe it so into thy body, And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.] To die by thee were but to die in jest; From thee to die were torture more than death:

O, let me stay, befall what may befall! **Queen.** Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive, It is applied to a deathful wound. To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee; For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe, I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

**Suf.** I go.

**Queen.** And take my heart along with thee. **Suf.** A jewel, lock'd into the woefulst casket That ever did contain a thing of worth. Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we: This way fall I to death.

**Queen.** This way for me.

[Exeunt severally.

**SCENE III. A bedchamber.**

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

**King.** How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.
ACT III. Scene 3.

KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure, 2

Enough to purchase such another island,

So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,

Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks
thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will. Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, whether they will or no?

O, torture me no more! I will confess.—

Alive again? then show me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs\(^1\) set to catch my winged soul.—

---

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure, . . .

So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.—(Act iii. 3, 4.)

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

King. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch! 20

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul

And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make

him grin!

Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!—

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—

He dies, and makes no sign.—O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;

And let us all to meditation.  

[Exeunt.]  

\(^1\) Lime-twigs, twigs covered with bird-lime.
ACT IV.

SCENE I. Kent. The sea-shore near Dover.

Firing heard at sea. Then enter, from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, and others; with them Suffolk disguised, and others, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, babbling, and remorseful day is crept into the bosom of the sea; [And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades] That drag the tragic melancholy night; Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings, Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.] Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize; For, whilst our pinnace 4 anchors in the Downs, Here shall they make their ransom on the sand, Or with their blood stain this discoulour'd shore.—

Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;— And thou that art his mate, make boot 5 of this;—

The other, [pointing to Suffolk] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

[First Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns, And bear the name and port of gentlemen? Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall:—

The lives of those we have lost in fight, shall they

Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?

First Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

Sec. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.]

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

[To Suffolk] And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die; And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George; 6 I am a gentleman:

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid. Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth And told me that by water I should die: Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded; Thy name is Gaultier, being rightly sounded.

Whit. Gaultier or Walter, which it is, I care not:

Ne'er yet did base diabolour blur our name, But with our sword we wip'd away the blot; Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge, Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,

And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,

The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rag's!

Suf. Ay, but these rag's are no part of the duke:

Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride;
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,

And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

---

1 Jaded, i.e. no better than a jade; a term of contempt.
2 Foot-cloth, a long cloth, thrown over the saddle and nearly covering the animal; only used by persons of rank, or wealth.
3 Abortive, monstrous.
4 Voiding lobby, ante-room, or outer hall, through which the visitors went out.
5 Charm, silence (as by magic).
6 Forlorn, wretched.
7 Poole; so Pole was at that time written and pronounced.
Cap. Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death
Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolted Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York,—thrust from the crown
By shameful murder of a guiltless king
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ Invitis nubibus.

The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
[Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnacle, threatens more
Than Bargulus the Illyrian pirate.]
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives:
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
[Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

Cap. Walter,—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Gelidus timor occupat artus, it is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?]

First Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,

Save to the God of heaven and to my king;
[And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to this vulgar groom.
Exempt from fear is true nobility:
More can I bear than you dare execute.]

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,

That this my death may never be forgot!
[Great men oft die by vile bezonians:]
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Caesar: savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.

1 Kennel, gutter.
2 For swallowing, i.e. for fear of its swallowing.
3 Affy, betroth.
4 Sylla, i.e. Sulla, the dictator, and rival of Marius.
5 Thy mother's, i.e. thy country's.
6 Guiltless king, i.e. Richard II.
7 Advance, raise on high.
8 Alluding to the device of Edward III.
9 "In spite of the clouds."

10 "Chill fear seizes my limbs."
11 Hale, drag.
12 Bezonians, beggars.
13 Tully, i.e. Cicero.
KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

Berv. Then is sin struck down like an ox,
and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Holl. And Smith the weaver,—

Berv. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

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

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick the Butcher, Smith
the Weaver and others in great number.

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our sup-
posed father,—

Dick. [Aside] Or rather, of stealing a cade of
herrings.

Cade. [For our enemies shall fall before us,
inspired with the spirit of putting down kings
and princes.] Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. [Aside] He was an honest man, and a
good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. [Aside] I knew her well; she was a
midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. [Aside] She was, indeed, a pedlar's
daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [Aside] But now of late, not able
to travel with her furred pack, she washes
bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable
house.

Dick. [Aside] Ay, by my faith, the field is
honourable; and there was he born, under a
hedge, for his father had never a house but
the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [Aside] A' must needs; for beggary
is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [Aside] No question of that: for I
have seen him whipp'd three market-days to-
gether.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [Aside] He need not fear the sword;
for his coat is of proof.

---

1 As much to say as, a vulgar form of "as much as to say."

2 Argo, a vulgar form of ergo = therefore.

3 Cade = cask.

4 Furried pack, a kind of knapsack or wallet made of
skin with the hair outward.

5 Bucks, dirty linen.

6 Cage, the village lock-up.

7 Of proof, i.e., well-worn, with a play on the other
meaning of this phrase, applied to armour of proof.
Dick. [Aside] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i’ the hand for stealing of sheep.]

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be,—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let’s kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accounts.

Cade. O monstrous! [Act iv. 2. 59-64.]

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accounts.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys’ copies.

Cade. Here’s a villain!

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in’t.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for’t: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They used to write it on the top of letters: ‘twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, i.e. draw up bonds.

Proper, handsome, well made.
All. He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.  

[Exit some with the Clerk.]

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow. 119
Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encourag'd with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [Kneels] Rise up Sir John Mortimer. [Rises] Now have at him!

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford and William Stafford, with drum and colours.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, 130
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;
[ Home to your cottages, forsake this grooms:—
The king is merciful, if you revolt.]

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not: 2
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer; 140
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence's daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

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

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse, 150
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what? 160

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.]

Cade. [[Aside] He lies, for I invented it myself.]

Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter 4 for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him. 168

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England main'd, 5 and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. [ Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

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

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.]

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

1 Revolt, used in its literal sense, "turn back."
2 Pass not, do not care.
3 Shearman, cutter of cloth; one who uses the tailor's shears.
4 Span-counter, a game played by boys. (See note 256.)
5 Main'd, a provincialism for lamed.
Staf. Herald, away; and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[Execut the two Stafford, and soldiers.

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me. 192
Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in, clouted shoon;¹
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us. 199

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

[Execut.

Scene IV. London. The palace.

Enter King Henry reading a supplication;
the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Say
with him; at some distance, Queen Margaret,
mourning over Suffolk's head.

Queen. [Speaking to herself] Oft have I heard
that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

King. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general:—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Queen. [As before] Ah, barbarous villains!

hath this lovely face
Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his. 20

King. [Turning to Queen] How now, madam!
Lamenting still and mourning Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Queen. No, love, I should not mourn, but
die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude

¹ Clouted shoon, hobnailed shoes.
ACT IV. Scene 4.

KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT IV. Scene 4.

Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless: 53
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

King. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth; 59
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Queen. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd!

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade, the traitor, hateth thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge:
The citizens fly and forsake their houses:
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

King. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

King. [To Lord Say] Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE V. London. The Tower.

Enter LORD SCALES, and others, on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens below.

SCALES. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

FIRST CIT. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

SCALES. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command; But I am troubled here with them myself; The rebels have assayed to win the Tower. But get you to Smithfield, and gather head, And thither I will send you Matthew Gough; Fight for your king, your country, and your lives; And so, farewell, for I must hence again.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. London. Cannon Street.

Enter JACK CADE and his followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

CADE. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but clear water this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

SOLD. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

CADE. Knock him down there.

[They kill him.

SMITH. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

DICK. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

CADE. Come, then, let's go fight with them: but first, go and set London bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.]
Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live.] Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this; 'tis bona terra, malo gens.

Cade. Away with him, away with him! [he speaks Latin.]

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the Commentaries Cesar writ,
Is term'd the civil'test place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, beauteous, full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.] Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me:

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then,
And the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you: I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. [Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour,—speak?
Are my cheeks fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding,
This breast from harbouring soul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!]

Cade. [Aside] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.—Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go,
take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if you make your prayers, God should be so obdurate as yourselves,

How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye.

[Execunt some with Lord Say. The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold of me in capite;'

Cade. For with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets and at every corner have them kiss.—[Act iv. 7. 149–154.]

and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Re-enter Rebels with the heads of Lord Say, and Sir James Cromer.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they lov'd well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. —Away!

[Execunt.]

SCENE VIII. Southwark.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Cade and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! [A parley sounded, then a retreat.] What noise is this I hear! Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?
Enter Buckingham and old Clifford, with Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.
Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you;
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say “God save his majesty!”

Who hateth him and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe them? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? [Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon you all!]

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth, That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him? Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meanest of your earls and dukes? Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to; 40 Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil, Unless by robbing of your friends and us.

Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished, Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?

[2 Methinks already in this civil broil I see them lording it in London streets, Crying Villain! unto all they meet.]

Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.

To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly; God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. [Aside] Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils in hell, have through the very midst of you! [and heavens and honour be witness that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me be take me to my heels.]

[Exit.]

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the king Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[Exeunt some of them.]

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean 71 To reconcile you all unto the king. [Exeunt.

Scene IX. Kenilworth Castle.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Somerset, on the terrace of the castle.

King. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I? No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old.
Was never subject long’d to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your Majesty!

King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor
Cade surpris’d?

Or is he but retir’d to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of Cade’s followers,
with halters about their necks.

Clif. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers
do yield;

And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness’ doom, of life or death.

King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—

Soldiers, this day have you redeem’d your lives
And show’d how well you love your prince
and country:

Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:

And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of savage gallowsglasses and stout kerns
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, ’twixt Cade and
York distress’d;

Like to a ship that, having ’scap’d a tempest,
Is straightway calm’d, and boarded with a pirate:

But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers’d;

And now is York in arms to second him.

I pray thee, Buckingham, go thou and meet
him,
And ask him what’s the reason of these arms.

Tell him I’ll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;—

And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss’d from him. 40

Som. My lord,
I’ll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

King. [To Buckingham] In any case, be not too rough in terms;

For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come, wife, let’s in, and learn to govern better;

For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

[Scene X. Kent. Iden’s garden.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that
have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods
and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid 6 for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climb’d into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet 7 another while, which is not amiss to cool a man’s stomach this hot weather. And I think this word “sallet” was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, 8 my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; 9 and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath serv’d me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word “sallet” must serve me to feed on.

6 I will, i.e. “I will not be too rough.”
6 Laid, i.e. set with traps.
7 Sallet, salad.
8 But for a sallet, a play on the word sallet, which also means a kind of helmet.
9 Brown bill, a kind of halberd.
Enter Iden with five Servants, who remain at back.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court, And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his feesimple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him: but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be, I know thee not; why, then, should I betray thee?

Is't not enough to break into my garden, And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds, Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner, But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms? Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. [Servants come forward] Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands, That Alexander Iden, Esquire of Kent, Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man. [He signs to the five Servants to retire; they return to back of stage.]

Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine, See if thou canst outface me with thy looks: Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser; Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon; My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast; And if mine arm be heaved in the air, Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth. But as for words,—whose greatness answers words,—

Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

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1. Waning, i.e. loss.
2. Sufficeth that I have, &c., i.e. "it is enough that what I have, &c."
3. Stray, vagrant.
4. Fee-simple, i.e. land held in fee-simple.
5. Companion, fellow; used contemptuously.
6. Whose greatness, &c., i.e. "which of us two in deeds best answers to his words."
ACT IV. Scene 10.  

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Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard!—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees thou mayst be turn'd to hobnails. [They fight. Cade falls.] O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed, And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead: Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point; But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat, To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [Dies.]

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;
And as I thrust thy body with my sword, So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell. Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave, And there cut off thy most ungracious head; Which I will bear in triumph to the king, Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [Exeunt Iden and Servants with Cade's body.]

ACT V.

Scene I. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's camp on one side. On the other enter York, attended with drums and colours; his forces at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head: Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.

[Ah! sancta majestas! who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it:
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul, 10
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.]

Enter Buckingham.

[Aside] 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, 19
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, Should raise so great a power without his leave, Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.
York. [Aside] Scarcely can I speak, my choler is so great:

[O, I could hew up rocks and fight with Flint, I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.] 63
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet a while, 30
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—
O Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army
hither
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

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: 40
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.

Enter King Henry, attended.

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.
King. Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Idon, with Cade's head.

Idon. If one so rude and of so mean condition

May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of Cade!—Great God, how just art Thou!—
O, let me view his visage, being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.—
70
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
Idon. I was, an't like² your majesty.
King. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
Idon. Alexander Idon, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
Buck. So please it you, my lord, 't were not a
He were created knight for his good service.
King. Idon, kneel down [He kneels]. Idon, rise up a knight. 73
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.
Idon. May Idon live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege! [Rises.

Enter Queen and Somerset.

King. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.
Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.
York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?— 90
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's³ staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

¹ Fealty, pronounced as a trisyllable.
² An't like, if you please.
³ Palmer's, pilgrim's.
[Pointing to the crown] That gold must
round engirt these brows of mine,
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles's spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
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. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me
ask of these, [pointing to his Attendants]
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail: 111

[Exit Attendant.
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,²
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchise-
ment.

Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come
amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[Exit Buckingham.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys! 121
See where they come: I'll warrant they'll
make it good.

Enter, on one side, Edward and Richard
Plantagenet, with Forces; on the other old
Clifford and his Son, with Forces also.

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny
their bail.

Cliff. Health and all happiness to my lord
the King! [Kneels to King Henry.
York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news
with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
Wé are thy sovereign, Clifford; kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Cliff. This is my king, York, I do not mis-
take;
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do:—

To act = to put in action.
² Ward, prison.

To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

King. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious
humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Edw. Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head.—(Act v. 1. 65.)

Cliff. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for
him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will
serve.
KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

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,¹ That with the very shaking of their chains They may astonish these fell-lurking curs: Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

[Exit an Attendant.

Enter Warwick and Salisbury, with Forces.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death, And manacle the bear-ward in their chains, If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur Run back and bite, because he was withheld; Who, being suffer'd with⁴ the bear's fell paw, Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested⁵ 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.

King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?— Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair, Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son! [What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian, And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—] O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head, Where shall it find a harbour in⁴ the earth?— Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war, And stain thine honourable age with blood?] Why art thou old, and want'st experience? Or wherefore doest abuse it, if thou hast it?

For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me That bows unto the grave with mickle⁶ age.

Sal. My lord, I have considered with myself The title of this most renowned duke; And in my conscience do repute his grace The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

King. Cast thou dispense with⁶ heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin; But greater sin to keep a sinful oath. [Who can be bound by any solemn vow To do a murderous deed, to rob a man, To force a spotless virgin's chastity, To reave⁷ the orphan of his patrimony, To wring the widow from her custom'd right; And have no other reason for this wrong But that he was bound by a solemn oath?] Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.⁸

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast, I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best⁹ go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm Than any thou canst conjure up to-day; And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,¹⁰ Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Neville's crest, The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff, This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet, As on a mountain top the cedar shows That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm, E'en to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear.

¹ Bears; the Bear and Ragged Staff were the cognizance of the house of Neville.
² Being suffer'd with, i.e. being allowed to engage with.
³ Indigested, shapeless.
⁴ In, on.
⁵ Mickle, great.
⁶ Dispense with, obtain dispensation from.
⁷ To reave, i.e. to bereave.
⁸ Sophister, i.e. sophistical arguer.
⁹ You were best, it would be best for you.
¹⁰ Burgonet, a kind of helmet.
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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 't is shown ignobly and in treason.
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!—address thee instantly.
[They fight, and Clifford falls.
Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres.
Dies. 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.

York. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosom 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.—]
[Seeing his dead father.
O, let the vile world end,
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!]
[Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days,
Thus
To die in ruffian battle?] Even at this night.

War. Of one, or both of us, the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou fight'st.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

Exit.

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

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1 Stigmatic, one on whom nature has set the stigma, or mark of deformity.
King Henry VI—Part II

ACT V. Scene 2.

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.

So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.]
[Exit, bearing off his father.

[Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset fighting; Somerset is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.²
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.]
[Exit.

Alarums: excursions. Enter King Henry,
Queen Margaret, and others retreating.

Queen. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!
King. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.
Queen. What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly:
[Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.]
[Alarum afar off.
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,—
As well we may, if not through² your neglect,—
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter Young Clifford.

Y. Cliff. 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 part.⁴
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day and them our fortune give:]
Away, my lord, away! [Exeunt.

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¹ Abysurus, the brother of Medea. (See note 300.)
² Alluding to the prophecy of the spirit. (See I. 4. 33.)
³ If not through, i.e. unless prevented by.
⁴ Part = party.
Scene III. Fields near St. Alban's.

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

York. Old Salisbury, who can report of him, That winter lion, who in rage forgets Aged contusions and all brush of time, And, like a gallant in the brow of youth, Repairs him with occasion? This happy day Is not itself, nor have we won one foot, If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father, Three times to-day I holp him to his horse, Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off, Persuaded him from any further act: 10 But still, where danger was, still there I methim; 
[And like rich hangings in a homely house, So was his will in his old feeble body. ]
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day; By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:

God knows how long it is I have to live; And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day You have defended me from imminent death.—Well, lords, we have not got that which we have: 20 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled, Being opposites of such repairing nature. 2

York. I know our safety is to follow them; For, as I hear, the king is fled to London, To call a present court of parliament. Let us pursue him ere the wrote go forth:— What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can. Now, by my faith, lords, 't was a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle won by famous York So Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.— Sound drums and trumpets,—and to London all: And more such days as these to us befall! [Exeunt.

1 i.e. 'We have not secured that which we now possess.'

2 i.e. 'Being enemies so able to recover from defeat.'
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. KING HENRY THE SIXTH. See note 1, I. Henry VI.

2. HUMPHREY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, his uncle. See note 3, I. Henry VI.

3. CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the king. See note 5, I. Henry VI.

4. RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York. See note 7, I. Henry VI. As the children of York figure in this play, it may be well to record the fact that Richard Plantagenet married Cicely Neville, daughter of Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, by his second marriage with Joan, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and widow of Sir Robert Ferrers. By this marriage he obtained the support of the powerful Neville family and their many connections. How many these were may be guessed from the fact that Cicely was the eighteenth of a family of twenty-two, of whom the first nine were by the earl’s first wife, Margaret, the daughter of Hugh, Earl of Stafford. The duke had, altogether, by his wife Cicely, eight sons and four daughters. Four sons died young. Of the other four two are mentioned below, Edward and Richard. The other two were Edmund, Earl of Rutland, and George, Duke of Clarence, of whom memoirs will be given in the next play. Of the four daughters the eldest, Anne, married first, Henry Holland, second and last Duke of Exeter, who figures in the next play; the second, Elizabeth, married John de la Pole, the son of the Duke of Suffolk; the third, Margaret, became the third wife of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; and the fourth died young.

5. EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET. The historic period of this play extends from April, 1445, to May, 1455. At the latter date Edward was only thirteen years old, having been born in 1432; while Richard was barely three years old, having been born in October, 1432. The account of these two characters will be more appropriately given in the notes of the next play.

6. EDMUND BEAUFORT, DUKE OF SOMERSET, succeeded his brother, John Beaufort, in 1444. See I. Henry VI. note 6. Collins says (vol. i. p. 229) he was “Earl of Mortimer in Normandy, and created Marquis of Dorset on June 24th, 1445. In 24th Henry VI. (i.e. 1446) he was Regent of Normandy; and in 26th Henry VI. (i.e. 1448) created Duke of Somerset.” According to Holinshed (vol. iii. p. 208) it would seem that the Duke of York was originally appointed Regent of France after the decease of the Duke of Bedford, for a period of five years, and that his appointment was to be renewed for another period of five years; but the Duke of Somerset obtained the office, and replaced the Duke of York in 1446. Somerset’s appointment, said to be owing mainly to the influence of Suffolk, very much increased the enmity which existed between him and the Duke of York. (See I. Henry VI. note 196.) Both Collins and French say that he was created Duke of Somerset in 1448, the 28th year of Henry VI.’s reign. By a curious mistake both Hall and Holinshed talk of Edmund, Duke of Somerset, in the year 1440; while Holinshed under the year 1438 (vol. iii. p. 193) says: “After this, Henrie earle of Mortaine, sonne to Edmund duke of Summerset, arived at Chierburgh with foure hundred archers, and three hundred speares, and passed through Normandle, till he came into the contie of Maine.” Under the years 1439, 1440, Holinshed gives an account of the military exploits of the Duke of Somerset, whom he calls (vol. iii. p. 198) “Edmund duke of Summernet,” and speaks of him as accompanying the Duke of York, then Regent of France; but here he only copies Hall (p. 194) “he himself (i.e. York) accompanied with Edmund duke of Somerset, set forward into the Duchie of Anjou.” We must therefore suppose that both Hall and Holinshed have made a mistake.

What is certain is that this Edmund was the Duke of Somerset on whom devolved the command of the English armies in France after 1445; he seems to have been extremely unfortunate. Lingard (vol. iv. p. 87), speaking of his position in Normandy, in 1449, says: “The Duke of Somerset, surrounded with dissatisfaction and treason, unable to face the enemy in the field, and forbidden to hope for assistance from England, was compelled to shunt himself up in the capital, and to behold from the walls of the castle the fall of the fortresses around him.” Opposed to him was the celebrated Dunois, the Bastard of Orleans, the most able general on the French side. Some attempt to render him assistance seems to have been made, on the part of the home government, in 1450; but the small body of men, sent to his assistance under Sir Thomas Kyriel, were defeated April 18, 1450; and by August in that year, the whole of Normandy was reconquered by the French, and in another twelve months all the English possessions in France, except Calais, had submitted to Charles. In October, 1450, the Duke of Somerset returned from France; and, although his ill fortune could not be attributed to any want of valour or good faith on his part, he was looked upon as a traitor, and, together with Suffolk, became the object of popular detestation. In 1452, at the instance of the Duke of York, Somerset was ordered into custody on a charge of treason. This charge he retorted on his accuser; York, in his turn, was arrested, and, had the advice of the Duke of Somerset been followed, would then and there have been executed as a traitor, and the Wars of the Roses would, probably, never have taken place. In November, 1455, York having been recalled into the cabinet, Somerset was committed to the Tower. In the following year the government of Calais was taken away from him and given to his rival. Shortly
afterwards, the king having been restored to health, Somerset was liberated; the king putting an end to all disputes between the two rivals on that point by himself assuming the government of Calais. In that year the flames of civil war that had so long been smouldering burst forth; and in the very first battle, that of St. Albans, Somerset was slain. He married Eleanor, second daughter and co-heir of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. He had four sons and four daughters. Of these sons the eldest, Henry, the one mentioned in the passage in Holinshed above, succeeded his father as third duke. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Hexham, 1644, and there beheaded by the Yorkists the day after the battle. He was succeeded by Edmund, the fourth and last duke, who figures among the Dramatis Personae in the next play. Two younger brothers, John and Thomas, died without issue, and with them terminated the male issue of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

7. DUKE OF SUFFOLK. This is the Earl of Suffolk of the last play. (See note 10.) He was created Marquis of Suffolk in 1444, as a return for his supposed good services in arranging the marriage between the king and Margaret of Anjou, and Duke of Suffolk in 1448. He married Alice, widow of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury. (See I. Henry VI. note 9.) She was the Earl of Salisbury’s second wife, and was grandmother of Chaucer, the poet. She had by the duke two sons, of whom the elder, John de la Pole, was restored to the title of Duke of Suffolk in the third year of Edward IV. He married Elizabeth, sister of Edward IV., and daughter of the Duke of York of this play. Their son John, Earl of Lincoln, was declared heir to the crown by Richard III., his uncle, in default of issue to his own son, the Prince of Wales. This Lincoln, in 1487, countenanced the imposture of Lambert Simnel, who pretended to be Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick. He was killed, with many other leaders of the insurgents, at the battle of Stoke, on June 16th, 1487.

8. DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. This was Humphrey Stafford, the only son of the Stafford mentioned in III. Henry VI. I. I. 1. 7-9: Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all abreast, Charg’d our main battle’s front, and breaking in Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

His mother was Anne Plantagenet, eldest daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Edward III., who was murdered at Calais in the reign of Richard II. He was made Duke of Buckingham, 1444, just after the king’s marriage with Margaret of Anjou was decided upon, being one of those upon whom the king, at that time, conferred special honours, as Hall says (p. 204): “both for the honour of his realm, and to assure to himself more special friends.” He married Anne Neville, third daughter of Ralph, first Earl of Westmoreland. One of his daughters, Catherine, married John Talbot, the third Earl of Shrewsbury, and grandson of the great Lord Talbot. Of his three sons the eldest, Humphrey, was killed at the battle of St. Albans, 1455. He married Margaret Beaufort, daughter of Edmund, Duke of Somerset. (See above, note 8.) By her he left a son, Henry, who succeeded his grandfather as third duke, and is the Buckingharn of Richard III. The third son, John Stafford, was created Earl of Wiltshire by Edward IV. (French says in 1470), and is alluded to in III. Henry VI. I. 1. 14, 15:

And, brother, here’s the Earl of Wiltshire’s blood,
Whom I encountered as the battles join’d.

According to Lingard, the Earl of Wiltshire fought on the side of the Lancastrians at the battle of Towton in 1461, was taken prisoner while attempting to escape with the Earl of Devon, and was beheaded. There must have been two persons with this title, for Holinshed mentions “the Earl of Wiltshire, sonne to the Duke of Buckingham” as being among the noblemen who accompanied King Edward on April 14th, 1470, when he entered Exeter in pursuit of Warwick and Clarence. The Duke of Buckingharn of this play, however, was a loyal adherent of the house of Lancaster. He was supposed to have been concerned with Suffolk in the conspiracy against Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, in 1466 (see Holinshed, vol. III. p. 210); and was one of the noblemen specially denounced by Jack Cade in 1450. He was killed at the battle of Northampton, July 10th, 1460. In III. Henry VI. he is wrongly represented as having been killed at the battle of St. Albans, where Edward says (I. 1. 10-13):

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

9. LORD CLIFFORD. This is Thomas, eighth Lord de Clifford, son of John de Clifford, and Elizabeth Percy, the daughter of Hotspur, by his wife Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edmund Mortimer, third Earl of March. (See I. Henry VI. note 13.) Lord de Clifford was therefore directly descended from Edward III. through his maternal grandmother. He was sheriff of Westmoreland, 1422, and appears to have sat in parliament from the fifteenth to the thirty-first years of Henry VI. He was the only son. After his father’s decease, his mother married Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland. Lord Clifford was a most ardent Lancastrian. He was killed at the battle of St. Albans, May 22d, 1455, when only forty years old. He married Joan, daughter of Lord Dacre of Gilsland, upon whom he had four sons and five daughters. The eldest son, John de Clifford, is the Young Clifford of this and the Lord Clifford of the following play.

10. EARL OF SALISBURY was Richard Neville, the father of the king-maker. (See I. Henry VI. note 8, second paragraph.) At first attached to Henry VI. he was afterwards induced by family ties to join the party of the Duke of York, who had married his sister. (See above, note 4.) He held the chief command in the army of the Yorkists at the first battle of St. Albans, 1455. After that an earnest attempt was made to reconcile the two factions, an attempt which promised at first to be successful. Two years passed without any sign of renewed hostilities between them, and in 1457, according to Fabian (p. 681): “the quene suspecretynge the cytle of London and demyde it to be more favourable unto the duke of Yorkeys partye than hyres, causyd the king to remoue from London vnto Couteire, and there helde hym a louge season. In whiche tyme the duke of Yorke was sent for.
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

thyer by pryvey seal, with also the erle of Saleisbury, and the erle of Warwyke, where, by covyne of the queene, they were all in great daunger. Howe be it by monyment of their frendys they escapeed; and soone after the sayd duke or erle went into the Northie, and the erle of Warwyke, with a goodly company, saylyd vnto Calais. The very next year an affray took place between one of the servants of the king and a servant of the Earl of Warwick, and the hollowness of the peace which the gentle Henry had patcht up between the two factions was soon made manifest. Warwick having been threatened by some of the king's servants profess'd to be in fear of his life, and took refuge at Calais. Seeing that Warwick had escaped, the queen with her party resolved to attack the Earl of Salisbury; and Lord Audley, with ten thousand men, was sent to arrest him and bring him prisoner to London (see Fabyan, p. 634). Salisbury, though at the head of a much smaller force, attacked Lord Audley at Bloreheath in Staffordshire. The battle was very fiercely contested. Salisbury's forces did not number more than half of that of his opponent; but he gained a complete victory and Lord Audley was slain. The number of killed amounted to 2400 in this battle, which may be said to have been the renewal, if not the commencement of the civil war. After the battle of St. Albans the Duke of York made a quasi-submission to the king in the parliament held at Coventry in 1460. Salisbury was attainted of high treason as well as the other lords who had joined the Duke of York, and in the same year the battle of Northampton was fought, in which Salisbury took an important part, and the king's forces were defeated; but fortune changed in the next year; for, at the battle of Wakefield, the Duke of York was killed; Salisbury and others being taken prisoners, were beheaded at Pomfret by order of the queen. By his wife Alice he had six sons and six daughters. Of the daughters, Eleanour and Catherine married respectively Lord Stanley and Lord Hastings, who both appear among the Dramatic Personae of Richard III.; while Margaret became the wife of the Earl of Oxford who figures in the next play. Of the sons the eldest, Richard, is the celebrated king-maker. The second, Sir Thomas Neville, was killed at Wakefield. The third, John Neville, is the Marquis of Montague in III. Henry VI.; and the fourth, George Neville, was made Archbishop of York. The two remaining sons died young. The brother, whose death is alluded to, III. Henry VI. ii. 3. 15, was a bastard. (See note 152 on that play.)

II. EARL OF WARWICK. Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, known as the King-maker, really makes his first appearance in this play. (See I. Henry VI. note 8.) He seems not to have come into any prominence until the battle of St. Albans, 1460. From that day he became one of the leaders, if not absolutely the chief leader, of the Yorkist party. Towards the end of the same year, the Duke of York having been appointed protector of the realm during the illness of the king, the Earl of Salisbury was made chancellor, and his son Warwick governor of Calais. In 1468 the custody of the sea was taken from the Duke of Exeter, and given to Warwick for a term of five years. On May 26th of that same year he attacked a fleet of twenty-eight sail with a very inferior force. Fabyan (p. 633) says that they were Spanish ships, but they appear really to have been a fleet belonging to the citizens of Lubeck; and complaint having been made against Warwick of this wanton attack upon them, he was summoned to attend at Westminster, on which occasion the affray, mentioned above in note 10, took place. Before taking his departure for Calais he appears to have arranged with his father and with the Duke of York a plan of the future campaign; and on his return to France he immediately set to work to enlist under him the veterans who had served in Normandy and Guienne. In September of next year he joined the Duke of York and his father at Ludlow. The greater part of these veterans seem to have been under the command of Sir Andrew Trollope, who, on finding the real purpose of the Yorkists was treasonable, deserted to the king with all his soldiers. This alarmed the Yorkists, and they broke up their forces, Warwick returning to Calais. In November of the same year a parliament was held at Coventry, in which an attaintor was passed against the Duke of York and all his party, including the Earl of Warwick, who was now superseded both in the government of the fleet and in the government of Calais; in that of the former by the Duke of Exeter, and in that of the latter by the Duke of Somerset; but most of the ships as well as the town of Calais remained faithful to Warwick. His popularity was such that he was now recognized by the Duke of York himself as the chief hope of his party. On July 10, 1460, the battle of Northampton took place, in which the Yorkists under Warwick were victorious, and King Henry was taken prisoner. At the end of the same year, on December 20th, the battle of Wakefield was fought, in which York was killed and his army totally defeated by the Lancastrians under Queen Margaret. Warwick took no part in this battle; but on February 17th of the same year he was defeated at St. Albans by the Queen's army, and King Henry, who was under the Earl's charge, was restored to his wife and son. In spite of this victory, York's eldest son, Edward, succeeded in uniting his forces with those of Warwick. He entered London on March 4th, and was proclaimed king, under the title of Edward IV., on March 29th. In the following year, 1461, the battle of Towton was fought. The Lancastrians were completely defeated; and the popularity of Edward IV. was such that Warwick ceased to occupy that paramount position among the Yorkists which he had hitherto enjoyed. Whether his real reason for deserting the Yorkists and joining the Lancastrians was that given by the old chroniclers, and alluded to in III. Henry VI. iii. s. 188, may be doubted. Perhaps the insult offered by the king to one of his female relatives was a mere excuse, snatchted at by one who, having been so long accustomed to play the first role, now found himself cast for an inferior part. Be this as it may, either personal pique or disappointed ambition induced the great earl, in 1470, to declare himself in favour of Henry VI. By the end of this year Henry was again King of England, and Warwick had again resumed his offices as Chamberlain of England and Captain of Calais. In March of the following year Edward, having been formally deposed, landed with a few hundred men at Ravenspur. At first there seemed little chance of his regaining the crown he had lost; but Clarence, who

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had already been faithless to the memory of his father and to the cause of his brother, once more played the traitor, and deserted his father-in-law, Warwick, at the most critical moment. Late on Easter eve, 1471, the fatal battle of Barnet was fought; and in the midst of a slaughter, which has perhaps been exaggerated by some of the chroniclers, though it was undoubtedly very great, the king-maker fell. His body was found in a somewhat remote spot, stripped of its armour; it was afterwards exposed, with all indignity, for three days on the pavement of St. Paul’s, and then buried in the abbey of Bilsam. Thus died the great earl, the last, it may be said, of those powerful nobles who were subjects only in name, who, by their personal qualities, immense possessions, and well-organized bands of followers, virtually held the fate of England in their own hands. By his wife he had no sons, only two daughters, the elder of whom, Isabel, was married to the Duke of Clarence; the second, Lady Anne, married Prince Edward, the son of Henry VI., and is the “Lady Anne” of Richard III.

13. LORD SCALES. Thomas Scales, seventh Lord Scales, son of Robert Lord Scales and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of William Lord Bardolf. He succeeded his brother Richard, 1418. French says (p. 162): “He was much engaged in the war of Henry V. in France;” but I find no mention of him at all in Hollinshed till the very last year of Henry V.’s reign; when he was sent by the Earl of Suffolk with other commanders against Sir Oliver Mannel whom they defeated “at a place called Le parke leues que. In English, The bishop’s parke” (vol. iii. p. 130). The next year he assisted at the siege of Port Meulan. He was sent with Sir John Fastolfe in the next year to conquer “the countries of Anlou and Maine” (Hollinshed, vol. iii. p. 143). In 1427 Lord Scales distinguished himself by remarkable courage in an engagement fought near St. Michael’s Mount during the siege of Pontorson. After this he seems to have been associated in the command with Talbot, and was taken prisoner with him at the battle of Patay. During the insurrection of Jack Cade, Lord Scales was placed in command of the Tower of London. He was made a Knight of the Garter by Henry VI., and faithfully adhered to the Lancastrian party. During the civil war, in 1459, he went with the Earl of Wiltshire to Newark, and took part in the cruel inquisition there, by which all who favoured the party of the Duke of York were hanged, drawn, and quartered, and the inhabitants of the town plundered of all their property. This was one of the acts on the part of the Lancastrians which earned them the hatred of the people. In the very next year Lord Scales met with his death. After the battle of Northampton, the Tower of London was surrendered to Edward, Earl of March (afterwards Edward IV.), and, as Hollinshed narrates (vol. iii. p. 261): “the lord Scales suspecting the sequelle of the deliuere thereof, tooke a wherrie pritulle, intending to have fled to the queene; but he was espied by diuerse watermen belonging to the earle of Warwike (which waited for forth comung on the Thames) and suddainly taken, was shortlie slaine with manie darts and daggers, and his bodie left naked and all bloudie at the gate of the clinke, and after was buried in the church adoining.”

He married Emma, eldest daughter of Sir John Walesborough. By her he had one son, who died before his father; and an only daughter, Elizabeth, who, becoming his heiress, married, first, Sir Henry Bourchier, and, secondly, Sir Anthony Woodville, the Lord Rivers of Richard III., who became Lord Scales in right of his wife.

13. LORD SAY. This is Sir James Fiennes (or Fieanes), second son of Sir William Fiennes, who was the only son of Sir William Fiennes and Joan de Say, his wife, third sister and co-heir to William de Say. The elder brother, Sir Roger de Fiennes, obtained from Henry V., in 1418, the lordship of De la Court, and part of the bailiwick of Caux in Normandy. In 1419 he was made Captain of Arques, and in 1447 he was summoned to parliament as Lord Say and Sele in right of his mother Joan mentioned above. In the same parliament he was made a baron of Great Britain by the same title of Say and Sele; and in February of the same year he was made Constable of Dover and Warden of the Cinque Ports; in August he was made Constable of the Tower of London, during the minority of the son of the Duke of Exeter; and on October 30, 1449, he was made Lord Treasurer. He was one of the most unpopular ministers, and was included in the impeachment by the House of Commons in the following year, 1460, with the Duke of Suffolk and others. The rebellion of the Kentishmen breaking out, the king committed Lord Say to the Tower, in order to appease the popular clamour. When the rebels entered London they took him by force out of the Tower; and, in spite of his claiming the privilege to be tried by his peers, brought him before the Lord Mayor and other justices; then, after what could scarcely be called a trial, he was dragged off to the Standard in Cheapside, where the rebels beheaded him; and, after stripping his body naked, caused it to be dragged at a horse’s tail into Southwark, and there hanged and quartered. His execution occurred on July 4, 1461. He left one son, Sir William Fiennes, who was killed at the battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471, fighting on the side of King Edward.

14. SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD AND WILLIAM STAFFORD, his brother. These brothers were sons of Sir Humphrey Stafford, who died in 1425. French says (p. 166): “They were the sons of Sir Humphrey Stafford, of Grafton (ob. 7 Henry VI.), by his wife Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Burdett, of Huncote. The elder of the brothers, Sir Humphrey, was sheriff of the county of Gloucester, 2 and 3 Henry VI.” According to Fuller, “he was, by King Henry VI., made governor of Calais” (Worthies, vol. ii. p. 355). Hall gives the following account of his death; the king having gone against Jack Cade and the Kentish rebels who were encamped on Blackheath, Cade, “entending to bryng the kyng farther, within the compass of his net, brake vp his campe, and retir’d backwards to the towne of Seuonocke in Kent, and there expectyng his pray, encamp’d him selfe, and made his abode. The Queene, which bare the rule, beying of his retraye well adveris’d, sent sry Humfrey Stafford knyght, and William his brother with many other gentilmen, to folowe the chace of the Kentishmen, thinkynge that they had fledde, but yerele, they were desceyued: for at the first skyrnish,
both the Staffordes were slayne, and all their companye shanfullye discomfited." . . . Further on he says: "When the Kentish captayn, or ye conocous Cade, had thus ob-
tayned victory, and slayne the two valesante Staffordes, he appereated hym selfe in their rich armure, and so with pompe and glory returned agayn toward London." (p. 220). Sir Humphrey married Eleanor, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Knight, of Netherwick. Their son, Sir Humphrey Stafford of Grafton, fought on the side of Richard III. at Bosworth, and was amongst those who fled from the battle-field and took sanctuary in St. John's Church at Gloucester, with his brother Thomas Stafford and Lord Lovel. He appears to have gone afterwards to the sanctuary at Colchester, to have left there in 1468, the first year of Henry VII.'s reign, and to have joined Lord Lovel in his rebellion. After the defeat of that nobleman by the Duke of Bedford, Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother Thomas fled to Colnham, a village about two miles from Abingdon. That sanctuary being pron-
ounced not a sufficient defence against traitors, he was taken thence, brought to the Tower, and executed at Tyburn, his brother Thomas being pardoned. From this family of Stafford the great Duke of Wellington was descended by his mother's side.

15. SIR JOHN STANLEY was the third son of Sir Thomas Stanley, first Lord Stanley, and of his wife Joan, daughter and co-heir of Sir Robert Goushill, her mother being Elizabeth daughter and heir of Richard Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundell, and descended from Edward I. Lord Stanley had four sons, of whom the eldest, Thomas Stanley, is the Lord Stanley in Richard III., afterwards first Earl of Derby. The second, Sir William Stanley, is a character in the next play. Sir John Stanley is generally known as Sir John of Weeven, having married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Weever of Weever, in the county of Chester. From him is descended the present Lord Stanley of Alderley, and the late Dean of Westminster. Little mention of him is made in his

Hall tells us (p. 202) that the Duchess of Gloucester, after her conviction for sorcery and treason, was "adjudged to perpetual prison in the Isle of Man, under the keeping of Sir Thoale, knight." .

16. VAUX. He was the son of Sir William Vaux of Harrowden, and Matilda, daughter of Sir Walter Lucy. He was a faithful adherent of Henry VI., and was killed at the battle of Tewksbury, 1471. His son Nicholas, who is a character in Henry VIII., was restored to his estates by Henry VII., and was created first Lord Vaux by Henry VIII.

17. MATTHEW GOUGH, who is only a personae muta in this play, was a member of a Welsh family, one of whose descendants in 1796 became Lord Calthorpe. The name of Gough or Gohe occurs frequently in the Chronicles; he having distinguished himself on several occasions in the war with France. He was one of those who escaped after the very disastrous battle of Forniegni on April 18, 1450, and was he was killed on London Bridge by the rebels under Cade. Hall, in recording his death, speaks of him (p. 222) as "a man of great wit, much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continual warres, had valesantly

18. ALEXANDER IDE. In his History of Kent, under Ripley, Hasted says: "The Idens were a family of great antiquity and good estate about Iden, in the county of Sussex, and Eolveden in this county, and in them it continued down to Alexander Iden, who resided here in the 25th year of K. Henry VI., the latter half of which year he was sheriff of this county, being appointed to that office on the death of William Crowmer, Esq., who had been put to death by the rebel Cade and his followers." Under Hothfield the same writer says: "Jack Cade, deser-
ted by his followers, concealed himself in the woods near this place, belonging to Ripley Manor, in Westwell, soon after which he was discovered by Alexander Iden, esq., Sheriff of this county, as some say, in a field belong-
ing to that manor in Westwell parish, but by others in a field of this parish, still named from that circumstance Jack Cade's field." Holinsheds says it was at Hothfield in Sussex. Iden was subsequently appointed Governor of Rochester Castle, and was again Sheriff of Kent in 1460. 1457. He married the widow of his predecessor, the daughter of the Lord Say mentioned above (note 13).

19. HUME, SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE. Of these charac-
ters there is no more to say than to quote Hall (p. 202): "At the same season, we arrested as ayders and coun-
sellers to the sayde Duchess, Thomas Southwell, prieste and chanon of sancte Stephens in Westmynster, Iohn Hum priest, Roger Bolyngbroke, a conyng nercmaner, and Margerie Iordayne, sumanred the witche of Yeo, to whose charge it was laded, yt thel, at the request of the duchease, she devised an image of waxe, representing the kynges, whiche by their sorcery, a little and little cons-
sumed, enteynding therby in coclusion to wast, and destroy the kynges person, and so to bryng hym death, for the which treason, they wer adlaiued to dye, & so Margery Iordayne was brent in smythe, & Roger Bolyngbroke was drawn and quartered at tiborne, la-
yng vp his death, that there was never no suche thyng by them ymagned, Iohn Hum had his pardon, & South-
wel died in the Tour before execution: the duke of Gloucester, take all these thynges paciently, and sald little."

Bolingbroke was one of the Duke of Gloucester's chap-
lains. He was a man of great learning, and is spoken of by William Wyrcestre, a contemporary writer, in the following words (Annales Rerum Anglicarum, sub anno 1440): "Clericis famosissimis unus illorum in toto mundo in astronomia et arte nigromantica;" meaning that he was one of the most famous in the world of those famous in astronomy and the necromantic art. The Duke of Gloucester was a great patron of learned men.

20. THOMAS HORNER. This incident of the armourer and his servant is thus narrated by Hall (p. 207): "This yer, an Armerer servaunt of London, appeale his master of treason, which offered to be tryed by battall. At the date assigneed, the frendes of the master, brought hym Malmesey and Aqua vite, to comforte hym with all, but it was the cause of his and their descomfete: for he poured in so much that when he came into the place in

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Smithfield, where he should fight, bothe his witte and strength failed hym: and so he byeng a tall and a hardye personage, ouleraided with hote drynkes, was vanquished of his seruaunte, byeng but a coward and a wretch, whose body was drawn to Tiborne, and there hanged and beheaded." According to Douce (p. 317): "The real names of these combatants were John Daveys and William Catour, as appears from the original precept to the sheriffs still remaining in the Exchequer, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield for the combat. The names of the sheriffs were Godfrey Bolyayne and Robert Horne; and the latter, which occurs in the page of Fabian's chronicle that records the duel, might have suggested the name of Horner to Shakespeare. Stow is the only historian who has preserved the servant's name which was David." Stow's account is as follows (edn. 1592): "John Dauin approached his master William Catur an Armorner dwelling in S. Dunstones Parish in Fleet-street, of treason, and a day being assigned them to fight in Smithfield, the master being welbeloved, was so cherished by his friends, and plied so with wine, that being therewith overcome, was also unluckily slain by his servant" (Chronicles, p. 649).

21. JACK CADE. Hall says (p. 280): "A certayn yongma of a goodey stature, and pregynant wit, was entisled to take upon him the name of Ihon Mortymer, all though his name were Ihon Cade, and not for a small poctice, thinking that by that surname, the lynne and lynage of the assistente house of the erle of Marche, which were no so small number, should be hym both adherent, and favoraible." Carte, in his History of England (1750), gives the following account of Cade, taking the facts as to his early life mainly from Bymer: "John Cade, a native of Ireland, who having lived some time with Sir Thomas Dagre in Sussex, and killed a woman with a child, had, after taking sanctuary, been forced to abjure the realm, and had been since in the French service. The man did not want sense, and hoped to enrich himself by disturbances; he was bold, inlawning, artful, and cunning: and finding upon his return from France, that the country people, being uneasy under the present government, had naturally turned their thoughts to the right heir of the crown (which was generally known to belong to the house of Mortimer) and placed in him their hopes of redress, he assumed the name of John Mortimer, pretending (perhaps to be a son of Sir John Mortimer, who had been put to death about twenty-five years before) at least to be a near relation of Richard, duke of York, whose name and popularity might serve to increase the number of his followers." He is said to have been by employment a clothier or dyer.

22. MARGARET. Queen to King Henry. See I. Henry VI. note 27.

23. ELEANOR COBHAM. She was the third daughter of Sir Reginald Cobham, eldest son of the Reginald second Lord Cobham who is mentioned in Richard II. ii. 1. 279 "Rainold Lord Cobham" as one of the adherents of Bolingbroke who embarked with the latter from Brittany in his descent upon England. She married the Good Duke Humphrey, 1428, after the pope had pronounced his marriage with Jacqueline, Countess of Rains, illegal; she having been at the time of that marriage the lawful wife of the Duke of Brabant. According to Holinshed (vol. iii. p. 145): "When the duke of Gloucester undersaw the sentence pronounced against him by the pope, he began to wax wearie of his wife the said ladie Jaquet, by whose he never had profit, but losse, and tooke in a second marriage Eleanor Cobham, daughter of the lord Cobham of Sterverow, which before (as the fame went) was his souereigne paramour, to his slander and disonour." It must be confessed that, for a person who was supposed to have merited the title of Good, Duke Humphrey's notions of morality were rather lax. The duchess was indicted in 1441, and was imprisoned first in the castles of Castle and Kenilworth and finally removed to Peel Castle in the Isle of Man under the custody of Sir John Stanley (see above, note 15). She died there in 1454, having endured a very rigorous confinement. By her marriage with the Duke of Gloucester she had no children.

24. MARGARET JOURDAIN. It appears from Bymer's Fodera, vol. x. p. 500, that in the tenth year of King Henry the Sixth, Margery Jourdemayn, John Virley, clerk, and friar John Ashwell, were, on the ninth of May 1432, brought from Windsor by the constable of the castle, to which they had been committed for sorecy, before the council at Westminster, and afterwards, by an order of council, delivered into the custody of the Lord Chancellor: The same day it was ordered by the lords of council that whenever the said Virley and Ashwell should find security for their good behaviour they should be set at liberty, and in like manner that Jourdemayn should be discharged on her husband's finding security. The above is the substance of the Latin original.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

35. Line 1: As from your high imperial majesty.—Fl. by. We have followed Dyce in adopting Mr. Lettsom's emendation. In The Contention the line stands: As by your high imperial Maiesties command.

When the superfluous two syllables command were struck out, as Mr. Lettsom points out, "the corrector seems to have forgotten to alter the preposition."

36. Line 3: procurator.—The author evidently took this expression from Hall (p. 202): "Ver the Marques of Suffolk, as procurator to Kyng Henry, espoused the said Ladie, in the churche of sainct Martyna."

57. Lines 7, 8:
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, Alencon, Seven eairs, twelve barons, and TWENTY reservend bishops.
F. 1, following Q., has in line 7 "Bretagne and Alencon." F. 2 omits the end. Q. 1, Q. 2 read then the instead of twenty, an evident misprint which was corrected in Q. 3. The passage was evidently taken from the account by Hall of the espousal, of which we have quoted part in the last note: "At whiche mariage were present, the father and mother of the bride, the French kyng hysself, whiche was uncle to the husbande, and the French queene also, whiche was awnte to the wife. There wer also,
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT I. Scene 1.

the dukes of Orleasunc, Of Calaber, Of Alamson, and Of Britayn. VII. Erles, XIII. Barons, XX. Bishoppes, beside knighettes and gentleman" (p. 206). This obvious misprint may be a guide to one in attempting to amend other corrupt passages.

23. Line 23: alder-liest—Shakespeare never uses the word lief in the sense of "dear," "beloved," except in another passage in this play, III. 1. 164: "My liefest liege." He frequently uses it in the phrase "I had as lief"—"I should like much," "I had as soon." The old genitive plural alder is never used by Shakespeare in any other of his plays. It is common in Chaucer generally in composition, in such words as alder-first, alder-last; and this very word alder-leiest Chaucer uses in Troilus and Cressida, III. 240: "Mine alderleiest lord." The more correct form of this genitive is alier. It is worth noting that in the beautiful letter of the Duke of Suffolk to his son written on the day of his leaving England (See Paston Letters, vol. I. p. 121), he calls the king "oure alder (of us all) most high and drede sovereign Lord." Aider-leiest is read in the German alder-liest. Chapman uses this word, very appropriately, in his tragic tragedy, Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany, where he makes Hedeveich call Prince Edward "mein alderleiest husband." (Act iv.) Works, vol. II. p. 303.

23. Lines 32-34. Hall (p. 205) thus describes Margaret: "This woman excelled all other, sawell in beautee and favor, as in wit and politic, and was of stomack and courage, more to a man, then a woman." (p. 205)

23. Line 33: yelied. It is remarkable that Shakespeare does not use the prefix yeli, except in this passage and in two passages in Love's Labour's Lost, I. 1. 242: "It is yelipt thy park," and v. 2. 602, of same play, "Judas I am, yelipt Macabbea." It is used in the first place by Armado, and in the second by Holofernes. It would seem as if Shakespeare looked upon the use of this prefix as a mark of affectation. It is a curious circumstance, and worth noting as a proof that his work on this play belongs to his early period, that both these words, yelied and alder-leiest, are not to be found in The Contention, but were added in the parts rewritten by Shakespeare.

23. Line 40: Here are the articles of contraceted peace.—These articles are not given in full by any of the old chroniclers; but Hall gives the substance of them (p. 204): "that the Duchie of Anlow, and the countie of Maine, should be released and delivered, to the kyng her father, demaundyng for her marige, neither peny nor fartyling;" and further on he says that certain ambassadors were sent to England by the French king, who, "after instruments on bothe partes, sealed and delivered, (not unrewarded) returned into their countrey."

23. Lines 50, 51: Item, that the DUCHY of ANJOU and the COUNTY of MAINE, &c.—When the Cardinal reads the paper below (lines 57, 58) he reads: "Item, it is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine, &c. This is an obvious discrepancy, owing to the carelessness in petty details which is very characteristic of Shakespeare. It is useless to attempt to defend it upon any dramatic grounds as Clarke does. In the Old Play what Gloucester and the Cardinal both read is word for word the same. The simple explanation is that Shakespeare corrected the Old Play from the Chronicles; in the passage, quoted above, Hall calls it the county of Maine, and so, just before, he speaks of it under the same name, and again below, never calling it the duchy, for it was not a duchy. Fabyan (p. 618) speaks of "yr duchy of Angoe, and yr eredome of Mayne;" so that, so far from Shakespeare's object being, as Clarke says (vol. II. p. 356), "to heighten the effect, according to his own characteristic style, by making Gloster utter the substance of the item while giving its form with verbal inaccuracy," Gloucester is the more accurate of the two. Shakespeare simply forgot to make the correction the second time in the item as read by the Cardinal.

23. Line 63: They please us well.—Lord marquesse, kneel thou down.—The whole of this speech in The Contenction as far as line 70 is in prose. It is a pity it was not left so. The next line 64 is only made a verse by the insertion of the word the, which coming after thee is very cacophonous. Were it not that marquesse is invariably accented by Shakespeare on the first syllable, I should propose to read "my lord marquesse kneel down." Pope would read "kneel you;" Collier, "kneel thee." The objection to the former is that, as Henry is speaking as a king to a subject, he would more probably use the second person singular, as he does in the rest of the sentence. The objection to Collier's reading is that he occurs in none of the lines. It is not a matter of much importance; but it is just as well to make this line complete, as it is evidently an oversight of Shakespeare's not to have done so: the word we have supplied seems to us, for the reasons given above, preferable to other emendations.

24. Lines 71, 72: We thank you all for this great favour done, In entertainment to my princely queen.

However unpopular the marriage of Henry with Margaret of Anjou may have been with a great many of the lords about the king, she had no reason to complain of the coldness of her reception. Fabyan, whom Hollinshed copies, gives the following account of her conveyance from Southwick to Blackheath (p. 617): "And from thence she was honourably convoyed by the lords and estates of this lande, which mette with her in sondry places, with great reynewe of men in sondry lyuereys, with theyr steys browderyd, and some betyn with goldamythes werkes in moste costly maner; and speyally of the duke of Gloucester, mette with her with, v.c. men in one lyuerey." Hall makes no mention of this circumstance.

25. Lines 75-103.—As a specimen of the way in which Shakespeare has improved the language of the Old Play we give the speech of Gloucester as it is in The Contention:

1 As the references to the Contention are very numerous, we only give the page, the edition referred to being the Reprint in Hazlitt's Shakespeare Library, pt. II. vol. I.
And have not I and mine vaile Bewford here,
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?
And is all our labours then spent in vain?
For Suffolk he, the new made Duke that rules the roost,
Hath given away for our King Henrys Queene,
The Dutches of Anloy and Mayne vnto her father.
Ah Lords, fatal is this marriage cancelling our states.
Reserving Monuments of conquered France,
Yndoung all, as none hade bene done—p. 446.

36. Line 83: And did my brother Bedfor toile his wilts?—
Shakespeare uses this verb, in the transitive sense, in two other passages; namely, in Midsummer’s Night’s Dream, v. 1. 74:
And now have twid’d their unbreath’d memories,
and i in Hamlet, i. 1. 71, 72:
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly twi’s the subject of the land.
It may be noted that the same somewhat unusual use of the word does not occur in the corresponding speech in The Contentsion.

37. Lines 93, 94:
And was his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
Ft. have hath; the emendation is Rowe’s. Grant White reads had, which seems very little if at all preferable to the reading in Ft.

38. Line 102: Defacing monuments of conquer’d France.
—None of the commentators seem to have explained what these “monuments of conquer’d France” were. It certainly seems to be a very obscure expression. It cannot refer to any monuments erected to celebrate victories on the part of the English. Probably the meaning is that the cities and fortresses, which were given up by the treaty of marriage with Margaret of Anjou, were, so long as they remained occupied by the English, monuments of their conquest.

39. Line 105: This PERORATION with such CIRCUMSTANCE.
—The explanation of this sentence given by Johnson, viz., “This speech crowded with so many instances of exaggeration,” seems to be rather far-fetched. Surely the meaning given to circumstance in our foot-note, namely “circumstantial details,” fully meets the requirements of the sense. The Cardinal means to say that Gloucester’s speech is a mixture of passion and deliberation; and that the peroration, which is generally a rhetorical flourish, is in this case full of detail.

40. Line 106: Suffolk, the new-made Duke that rules the Roast.
The origin of this phrase is more or less obscure. The fact is that the phrase has become so familiar to us, and the sense of it is so clear, that we do not trouble ourselves much about the origin of it. Whether it was originally used of the person who sat at the head of the dinner table, and therefore might be called the ruler or director of the feast; or whether it is a corruption of “rule the roost,” as plausibly suggested by Richardson, —the phrase having been originally applied to a cock who “rules the roost” in the sense of being the master of the hen which roost with him—or whether we are to look elsewhere for the origin, is uncertain. In support of the second explanation Richardson quotes from Jewell’s Defence of the Apologie, p. 35: “Gente you nowe vp into your pultures like bragging cockes on the roost, flappe your whinges, and crow out aloude.” Clarke quotes from Fox’s Actes, Edward II.: “The old quene, Sir Roger Mortimer, and the Bishop of Ely, in such sorte ruled the roost.” In all the Ft. the word is spelt roost. There is another word which possibly may guide us to the origin of this phrase, and that is the word roost (sometimes written roost, rost, from the Icelandic rost), explained to mean “the turbulent part of a channel or thirth occasioned by the meeting of rapid tides” (Imperial Dick sub Roast). Another conjecture is that roost or rost may be a corruption or misapplication of the word root, in the sense of a rubbish.

41. Lines 111, 112:
Unto the poor king Reiguer, whose LARGE STYLE
Agrees not with the LEANNESS of his Purse.
This expression was evidently suggested by the following sentence in Hall (p. 206): “For kyng Reyner her father for al his long stile, had to short a purse, to sende his daughter honorably, to the kyng her spouse.”

42. Lines 119-122.—This passage evidently shows that Shakespeare had confused Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, with Richard Beauchamp, the King-maker. (See I. Henry VI. note 8.) The latter Earl of Warwick had nothing to do with the conquest of Anjou and Maine; at the time of the marriage of Henry and Margaret, 1446, he was only in his seventeenth year. It may be observed that in The Contention the language of Warwick is more vague. He never uses the personal pronoun I; the expression being: “Warwick, &c.” Some editors have proposed to substitute in the text of this play swords for wounds (line 121). Certainly the antithesis between swords and words is better than that between wounds and words; and the verbal jingle, which is intentional, is more complete.

43. Line 133: That Suffolk should demand a whole Fifteenth.—Here the author follows the Chronicles, but in I. Henry VI. v. 5. 28, Suffolk is authorized by the king to gather up a tenth for his expenses.

44. Line 144: bickeringas.—This word originally means skirmishing, in which sense it is not uncommon in the early English writers.

45. Line 140: heisse.—This form of the verb to hoist occurs in three other passages in Shakespeare, in Tempest, i. 2. 148; Hamlet, iii. 4. 207; Richard III. iv. 4. 599.

46. Line 178: Thou or I, Somerset, will be protector.—Ft. read “Or thou or I.” We have followed Capell’s emendation in omitting the first or.

47. Line 194: And, BROTHER York.—In The Contention Salisbury calls York cousin. He was really his brother-in-law (see above, notes 4 and 10).

48. Line 208: Then let’s away, and look unto the main.—The following passage from Hamlet, ii. 2. 54-57:
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son’s distemper.
Quene, I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father’s death, and our o’erhasty marriage;
is generally quoted as a similar instance of the expression the main; but an examination of the text shows us that
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ACT I. Scene 1.

the main there is an elliptical expression the main source; while here it seems to be used in the abstract—"the chief point, the safety of the realm" (see foot-note). In the next speech Warner says (line 212): "Main chance, father, you meant." But for this explanation given by Warner one might think that main here meant "the ocean," a sense in which Shakespeare frequently uses the word. Compare John II. 1. 26:

Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main;

the meaning being "let us look to the command of the sea," a most important point, to the possession of which the Yorkists, in a great degree, owed their subsequent success. At a later period, after the battle of St. Albans, the king took "the custody of the sea" from the Duke of Exeter, and gave it "to the Earl of Warwick for a term of five years" (Langard, vol. iv. p. 119).

50. Lines 209–212.—This silly jingle is taken almost verbatim from The Contention, with the exception of line 212, which is inserted. It is not a bit worse than some of the passages we have pointed out in Richard II., e.g. ii. 1. 72–93.

50. Line 216: on a Tickle point.—Shakespeare uses this word as an adjective only in one other passage, in Measure for Measure, i. 2. 176–179: "thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off." There it seems to mean "unsteady," "insecure." Spenser uses it in the same sense.

In Kyl's Jeronimo or The Spanish Tragedy (act iii.) we have exactly the same expression as in the text:

Now stands our fortune on a tickle point.

—Dodsley, vol. v. p. 82.

Compare also Chapman's Widow's Tears, ii. 1: "I have set her heart upon as tickle a pin as the needle of a Diall" (Dramatic Works, vol. iii. p. 29).

51. Line 221: 'Tis think they give away, and not their own.—York is addressing himself. Grant White changed think to mine, but quite unnecessarily. Compare lines 243, 249 below, where the speaker again addresses himself. We find instances in Shakespeare of a similar license in soliloquy, where the speaker is supposed to address some other person. Compare Richard II. v. 5. 55, and I. Henry IV. ii. 3. 32.

52. Lines 234, 235:

As did the fatal brand Althaea burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

The allusion is to the story of Meleager, or rather to the later and post-Homeric form of that story. He was the son of Oeneus, king of Calydon, and Althea. When he was seven days old, the fates declared he would die as soon as the piece of wood, which was burning on the hearth, should be consumed. His mother extinguished the firebrand, and concealed it in a chest. Meleager, having slain the wild boar of Calydon, presented the hide to Althea. The two brothers of Althea took it from her, whereupon Meleager in a rage killed them. Althea, frantic with grief at the death of her brothers, took the firebrand from the place where she had so long kept it, and burned it till it was all consumed; whereupon, as the fates had predicted, Meleager died, and his mother, in remorse, killed herself. The story has been beautifully treated by Mr. Swinburne in his well-known tragedy of Atalanta in Calydon. Shakespeare also refers to this story in II. Henry IV. ii. 2. 93–96, where the page is made to blander as to the real tradition, and to confuse it with that relating to Hecuba.

53. Lines 237, 238:

Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

The meaning is that York hoped to be king of France as well as of England, as Henry V. had been, and his son before the possessions and conquests of the English had been lost.

54. Line 247: Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.—Ft. have humour. We have adopted Rowe's alteration. Some editors alter fits to fit; but the singular humour = "disposition," "temperament," seems more appropriate here than the plural humours, which generally means "eccentricities" "mad pranks."

55. Line 259: Whose bookish rule; i.e. the rule of one more acquainted with books than with men.

ACT I. Scene 2.

56. Line 22: My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.—Ft. have dreams; corrected by Capell.

57. Line 36: And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd.—Ft. 1, F. 2 have wr, F. 3, F. 4 were. Q. read are, which Hamner rightly adopted in the text.

58. Line 42: ill-nurtur'd.—Compare Venus and Adonis, 134:

ill-nurtur'd, crooked, cherlish, harsh in voice.

There it seems to mean "rudder" or "cherlish;" but here the sense is probably that given in our foot-note, "ill-educated."

59. Line 47: hammering.—For a similar use of this word see Two Gent. of Verona, note 28.

60. Line 50: I go.—Come, Neil,—and I'll ride with us. I'm sure!—We have followed Dyce in adding I'm sure from Q.

61. Line 66: Being but a woman, I will not be slack.—Ft. read "And, being a woman." I have ventured to make the alteration in the text in order to avoid the repetition of And, as the previous line also commences with And. In Q. 1, Q. 2 there is no parallel to this line, but in Q. 3 the line reads,

And being but a woman, I'll not abide.

The number of weak ands in this play is very remarkable, and is very unlike Shakespeare's style.

62. Lines 88, 89:

But, how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but murn.

See above, note 19.

63. Line 100: They say "A crafty knave doth need no broker."—This proverb occurs in Bay in the form "Two cunning knaves need no broker" (see Bohn's Dictionary
ACT I. SCENE 3.

65. Line 4: in the quill.—There has been much dispute as to the exact meaning of this phrase. The explanation we have given in the foot-note, viz. in a body, seems, on the whole, the most probable, and the most satisfactory as regards the context. Hamner printed in quill, and explained it as meaning “no more than our written or penned supplications.” Tollet suggests that it meant “with great exactness and observance of form,” or with the utmost punctilious ceremony. The phrase seems to be taken from part of the dress of our ancestors, whose ruffs were quilled. While these were worn, it might be the vogue to say, such a thing is in the quill, i.e. in the reigning mode of taste” (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. pp. 184, 185). This explanation is adopted by Nares. Steevens says: “Perhaps our supplications in the quill, or in quill, means no more than our written or penned supplications. We still say, a drawing in chalk for a drawing executed by the use of chalk.” And in a later note he compares the expression in print as analogous. Hawkins would derive it from the French en quille, “which is said of a man, when he stands upright upon his feet without stirring from the place” (ut supra, p. 185). One of the meanings of quille is explained by Cotgrave: “The keele of a ship; also, a keyle; a big peg, or pin of wood, used at Ninepins, or Keyles, &c.” Singer says, “It appears to me to be nothing more than an intention to mark the vulgar pronunciation of ‘in the coil,’ i.e. in the bustle. This word is spelt in the old dictionaries quolle, and was no doubt often pronounced by ignorant persons quolle, or quill” (vol. vi. p. 187). Swynfen Jervis reads in the quille, which Halliwell in his Dict. of Archaic and Provincial Words explains: “A pike...a heap of anything;” and in his large folio edition of Shakespeare says: “In the quill,” that is, all together. The First Pett, tells his companions to keep together, so that when the lord protector comes, their supplications may all be delivered at once.” Hunter says (vol. ii. p. 60): “Quill, means here the narrow passage through which the protector was to pass,” and quotes Silvester’s translation of Du Bartas:

And th’ endless, thin ayr, which by secret quills
Hath lost itself within the windes, but hose,
Dyce objects to this that Silvester is simply translating the French word tuyauz, which is explained by Cotgrave: “A pipe, quill, cane, reed, canell;” but there is no doubt the word quill was used in English as meaning a narrow pipe or passage. We find in Chapman’s Widow’s Tears (II. 1) the following: “who by unknowne quilles or conduits vnder ground, drawes his Pedegree from Lycurquus his
greatcoat, to the Viceroies little finger” (Dramatic Works, vol. iii. p. 88). If we look at the context, I think we shall have no difficulty in deciding that Halliwell’s explanation is the right one; and that it was from the last-mentioned meaning of the word that the phrase had its origin. The petitioners were naturally nervous, and each was anxious to be the first in presenting his petition; by standing close together they would gain courage, and no one of the party would have any special advantage over the others. In Ainsworth’s Latin Dict. 1761, in the quill is explained to mean “acting in concert” (ex comperto agunt). It is possible that there might be some reference to the practice of folding up a document inside a quill or reed for security. The only instance of the use of this phrase which I have been able to find seems to confirm the meaning given by Mr. Halliwell and in our footnote. It occurs in the Devonshire Damsel’s Trolfe, one of the “Songs and Sonnets” in the collection called “Choyce Drollery, &c.” (1656), where, speaking of some girls swimming close together, the author says:

Thus those females were all in a quill
And following on their pastimes still.

This passage goes to decide the question.

66. Line 7: First Petit. Here a’ comes, &c.—This speech is assigned by F. 1, F. 2 to Peter; F. 3 has one Peter; and F. 4 has First Pet. It is evident that this speech must be given by the same speaker as that of lines 13, 14. We have adopted, therefore, the correction of F. 4.

67. Line 15: For my Lord Protector.—Pl. have to; a manifest error, which is not improved by the stage-direction, Reading. It is quite clear that the queen could not read even the superscription before she had seen the petition. She is evidently echoing the words of the speaker. In The Contention the passage stands as follows:

Queene. Now good-fellowes, whom would you speak withall?

1. Pet. If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protectors grace.

Queene. Are your rates to his grace. Let vs see them first,
Look on them Lord of Sufferike.

F. 1. 176.

68. Line 33: That my master nowe.—Pl. have mistress, a mistake which probably arose from the word being indicated in the MS. only by the initial letter M. There does not seem to be any meaning in the speaker making a pointless blunder like this. He understands, or pretends to understand, the queen to ask if the Duke of York said that his master was rightful heir to the crown. In The Contention Peter makes a probable and rather amusing blunder, of which Shakespeare does not seem to have approved:

Peter Thumb. Marry sir I come to tell you that my master saide,
that the Duke of Yorke was true heire unto the Crowne, and that the
King was an usuruer.

Queene. An usuruer thou wouldest say.

Peter. I forsooth an usuruer.

Queene. Didst thou say the King was an usuruer?

Peter. No forsooth, I saide my master saide so.

F. 2. 187.

It is to be observed throughout this scene that none of the Petitioners seem in any way to recognize Margaret as queen. The First Petitioner (line 18 above) addresses his answer to the queen’s demand not to her, but to the Duke of Suffoke; and in this speech Peter does not give
her any title at all. We can hardly suppose that this want of respect for Queen Margaret is to be taken as merely the result of ignorance. It was probably the author’s intention to show how unpopular she was with the people.

60. Line 51: *Am I a queen in title and in style?*—This expression certainly seems to be tautological; but “style and title” is a common phrase in official documents. Title would mean here her right to be called queen, in virtue of her marriage with the king; and style the right to the dignity of queen, in official documents and ceremonies in foreign courts, as well as in that of England.

70. Line 57: proportion.—Compare Titus Andronicus, v. 2. 106, 107:

> Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion.

> For up and down she doth resemble thee.

Shakespeare rarely uses this word absolutely in the sense of “form,” “shape,” but generally with some epithet. It seems more or less to imply shapeliness. Compare Patient Grisell, l. 1:

> Which of us three you hold the properest man?

> Grl. I have no skill to judge proportions.

—Shakespeare Society’s Reprint, p. 12.

71. Line 71: Besides the haught protector.—F. 1 has haughty. The reading in the text is that of F. S., and is necessary for the sake of the metre. Shakespeare uses haughty in III. Henry VI. ii. 1. 119; and in Richard III. ii. 3. 28.

72. Line 73: grumbling York.—Note the epithet here. It shows that York’s discontent at his treatment by the court was no longer concealed.

73. Lines 78-90.—This speech of the queen’s could have no historic foundation; for the Duchess of Gloucester’s disgrace took place three years before Margaret’s arrival in England in 1441.

74. Line 83: she bears a duke’s revenues on her back.—See King John, note 72. Compare Marlowe’s Edward II. p. 190:

> He wears a lord’s revenue on his back.

This, be it noted, is one of the added lines, not in The Contention.

75. Line 91: madam, myself have I’m d a bush for her.

—Compare III. Henry VI. v. 6. 13:

> The bird that hath been timed in a bush;

and Lucrece, 88:

> Birds never timed’d no secret bushes fear.

Shakespeare employs, most beautifully, the image of a bird caught with bird-lime in the king’s remorseful speech (Hamlet, iii. 3. 68, 69):

> O timed soul, that, struggling to be free,

> Art more eng’d.

76. Line 90: to their lays.—F. I. read the; the correction is Rowe’s.

77. Lines 100, 101:

> As for the Duke of York,—this late complaint

> Will make but little for his benefit.

This evidently refers to the complaint just made by Peter against his master.

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well upon the expenses and revenues of the realm, and thereof to call an account: affirming plainly that she should evidently perceive, that the Duke of Gloucester, had not so much advancement & preferred the commonwealth and publick vilitie, as his auncie private things and peculiar estate."

30. Lines 135-137. — Compare Hall (p. 269): "Diverse articles, both heinous and odious, were laid to his charge in open counsel, and in especial one, that he had caused men adluited to dye, to be put to other execution, then the law of the land had ordered or asigned."

61. Lines 142, 143. — Queen Margaret here seems to have anticipated Good Queen Bess in her mode of dealing with her courtiers. The ladies-in-waiting of the virgin queen had often the honour of receiving a box on the ears from their royal mistress.

88. Line 145: ten commandments. — Compare John Heywood’s Interlude The Four P. P. (1540 (?)).

Thy wife’s ten commandments may search thy five wis.


In using this kind of expression for her ten fingers, or as some more precisely explain it “her ten nails,” the duchess seems to be justifying her husband’s epithet “ill-nurtured.” (See above, l. 2. 42.)

83. Line 152: listen after. — This expression is only used in one other passage in Shakespeare, in H. Henry IV. 1. 1. 59. Compare Chapman’s Widow’s Tears, ll. 1: “Yes, and talks of you againe in the fairest manner, listen after your speede.”

94. Line 153: her fury needs no spurre. — Pl. have fume. We have followed Dyce, who was the first to suggest the obvious emendation fury; which would be spelt in the M’s, from which the transmitter copied, fume, and would therefore be very easily mistaken by the printer for fume.

55. Line 154: She’ll gallop fast enough to her destruction. — F. 1. F. 2 have farr; F. 3, F. 4 far. We have adopted Pope’s emendation.

58. Line 172: Without discharge, money, or furniture. — The meaning of the word discharge here is very doubtful. If it means payment, then money seems merely tautological. The word, whether used as a verb or adjective, in Shakespeare seems, generally, to have the meaning of discharging either a duty or liability. Some take it to mean “giving up the troops and turning them over to my command.” It may mean “official orders to sail;” or possibly it may be an elliptical expression = the means to discharge my office, or “the means to embark my troops.” If we take it to mean payment, then the distinction between discharge and money is, that discharge means “the payment of arrears,” and money, “the funds necessary to pay the soldiers during the campaign.”

27. Lines 208-214. — This speech of Gloucester appears to be the result of an attempt on the part of Shakespeare to condense two of Gloucester’s speeches into one, and to give to his part in this scene greater prominence. In

the old play, after the speech of the Armourer (in this play Horner), the king continues:

Kin. Vace Gloster, what do you thinke of this?
Hum. The law my Lord is this by case, it rests suspicuos,

That a day of combat be appointed,
And there to trie each others right or wrong.
Which shal be on the thirtith of this month
With Ebenezer, and Staudills combating
In Snydfield, before your Royall Maiestie.

[Exit Humphrey.

Arm. And I accept the Combat willingly.
Per. Alasse y n Lord, I am not able to fight.
Suf. You must either fight sirra or else be hangde:
Go take them hence againe to prison.

—P. 435, 438.

Then comes the episode of the queen letting drop her glove; and after her exit Gloucester enters. The king addresses him:

Vace Gloster, what answer makes your grace
Concerning our Regiment for the Realme of France,
Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to send.

Hum. My gratious Lord, then this is my resoule,
For that these words the Armourer should speake,
Doth brede suspicion on the part of Yorke,
Let Somerset be Regent over the French.
Till trials made, and Yorke may cleare himselfe.
Kin. Then be it so my Lord of Somerset.
We make your grace Regent over the French,
And to defend our rights against forraigne foes,
And so do good unto the Realme of France.
Make hast my Lord, its time that you were gone,
The time of Trufe I thinke is full espand.
Semic. I humbly thank you your Royall Maiestie,
And take my leave to poste with speed to France.

—P. 435, 436.

While expanding the speech of Peter, the adapter seeks to throw these two speeches of Gloucester into one; and there are the two separate appeals of the king to him in one, line 207:

Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Gloucester’s answer embraces both the question as to giving the regency to Somerset or York, and also the question as to the dispute between the Armourer (Horner) and his servant; but, in Shakespeare’s text, the king has asked Gloucester nothing about the question of the regency at all; and Somerset is made (line 215) to thank the king for the decision as to the regency given by Gloucester. Theobald, therefore, inserted between lines 214, 215 two lines from the king’s speech in The Convention:

Then be it so my Lord of Somerset.
We make your grace Regent over the French.

—P. 433.

Many editors adopt this insertion of Theobald’s; but, as it is clear that the alterations and cuts were made somewhat carelessly, we have inserted a stage-direction which sufficiently explains the sense of the passage, and accounts for Somerset addressing the king and not Gloucester. Horner, it will be noted (line 216), as well as Peter the servant, addresses Gloucester, not the king. In The Convention Somerset exits after thanking the king; but in this present play the scene concludes with the king (line 222) saying to Somerset: “Come, Somerset, we’ll see thee sent away,” which shows that he had accepted Gloucester’s declination.
ACT I. Scene 4.

NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

38. Lines 223, 224:
Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.

In Q 1, Q 2 the corresponding lines are:
That a day of combat be appointed . . .
Which shall be on the thirtieth of this month.

—P. 431.

Halliwell in his note on the last line in The Contention (Shakespeare Society’s Reprint) says that this would be the 30th April (p. 423). In The Contention, when Gloucester reads the terms of the agreement, the first clause ends “and crown her Queene of England, are the 30 of the next month” (p. 414); in this play (scene 1, lines 48, 49 above) “and crown her Queen of England are the thirtieth of May next ensuing;” hence Halliwell deduces that “the first three scenes” of this play “are supposed to take place in March.” In The Contention they are supposed to take place in April.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

39. Line 6: exorcismus.—On this word Mason has the following interesting note: “The word exorcise, and its derivatives, are used by Shakespeare in an uncommon sense. In all other writers it means to lay spirits, but in these plays it invariably means to raise them. So, in Julius Caesar, Ligarius says:

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit.”


This ingenious note of Mr. Mason has been very generally adopted by the commentators, without any exception being taken to it. Unfortunately for Mr. Mason’s hastily generalization, Scot, in his Discovery of Witchcraft, when treating more especially of the mode of conjuring or raising spirits, invariably uses the word as synonymous with the conjurer or raiser of spirits (see book xx. chaps. 2, 4, 6). Still it is undeniably true that to exorcise was frequently used in the sense in which we now generally understand it, namely, to make an evil spirit quit the person or place into which it has entered. It may be noted that in the Roman Catholic Church the formula for consecrating holy water begins with the words: “Exorcizo ut creaturam.”

40. Line 19: Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night.—In The Tempest this line is:

Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night.

All the Ff. concur in reading silent and not silence; the alteration would seem to be deliberate from the substantiae to the adjectives. Shakespeare uses the vast with regard to night in the same abstract way. See Tempest, I 2. 326-328:

urchins

Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee.

And in Hamlet, according to the preferable reading of Q 1, 1603 (Ff. corrente), I 2. 198:

In the dead vast and middle of the night.

41. Line 21: ban-dog.—Stevens in his note quotes a communication from a correspondent in The Gentleman’s Magazine, 1780, signing himself “D. T.” “Shakespeare’s ban-dog (says he) is simply a village-dog, or mastiff, which was formerly called a ban-dog, per syncopen, ban-dog.” In support of this opinion he quotes Caius de C寅ibus Britannicus: ‘Hoc genus canis, etiam catenarium, & catena vol ligamento, qua ad Janus interdii detinetur, ne loqat, et tanem iatri at tertial, appellantur—Rustica, shepherds dogs, mastioes, et ban-dogs, nonnamviximus’ (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 198).

58. Line 25: Conjuro te, &c.—It does not appear what form of conjuration was intended to be used here. Scot gives many forms in his 15th book, chaps. viii.—xiv. In Chapman’s Bussy D’Ambois (act iv. 1) a form of conjuration is given which, or something very like it, may have been the one intended to be used here: “Ad iuro te per stygis inscrutabilis arcana, per ipsoe irreprehens adraet

Audito aurum: . . . veni, per noctis & tenetrum abdita profundisima; per labentia sydera; per ipsoes mutus horarium furiosus, Hecates; alutum silentium: Appare in formis spiritus, lucene splendida & amabilis!” (Dramatic Works, vol. ii. p. 79).

58. Line 27: Aemath.—I cannot find any mention of this spirit in Scot’s long list of the various devils great and small. In The Contention the name is Askelon, which also is not to be found in Scot. Perhaps Aemath was another form of Asmodæus or Asmodai.

59. Line 31: That I had said and done!—Spirits were believed, when raised by conjurations, to remain above ground very much against their own inclination, and to answer questions very reluctantly. It was for this reason that such elaborate exorcisms and forms of conjuration were necessary. See line 41 below. Compare also Macbeth, iv. 1. 72, where one of the apparitions says, “Dismiss us, enough.”

59. Line 32: Boling. [Reading out of a paper.—] Malone points out that here is another instance of the inconsistencies into which Shakespeare not infrequently falls through partly following the original play or story which he is adapting, and partly deviating from it. Above (line 14), Bolingbroke says “John Southwell, read you;” and now Bolingbroke is himself reading. In The Contention Southwell does not appear in this scene, and it is Bolingbroke, or as he is called there Bullinbrooks, who reads the questions.

59. Lines 44—58.—Here again the somewhat hasty attempts at alteration and, in this case, expansion of the original have resulted in a good deal of confusion. It has apparently not been noticed by commentators that part of the speech given to Buckingham (lines 53—55) should belong to York. The scene stands thus in The Contention:

Enter the Duke of York, and the Duke of Buckingham, and others.

Yorke. Come sirs, late hands on them, and bind them sure,
This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there?
This will be great credit for your husband.
That you are plotting Treasons thus with our Cunearres,
The King shall have notice of this thing.

Bosc. See here my Lord what the dwelle hath writ.

Yorke. Glue it me my Lord, He show it to the King.
Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison. [Exit with them.
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT II. Scene 1.

98. Line 4: old Joan had not gone out.—Johnson explains this, on the authority of a gentleman well acquainted with falconry: "that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 205). Percy explains it: "The wind was so high it was ten to one old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 205). No commentator seems to have succeeded in discovering any authority on falconry that could decide which explanation is the right one.

99. Line 20: beat on a crown.—This expression is not taken from falconry as Johnson supposed. A hawk is said to beat, or bate, when he flutters violently with his wings. But, as Steevens points out, to beat on is the same as "to hammer on," "to keep on working at the same idea." Compare above (l. 2. 47), where Gloucester says to his wife:

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery?

The very same phrase occurs in more than one old play; e.g. in The Maid's Metamorphosis (attributed to Lilly):

With him whose restless thoughts do beat on thee.

—Bullen's Old Plays, vol. i. p. 134:

and is used by Shakespeare in The Tempest, v. 1. 246, 247:

Do not infect your mind with beating on.

The strangeness of this business. Compare Hamlet, iii. 1. 182. These passages are quite sufficient to prove that Johnson was wrong in his conjecture; and that Pope's emendation beat is utterly needless.

100. Line 25: With so much holiness can you not do it?

—F. read:

With such holiness can you do it?

Many attempts have been made to amend this line. Those who adhere to the reading of the old copies generally explain the line as bearing an ironical sense, i.e. "With such holiness (as you possess) can you do it, i.e. hide your malice?" The emendation that we have ventured to make is based on the supposition that the transcriber's eye caught such in the line above, and wrote it in mistake for so much; and that he accidentally omitted not. Certainly the line, as given in F., is very unrhymical and obscure. Our emendation seems to restore the rhythm, and to do away with the obscurity.

101. Lines 92, 93:

Queen. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

King. Prithee, peace.

Good queen, and what not on these furious peers.

These lines are arranged in F. 1 thus:

Queen. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

King. I pray thee, peace good Queen.

And what not on these furious Peers.

The last line, it will be observed, is defective in two syllables, which F. 2 supplied by the addition of too too before furious. But by simply omitting the I before prithee, and ending the first line with peace, we get two complete lines. This is the same arrangement as Malone's with the exception that he does not omit the word I.

87. Lines 72–82.—It seems as if in this part of the scene Shakespeare had hardly made up his mind whether to write in verse or prose. Line 78, for instance, can hardly be called verse, nor line 82.
108. Lines 47, 48:

Car. [Aside to Glo.] Are ye advis’d?—the east side of the grove?

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

Fr. arrange these lines thus, giving the whole speech to Gloucester:

Gloster. True Uncle, are ye advis’d?
The East side of the Grove:
Cardinal, I am with you.

We have followed Theobald’s arrangement, which is manifestly the right one; as he points out, the cardinal’s imprudently becomes more pronounced by his repeating the place of the assignation; whereas, if the whole speech is given to Gloucester, it is very tame.

109. Line 55: The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.—Malone objects to this line on the ground that the dispute between the cardinal and Gloucester is intended to pass aside; but that Shakespeare adopted this line, with slight alteration, from the Old Play, where the dispute would seem not to be concealed from Henry. This remark is decidedly hypercritical. It is evident that the cardinal at least, if not Gloucester, is intended to be labouring under great excitement; and, from line 49 above, it is clear that the king already noticed that the dispute was going on between them. It would not be necessary for him to hear what they said, but simply to note their hostile gestures. In the Old Play aside are never marked.

110. Line 62: Come to the king; tell him what miracle.—Fr. have “and tell him.” We have preferred to omit and rather than follow Seymour in omitting him.

116. Lines 68-160.—This incident of the pretended miracle at Saint Albans is given neither by Holinshed nor Hall. Grafton thus narrates it as: “written and set forth by Sir Thomas Moore knight, in a booke of hys, enstituted, a Dialogue concerning heresies and masters of religion, and in the xliii. chapter of the same booke, in this wise followyng. In the time of King Henry the sixt (sayth he) as he roade in Progresse, there came to the towne of Saint Albons a certayne begger with hys wyfe, and there was walking about the towne beggynge five or sixe daies before the kinges comming there, sayyng that he was borne blinde and neuer sawe in all his life, and was warned in his dreame, that he should come out of Berkwicke, where he sayd that he had euuer dwelled, to seke Saint Albon, and that he had bene at his Shrine, and was not holpen, and therefore he would go seke him at some other place: For he had heare some saye sence he came, that Saint Albons body should be at Colyn, and in dede such a contenytion hath there bene. But of truth as I am cernely informede (sayth Sir Thomas Moore) he lyeth here at Saint Albons, sauing some rileques of him, which they there shewe shrwyned. But to tell you sooth, when the King was come, and the towne full of people, sodainely this blind man at Saint Albons shrynge had his sight, the same was solely and rong for a miracle, and Te druss songen, so that nothing was talked of in all the towne, but this miracle. So happeneth it then that Duke Humfrey of Gloucester, a man no leesse wise, then also well learned, hauing great joy to se suche a mircale, called the poore man unto him, and first shewyng himselfe loyous of Gods glorie, so shewed in the getting of his sight, and exhorting him to mekenesse, and to no ascribnyng of any part of the worship to himselfe nor to be prowe of the peoples praise, which would call him a good and a goddy man therby, at the last he lookd well upon his elen, and asked whether he could euer see any thing at al in all his life before. And when as well his wife as himselfe affirmed fastly, no, then he looked adustyed upon his eye agayne, and sayde, I beleue you very well, for me thinketh that ye can not see well yet. Yes Sir, quoth he, I thanke God and his holy Martir, I can see now as well as any man: Yea can, quod the Duke, what colour is my Gowne? Then anone the begger tolde him. What colour quod he is this mans Gowne? he tolde him also without ane stayeng or stombling, and tolde the names of all the colours that could be shewed him. And when the Duke saw that, he bade him walke Faytoure, and made him to be set openly in the stockes: For though he could haue sene soloynely by miracle the difference betwene dyers colours, yet could he not by sight, so sodainely tell the names of all these colours, except he had knowen them before, no more then he could name all the men whom he should sodainely see, thus farre mayster Moore” (vol. ii. pp. 507, 506, edn. 1568).

In his notes on The Contentions (pp. 441, 442), Halliwell gives the extract from Sir Thomas More’s Works, and then gives the extract from Grafton, but in the latter all references to the source whence the story was taken is omitted. He adds at the end “So much for the plagirisms of the sixteenth century.” I suppose he must have taken his extract from some edition of Grafton in which no mention of his authority was made, as we have transcribed our extract above from the original work.

118. Lines 68, 69:

See where the townemen, on procession,
Come to present your highness with the man.

Fr. read

Here comt the townemen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

If this passage is to be in prose, the reading of Fr. needs no emendation; but if it is meant to be in verse, line 69 is simply intolerable. Various attempts have been made to complete the metre in that line. Capell reads, Come to present, which we have partly adopted, but have substituted See where for Here come. This is just such an emendation as one might make in an acting edition of the play, with the object of giving a little more time for the procession to enter. The cardinal has naturally gone apart from Gloucester after the king’s remonstrance in lines 55-68, and he first catches sight of the procession on its way to the king.

119. Line 71: Although by sight his sin be multiplied.—Fr. read “Although by his sight.” We have omitted the first his, an omission which was proposed by Lloyd. Pope reads though instead of although. But the his which is necessary before sin is not necessary before sight, which means here the sense of seeing.

120. Line 85: Let never day nor night unhallowed pass.—The final ed is not elided in F. 1. Probably it was
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT II. Scene 1.

retained purposely, thus giving a greater impressiveness to the line.

110. Line 91: "SIMCOX, come."—Ft. print by mistake Syncum. The correction is Pope's, and is justified by line 124 below.

110. Lines 125-133. This passage is printed as prose in Qq. and in Ft. is divided into a kind of metre. We have thought it better to keep it in prose, as it cannot be made into rhythmical verse without some alteration and addition to the text. Any one acquainted with the original editions of plays in the 16th and 17th centuries must often have come across passages which are partly in prose and partly in blank verse, as if the author intended to have made them into verse, but had not taken the trouble to make the verses perfect. When Shakespeare was revising and partly rewriting The Contention, he intended probably to put this passage into verse, but did not make the necessary alteration of the language. In fact, it is evident that the work he did on this play was done, for the most part, very carelessly, and that he never took the trouble to revise it. As this speech stands, it makes very good prose; while, even with such alterations as Harmer introduced, it makes very indifferent verse. We think it better to retain the prose form rather than, as Harmer, and those who have followed him, have done, sacrifice some of the more idiomatic expressions for the sake of the rhythm.

111. Line 157: things called whips.—Halliwell in his notes to The Contention (p. 445) quotes from Robert Armin's Nest of Ninnies, 1608: "Ther are, as Hamlet, sales, things cold whips in store." Hamlet speaks of "the whip and scorns of time;" but the phrase things called whips does not occur in Hamlet; and unless Armin was referring to a version or edition of Hamlet unknown, he probably had this passage in his mind.

112. Line 164: You made, my lord, in a day whole towns to fly.—Ft. have: You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly; which Capell alters to: You, in a day, my lord, made whole towns fly.

The alteration we have made renders the line more rhetorical than the reading of Ft., and does not involve the omission of any word. The allusion, of course, is to Suffolk's giving up Anjou and Maine when he signed the marriage treaty between Henry and Margaret.

113. Line 181: 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.—See above lines 42, 47, 48.

114. Lines 186, 187:

O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
The latter is a very awkward line; perhaps the two lines should be arranged thus:

O God!
What mischiefs work the wicked ones, thereby
Heaping on their own heads confusion!

Confusion, of course, being pronounced as a quadrisyllable. The juxtaposition of on with the last syllable of confusion is very inelegant; keeping the lines as arranged in the text we might omit own in line 187.

ACT II. Scene 2.

115. Lines 194, 195:

Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, &c.

These lines are not in The Contention. They are Shakespeare's own; and he must have intended Duke Humphrey either to have been ignorant of, or to have conveniently forgotten, his wife's antecedents. It is to be feared that with honour and virtue the Lady Eleanor Cobham had, for a long time, enjoyed only a bowing acquaintance.

ACT II. Scene 2.

118.—This scene, with its dreary genealogical discussion, is utterly unworthy of Shakespeare. It is not necessary to the play, and does not advance the action in any way whatever. The attempt to put York's tedious account of his descent into verse is a mistake. It would have been better if Shakespeare had kept the greater part of it in prose. In The Contention the whole scene is in prose. The speeches of York remind one of the clever parody on Crabbé in the Rejected Addresses.

117. Lines 4, 5:

In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

This sentence is a very clever touch, introduced by Shakespeare. Of course infallible refers to title; but it might refer to opinion. If York's title were infallible, why did he ask their opinion about it at all? But that opinion he would, no doubt, admit to be infallible—if it agreed with his own.

118. Line 6: My lord, I long to hear it told at full.—Ft. read:

My lord, I long to hear it full.

Dyce queries if hear is to be considered a dissyllable. Pope prints "thus at full." Capell "'at the full." For the emendation in the text we are responsible.

119. Lines 10-17.—Shakespeare has corrected two important mistakes in The Contention, the author of which makes Edmund of Langley the second son, and gives as the fifth son Roger Mortimer, Earl of March; but he has followed Holinshed in making William of Windsor the seventh son instead of the sixth. See Richard II. note 51.

120. Line 26: where, as all you know.—The speaker is addressing only Salisbury and Warwick. Qq. have "you both." Compare II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 35, where King Henry addressing only Warwick and Surrey says:

Why, then, good morrow to you both, my lords.

121. Line 27: Was harmless Richard murder'd traitorously.—Ft. have:

Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

The transposition was suggested by Dyce, and we have adopted his suggestion. The line is quite insufferable as it stands in Ft.

122. Line 28: Father, the Duke of York hath told the truth.—Ft. read:

Father, the duke hath told the truth.

To complete the line Harmer reads "the very truth;" Capell "surely told the truth." No one appears to have
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

123. Lines 39–42.—As to the mistake about Edmund Mortimer see I. Henry VI. note 13. As Malone points out, it was his son-in-law Lord Grey of Ruthyn, whom, according to Hall, Owen Glendower kept in captivity till he died.

124. Line 53: What plain proceeding is more plain than this!—This is the reading of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4; F. 1 has proceedings, an evident mistake.

125. Line 55: While York claims it from the third.—Ft. omit while, which was added by Dyce. Capell inserted but.

126. Line 77: My lord, break off; we know your mind at full.—Ft. have: "My lord, break we off," &c. We have followed Capell in omitting the first we.

127. Lines 78, 79.—These two lines are substituted for a speech of ten lines in The Contention (p. 469), the only one throughout this scene, which is written in blank verse in the Old Play, with the exception of the first two, and they only occupy six lines. Shakespeare's object in reducing this speech of Warwick's to two lines, and expanding the previous one of York's, seems to have been to give to the latter character greater dramatic prominence.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

128.—The trial of the Duchess of Gloucester and her accomplices really took place in the year 1441, or more than three years before King Henry was married. It appears, from the account of the affair given in Lingard, that Bolingbroke was first accused of necromancy, and "exhibited with the instruments of his art to the admiring populace on a platform before St. Paul's, 'arrayed in marvellous attire,' bearing in his right hand a sword, and in his left a sceptre, and sitting in a chair, on the four corners of which were fixed four swords, and on the points of the swords four images of copper. The second night afterwards Dame Eleanor secretly withdrew into the sanctuary of Westminster, a step which naturally excited suspicion. She was confronted by Bolingbroke, who declared that it was at her instigation that he had first applied to the study of magic. From the inquiry which followed, it appeared that Eleanor was a firm believer in the mysteries of the art; that, to secure the affection of the duke, she had employed love-potions furnished by Marjory Jourdain, the celebrated witch of Eves; and that, to learn what would be her subsequent lot (her husband was presumptive heir to the throne), she had charged Bolingbroke to discover the duration of the king's life" (vol. iv. p. 75). Jourdain or Jourdain had been previously convicted of sorcery (see above, note 24), and was, therefore, burnt as "a relapsed witch." She and the duchess were arraigned before the ecclesiastical court; and Southwell and Bolingbroke were indicted for treason. The former died in the Tower before his trial; and Bolingbroke was convicted and executed (see Lingard, ut supra, p. 76).

129. Lines 3, 4:

Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.

F. 1, F. 2 have sinne; F. 3, F. 4 sin; the correction is Theobald's. The reference to God's book is to Exodus xxii. 18: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and Leviticus x. 6: "the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards . . . . I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people."

130. Lines 12, 13.—See above, note 23.

131. Line 20: Beseech your majesty, give me leave to go.

—Ft. have: "I beseech," we have followed Hamner in omitting the unnecessary syllable I.

132. Line 30: God and King Henry govern England's helm.—Ft. have realm, which is obviously a mistake, as we have realm ending the next line. Helm is Johnson's very admirable correction. Compare above, I. 3. 103:

And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

133. Line 43: This staff of honour RAUGHT.—Raught is generally used by Shakespeare as the imperfect or past participle of to reach; and some commentators explain the word here as attained. But the sense we have given it in the foot-note, viz. "taken away" is much more suited to the context. Ritson says that it is equivalent to "raft" or "reft," the preterite of "to reave." Be that as it may, there is little doubt that the word has here the same sense that it has in the passage quoted by him from Peele's Arraignment of Paris: Prologue, line 7:

Raught from the golden tree of Proserpine.

134. Line 46: Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.—This line has given rise to a great deal of discussion. Several emendations have been proposed for the word youngest. If we suppose her to bear the sense given it in the foot-note, and to refer to pride (= ita), there is no difficulty. Certainly Eleanor herself could not be said to be in her youngest days; but her pride, or ambition, might be said to be so. The object of her connection with the witch and with Bolingbroke was to attain the great aim of her ambition by securing the succession to the crown for her husband. The position of queen-consort would have been a far higher one than she occupied as wife of the Protector, especially as there was no queen-dowager at court; Katherine, the widow of Henry V., as it may be remembered, having formed a mésalliance with Owen Tudor.

135. Lines 56–108.—For an historic account of this combat see above, note 20. By the law of duels persons of an inferior rank to knights fought with a staff, to one end of which was fixed a bag stuffed with sand. Compare Hudibras (P. III. c. II. l. 80):

Engag'd with money-bags as bold
As men with sand-bags did of old.

136. Line 63: charmece.—This wine is frequently mentioned by the writers of Shakespeare's period; e.g. in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money, II. 3: "Where no old charmece is, nor no anchovies" (Works, vol. I. p. 190):
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

187. Lines 73, 74: *I think I have taken my last draught in this world.*—Steevens points out that Gay has imitated this passage in his What D'ye Call It, where Peascod says:

> Stay, let me pledge—'tis my last earthly liquor.

Gay has also, perhaps unconsciously, imitated the rest of this speech in the same place:

> Pos. [Distributing his things among his friends.]

> Take you my bacco-box—my neckcloth you;

> To our kind vicar send this bottle-screw.

> But wear these breeches, Tom; they're quite bran-new.

> —The What D'ye Call It, A Tragi-Comi-Pastoral.

188. Line 90: *I will take my death.*—See King John, note 59:

189. Line 98.—Some editors here insert from The Contention: "as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Aksapart." Shakespeare alludes to the story of Bevis of Southampton in Henry VIII. i. 1. 38. Whether he omitted the reference to this popular legend purposely, or whether it was a subsequent omission of the actors, we cannot tell. But were we once to commence restoring to the text passages omitted by Shakespeare from the Old Play, when they are not absolutely necessary to the sense, we should scarcely know where to stop.

190. Line 99: *the good wine in thy master's way.*—This is usually explained as we have explained it in the foot-note; but may it not mean the good wine that had been put in his way, i.e. that had been offered him? Hall says in his account of this episode, "his neighbours came to him and gave him wine and strong drink."

191. Line 103: *Go, take ye hence that traitor from our sight.*—Ft. have:

Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

a very halting line, which has been amended by Hamner, who reads: "as Go, and take hence," and by Capell: "Go, take away." The insertion of the word ye seems to us preferable to either of these emendations.

192. Line 104.—However ridiculous the prescribed weapons in this combat may appear to us, it is evident they were capable of dealing fatal blows. All the chroniclers agree that the armourer was killed by his servant; and that fact appears to be confirmed by the discovery of the original exchequer record of expenses relating to this combat. One of the items charged for is for officers "watching of ye dead man in Smyth felds ye same day and ye nyghte after ye batail was done" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 220). Steevens deduces from this that the armourer "was not killed in the combat, but only worsted, and immediately afterwards hanged." But it was his dead body that was hanged; it being then the custom with persons convicted of murder or of treason to hang and decapitate their dead bodies as a mark of disgrace. It is perfectly clear that the item we have quoted refers to the charge for watching the dead body before it was removed to Tyburn to be decapitated. It was always presumed, in the trial by combat, that the one who was defeated or killed was guilty. The last case in which

appeal of battle was claimed was in 1818. Abraham Thornton, accused of the violation and murder of Mary Ashford, claimed his right to trial by wager of battle, which the court was obliged to allow, as the law, by an oversight, had been allowed to remain on the statute-book; but the brother of the murdered girl refused the challenge, and the accused escaped. The law was struck off the statute-book by the 59 George III. (1819).

ACT II. SCENE 4.

193. Line 3: *Bare winter.*—Ft. read barren; the emendation is Capell's.

194. Line 5: *Sirs, what's o'clock?*—Ft. read: "Ten, my lord." The Contention has "Almost ten my Lord." The reading in our text is that of Lottom, founded on the reading of Qq.

195. Line 8: *Uneath.*—The word is not used anywhere else by Shakespeare. It is common in old writers, being used by Chaucer and Speuser; and in Ralph Rolster Doister, iii. 5. "I shall uneth hold them" (Doddley, vol. iii. p. 117).

196. Line 12: *With envious looks, still laughing at thy shame.*—Ft. 1 omits still, added in F. 2.

197. Lines 19-25.—This speech in The Contention occupies exactly the same number of lines, and it may be worth while for the reader to compare it with the speech in the text as revised by Shakespeare:

> Come you my Lord to see my open shame?

> Ah Gloster, now thou dost penance too,

> See how the giddie people looke at thee,

> Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee here,

> Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,

> And in thy pent vp stude thy shame,


The alterations are comparatively slight, but the gain in rhythm and dramatic force is very considerable.

198. Line 27.—This speech of the duchess has been very much amplified by Shakespeare. Lines 38-41 have no parallel in the original. In the Old Play the speech ends with line 47. Shakespeare has adapted the next speech of the duchess, and tucked it on to this one; while he has expanded Gloucester's speech from four lines to twelve. In fact, a study of this scene and of the corresponding one in The Contention, line by line, will give us a very good idea of the way in which Shakespeare dealt with the language of the plays that he adapted.

199. Line 45: *his forlorn duchess.*—See I. Henry VI. note 57.

200. Line 48: *pointing-stock.*—This word seems to have been coined by Shakespeare as a substitute for *laughing-stock* in the original. There is no hyphen in Ft. or in Qq.

201. Lines 69-71.—Printed as verse in Ft.; but surely by mistake.

202. Line 79: *Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?*—Some editors, following Heath, alter here to

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1 We quote from vol. v. of A Collection of the most esteemed Farces and Entertainments performed on the British Stage. Pub. at Edinburgh in 1768.
hence. Walker proposes there. But surely there is no need for alteration; nor is it necessary to suppose that the meaning is "from this point." Here is simply used, as it often is, as an expletive.

153. Lines 81, 82:

Entreat her not the worse in that I pray
You use her well.

In The Contention this passage runs:
I pray you Sir John, use her nearer the worse,
In that I interat you use her well.

Neither of which lines has any pretension to rhythm.

154. Line 102: It is my office; madam, pardon me.—FY. have:
It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

We have omitted the unnecessary and. As has been before remarked, this play is remarkable for the number of weak ands.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

155.—None of the chronicles throw any light upon the circumstances which ensued between the petition of the Commons asking the king to approve the conduct of Suffolk, and the sudden arrest of the Duke of Gloucester. All that we know is that the latter had "publicly testified his approbation of the king's marriage" (Lingard, vol. iv. p. 90). The chronicles do not mention anything unusual with regard to the parliament summoned at Bury. Lingard's account is as follows: "It may be that Gloucester, harassed by the accusations of his enemies, had formed a plan to make himself master of the royal person; or that Suffolk, to screen himself from the resentment of the duke, infused into the mind of Henry suspicions of the loyalty of his uncle. However it were, Henry summoned a parliament to meet, not as usual at Westminster, but at Bury St. Edmund's. The precautions which were taken excited surprise, and gave birth to numerous conjectures. The knights of the shire received orders to come in arms; the men of Suffolk were arrayed; numerous guards were placed round the king's residence; and patrols during the night watched all the roads leading to the town. The Duke of Gloucester left his castle of Deives, and was present at the opening of parliament; the next day he was arrested in his lodgings on a charge of high treason, by the lord Beaumont, constable of England." (vol. iv. pp. 80, 81).

156. Line 8: How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself!—FY. read:

How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself.

We have followed Steevens in omitting the second how.

157. Line 22: And should you fall, he is the next will mount.—Dyce says in note 74 on this play: "'he is the next will mount' was, by an oversight, printed in my former edition 'he as the next,' &c., an error which the Cambridge Editors have copied." The Globe has the same mistake. FY. undoubtedly read is, not as.

158. Line 51: the BEDLAM brain-sick duchess.—See King John, note 85.

159. Lines 58–63.—With regard to the first charge made by the cardinal against Gloucester, see above, note 80. The second charge of misappropriating money is not mentioned by Hall or Holinshed; but Lingard says in a foot-note (vol. iv. p. 80): "We are told that he was accused in the council of illegal executions, and of having unjustly enriched himself at the expense of the crown;" but he does not give his authority for this statement.

160. Lines 66–73.—As we are undoubtedly intended, in this play, to sympathize with the character of King Henry, Shakespeare was quite right, from a dramatic point of view, to emphasize the king's belief in the innocence of Gloucester; but we learn from Whethamstead, abbot of St. Albans, who was a strong partisan of Gloucester, that nothing could persuade the king that his uncle was innocent. (See Lingard, vol. iv. foot-note 3, p. 80.)

161. Lines 87, 88.—York here repeats himself almost word for word. Compare 1. 1. 287, 288.

162. Line 98: Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush.—F. 1 has:

Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush.

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: "Well, Suffolk, yet thou," &c. Suffolk's duke is from the Q. We agree with Malone in preferring this emendation to any of the others. There probably was intended to be something contemptuous in the tone in which Gloucester alludes to Suffolk's new-fledged honour of duke.

163. Line 129: Or foul felonious thief that fea'd poor passengers.—We have here, apparently, a line that is very unusual in any of Shakespeare's earlier plays, i.e. a trisyllable ending a line. In the Contention we have felonious, the older form of felonious:

A murtherer or foule, felonious theede,
That robs and murders silly passengers.

This line, however, can be made an Alexandrine by accenting passengers on the last syllable.

164. Line 133: My lord, these faults are fast, quickly answer'd.—We have preferred taking this word as an adjective, and not as an adverb. The adverb easily occurs in the next line but one below. It may be that the sense here is elliptical; the meaning of the sentence being "these faults are easy to commit." But that it is used in the adjective sense seems to be indicated by the fact that it is followed by a comma in F. 1. If we take it as an adverb it seems almost pleonastic.

165. Line 140: That you will clear yourself from all suspect.—FY. read suspects; the correction is Capell's. Malone prefers suspects; but surely the plural is unnecessary. Suspect is used frequently for suspicion in Shakespeare. It is used in that sense twice in this play, in 1. 3. 139 and iii. 2. 139.

166. Line 161: But mine is made the prologue to their play.—Lettenson would read with Q.:

But I am made, &c.,

on the ground that in the next line mine "must refer to persons not to deaths;" but the punctuation of F. 1, which has a colon at the end of the line, seems to indicate that mine (= "my death") is the right reading.
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT III. Scene 1.

177. Line 296: Which makes him first that first intends deceit.—Commentators differ as to whether this word here = checkmate, or whether it has the same sense as in the Comedy of Errors, note 82, and means "bewildered." The truth seems to be that the word, though perhaps it is an anglicized form of the French mater, is originally derived, in common with that word, from the old French mat (Italian matto); and that both these latter words were derived from mat, originally of Arabic origin, as used in the Persian phrase, Shād māt, the king is dead, which became corrupted into checkmate as used at chess; and was afterwards used as a verb to checkmate, abbreviated simply to mate, i.e. to betray, to confound. The Latin word matutinus, from which some would derive the word mate, is not used in any author before Petronius Arbiter (died A.D. 67); and it seems to be used by him as drunk, tipsy.

178. Line 260: And I: and now we three have spoken it.—Fr. have spoke; the correction is Hamner's.

179. Line 301: Men's flesh preserved'd so whole do seldom win.—Hamner alters do to dote, but unnecessarily, the construction being not unusual in our early writers. Men's flesh = the flesh of men, and men becomes the implied subject. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, note 139, where a similar construction is noticed (v. 1. 344, 345):

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.

180. Line 198: Whiles I in Ireland nurse a mighty band.—Fr. read nourish; Collier's MS. substituted march, which seems to me a silly emendation. Walker would read nourish as a monosyllable; but surely it is preferable to substitute, as we have ventured to do, the word nurse, of which nourish is but another form. See I. Henry VI. note 34, 1. 1. 50:

Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears.

181. Line 352: Until the golden circuit on my head.—Compare Macbeth, 1. 5. 29, where the golden round is used with the same meaning as in our text.

182. Lines 365, 366:

casper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.

Perhaps the wild Morisco here glanced at may have been Will Kemp, who calls himself in his Nine Dales Wonder "head-Master of Morrice-dauncers, high Head-borough of heights, and onely tricker of your Trill-lillies, and best bel-shanges betwenee Sion and mount Surrey" (see Ashbee's Reprint A. 8). The cut on the title-page of that tract shows how the bells were worn by morris-dancers.

183. Line 378: Will make him say I must'd him to those arms.—We might suspect here that arms was a misprint for aims; but compare below, iv. 9. 29; v. 1. 18, 22. All these passages conclusively prove that arms is used here for "armed bands."

ACT III. Scene 2.

184. Lines 11-18:

Is all things well,
According as I gave directions!
First Mur. "Tis, my good lord."
ACT III. Scene 2.  
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.  
ACT III. Scene 2.

We have followed here the reading of F. 1; F. 2, F. 3 have are; F. 4 and are. As the Cambridge editors observe (note viii.), the answer of the first murderer seems to imply that the reading of F. 1 is right: *All things here is everything; and the use of a singular verb is quite as justifiable in this passage, as in many others where it occurs after a plural noun. Rowe would substitute *yes* for *2 is.*

184. Line 85: *I thank thee, love.—Fr.* have "I thank thee, Nell," for which Capell substituted Meg. It is evident that the author was thinking of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, and wrote Nell by mistake; as below, in lines 79, 100, 120, he has written Eleanor instead of Margaret, a mistake not at all unlikely to occur to a playwright much more careful as to minor points than Shakespeare was. The Cambridge editors religiously retain Nell and Eleanor in the three passages referred to above; but surely this is carrying respect for the original edition a little too far. One might as well retain a letter which was printed topey-tarry. Shakespeare cannot have deliberately intended Margaret to forget her own name, or the king to forget his wife's name. Capell's emendation seems open to the objection that Henry never calls Margaret by the familiar term Meg; and one's sense of fitness rebels against that energetic, domineering lady being called Meg under any circumstances; we have accordingly substituted love, the form of address used by the king to Margaret below, iv. 4. 23.

185. Lines 52, 53: *come, Basilisk, and kill the innocent gazier with thy sight.*

The following account of this fabulous monster is from Holland's Pliny (vol. ii. book 29, pp. 356, 357):

"To come now unto the Basilisk, whom all other serpents doe flee from and are afraid of: albeit he killeth them with his very breath and smell that passeth from him; yea, and (by report) if he do but set his eye on a man, it is enough to take away his life." Shakespeare alludes to this superstition in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 2. 47, and again in Henry V. v. 2. 17.

186. Line 63: *Blood-drinking sights.—Compare III. Henry VI. iv. 4. 22: "Blood-sucking sights;" also just above, ii. 2. 61: "Blood-glutting sights.* Compare also Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 59: "Dry sorrow drinks our blood." It was an old idea that sorrow dried up the blood, and caused death.

187. Line 73: *Be wooe for me; i.e. "be grieved for me." Compare the common expression Woe is me, i.e. Woe is mine, in the previous line. In Cymbeline, v. 5. 2, we have the expression Woe is my heart = grieved is my heart."

188. Line 78: *What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?—Compare Psalm viii. 4, 5, "they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely." The explanation of the process by which the adder stops her ears is given by Gower in his De Confessione Amantis, bk. i. fol. x. (quoted by Steevens):  

Anon as he perceiveth that,  
He leyth downe his head faire plat  
Unto the grounde, and halte it fast:

190. Line 85: *Erect his statua and worship it.—This form is generally adopted by editors in those passages in which statua is a triphthong; but it does not appear that this spelling of the word occurs in \( F \) or in any of the Qu. of Shakespeare. The only other author who seems to use statua is Lord Bacon, who has it more than once in his 46th essay, as also in other places, e.g. "It is not possible to have the true pictures or statuas of Cyrus, &c. (Advancement of Learning). Nares suggests that as statua was very often used for a picture, the form statua came to be used to distinguish it as a statue properly so called from a picture.*

190. Line 83: *And twice by awkward wind from England's bank.—Pope reads adverse winds; but awkward seems to have been used in connection with winds in the sense of adverse. Compare Marlowe's Edward II.:  

With awkward winds and with sore tempests driven.  
—Works, p. 211.*

191. Line 85: *What did I then, but curse'd the gentle guest.—Hamner altered curse'd to curse, which destroys the characteristic idiom. Gentle was changed by Singer to ungentele, an instance of singular poetic blindness. It is evident that Margaret uses the epithet gentle here, as she uses well forewarning in line 85 above. Her meaning is that the wind and guest, which appeared to be cruel in keeping her from England, were really kind in their endeavour to prevent her coming to the arms of a husband, who was to prove so unkind as Henry now appears to her. Compare below, line 94:  

The pretty-reading sea refused to drown me.*

The whole passage, which is not in the Continuation, is quite in Shakespeare's style. It is a pretty piece of feminine exaggeration.

192. Line 101: *As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs.—F. 1 has thy. We have followed F. 2 in its sensible correction of an obvious error. It is curious that the editors, who obstinately adhere to the reading of F. 1, cannot see that *th* chalky cliffs *would* quite destroy the force of *thy* shore in the following line.

193. Line 110: *To sit and watch me, as Ascanius did.—Fr. have "watch me." We have adopted Theobald's admirable emendation, which is completely justified by line 119 below: "Am I not watch'd like her?" In fact watch has no meaning here. As Theobald has pointed out, Shakespeare has got into a sad mess here with regard to his Virgil. It was Cupid, in the shape of Ascanius, that sat in Dido's lap, and bewitched her, inspiring in her a passion for Aeneas; and it was Aeneas who narrated to Dido all the incidents of burning Troy.*

194. Line 141: *his paly lips.—Compare Romeo and Juliet, iv. 1. 100, and Henry V. chorus, iv. 8, the only
other passages in which Shakespeare uses this form of pale.

196. Lines 142, 143:
and to rain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears.
Ft. have drain; the emendation is Capell's.

198. Line 155: And seeing him, I see my life in death.
—Ft. read For. Some editors, following Johnson, would alter life in death to death in life, as if the meaning were that he lived to see his own death, that is to say, the death of all his hopes and happiness with that of Gloucester, who was his most faithful and loyal adviser. But the text, as it stands, makes sufficiently good sense; and, as Malone points out, the expression is quite in Shakespeare's manner. He compares Macbeth, ii. 2. 33: "the death of each day's life." The meaning is clear: "I see my life in death," that is, "in a state of death;" Henry being sensible that with Gloucester died all his hopes of defeating the attempts against his crown and life.

197. Lines 160-178. —This speech is one of the most powerful in this play. It is interesting to compare it with the corresponding speech in The Contention (pp. 472, 473):

Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost.
Of ashe semblance, pale and bloodlesse,
But loe the blood is settled in his face,
More colourd then when he liued,
His well proportioned beard made rough and sterns,
His fingers sped abroad as one that graspeth for life,
Yet was by strength surprisest, the least of these are probable,
It cannot chuse but he was murthred.

Anyone who reads carefully these two speeches must admit that, whosoever was the hand that transformed The Contention into the present play, it must have been the hand of one who was a far greater poet than anyone concerned in the authorship of the older drama. When we come to examine the relationship between the first Quarto of Hamlet, 1603, and the later one, 1604, we shall find that the speech of Warwick in the older play bears much the same resemblance to the more developed speech in II. Henry VI. as some of Hamlet's soliloquies, in the Quarto 1603, bear to the more amplified version of 1604. In both cases we have, in the older form, the main ideas in a rough and unrhymed shape; in both cases the same question arises, Was the earlier form of the play correctly transcribed from the author's MS., or was it a copy based on the various "parts" of the actors, or imperfectly taken down in shorthand by some one in the audience?

198. Line 161: timely parted ghost.—Compare Comedy of Errors, i. 1. 130:
And happy were I in my timely death,
where timely is used as an adjective—early; and, as an adverb, in many other passages, e.g. in Macbeth, ii. 3. 51:
He did command me to call timely on him.

But taking the epithet timely parted in connection with "timeless death," in line 187 below, we must agree with those who give the word the meaning assigned to it in our foot-note. Halliwell, in his note on the corresponding passage in the Contention (p. 472), quotes from the Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599:

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Oft have I heard a timely married girl
That newly left to call her mother name;
and says these two lines "appear almost a parody" of the speech in the text; but timely certainly seems to have there the sense of early.

Ghost is here used—a corpse, the body from which the spirit has departed, not the spirit after it has departed from the body. For a similar use of the word we may compare Hamlet, i. 4. 85: "I'll make a ghost of him that lets me;" though in that case there may be a double idea of the spirit which has left the dead body, and the dead body which is left by the spirit. Ghost is undoubtedly used in The Contention as—a corpse, where young Clifford, finding his father's dead body, says (p. 518):

Sweete father, to thy murthred ghost I swears.

199. Line 176: Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.—Halliwell gives this word as used "of grass or corn beaten down by wind and rain," in the West of England dialect. Rolfe says that the word is still in common use in New England.


301. Line 205: Nor cease to be an arrogant controller.
—Surely the sense that Schmidt gives to this word, "censurer, detractor," is a strained one. He compares Titus Andronicus, ii. 2. 60:
Saucy controller of our private steps.

But, even in that passage, it seems unnecessary to look for the real meaning further than the natural development of the original sense of the word, which was "one whose duty it was to keep a check on accounts," from the French contrôler. Such an office implies the exercise of command, the power of restraint, and, by implication, of censure.

303. Line 207: Madam, be still,—with reverence may I say it.—Ft. have say, omitting it: we follow Capell in adopting the reading of the Q. in the corresponding line.

303. Line 244: Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death.—Ft. read Lord; we follow Malone in adopting false from Q. Lord seems to have been caught by the transcriber from the line above.

305. Line 265: That they will guard you, WHETHER you will or no.—Ft. have where, the old form of whether.

305. Line 278: An answer from the king, or we 'll break in!—Ft. have "we will all." The all seems quite redundant, and was probably caught from the line below. We have adopted the emendation which Dyce suggested, but did not adopt.

306. Line 308: Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?—Ft. have enemy; we have followed Capell in preferring the reading of Q.

307. Line 310: Would curses kill, as both the Mandrake's groan.—Compare Romeo and Juliet, iv. 3. 47:

And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth.

The curious superstitions, that gathered round this plant, appear to rest on no other foundation than that the forked root bears some rude resemblance to the body of a man or woman. Mandrake roots were often sold to supersti-
tious people, being sometimes replaced by "those of the white bryony (bryonia dioica) cut to the shape of men and women, and dried in a hot sand bath" (Prior's Popular Names of British Plants, p. 145). In Italy these roots of mandrakes were supposed to remove barrenness, a belief which dated from the very earliest times. See Genesis xxx. 14-16. The passage in the text alludes particularly to the silly belief that, if any man pulled up a mandrake by the root, the plant shrieked, and the man subsequently died. "Dr. Daubeney has published in his Roman Husbandry a most curious drawing from the Vienna MS. of Dioscorides in the fifth century, 'representing the Goddess of Discovery presenting to Dioscorides the root of this Mandrake' (of thoroughly human shape) 'which she had just pulled up, while the unfortunate dog which had been employed for that purpose is depicted in the agonies of death' " (Ellacombe, p. 118). There are two sorts of mandrake: Mandragora verumalis, which has a very insignificant flower and bears an apple-like fruit; and Mandragora autumnalis or Microcarpa, which has flowers of a pale-blue colour resembling the Anemone Pulsatilla. Originally a native of the south of Europe on the borders of the Mediterranean, the mandragora was introduced into Europe at a very early period. It is mentioned as early as the tenth century.

208. Line 325: Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings.—It is not wonderful that this perfectly harmless animal should be accused of being poisonous in Shakespeare's time, as even now many people, who ought to know better, look upon lizards and newts with almost the same horror as on scorpions or vipers. There is no excuse for taking away the character of this pretty and gentle little creature. The notion that it is poisonous arose probably from the forked tongue which it darts out so rapidly, while pursuing the insects which form its food. It may be noted that the only really venomous lizard is excessively rare; there has, I believe, been only one specimen ever brought to this country, and that is now in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. But the lizard also appears to have been credited in times past with good qualities, to which it could lay as little claim as to the evil quality of being venomous. In Robert Chester's Love's Martyr we have:

The Lizard is a kind of loving creature,
Especially man he is a friend:  
This property is given him by nature,
From dangerous beasts poor Man doth defend:  
For being sleepy he all sense forsaketh,
The Lizard bites him till the man awaken.


209. Line 330: O, let me entreath thee cease. Give me thy hand.—This is an instance of an extra syllable being put at the beginning of a line; perhaps the O should stand alone in a separate line.

310. Line 350: 'Tis not the land I care for, yet thou there.—F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 have hence, which some editors follow; the correction seems unnecessary.

311. Line 368: Mysel to joy in outhat but that thou liv'st.—Ft. read "no joy;" the correction is one of those very few happy ones made, originally, by Collier's MS. No certainly seems to be a mistake for to; the transcriber's eye having caught the no in the line above. To the double negative there is no objection; but the sentence, as an anathema to the sentence in the line above, "to joy thy life," seems to require the infinitive.

212. Lines 358, 359.—Beaufort's death followed Gloucestor's within six weeks; that is to say the latter died on February 29th, 1447, and the former on April 11th of the same year. Suffolk's banishment did not take place till three years later, namely in 1450.

213. Line 381: But whereas I grieve I at an hour's poor loss!—Different interpretations have been given to this phrase; but the one we have adopted in the footnote seems the most sensible. There has been no previous intimation of Beaufort's illness, so that the queen can be hardly held to mean, as some commentators would explain the phrase, that the cardinal had died an hour or so before his time.

214. Line 408: And take my heart along with thee.—Along is not in Ft.; added by Henmer: Steevens compares Hamlet, iii. 3. 4.

And he to England shall along with thee.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

215. Lines 2-4.—All the details given by Shakespeare as to the cardinal's death are probably founded on the account in Hall (pp. 210, 211): “His counsels insaciable, and hope of long lyfe, made hym bothe to forget God, his Prynce and hym selfe, in his latter daies; for doctor Thon Baker his pryule counsellor, and his chappellyn, wrote, that he lyeng on his death bed, said these wordes. 'Why should I dye hange so muche ryches, if the whole Realm would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye, will not death be hyerd, nor will money do nothing? when my nephew of Bedford died, I thought my selfe halfe vp the whele, but when I sawe myne other nephew of Gloucester diseased, then I thought my selfe able to be quales with kinges, and so thought to encreasse my treasoure in hoope to haue worne a trypyle Croune. But I se now the worlde falleth me, and so I am deceyved: praying you all to pray for me.' It is doubtful whether there is really any historical foundation for this scene. Lingard thus speaks of his death (p. 83): "That he expired in the agonies of despair, is a fiction, which we owe to the imagination of Shakespeare; from an eye-witness we learn that during a lingering illness he devoted most of his time to religious exercises. According to the provisions of his will, his wealth was chiefly distributed in charitable donations; no less a sum than four thousand pounds was set aside for the relief of the indigent prisoners in the capital; and the hospital of St. Cross, in the vicinity of Winchester, still exists a durable monument of his munificence."

216. Line 10: Can I make men line, whether they will or no!—Here again the Folio has the contracted form where.

217. Line 22: That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul.—Capell conjectured his wretched to avoid the repetition of this wretched, which occurs in line 20 above.
ACT IV. Scene 1.

NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II. ACT IV. Scene 1.

818. Line 28: Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—In the Var. Ed. there is a note, signed C, which says this passage probably alludes to the practice of Roman Catholic priests, who before administering the last sacraments to a dying person, try to obtain, at least, some sign from him if he is unable to speak. This is probably the true explanation; for even if a dying person be too weak to make the sign of the cross, a pointing of the hand upward is a natural gesture as indicating a hope and belief in God.

We have shown above (note 191) that the best authorities in history do not sanction the view taken of Cardinal Beaufort’s character in this play. Hall and Holinshed both write with great bitterness of all priests and dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church; and if we are astonished, or pained at the want of judicial fairness and impartiality in the old chroniclers, we must remember that, at that time, the bitterest political animosity permeated all the theological and religious opinions. Even in our own time, when, for the most part, people agree to differ without hating one another, impartiality in the historian is a very rare quality. Moreover, the authors of The Contention, and Shakespeare in revising their play, wished to make Gloucester a hero; and when a poet or dramatist wants to make a hero of some historic personage, whose claims to such honour are doubtful, he has to blacken the character of some one or other of his rivals. The dramatist who selects as his hero Charles I. must, for the sake of contrast, blacken Cromwell’s character, and vice versa.

Nothing is so fatal to dramatic effect as a hero with whom we cannot sympathize, or a villain whom we cannot detest.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

819. Lines 3–7.—This passage refers to the dragons which were supposed to draw Night’s chariot. See Mida. Night’s Dream, note 205. The whole of this passage is so strongly redolent of Marlowe’s style, that it furnishes one of the strongest arguments to those who hold that Marlowe assisted Shakespeare in the revision of The Contention and The True Tragedy. Note that there are no less than three epithets applied to day and wings, and two to night and darkness. But we cannot produce any passage from Marlowe containing similar lines or expressions; yet it is impossible, if one reads a play of Marlowe’s—such as Tamburlane, or the Jew of Malta—not to be struck with the strong resemblance of style in this speech. It is only fair, however, to those who hold that Shakespeare is solely responsible for the modified and altered form of The Contention and The True Tragedy, as presented in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., to note that, possibly, he was deliberately imitating Marlowe here. It should also be noted that Shakespeare has quoted, or copied lines from Marlowe, in others of his plays; one instance of which we have already given in Romeo and Juliet, note 110. Other instances will be found in pages 273–275 of Miss Lee’s paper on Henry VI. (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1875–1876). On the other hand, some of the peculiar expressions may be exactly paralleled in Shakespeare, such as gaudy applied to day; compare King John (referring to day), ii. 3. 36:

Is all too wanton and too full of gaudy.

Remorseful = pitiful, is also applied to day in Two Gent. iv. 3. 15, where the word is used in the same sense (= “pitiful”) as in this passage. It also occurs in Richard iii. i. 2. 168; and Shakespeare uses “pitiful eye of day” in Macbeth, iii. 2. 57. Milton has copied the epithet blabbing in Comus, line 138: “the blabbing eastern scout.” It was after having noted the resemblance of this passage to Marlowe that I turned to Miss Lee’s paper on Henry VI. (ut supra, p. 271). She says: “It is hard to believe that any hand but Marlowe’s wrote the following lines:

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud howling wolves arise the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night.
Who with their drowsy, slow, and tragic wings
Clip dead men’s graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.”

The resemblance, therefore, must be strong, as it strikes one independently of any preconceived opinion.

820. Line 11: Or with their blood stain this DISCOLOUR’D shore.—Discolour’d is not eulogized in Folio; in this case the non-eulogism would seem to be an oversight.

821. Lines 21, 22:

The lives of those we have lost in fight, SHALL THEY
Be counterpoy’d with such a petty sum?

fi. read:

The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counter-poy’d with such a petty sum.

The emendations proposed for this line are various. The Cambridge and Globe editions print it as in fi., except that they put a note of exclamation (1) at the end of line 22. Dyce puts a note of interrogation (?). In neither case does it make much sense. In order to render the lines intelligible, some such words as I have ventured to introduce must be supplied. It will be noticed that line 19 is elliptical, and bear = “and yet you bear.” It would have been easy for the transcriber to have overlooked Shall they at the end of line 21, especially as line 20 ends with shall, and line 21 begins with The, which is written in MS. much the same as They. The captain is evidently trying to frighten the two gentlemen into giving the ransom. I venture to think that, with the emendation I have made, the lines read more in accordance with the bullying tone of his speech.

822. Line 31: my name is WALTER Whitmore.—It is intended here that the speaker should pronounce Walter as Water; and in Richard III. v. 5. 13, the first five Qs have Water for Walter. Compare Richard II. iv. 1 (passim), where Fitz-Walter is written Fitzwater invariably, and undoubtedly was so pronounced.

823. Lines 34, 35:

A cunning man did calculate my birth
And told me that by water I should die.

For this prophecy compare i. 4. 35, 36, where the spirit, in answer to Margery Jourdain, referring to the Duke of Suffolk, says:

By water shall he die and take his end.

But it does not appear from what source the author of The Contention obtained this tradition. The Paston
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.--PART II.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

Letter, quoted below (note 247), alludes to quite a different prophecy.

Line 48: Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I—This line is omitted in Q2; but is absolutely necessary to the sense. Following most of the editors, we have restored it from Q2.

Line 50: Obserue and LOWLY swaine, King Henry's blood.—In Q2 this line, by mistake, is made part of the preceding speech, and lowly is misspelt lowly. Pope was the first to make the correction, and he took lowly from Q2, where the speech runs thus:

Base Jodie grooms, King Henries blood
The honourable blood of Lancaster
Cannot be shed by such a lowly swaine.

Line 52: Jesse groom.—Shakespeare uses this word in two other passages, in Henry VIII. III. 2. 290: “Jaded by a piece of scarlet” and in Antony and Cleopatra, III. 1. 33. 34:

The me're yet beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Q2 have jady, a reading which some editors prefer. Jaded never seems to be used by Shakespeare in the modern sense of “tired.” The sense we have given in the foot-note is that generally given to the word in this passage, though it may be treated like a jude.

Line 54: Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth made.—Compare Richard III. III. 4. 96:

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble;

and Middleton’s A Mad World My Masters, III. 2: “newly alighted from his foot-cloth” (Works, vol. ii. p. 365). In a note on which passage allusion is made to the mistaken idea that a horse was sometimes denominated a foot-cloth, the expression being equal to our “alighted from his saddle.” To have a foot-cloth for your horse was considered a sign of rank. We have in Middleton’s Phoenix, v. 1.:

Think all thy seed young lords, and by this act
Make a foot-cloth’s posterity.

i.e. “make your posterity of sufficient consequence to have foot-cloths for their horses.”

Line 56: How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood.

I have not been able to find any instance of the use of this phrase. We have in Rowe’s Jane Shore:

Some poor remain, the voices of thy tale.

There voiding evidently means “what is thrown away,” the “refuse.” Fabian uses voiding in the sense of “quitted” in the following passage: “In this, xiii. yere of kynges Hey, vpon Trynyte sodeyn, . . . whyle the byshop of Lodon was at hygghe mass in seynt Paulys Church of London, fell sodeynly suche thickenesse & derkenesse of cowdys, and therewith suche stench, & tesper of thunder and lightynge, that the people there assemblerd, assembled the churcho” (p. 327).

Lines 70, 71:

Cap. YES, Poole.

Suf. POOLE!

Cap. Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt.

The two speeches of the Captain and Suffolk we have, in common with nearly all modern editors, supplied from Q2. In F. 1 the passage stands thus:

Line 71: kennel.—Shakespeare only uses this word in the sense of “gutter” in one other passage, in Taming of the Shrew, IV. 3. 98:

Go, hop me over every kennel home.

Line 74: For swallowing the treasure of the realm.

—The sense that we have given For in our foot-note is the one generally accepted. Compare Two Gent. of Verona, I. 2. 136:

Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Also Pericles, I. 39, 40:

advise thee to desist
For going on death’s net.

Lines 76, et seq.: And thou that sim’liest at good Duke Humphrey’s death, &c.—Malone quotes from The Mirror of Magistrates, 1575:

And led me back again to Dover road,
Where unto me recounting all my faults,—
As murthering of duke Humphrey in his bed,
And how I had brought all the realm to night,
Causing the king unlawfully to weep,
There was no grace but I must lose my head.”


It seems pretty clear that the passage quoted suggested to Shakespeare this speech of the Captain, which is much longer and more elaborate than the corresponding one in The Contention.

Lines 77, 78:

Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.

Compare Rom. and Jul. I. 1. 118, 119:

and cut the winds, Who, nothing hurt withal, Ais’d him in scorn.

Lines 84, 85:

And, like ambitious Sylla, overpory’d
With gobbets of thy mother’s bleeding heart.
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The reference is, of course, to the rival of Marius, Sulla, the great prototype of those bloodthirsty tyrants, the memory of whose wholesale murders during the French revolution still make one shudder. Sulla was the first to introduce the proscription. In B.C. 82, after his decisive victory before the Colline Gate of Rome, and the surrender of Preneste on the death of the son of his rival, the younger Marius, Sulla drew up a list of all those persons against whom he had any grudge or enmity; they were declared outlaws, and might be killed by any one, even by slaves, with impunity. Many thousands of persons perished under this infamous edict. It is to this that the somewhat bombastic phrase in the text refers. Sulla was one of the few great criminals of history who escaped a violent death. He died, four years after this orgy of murder, in his villa at Puteoli. We have followed the spelling of *Fl.* though there is no justification for writing *Sylla* instead of *Sulla*.

It is remarkable that *gobbets* occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare, except in this passage, and again below, v. 2. 58.

285. Line 85: mother’s bleeding heart.—*Fl.* read mother-bleeding; the correction is Rowe’s.

286. Lines 96, 90:

Advance our half-face’d sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ Invitis nubibus.


287. Line 107: pinace.—This word, which seems to have meant a small vessel propelled by oars and sails, does not seem to be used very properly here; for the ship, of which the captain who took Suffolk prisoner was in command, was a ship of war. Steevens quotes a passage from Winwood’s Memorials, vol. iii. p. 118, in which a *pinace* of 250 tons burden is mentioned; but it generally seems to have been used of a much smaller vessel. *Pinace* is derived from the Latin *pinus*, Italian *pinaceo*. The word was formerly written *epynere*, or *epynner*. See quotation from Paston Letters (vol. I. p. 124), given below in note 247.

288. Line 108: Than BarCUS the strong Illyrian pirate.—In The Contention the corresponding passage is (pp. 435, 440):

Threatens more plagues than mightie Abradas,
The great Macedonian Pyrate.

It is curious that Greene in Penelope’s Web, 1601, mentions *Abradas* “the great Macedonian pirat” (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 289). This is worth noticing, as it may perhaps confirm the theory of those who maintain that Greene had a hand in The Contention. *Barculus* is mentioned by Cicero in his De Officils. Dr. Farmer quotes two translations in which Shakespeare might possibly have got the name. It seems that the proper form of the name is *Bardyia* or *Bardyia* (Greek Βαρδηία). *Bardyia* was originally a collar, then he became a leader of a band of freebooters, and afterwards king of Illyria. In this last capacity he seems to have carried on constant war against Macedonia, and then to have been defeated and killed in battle by Philip, the father of Alexander the Great. (See Dyce, note, vol. v. p. 219.)

289. Line 117: Gelidus timor occupat artus.—*F.* 1 has: “*Fine* gelidus timor occupat artus.” Theobald proposed to read: “*Pene* gelidus timor occupat artus.” Malone: “*Pene* gelidus timor occupat artus.” F. 2 omits *Fine*. This quotation has not been traced to its source, though there is a very similar passage in Virgil’s *Aenid*, vii. 446: “subitus tremor occupat artus;” and again we have in *Aenid*, xi. 434, the same expression without *subitus*. Verplanck suggests that it may be a quotation from Mantuanus (see Love’s *Labour’s Lost*, note 97).

290. Line 128: Than stand uncover’d to this vulgar groom.—*Fl.* have the; we have adopted Walker’s conjecture.

291. Line 159: Exempt from fear is true nobility.—This line stands in F. 1 thus:

True nobility, is exempt from fear.

We have adopted Lloyd’s conjecture as to the arrangement of the words; the comma after nobility in F. 1 seems to show that the two portions of the sentence had been accidentally transposed.

292. Line 132: Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can.—This line is given to the Captain (Lieutenant) in *Fl.* It evidently belongs to Suffolk, to whom Hamner first assigned it.

293. Line 134: beacons.—This word is only used by Shakespeare in one other passage, viz. II. Henry IV. v. 3. 119.

294. Lines 135, 136:

*A Roman sworder and banditto slave*

*Murder’d sweet Tully.*

Plutarch gives a very detailed account of Cicero’s death. According to him “Herennius, a centurion, and Popillius Lenus, Tribune of the Souldiers” were sent to kill him (p. 729).

295. Line 136: Brutos’ bastard hand.—Brutus could not be called a bastard, for his mother Servilla was married to Marcus Junius Brutus, and by him became the mother of Caesar’s murderer. Her husband was put to death by order of Pompey, after which she became the favourite mistress of Julius Caesar, and Brutus was said, absurdly enough, by some to have been the result of this connection. But Caesar was only fifteen years older than Brutus, and it seems clear that Servilla did not become his mistress till some time after the birth of her son. She was married, a second time, to Junius Silanus, consul, B.C. 62.

296. Lines 137, 138:

*savage islanders*

Pompey the Great.

This curious piece of mistaken history about Pompey is Shakespeare’s own invention. The manner of Pompey’s death is related at great length in Plutarch (p. 587). As we know that Shakespeare was acquainted with North’s Plutarch, and made great use of it in some of his plays, it seems strange he should have made such a misstatement as to Pompey’s death. When Ptolemy and his
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counsellors resolved to kill Pompey, who had come to take refuge at his court, the task of carrying out their resolve was committed to Achillais, an Egyptian, who took with him Septimius, who had been under Pompey's command at a former time. Achillais induced Pompey to leave the galley in which he was with his wife, Cornelia, and come into his boat, as the water was not deep enough for the galley to land. Pompey had with him one of his slaves called Philip, whose hand he had taken to help him to land, when "Septimius came first behind him and thrust him through with his sword. Next unto him also, Salvius and Achillais drew out their swords in like manner, Pompey then did no more but took up his gown with his hands and hid his face, and manly abid the wounds they gave him, only fighting a little. Thus being nine and fifty years old, he ended his life the next day after the day of his birth" (North's Plutarch, pp. 556, 556). This took place at Puteoli, which stood on the east side of the easternmost mouth of the Nile in the midst of morasses, so that it might be almost said to be on an island, and in that sense, by a considerable licence, the murderers of Pompey might be called "islanders."

267. Line 133.—The best account we have of Suffolk's death is in the Paston Letters, viz. that from William Lumner to John Paston, 5th May, 1450: "As on Monday nexte after May day there come tydysngs to London, that on Thursday before the Duke of Suffolk come unto the costes of Kent full nere Dower with his ij. shapes and a litel spymner; the weche spyynner he sente with certeyn letters to certeyn of his trusty men unto Calies wasarde, to knowe howe he shalbe rescayed; and with hym mete a shippe called Nicolus of the Towre, with other shippis waytyng on hym, and by hem that were in the spyner, the maister of the Nicolus hadde knowlch of the duke's comynge. And whanne he espyed the dukes shippe, he sente forthe his bote to wete what they were, and the duke hym selpe spakke to hem, and seyd, he was be the kyngs comandement sente to Calies ware, &c."

"And they seyd he most spake with here master. And soo he, with ij. or iiij. of his men, wente forth with hem yn here bote to the Nicolus; and whanne he come, the maister badde hym, 'Welcom, Traitor,' as men sey; and forther the maister desayryd to wete yt the shippe woldde holde with the duke, and they sente word they wold not yn noo wyse; and soo he was yn the Nicolus thy Saturday next folwyng."

"Soom sey he wrothe moche thenke [thing] to be delyvyr'd to the kyng, but that is not verily knowe. He hadde hes confessor with hym, &c."

"And some sey he was arrayed yn the shippe on here maner upon the appechementes and fonde guylty, &c."

"Also he asked the name of the shippe, and whanne he knew it, he remembred Stacy that seid, if he might eschape the daunger of the Towr, he should be safe; and thanne his herte faylyd hym, for he thoughtwy he was desayryd, and yn the syght of all his men he was drawyn ought of the grete shippe yn to the bote; and there was an ex, and a stoke, and oon of the lewdest of the shippe badde hym ley dawn his hedde, and he sholde be fair ferd wyth, and dye on a sword; and toke a rusty sword, and smotte of his hedde within half a doezyn strokes, and tok his gown of russet, and his dobeletta of velvet mayled, and leyde his body on the sons of Dover; and some sey his hedde was sette oon a pole by yt, and hes men sette on the londe be grette circumstance and preyse. And the shreve of Kent doth weche the body, and sent his under shreve to the juges to wete what to doo, and also to the kenge whatte shalbe doo" (vol. i. p. 124).

268. Line 145: His body will I bear unto the king.—It is clear that the head and body of Suffolk were both supposed to be brought on the stage. In scene 4 we find the queen mourning over Suffolk's head as she asks, lines 6, 6: Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast; but where's the body that I should embrace?

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

269. Line 18: as much to say as.—Compare Twelfth Night, l. 5. 62, 68: 'that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain.'

270. Line 30: Smith the weaver.—So 3F. In The Contention the speeches here allotted to Smith have the prefix Will, who is described as "Will that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday" (pp. 487, 488). It looks very much as if Smith were the actor's name, which had crept into the Folio from the margin of the play-house copy. Malone expresses the same opinion (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 296).

271. Line 35: a Cade of herrings.—In Dunghale's Monastic Anglicanum (vol. i. pars. 1, p. 81) (1665) is given "the chartes longynge to the office of the Celeresse of the monasterye of Barkinge," in which under the head of "Providences for Advent and Lenten" we find "also acho (i.e. the celarees) must parry for two cadys of herrings that be rede for the covert in Advent: and for vii. cadys of red heryng for the covert in Lentyn: and also for three berell of white heringe for the covert in Lentyn." From this it would appear that "cade" was not the same as a barrel. Indeed we find from a memorandum (quoted by Malone) "that a barrel of heryng shold contene a thousand herrings, and a cade of heryng six hundred, six score to the hundredth" (Ut supra, p. 88).

"Steevens says: 'Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against a cade of herrings, and ludicrously says, 'That the rebel Jacke Cad e was the first that devised to put redde herrings in cades, and from him they have their name.' praise of the Red Hering, 1599" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 296). Cad e, however, is undoubtedly derived from cadus, a cask.

272. Line 37: For our enemies shall fall before us.—This is the reading of F. 4. F. 1. F. 2 have false; F. 3. fail. Probably the correction of F. 4 is right in this case; a pun would seem to be intended on the name of Cad e and cade (Latin), to fall; though the joke, such as it is, implies more learning than Jack Cad e was likely to possess.

273. Line 72: three-hoopa'd pot.—The common drinking mugs were constructed in Shakespeare's time mostly like barrels, of wooden staves bound together by hoops; the quart pot had three of these hoops; one third part being supposed to be each drinker's portion. See Dekker's Gull's Hornbook, "The Englishman's healths, his hoops, cans,

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half canes," etc. (Reprint, 1812, p. 28). Nash also in his
Fierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil, 1592, has,
"I believe hoops in quart pots were invented to that end,
that every man should take his hoops, and no more."

256. Line 96: We took him setting of boys' copies.—We
must presume that the unhappy clerk had been arrested
by Smith some time previously, and left under the guard
of those of the rebels who now brought him before Cade.

256. Lines 100, 107:
Clerk. Emmanuel.
Dick. They used to write it on the top of letters.

It appears that Emmanuel used to be written, probably
out of piety (much as we say "God be with you," or "God
bless you") at the head of letters patent and royal war-
rente. See the old play, The Famous Victories of Henry
the Fifth, where the Archbishop of Burgos (Bruges) after
delivering the impertinent message from the Dauphin to
Henry V. says:

1 beseech your grace, to deliver me your safe

Conduct under your broad seal, Emmanuel.

And the king says a little further on:

My Lord of Yorke, deliver him our safe conduct,

Under your broad seal, Emmanuel.


256. Lines 166, 167: in whose time boys went to span-
counter for French crowns.—The game here alluded to
was, according to Strutt, closely alluded to "boss and span,
also called hit or span, wherein one bows a marble to
any distance that he pleases, which serves as a mark for
his antagonist to bowl at, whose business is to hit the
marble first bowled, or lay his own near enough to it for
him to span the space between them and touch both the
marbles, in either case he wins, if not, his marble remains
where it lay and becomes a mark for the first player, and
so alternately until the game be won" (p. 284). Span-
counter was played with counters or coin instead of marbles.
Strutt says it was sometimes played with stones. A very
similar game is played by boys in the street nowadays.

257. Lines 169-172:
Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head
for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England main'd.

It is worth noting that although many of the proposed
"reforms" of Jack Cade differ very little, at least in spirit,
from those which figure in the programme of modern socialists,
yet the main cause of the popular discontent seems to have been the maimagement of foreign affairs,
the very point on which now the bulk of the people seem to
be so indifferent. Among the Fastol Letters is one (No. 98,
vol. i. pp. 131-135) written in 1465 by J. Fayn, and plead-
ng for some compensation in consideration of the losses
and sufferings endured by him during Jack Cade's rebel-
lon in 1450. The writer was a servant of our old friend,
Sir John Fastol (see I. Henry VI. note 14), who appears to
have been the object of intense hatred on the part of
the rebels. They called him "the greatest traitor that was
in Yangelond or in France, . . . the whech mynn-
ished all the garrisons of Normandy, and Mans, and
Mayn, the whech was the cause of the leyng of all the

kyngs tytul and ryght of an herystaunce that he had by
yonde see. And moroyr he said that the seyd Sir John
Fastol had furnysashyd his plase with the olde sawyers
of Normandy and abyliments of wer, to destroy the
commes of Kent than that they come to Southewerk; and
therefor he seyd plainely that I shulde lose my hede.
It seems that the rebels went so far as to bring out the
block and the axe, but that Payn got off through the interfer-
ence of some friends, and brought the "articles," i.e.
the particulars of the rebels' demands, to his master Sir John
Fastol, whom he counselled to dismiss his old soldiers,
and put away the "abyliments of wer," at his house;
which he did, and went for safety to the Tower. Payn
remained to defend his master's house, but seems to have
been again taken prisoner by the rebels, who put him in
"the batayle" at London Bridge, where he was "hurt
ner hand to deth" (p. 124). Indeed he appears to have
suffered much both in purse and person. After the rebel-
lon was crushed it appears that the unfortunate Payn
was denounced to the queen as a traitor, and was arrested
and thrown into the Marshalsea prison. There he was
"thysted to have ben hongyd, drawn, and quartered:
and so wold have made me to have pechyd my Master
Fastol of treson" (p. 135). This, however, he refused to
do, and ultimately, through the influence of friends, he
obtained a pardon. The letter is very interesting as giv-
ing some idea of the reign of terror which existed during
the rebellion, and as showing how unpopular Sir John
Fastol was, not only with the rebels, but also with some
of the queen's party.

258. Line 195:

Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon.

There appears to be some difference of opinion as to the
exact meaning of clouted. Some hold that it means
"patched," others that clouted shoon means "shoes with
hob nails." Undoubtedly there was a kind of nails called
cloot-nails. Other commentators would restrict the sense
to the iron plates which are fixed on the soles of the shoes
of country folk in order to strengthen them. No doubt
cloot means "patched," but it is a distinct word from
cloot as applied to shoes. The former would be
derived from clout, a rag, or patch, or piece of anything
(from A. Sax. clöt); while the latter is derived from French
closet, diminutive of cloe, a nail. Hunter quotes a pas-
 sage from England's Parnassus which seems to settle the
meaning. The writer "is speaking of the ravages made
on female beauty by the small-pox—

which ploughs up flesh and blood.

And leaves such prints of beauty if he come,

As clooted shoon do upon floors of stone."

Therefore we may take that clouted shoon means hobb-
nailed shoes whether with or without iron plates on the
soles.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

259.—It appears that the defeat of the Stafford's and
their forces, which must have been very inconsiderable in
number, took place owing to the royal party being de-
ceived as to the movements of Cade. The king, accord-
ing to Holinshed, had gone against the rebels with 15,000
men well equipped; but the rebels fled into the wooded
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

country near Sevenoaks; and the king returned to London, upon which, as Hall relates (p. 220): "The Quene, which bare the rule, beyng of his retraye well advertised, sent Sir Humphrey Stafford knyght, and William his brother with many other gentlmen, to follow the chace of the Kentishmen, thinknyge that they had fledde, but verely, they were desceyved; for at the first skirmish, both the Staffordes were saine, and all their compayne shanfully discomfited." . . . "When the Kentish captayn, or y° conoute Cade, had thus obeyed victory, and slayne the two valaeant Stafforde, he appareled hym selfe in their rich armure, and so with pompe and glory returned again toward London: in which retraye divers idle and vacabonde persons, resorted to him from Sussex and Surrey, and from other partes to a great nuber." This account is copied almost verbatim by Hollinshed (vol. iii. p. 220).

200. Lines 6-9: the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one a week. --The last lines are added by Malone from Qu. They are absolutely necessary to the sense; the meaning being, as explained by Malone in his note, that, as in the reign of Elizabeth butchers were not allowed to sell flesh-meat in Lent, some of the trade who had interest at court obtained a royal license to kill a limited number of beasts a week. At first sight it might appear that this regulation had for its object the keeping up the fast observed by the Roman Catholic Church in Lent; but care was taken to assure the public that there was no religious intention in the regulation. Harrison in his Description of England (bk. ii. p. 144) says: "but it is lawfull for surie man to feed upon what soever he is able to purchase, except it be upon those daies whereon eating of flesh is especiallie forbidden by the lawes of the realme, which order is taken onelie to the end our numbers of castell may be the better increased, and that abundance of fish which the sea yeeldeth, more generally receiued. Besides this, there is great consideration had in making of this law for the preservation of the naule, and maintenance of convenient numbers of sea faring men, both which would otherwise greaitlie deceale, if some means were not found whereby they might be increased." (New. Shak. Soc. Reprint).

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

261. Lines 5, 6: Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast: But where's the body that I should embrace? See above note 224.

262. Lines 9-18. The king did send an embassy to the rebels, though he did not carry out the intention here expressed of parleying with them. See Hall (pp. 220, 221): "Thus this glorious Captayn, compassed about, and environed with a multitude of evil rude and rustick persons, came agayn to the playne of Blackheath, and there strightly encamped him selfe: to whom were sent by the kyng, the Archbissho of Canterberye, and Humphrey duke of Buckyngham, to cōmone with him of his grenes and requestes. These lorde found him sober in communicacion, wyse in disputyng, arrogant in hart, and styte in his opinion, and by no means possible, to be perswaded to dissolve his armye, except the kyng in person wolde come to him, and assent to all thynge, which he should requyre. These lorde, percyuyng the wilful pertinacy, and manifest contumace of this rebellious Janelyn, departed to the kyng, declaring to hym, his temerarious and rashe wordes, and presumptuous requestes."

263. Lines 21, 22: How now, madam! Lamenting still and mourning Suffolk's death! Printed in Ff. thus: How now Madam? Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death! The editors who follow Ff. have not apparently perceived that line 22 is not a verse at all. We have followed the arrangement of Pope.

264. Line 34: Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death.—For an omission of the possessive inflection compare Merchant of Venice, iii. 4. 50:

Until her husband and my lord's return.

265. Line 37: false caterpillars.—Compare Richard II. note 186.

266. Line 20: My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth.—See Hall, p. 221: "The kyng somewhat hearyng, and more marcking the sallynes of thy outrageous losel, and haungyng dayly reporte of the concurse and accesse of people, which cōtinuelie resorted to hym, doubting samuch his familiar seruanntes, as his vnknōwē subiettes (which spared not to speake, that the captaynynes cause, was profitable for the commonwealthe) departed in all haste to the castell of Kylvingworth in Warwyckeshyre, leauyng only behynd him y° lord Scales, to kepe the Towre of London."

267. Line 43: Lord Say, Jack Cade, the traitor, hateth thee.—F. 1 reads:

Lord Say, the traitors hateth thee.

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4:

Lord Say, the traitors hate thee.

Capell reads: "the traitor rebel hateth thee." For the emendation in the text I am responsible.

268. Line 49: Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge.—Events are made to proceed more rapidly than they actually did, owing to dramatic necessities. It was not till after the king's escape to Kenilworth that Cade and the rebels entered London, going first into Southwark; the battle on London Bridge took place later.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

269. —This and the following scene are probably founded on the following passage in Hall (pp. 221, 222): "The wise Mayre, and sage magistrates of the cite of London, percyuyng thesēselfes, neither to be sure of goodes nor of lyfe well warrantet, determined with fear to repel and expulse this michious head, and hys vngracious cōpamy. And because the lord Scales was ordeyned Keper of y° Towre of London, with Mathew Gough, the often named captayn in Normanby, (as you hau harde before) they purposed to make them pryuye both of their entent and enterprise. The lord Scales promised the hys syde, with shotying of ordainace, and Mathew Goughes was by hym.
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT IV. Scene 6.

-appointed, to assist the Mayre and the Londoners; because he was both of manhood, and experience greatly renowned and noured. So ye Capitaynes of the citie appointed, toke upon them in the night to kepe the bridge of London, prohibiting the Kentishmen, either to pass or approche. The rebelles, which nener soundly slept, for feare of sodain chaunces, heare the byrdge to be kept and manned, ran with great haste to open their passage, where betwene bothe partes was a fierce and cruel encounter. Mathew Gough, more experte in martial feates, then the other cheustaynes of the citie, perceiuing the Kentishmen better to stande to their taclyng, then his imaginacion expected, aduised his companys no further to procede, toward Southwarke, till the day appeard: to the entent, that the citizens hearing where the place of the leopardsye rested, might occurre their enemies, and releue their frendes and companions. But this counsell came to small effect: for the multitude of ye rebelles drave the citizens from the stolpes at the bridge foote, to the drawe bridge, and began to set fyre in ditches houses. Alas what sorrow it was to beholde that miserable chaunce: for some desyrgye to eschew the fyre, kept on his enemies weapon, and so died: fearful women with children in their armes, amased and appalled, leapt into the river: other doubting how to save themself betwene fyre, water, and sworde, were in their houses suffocat and smothered. Yet the capitayns nothing regarding these chaunces, fought on the draw bridge all the nighte valeantly, but in conclusion, the rebelles gate the draw bridge, and drowned many, and slew John Sutton alderman, and Robert Heyzande a hardy citizen, with many other, beside Mathew Gough” (pp. 221, 222).

ACT IV. Scene 6.

270. Line 2: London-stone.—Hall tells us: “But after that he entered into Londo, and cut the ropes of the draw bridge, strikyng his swords on London stone, salyng: now is Mortymer lord of this citie, and rode in erue stret lyke a lordly Capitayn.” (p. 221). It must be remembered that London Bridge then consisted, as it were, of a street of houses, which, as well as the bridge itself, were constructed of wood and therefore very inflammable. In the middle was a space occupied by the drawbridge. London Stone still exists, or rather a fragment of it, built into the wall of St. Swithin’s Church, opposite Cannon Street Railway Station. Rolfe says (p. 172): “It is supposed by Camden to have been a Roman millarium—the centre from which all the great Roman roads radiated over England, corresponding to the Golden Milestone in the Forum at Rome. It came to be looked upon as a kind of palladium in the metropolis, and Cade evidently so regarded it here.”

271. Lines 3-7.—In the Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 310 will be found an interesting note upon this conduct which it is not necessary to quote. It may be noted that in some old-fashioned inns, and among the lower middle class, claret and sherry are still spoken of as “claret wine” and “sherry white wine.” Some of our readers may remember a celebrated print of a similar fountain to the one alluded to here, in Brussela. There seems to be no doubt that many of the cruel murders, euphemistically called executions, committed by Jack Cade, were prompted by his anger against those persons who refused to acknowledge his claim to the title of Lord Mortimer.

ACT IV. Scene 7.

272.—The Palace of The Savoy, the residence of the Duke of Lancaster, was destroyed by the rebels under Wat Tyler in the reign of Richard II. It would seem that it was not really rebuilt till the time of Henry VII. Shakespeare has shown us in other places, in Coriolanus for instance, the very little respect he had for mob-law. He evidently did not believe in the proposition as to rex populii being rex dei. In this scene he gives free range to his satire, especially in the long speech of Cade just below. Nothing could be more true to nature than the hatred of all learning and culture displayed by these socialists of the fifteenth century.

273. Lines 7, 8: Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.—This seems to be taken from Holinshed’s account of Wat Tyler’s insurrection (vol. ii. p. 340): “It was reported in deed that he should sate with great pride the day before these things chanced, putting his hands to his lips, that within foure daies all the laws of England should come forth of his mouth.”

274. Lines 48, 49: because they could not read, therefore hanged them; i.e. “because they could not claim the benefit of clergy,” a privilege which exempted at first only the clergy from criminal process before a civil judge; but “the benefit of clergy was afterwards extended to everyone one who could read; and it was enacted that there should be a prerogative allowed to the clergy, that if any man who could read were to be condemned to death, the bishop of the diocese might, if he would, claim him as a clerk, and dispose of him in some place of the clergy as he might deem meet. The ordinary gave the prisoner at the bar a Latin book, in a black Gothic character, from which to read a verse or two; and if the ordinary said, ‘Legit ut Clericus’ (‘He reads like a clerk’), the offender was only burnt in the hand; otherwise he suffered death, 3 Edw. I. (1274).” (See Haydn’s Diet. of Dates, sub “Clergy.”) The privilege was modified by acts of parliament in 1486, 1512, 1706, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Ann respectively. The benefit of clergy was wholly repealed in 1827, in the reign of George IV.

275. Line 62.—See above, note 227.

276. Lines 65, 66: Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar writ, Is term’d the civil’d place of all this isle.

The passage in which Caesar says this is in book v. of the Commentaries: “Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt;” thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1569: “Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the civilises are the Kentishfolk.” Malone quotes from Ephes. 1589: “Of all the inhabitants of this isle the Kentish-men are the civilises” (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 310).

277. Line 67: Sweet is the country, BEAUTIOUS, full of riches.—Ch. read:

Sweet is the country because full of riches.
which seems to be nonsense. It is evident that some epithet is demanded in the text, for which because is a misprint. We have, in common with many editors, adopted Hamner’s admirable conjecture. Beautiçous is a favourite epithet of Shakespeare’s as applied both to persons and things.

278. Lines 74, 75:
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Fi. have “Kent to maintain.” Kent seems to have crept into the text by mistake. Even the Cambridg edd. adopt Johnson’s conjecture, “But to maintain,” which certainly seems the most probable emendation.

279. Lines 96, 96: Ye shall have a hempen cauldre, then, and the help of a hatchet.—So P. 1. F. 2. F. 3. F. 4 have “the help of a hatchet;” but the phrase is not very intelligible. Farmer was the first to suggest the emendation pop with a hatchet, which was a recognized cant phrase of the time, as we know from Lilly’s Mother Bombie, i. 3: “they give us pop with a spone before we can speak, and when wee speak for that wee love, pop with a hatchet” (Works, vol. ii. p. 83). Indeed, that author used it as the title for a pamphlet written by him in 1594: “Pop with a Hatchet,” otherwise, “A sound box on the ear for the Idiot Martin to hold his peace.” This pamphlet, however, is generally attributed to Nash. Park explains the phrase as being a proverbial one for “doing a kind thing in an unkind manner.” Farmer’s emendation is very ingenious, and fits in with the spirit of the passage; Cade brutally answers Lord Saye’s complaint that he is a sick man by telling him that he ought to be treated with a rope for cauldre, that is, that he should be hung: and with the “help of hatchet,” that is, that he should be decapitated. The word cauldre naturally suggests the word pop; and while this is one of those emendations which are extremely plausible, because it is what we should expect the author to have written, it is therefore one that we must be cautious to adopt too readily, if the reading of the original edition makes any sense at all. “The help of hatchet” may be a parody on the phrase “by God’s help.” An emendation, not noticed by the Cambridge edd., was suggested by an anonymous writer in the Collier Controversy in a pamphlet entitled “Collier, Coleridge, and Shakespeare.” The writer proposes to read (p. 150) “the heal of a hatchet;” heal being very generally spelt hele, and therefore easily to be mistaken for help.

280. Lines 115-119.—Hall’s account of the murder of Lord Saye, and his companions, is as follows: “And upon the thryde days of Julij, he caused syr James Fynes lord Saye, and Threassuer of Engeland, to be brought to the Gylde hall of London, and there to be arranyz’d: whiche byeng before the kynges iustices put to awnasure, desired to be tryed by his peeres, for the lenger delay of his life. The Capitayne perceulyug his dilatorie ple, by force toke him from the officers, and brought him to the standard in Chesepe, and there before his confession ended, caused his head to be cut off, and pitchéd it on a highe poole, which was openly borne before hym through the streetes. And this cruelly tyrant not content with the murder of the lorde Say, went to Myle end, and there apprehended syr James Cromer, then shreue of Kent, and some in law to the sayd lord Say, and hym without confession or excuse heard, caused there likewise to be hedida, and his head to be fixed on a poole, and with these two heddes, this blody butcher entered into the citie agayn, and in despye caused them in every strete, kyssede together, to the great desetacion of all the beholders” (p. 221). It was William Cromer, Sheriff of Kent, whom Cade put to death; but the dramatist, as will be seen, only copies the mistake of the chroniclers.

281. Lines 128-130.—The custom here alluded to was called Mercetia mulierum. Several writers, including Sir David Dalrymple, Blackstone, and Whittaker, deny that it was ever practised. Beaumont and Fletcher’s Custom of the Country is based upon this traditional privilege.

282. Line 190: men shall hold of me in capite.—This joke, as has been remarked, is too learned a one for Jack Cade to have made.

283. Line 192: as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.—It would appear that several ancient grants exist, written in rhyme, in which lands are said to be held on this tenure. Blakeway in a note in the Var. Ed. on this passage (vol. xviii. p. 231) quotes from the Yearbook of 10 Henry VII. fol. 14, a. pl. 6: “En ascu case son grant est, ‘As free as tongue can speak or heart can think:’”—which are almost Cade’s words.

ACT IV. SCENE 8.

284. Lines 1, 2: Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus Corner!—Both these places are on the opposite side of the river to Southwark, where the scene is supposed to take place. The name of Fish Street is preserved in Fish Street Hill, on which the Monument stands. There is a church of Saint Magnus in Lower Thames Street. Perhaps these directions were intended to be given to bands of the rebels who were to cross the bridge.

285. Lines 9, 10:
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

This free pardon, according to Hall, was brought by the Archbishop of Canterbury, then chancellor of England, and the Bishop of Winchester: “The archebishop of Canterbury, beying then chanceler of England, and for his suerty lyenge in the Towe of London, called to him the bishop of Winchester, whiche also for feare, lurked at Halywell. These two prelates seyng the fury of the Kentish people, by reason of their betyng backe, to be mitigate and minished, passed the ryuer of Thames from the Towe, into Southwark, bringing with them vnder the kynges great seale, a general pardon vnto all the offenders: which they caused to be openly proclaimed and published. Lorde how glad the poore people were of this Pardone (ye more then of the great Jubyle of Rome) and how thel accepted thesame, in so muche that the whole multitude, without biddynge farewel to their capitain, retired thesame night, euer man to his awne home, as men amased, and striketh with feare” (p. 222).
ACT IV. Scene 9.

NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

Line 338. Line 11.—Clarke has an interesting note here comparing Lord Say's defence and the speech of Clifford, much to the disadvantage of the latter. Lord Say's speeches in his own defence seem to have been entirely Shakespeare's invention except four lines; while Clifford's is compressed from two other speeches in the Old Play; the touch about Henry V. being Shakespeare's own. No doubt Lord Say's defence is a very noble one, and to a reasonable mind very convincing. By the side of it Lord Clifford's may seem mere claptrap; but the latter knew his audience the best. You may appeal to the sentiment or self-interest of a mob; but never to its reason. In the recognition of this fact lies the demagogue's power.

Line 341. Line 15: Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths.—Fr. read rabble: the emendation is from the Collier MS., first adopted by Singer.

Line 342. Line 25: that you should leave me at the White Hart.—Walker suggests that a play upon words is here intended, between White Hart and white heart. This idea is confirmed by the fact that in F. 1 it is printed White-heart, and F. 2, F. 3 white-heart; while only in F. 4 it is White-hart.

Line 343. Line 48: Crying vilicus! unto all they meet.—Fr. have Villago, for which Theobald absurdly proposed Villagiose. Villaco is a common term of reproach not unfrequently found in the writers of Shakespeare's time. Compare Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, v. 5: "Now out, base villico!" (Works, vol. ii. p. 181). It occurs also in Dekker, in The Unravelling of the Humorous Poet "the faint hearted villicousos sounded at least thrice" (vol. i. p. 187). Florio gives "Vignacco, a rascal, a loud rogue, a scurvy scoundrel."

Line 344. Line 58: Henry hath money, you are strong and manly.—Warburton, quite unnecessarily, proposed to read mercy; but as Johnson pointed out, they had the strength and the king the money; or one might say that they (the people) had the muscle, and the king the sinecure of war.

Lines 345-67: only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels.—So Fr. Some editors altered treasons to treason, because of the singular verb following, makes. The alteration is unnecessary.

ACT IV. SCENE 9.

Line 351. Line 4: But I was made a king, at nine months old. —This is historically true; but in the last play the dramatist does not pay much regard to this historic fact. See I. Henry VI. iii. 4. 17, 18:

When I was young, as yet I am not old,—
I do remember how my father said.

A child who remembers what was said when he was less than nine months old is certainly a phenomenon.

Line 352. Line 28: Of savage galliglasses and stout kerns.—Fr. have simply:

Of galliglasses and stout kerns,
a word having evidently dropped out. Hamner printed desperate, Capell nimble. We adopt Dyce's emendation savage. Grey says (vol. II. p. 29): "The Galliglasses and kerns, according to Stanilurst, were two orders of foot soldiers among the Irish; the former very bold and strong men, but very inhuman; the latter were fond of keeping their swords clean, and free from backs. Of which he produces one remarkable instance. 'It is said that one of their body (i.e. kerns) returning from battle having received more than four dangerous wounds inspected his sword, and, when he saw that it was in no part hacked or bent, returned the greatest thanks to the deity because those wounds had been inflicted on his body and not on his sword.' The Galliglasses were armed, according to Stanilurst, "in a long shart of maydl to the calf of his leg, with a long broad ax in his hand, was pedes gravis armature (and was instead of the footman that now weareth the corilet), before the corilet was used or almost invented" (at supra, pp. 29, 30). The real derivation of the word is the Irish gailigileach, a servant, a heavy-armed soldier, from gall, foreign, and ogach, a youth. Spencer in The View of the State of Ireland, vol. vi. p. 1577, says: "That the Galliglasses, from their name, were antient English; for gailigoles signifies an English servitor or yeoman." This mistake seems to have arisen from the fact that the Irish copied the armament of these troops from that of the early English military settlers. The kerns were the light-armed troops. See Richard II. note 127. Galliglasses and kerns are mentioned again in Shakespeare in Macbeth i. 2. 13, 14:

from the western isles
Of kerns and galliglasses is supplied.

Line 354. Line 30: The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms traitor.—Fr. have "a traitor." We have omitted the a as unnecessary.

Line 356. Line 33: Is straightway caim'd, and boarded with a pirate. —F. 1 has calm, F. 2 claim, F. 3 claim'd. The reading in the text is that of F. 4. Walker conjectured chais'd.

Line 358. Line 36: I pray thee, Buckingham, go thou and meet him.—Fr. omit thou, which was first supplied by Dyce. The line as it stands in Fr. is very unrhymetical.

Line 360. Line 40:

And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Henry VI., though he is represented as having many amiable qualities, seems to have been equally ready with Charles I. to desert any of his friends when they were in trouble.

ACT IV. SCENE 10.

Line 365. Line 1: Fie on ambition!—F. 1 reads ambitions, corrected in F. 2. Hall's account of the capture is as follows (p. 222): "For after a Proclamation made, that whosoever could apprehend the said Sir John Cade, should have for his pains, & c. markes, many sought for him, but few espied hym, till one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent found hym in a garden, and there in his defence, manfully slew the said Cade, & brought his dead body to London, whose head was set on Londô bridge." Hollinshead says that this garden was in Sussex at Hothfield (vol. iii. p. 227).
ACT IV. Scene 10.  
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.  
ACT V. Scene 1.

209.—Enter Iden with five Servants, who remain at
back.—In F. Iden is made to enter alone; but after-
wards, line 42, Cade distinctly mentions the presence of
five men. The Cambridge edd. seem to think that, be-
cause Iden has a soliloquy when he first enters, Shakes-
peare intended him to come on alone, only that he
 forgot to strike out the reference to the five persons
which is found in Q. But the stage direction that we have
introduced gets rid of the apparent discrepancy.

300. Line 22: I seek not to was great by others' W A R N I N G.
—F. read warning: the correction is Rowe's. Grey pro-
poses winning, a conjecture which is not noticed by the
Cambridge edd. The antithesis between winning and
warning points to Rowe's emendation as being the right
one. Warning makes no sense whatever.

301. Line 31: eat iron like an ostrich.—The source,
whence this popular belief about the ostrich is derived,
is not apparent. The passage is taken verbatim from the
Contenson. According to a note of Halliwell on the pas-
sage in the Old Play, Sir Thomas Browne and Alexander
Roez "fought a paper battle some two centuries ago" on
the subject of this digesting feat of ostriches. I can speak
from personal experience of the marvellous appetite and
digest of an emu. I once gave one of these birds some
large pebbles, some pennies, and part of a leather purse,
all of which he consumed with perfect satisfaction. I
then tried him with a pocket-handkerchief, which was of
rather a large size. This he had some difficulty in dis-
posing of. He ultimately swallowed it completely, and
his health was not at all affected by the meal. Pliny says,
speaking of the ostrich (bk. x. ch. 1, p. 270): "A wonder
this is in their nature, that whatsoever they eat (and
great devourers they bee of all things, without difference
and choice) they concoct and digest it."

302. Line 33: Why, rude companion, whatsoever thou be.
—See Mid. Night's Dream, note 7. Compare Julius
Cesar, iv. 3. 138: "Companion, hence!" also Comedy of
Errors, iv. 4. 64.

303. Line 46: That Alexander Iden, Esquire of Kent.—
F. have "an Esquire." We omit the an, describing Iden
in the same way that Hall does. See above, note 299.

304. Line 56: But as for words,—whose greatness answers
words.—F. omit But; we follow Dyce's reading.

305. Line 62: I beseech God on my knees.—F. have J o e s.
Malone restored the reading God from Q. Some com-
mentators think that J o e s was substituted in conse-
quence of the statute 3 James I. chap. ii., which forbade the
use of the name of God upon the stage. But, undoubtedly,
J o e s is sometimes used in other passages for the name
of the Christian deity where its use can scarcely be so
explained.

306. Line 66: the ten meals I have lost.—As Cade had
been without food five days (see above, line 41), this shows
that only two meals a day were supposed to be, at that
time, the proper allowance.

307. Line 84: And as I thrust thy body with my sword,—
F. have "thrust in;" following Dyce we have omitted
the in as unnecessary.

ACT V. SCENE I.

308. The dramatist now passes over a considerable
interval of time. In July, 1450, Jack Cade was taken
and killed. The battle of St. Albans was fought May 22nd,
1455. Immediately after the suppression of Cade's rebel-
ion York came over from Ireland to England with 4000
men. He forced his way into Henry's presence, and behav-
ied with great insolence. Having made the king promise
to summon a parliament, he retired to his castle at Fother-
 ingay. Immediately after this Somerset returned from
France; but, with the disgrace of the loss of Normandy
attaching to him, he could do but very little for the king's
cause. The enmity between York and Somerset kept the
country in a constant state of agitation. In 1451 York
raised another army on the pretext of defeating the pro-
cedings of Somerset. He marched to London, but found
the gaites shut against him. Thence he proceeded to
Dartford in Kent, in the hope of being joined by the
Kentish men. Henry followed him with his army, but no
collision took place. The result of the negotiations that
ensued was that Somerset was committed to prison; while
York disbanded his army and submitted to Henry. The
two rivals then met in the presence of the king, and abused
one another roundly. Immediately after this interview
York was arrested. Henry refused to follow Somerset's
advice, which was that he should be put on his trial and
executed. York again swore fealty to the king, and a
peace was patched up between the rival parties, mainly
brought about by the news that the Earl of March was
advancing with an army to liberate his father. Immedi-
ately after this two important events happened: one,
the fatal battle in which Talbot was defeated and slain,
and Guenee lost to the English; the other the birth of a
son to the king and queen. This last event would seem
to have put a stop to York's hopes of the succession. But
at this very time the health of the king, both mental and
bodily, was such that a protectorate had to be appointed;
and York was chosen by a committee of peers for the
office; but the king's rights were preserved inviolate. By
the end of the year 1454 Henry had recovered his health
and reason. At the beginning of the next year, 1455, he
put an end to the protectorate, and liberated the Duke
of Somerset from the Tower. He did his best to recon-
cile the two dukes, and induce them to submit their
claims to arbitration; but York, who had determined to
provoke a civil war, collected together his forces, and on
May 22nd, the battle of St. Albans was fought.

309. Line 5: sancta majestas!—So F/. Q. have sancta
m a s e t a, which may have been intended for Italian.
S a n t a m a s e t i, which Capell printed, would certainly suit
the metre much better; but, if it were intended to be
so, we should expect to find some greater blunder in
the spelling. There is scarcely any instance, throughout
Shakespeare's plays, of two Italian words together being
spelt correctly, either in F/. or Q.

310. Line 10: A sceptre shall it have, HAVE I a soul—
i.e. "as I have a soul." Compare Henry VIII. iv. 1. 44:
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel.

311. Line 13: I must dissemble.—It is curious to find in
Shakespeare the original of this phrase, repeated ad nauseam in all melodramas of the last fifty years, and forming one of the stock jokes of burlesques. How many a time have we seen the villain, or mock villain, as the case may be, wrapping his cloak round him while he muttered, "I must dissemble!" Little did we think that he was unwittingly quoting Shakespeare. Marlowe used it before Shakespeare, in the Jew of Malta, act iv.: "But I must dissemble" (Works, p. 166).

312. Lines 26, 27:  
And now, like Ajax Telemomus,  
On wheel or oar could I spend my fury.

See Love's Labour's Lost, note 106. Grey (vol. ii. p. 31) quotes from Cleveland's Works, 1677, p. 78:  
"Stout Ajax, with his anger-coated brain,  
Killing a sheep, thought Agamemnon slain."

313. Line 65: May pass into the presence of a king.—  
Walker conjectured press, which looks very much like the right reading, in spite of the unpleasant jingle between press and presence.

314. Line 72: I was, an't like your majesty.—Perhaps we should read, in order to complete the line,  
I was that man, an't like your majesty.

315. Line 74: Alexander Iden, that's my name.—Again I would suggest, to complete the line:  
Alexander Iden, that's my name, my true.

I see that in the Cambridge edn. the same conjecture was made by Kelkight.

316. Line 78: Iden, kneel down (He kneels). Iden, rise up a knight.—If he have

Iden, kneels down, rise up a Knight.

We have followed Dyce in inserting the second Iden.

317. Line 109: Wouldn't have me kneel! first let me ask of thee, [pointing to his Attendants].—Tyrwhitt thought that by these York meant his knees. Other commentators explain it that he meant his sons. Our stage-direction supplies what seems the most probable explanation. In saying these words he is intended to point to those of his followers whom he had brought with him, who had already been taught to look upon him as a claimant to the crown.

318. Line 131: To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad!—See King John, note 85, also foot-note; but it is quite clear that the use of Bedlam or Bethlehem hospital for the insane dates from an earlier period than Henry VIII.: "Next unto the parish church of S. Botolph," says Stow, "is a faery inne for receive of travellers: then an Hospital of S. Mary of Bethlehem, founded by Simon Fitz Mary one of the Sheriffs of London, in the year 1246. he founded it to have beene a Priorie of Canons with bretheren and sisters, and king Edward the thirde granted a protection, when I have scene for the bretheren, Milicic beatre Mariae de Bethleom, within the citie of London, the 14 years of his raigne. It was an hospital for distracted people." Survey of London, 1598, p. 127.

319. Lines 139, 140:  
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.  
Etch. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

The dramatist takes considerable liberty with history in making the sons of York old enough to bear arms at this time. Edward, Earl of March, was born April 29th, 1442, so that he was just thirteen years old. Richard was born October 2nd, 1462, so that he was not three years old. The exact date of the battle of St. Albans was May 22nd, 1455.

320. Line 166: Fell-lurking cura.—It is very doubtful if this is the right reading. Several emendations have been proposed, such as fell-barking, fell-lurking, and, by the Collier MS., the very obvious and commonplace suggestion fell-looking. The word is hyphenated in Ft.; but after all, though a peculiar epithet, it may be the right one; for it describes aptly enough that kind of ferocious cur which lies in wait for the unsuspecting passenger, and, rushing out from its hiding-place, flies at him before he has time to defend himself.

321. Lines 151-156.—This speech was added by Shakespeare, and has no parallel in The Contention. It foreshadows very clearly the character of Richard as it was afterwards so powerfully developed in Richard III.

322. Line 153: Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw.—We have given in the foot-note what seems the preferable interpretation of this elliptical phrase. Some take it to mean "in a state of sufferance or palm." We have a similar instance of the elliptical use of suffer in this play, lli. 2. 967:  
Lest being suffer'd in that harmfulumber,  
i.e. "being allowed to remain;" and before in lli. 1. 32:  
Suffer them now, and, they'll o'ergrow the garden.

323. Lines 164, 165:  
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian,  
And seek for sorrow with thy Spectacles?

Ruffian appears here to have the sense in which it is generally used in Shakespeare, namely, that of "a brutal, boisterous fellow." Otherwise we might have suspected that it had the same sense as the Italian ruffiano, "a pimp," "a pander," a sense in which it is not unfrequently used in old writers; the meaning being that Salisbury had, in his old age, played the part of the tempter to his son. Sorrow probably means here more "cause for repentance or remorse" than the ordinary sense of grief.

Shakespeare refers to spectacles in three other passages, of which the most notable is in As You Like It, II. 7. 156:  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side.

Spectacles were, in Shakespeare's time, probably only made with convex glasses, and intended for old sight, not for short sight.

324. Line 170: And stain this honourable age with blood.—If he have "with shame." We have followed Dyce in adopting Walker's conjecture, which prevents the clashing of shame with "for shame!" below, line 173.

325. Line 196: You were best go to bed and dream again.  
—If he have "You were best to go." We have omitted the to before go, as spoiling the line, being unnecessary. Rowe made the same omission.

326. Line 200: And that I'll write upon thy burgonet.  
—Planché in his Cyclopedia of Costume (pp. 54, 63) says:
"Burgonet, Burginot. A species of close helmet invented, or at least first worn by the Burgundians (whence probably its name) in the fifteenth century. Its peculiarity consisted in the adaptation of the lower rim of the helmet to the upper one of the gorget, by hollowing it out so as to receive the head of the latter, by which contrivance the head could be freely turned to the right or the left without exposing the throat of the wearer to the point of the lance or the sword."

337. Line 201: Might I but know thee by thy household badge.—F. 1 have housed; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 houses. Malone was the first to restore the reading household from Qq.

338. Line 203: The rampant bear chain’d to the ragged staff.—This well-known badge of the Neville family came to the Earl of Warwick from the Beauchamps through his marriage with the heiress of Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. See I. Henry VI. note 8. The crest of the Nevilles was a dun bull’s head, which is still borne by the Earls of Abergavenny; the supporters of their arms being two bulls, argent, armed, collared, and chained. See French, p. 192.

339. Line 211: And so to arms, TO ARMS, victorious father.—We have inserted the second to arms in order to complete the line, which in F. stands

And to arms, victorious father.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

340. Line 28.—Lord Clifford was not killed by York. The mode of his death is represented in accordance with history in the next play, III. Henry VI. i. 1. 7-9:

Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg’d our main battle’s front, and breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldier slain.

Shakespeare had, as Dr. Percy pointed out, a dramatic object in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, because it gives a reason for the vengeance which young Clifford took on York and his young son, Rutland. The fact that Shakespeare should have allowed the lines, referring to the death of Clifford quoted above, to stand, is merely another proof of the carelessness with which he revised or adapted these plays.

341. Line 45: To cease!—Wast thou ordain’d, dear father.—We have here another instance of a dramatic pause caused by the omission of a syllable, to other instances of which we have drawn attention. (See Richard II. note 170.) No one with any ear or dramatic feeling would wish to supply the lacking syllable here. The emotion of the actor does that naturally.

342. Lines 51-60.—Those lines, which are nearly all Shakespeare’s own, prepare us for the horrible cruelty of young Clifford in the next play. We now strike the keynote of that bloodthirsty passion for vengeance on personal grounds, which made the Wars of the Roses so horribly distinguished by acts of atrocious cruelty.

343. Line 60: As wild Medea young Abryntus did.—Abryntus or Apourtus was the son of Aëtus, King of Colchis, and the brother of Medea. Ovid in his Tristia (lib. iii. eleg. ix.) narrates the horrible story, how Medea during her flight from Colchis with Jason, when off the coast of Mostra, seeing that her father’s ships threatened to overtake the fugitives, inhumanly killed her young brother, and scattered his mangled limbs about, in order that the horrid sight might stay her father in his pursuit. The place, where this supposed barbarity was committed, was Tomi, on the shores of the Euxine (Black Sea); the very town where Ovid wrote out the miserable years of his exile.

344. Lines 67-80:

For underneath an alehouse’ paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban’s, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.

The Incident is thus narrated by Hall (p. 233): “For there died under the signe of the Castle, Edmond duke of Somerset, who long before was warned to eschew all Castles, and beside hym, lay Henry the second erle of Northumberland, Hüfrey erle of Stafford, sonne to the duke of Buckingham, Jhon lorde Clifford, and vilj. M. men and more.”

345. Line 87: Reigns in the hearts of all our present part.—Fl. read parts; we have followed Dyce in printing part = party; compare line 35 above:

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part.

346. Line 90: Away, my lord, away!—The king did not fly: but was conducted by the Duke of York to London with every demonstration of reverence and honour. Hall’s account of the battle of St. Albans is as follows (p. 232): “The kyng byeng credibely informed, of the great army commyng toward hym, assembled an host intending to mete with the duke in the Northe parte, because he had to many frendes about the citty of London, and for that cause, with greate spee and small lucke, he byeng accompanied, with the Dukes of Somerset, and Buckingham, theerles of Stafford, Northumberland, and Wiltshire, with the lorde Clifford, and diverse other baro’s, departed out of Westminster, the. xx. daye of May, toward the toun of 8. Alloons: of whose doynge, the duke of Yorke being advertised, by his espials, with all his power costed the couteys, and came to the same toun, the third date next ensuing. The kyng hearyng of their approchynge, sent to hym messengers, straitly chargynge and cammaundyng hym, as an obedient subject, to kepe the peace, and not as an enemy to his naturall couteys, to murdre and slay his awne countremen and propre naç. While kyng Henry more destrous of peace then of warre, was sendyng furthe his orators, at the one ende of the toun; the erle of Warwick with the Marchmen, entered at the other gate of the toun, and there seet on the kynges foreward, and them shortly discomfited. Then came the duke of Somerset, and all the other lordes with the kynges power, whiche fought a sore and cruel bataill, In the whiche, many a tall man lost his life: but the duke of Yorke sent euer freshe men, to succor the wery, and put new men in the places of the hurt persons, by whiche onely pollicie, the kynges ammee was prolificall and dispersed, and all the chiettaines of the field almeselain and brought to confusion.”
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

337. Line 1: OLD Salisbury, who can report of him?—Ff. have "Of Salisbury." The emendation is from Collier's MS. corrector, adopted by Dyce. In the corresponding speech in The Contention York saks (p. 519):

but did you see old Salisbury, since we
With bloodie minds did buckle with the foe?

338. Lines 3, 4:

Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a palliant in the brow of youth.

So Ff. Warburton's conjecture bruise for brush is adopted by some editors, and Mr. Collier's MS. corrector made the same alteration; but compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 3. 23, 34:

Let grow thy shews till their knots be strong.

And tempt not yet the bruise of the war;
in which passage Mr. Collier's MS. again substituted bruise. Brush certainly seems in that passage, and here, to give the notion of "a rough encounter," and, perhaps, in the passage in our text there also is the idea of the detrition and the wearing effect caused by time; through this meaning we probably get the more modern expression "brush with the enemy," i.e. "sharp encounter with the enemy."—"Or, in the sense of blossoming; and the Cambridge edd. give an anonymous conjecture blow, which is very plausible, as is also Collier's correction bloom. In support of the last conjecture Mr. W. N. Lettsom quotes from Much Ado, v. 1. 78:

His May of youth and bloom of youthhood;

and in support of bruise he quotes from the same play, same scene, line 65:

And with grey hairs and bruise of many days.

Certainly these passages lend considerable support to Collier's emendations; but this seems to us another case in which one is not justified in altering the text simply because the expression is not one we should have expected. There is more to be said for changing brow than brush; for where brow is used figuratively by Shakespeare, in King John, v. 1. 49, 50:

"on my face the brow"

Of bragging honor;

and in the same play, v. 6. 17: "here walk I in the black brow of night;" and again, where it is used as generally = "aspect," "appearance" in Hamlet, l. 2. 4:

To be contracted on one brow of woe.

It always has the sense, more or less, of frowning. The only passage that at all confirms the use of brow in the sense required by the text, is in Macbeth, iv. 3. 23:

Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace.

339. Line 29: Now, by my faith.—Ff. read And. Malone supposed this to have been one of the alterations made in F. 1 to avoid the penalty of the statute, before referred to, of 3rd James I. cap. 21. His emendation faith has been very generally adopted.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

Note.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

Note.—The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

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1 Venus and Ad. 390.  
2 Venus and Ad. 76; Lucrece, 1578, 1611.  
3 Lover's Compl. 105.

* i.e. dirty linen.

* The plural occurs twice in the same scene, lines 58, 110.
WORDS PECULIAR TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

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<td>l. 3 156</td>
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**ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.**

*Note*

61. l. 2 66: Being but a woman, I will not be slack.
62. l. 4 52–56: Back (Examining the written papers) True, madam, none at all: what call you this?
   [Holding up a paper]
   York. Away with them! let them be clapp’d up close, and kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.
   [To Stafford] Stafford, take her to thee.
   [Exeunt above, William Stafford with Duchess and Hume, guarded.]
100. l. 1 26: With so much holiness can you not do it?
101. l. 1 22, 23: Queen. And thy ambition, Gloster.
   King. Peace, peace, Good queen, and what not on these furious peers.
102. l. 1 68: Come to the king: tell him what miracle.
103. l. 1 68, 69: See where the townmen, on procession, Come to present your highness with the man.
107. l. 1 71: Although by sight his sin be multiplied. So Lloyd.
112. l. 1 164: You made, my lord, in a day whole towns to fly.

*Note*

118. l. 2 6: My lord, I long to hear it told at full.
122. l. 2 28: Father, the Duke of York hath told the truth.
141. l. 3 103: Go, take ye hence that traitor from our right.
164. l. 4 102: It is my office; madam, pardon me.
167. l. 1 106: Myself had note of your conveiencies.
171. l. 1 222: Say, "Who’s a traitor, Gloster he is none."
174. l. 1 348: Were’t not all one, an empty eagle set.
179. l. 1 348: Whiles I in Ireland nurse a mighty band.
184. l. 3 25: I thank thee, love.
221. lv. 1 21, 22: The lives of those we have lost in fight, shall they be counterpoi’d with such a petty sum?
229. lv. 1 70, 71: Cap. Yes, Poole.
   Saf. POOLES!
   Cap. Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose fish and dirt.
297. lv. 4 48: Lord Say, Jack Cade, the traitor, hatheth thee.
329. lv. 1 211: And so to arms, to arms, victorious father.
EMENDATIONS ON KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note

114. II. 1. 186, 187:
    O God!
    What mischiefs work the wicked ones, thereby
    Heaping on their own heads confusion!

209. iii. 2. 339:
    O,
    Let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand.

108

Note

229. iv. 1. 69, 70:
    Cap. Yes, Poole!
    Suf. Poole! Poole! Sir—
    Cap. Aye, Lord Poole!

314. v. 1. 72: I was THAT man, an't like your majesty.

315. v. 1. 74: Alexander Iden, that's my name, my
    LIEGE. So Keightley.
KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

NOTES* BY

F. A. MARSHALL AND P. Z. ROUND.

* The Introduction to Parts II. and III. combined, precedes Part II.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his son.
LEWIS XI., King of France.
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF EXETER.
EARL OF OXFORD.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
LORD CLIFFORD.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards
King Edward IV.
EDMUND, Earl of Rutland.
GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence.
RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
MARQUESSE OF MONTAGUE.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF PEMBROKE.
LORD HASTINGS.

LODGE STAFFORD.
SIR JOHN MORTIMER, uncles to the Duke of York.
SIR HUGH MORTIMER, 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 Lancasterian Soldier who has killed his father.
A Yorkist Soldier who has killed his son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
BONA, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE—During part of the third act in France; during the rest of the play in England.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of this play comprises nineteen days.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 2: Act I. Scenes 2–4.—Interval.
Day 3: Act II. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 4: Act II. Scenes 2–6.—Interval.
Day 5: Act III. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 6: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval.
Day 7: Act III. Scene 3.—Interval.
Day 8: Act IV. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 9: Act IV. Scenes 2, 3.—Interval.
Day 10: Act IV. Scene 4.—Interval.

Day 11: Act IV. Scene 5.—Interval.
Day 12: Act IV. Scene 6.—Interval.
Day 13: Act IV. Scene 7.—Interval.
Day 14: Act IV. Scene 8.—Interval.
Day 15: Act V. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 16: Act V. Scenes 2, 3.—Interval.
Day 17: Act V. Scenes 4, 5.—Interval.
Day 19: Act V. Scene 7.

The historic period here dramatized commences on the day of the battle of St. Albans, 23rd May, 1455, and ends on the day on which Henry VI.'s body was exposed in St. Paul's, 22nd May, 1471. Queen Margaret, however, was not ransomed and sent to France till 1475.
ACT I.


Alarum. Yorkist soldiers break in. Then enter the Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and others, with white roses in their hats.

War. I wonder how the king escap’d our hands.

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

He sily stole away, and left his men:

Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,

Cheer’d up the drooping army; and himself,

Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,

Charg’d our main battle’s front, and, breaking in,

Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.  

[Edw. Lord Stafford’s father, Duke of Buckingham,

Is either slain, or wounded dangerous;

I cleft his beaver\(^2\) with a downright blow:

That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[Shewing his bloody sword.

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

Whom I encounter’d as the battles join’d.

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

[Throwing down the Duke of Somerset’s head.

York. Richard hath best deserv’d of all my sons,—

What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

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

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

War. [And so do I.] Victorious Prince of York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,

I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful\(^3\) 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 perforce.

[Soldiers withdraw.
York. The queen, this day, here holds her
parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm’d as we are, let’s stay within this
house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be
call’d,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry be depos’d, whose cow-
ardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be
resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves
him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I’ll plant Plantagenet, root him up who
dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English
crown.

[Warwick leads York to the throne;
York seats himself.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford,
Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exe-
ter, and others, with red roses in their hats.
K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy
rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike he means,
Back’d by the power of Warwick, that false
peer,
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—

And thine, Lord Clifford; you have both vow’d
revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his
friends.
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 West-
moreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, for such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv’d.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
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 the duke is slain, they’ll
quickly fly.
K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from
Henry’s heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

[Advancing towards York.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my
throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
York. Thou’rt deceiv’d; I am thine.
Exe. For shame, come down: he made thee
Duke of York.
York. ’Twas my inheritance, as the earldom
was.

[Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the
crown.
War. Exeter, thou’rt a traitor to the crown
In following this usurping Henry. 1

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural
king?
War. True, Clifford; and that’s Richard
Duke of York.]

1 Henry, pronounced as a triasyllable.
K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne? 84
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,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir. 100
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!]
York. Will you 1 show us our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of Henry 2 the Fifth,
Whom made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seized upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith 3 thou hast lost it all.
110
K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You're old enough now; yet, methinks, you lose.—
Tear the crown, father, from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
Mont. [To York] Good brother, as thou lov'st and honourest 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.
K. Hen. I think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandseire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his. 130
War. But 4 prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion 5 against his king.
K. Hen. [Aside] I know not what to say;
my title's weak.—
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry 2 the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 140
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 't were prejudicial to his crown? 6

1 Will you, is your wish that.
2 Henry, pronounced as a triasyllable.
3 Sith, since.
4 But, only.
5 Rebellion, pronounced as a quadrasyllable.
6 To his crown, i.e. to his royal prerogative.
KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

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.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. [Aside] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd; 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence: 160
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.—
What 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 with his foot, and the soldiers show themselves.

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:

Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

King. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

War. What good is this to England and himself!

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd!

[Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, 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: [To York] I here entail
The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself. 200

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [Descending from the throne.

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

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

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes. [Sennet. The Lords come forward.

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.
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, their 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. [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 birthright 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 wouldest have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me,
sweet son:

The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforce'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforce'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be force'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And giv'n unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
T' entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

1 Bewray, discover, show.  2 Patient, here a trisyllable.

3 Shame, feel ashamed.  4 Head, i.e. freedom of action.
The soldiers should have tost me on their pikes
Before I would have granted to 4 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 disinherit'd.

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be,—to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away;
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

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,
I'll see your grace: till then I'll follow her.
Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on 2 the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torment my heart:
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.
Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. Sandal. A room in the Duke of York's castle.

Enter Richard, Edward, 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 the Duke of York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.
York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
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.
York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority o'er him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets fain of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

1 Granted to = assented to.
2 Tire on, i.e. pray on, tear with the beak.

* Henry, here a trisyllable. * Depose, i.e. swear.
KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

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?

York. [A march afar off.
Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.
York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

[Many a battle have I won in France]
Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?]

[Alarum. Exeunt.

SCENE III. Plains between Sandal Castle and Wakefield.

Alarum. Enter Rutland and his Tutor.
Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford and Soldiers.
Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.
Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away with him!
Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[Exit, dragged off by Soldiers.
Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is't fear
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

Rut. [So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
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,

Enter a Messenger.
But, stay: what news?—Why com'st thou in such post?
Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend here to besiege you in your castle: she
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 MORTIMER and SIR HUGH MORTIMER.
York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

1 Witty, sharp-witted.
2 Resteth more, remains beside.
3 Post, haste.
4 Hold, fortress.
5 Policy, art.
6 Bid, offer.
7 Insulting, triumphing.
KING HENRY VI—PART III.

ACT I. Scene 3.

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. 20
Clif. In vain thou speakest, poor boy; my
father's blood

 Were not revenge sufficient 4 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 20
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?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 't was ere I was born.
Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me, 40
Lest in revenge thereof,—sith 2 God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[Stabs him.
Rut. Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tua! 4
[Dies.

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood, 51
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off
both.
[Exit.

SCENE IV. Another part of the plains near
Sandal Castle.


York. The army of the queen hath got the
field: 4
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons,—God knows what hath bechanc'd
them:

1 Cope, i.e. match thyself.
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ACT I. Scene 4.  

KING HENRY  

VI.—PART III.  

ACT I. Scene 4.  

But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
[Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it out!"
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple fasces, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him.
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
Edward, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[An oracle.]
Ah, hard! 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, the Prince of Wales, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Cliff. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
[Now Phaethon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.]
York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
[And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning what'er you can afflict me with.]

Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear!
Cliff. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
[So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives against 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!
Cliff. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.
[Drawing.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf:—speak thou, Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
[What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away!]
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.
[They lay hands on York, who struggles.
Cliff. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.]
North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.
[York is overpowered.
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.
North. What would your grace have done unto him now?
Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

1 Make a lane, cut his way.  
2 Bodg'd, falled.  
3 Abide, await.  
4 Prick, i. e. hour.  
5 To prick, i. e. as to prick.  
6 Prize, prerogative.  
7 Impeach = impeachment.  
8 Gin, trap.  
9 True, honest.

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ACT I. Scene 4.  

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.  

ACT I. Scene 4.

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That rafted at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you that would be England's king?

[Was't you that revel'd in our parliament,
And made a preaching 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 matinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

[Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,]

Made issue from the bosom of the boy;—
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.]

I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York
[Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?]

Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him:—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.
[Putting a paper crown on his head.

Ay, marry, 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.—]
KING HENRY

VI.—PART III.

'Tis government' that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
[ Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.]
O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?]
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, fiesty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
[ For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage assails, the rain begins.]
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.
York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hycania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
[ This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[ Giving back the handkerchief.
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"
There, take the crown, and, with the crown,
my curse; [Taking off the paper crown.
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand—
[ Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!]

1 Pale, encircle.
2 Do him dead, put him to death.
3 Captives, makes captive.
4 Wizard-like, like a mask.
5 Impudent, i.e. shameless.
6 Type, badge, i.e. the crown.

7 Government, self-control.  
8 Septentrion, north.
ACT II.

[SCEENE I. A plain near Mortimer’s Cross.]

A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and their Forces.

EDw. I wonder how our princely father scap’d, or whether 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? 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 single Clifford forth.

Methought he bore him in the thickest troop As doth a lion in a herd of neats; Or as a bear, encompass’d round with dogs, Who having pinch’d a few and made them cry, The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him. So far’d our father with his enemies; So fled his enemies my warlike father: Methinks, ’tis pride enough to be his son. —

See how the morning opes her golden gates,

And takes her farewell of the glorious sun! How well resembles it the prime of youth, Trimm’d like a younger prancing to his love! EDw. Dazzle mine eyes, ’tis true I see three suns! RICH. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun; Not separated with the racks clouds, But sever’d in a pale clear-shining sky. See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss. As if they vow’d some league inviolable: Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.

In this the heaven figures some event.

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 deeds, 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 foretell Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

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.

Q. MAR. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;

So York may overlook the town of York. [Flourish. Exeunt.]
Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on
Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!

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

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

Mess. Environed he was with many foes; 50
And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,

Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin 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 selfsame wind that I should speak withal  
Is kindling coals that fires1 all my breast,  
And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.  
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:  
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!—  
Richard, I 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,  
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:  
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;  
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.  
March. Enter Warwick and Montague, with Forces.  
War. How now, fair lords! What fare?2 what news abroad?  
Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount  
Our baleful news, and at each word's 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 dear as his soul's redemption,  
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.  
War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;  
And now, to add more measure to your woes,  
I come to tell you things sith3 then befall'n.  
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,  
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,  
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,  
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.4  
I, then in London, keeper of the king,  
Muster'd my soldiers, gathered flocks of friends,  
And very well appointed, as I thought,  
March'd toward Saint Alban's t' intercept the queen,  
Bearing the king in my behalf along;  
For by my scouts I was advertised6  
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 't was the coldness of the king,  
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,  
That rob'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;6  
Or whether 't was report of her success;  
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,  
Who thunders to his captives, "Blood and death,"  
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,  
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;  
Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,  
Or like an idle thrasher with a tail—fell  
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;  

1 Fires, pronounced as a dissyllable.  
2 Fare, cheer.  
3 Sith, since.  
4 Depart, decease.  
5 Advertised, informed.  
6 Spleen, i.e. vehemence.
For in the marches\(^1\) here we heard you were, 
Making another head\(^2\) to fight again.  141
_Edu._ Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
_War._ Some six miles off the duke is with his power;
And for\(^3\) your brother, he was lately sent 
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy, 
With aid of soldiers to this needful\(^4\) war.
_Rich._ T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit, 
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.\(^5\)  150
_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 aweful sceptre from his fist, 
Were he as famous and as bold in war 
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.
_Rich._ I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not: 
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak. 
But in this troublous time what's to be done? 
Shall we go throw away our costs of steel, 160 
And wrap our bodies in black mourning-gowns, 
Num'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 haughty\(^6\) Northumberland, 169
And of their feather many more\(^7\) proud birds, 
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax. 
He swore consent to your succession, 
His oath enrolled in the parliament;

And now to London all the crew are gone, 
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside 
May make against the house of Lancaster. 
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong: 
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself, 
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March, 179
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure, 
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand, 
Why, _Via!_ to London will we march again; 
And once again bestrade our foaming steeds, 
And once again cry, "Charge! upon our foes!"
But never once again turn back and fly.
_Rich._ Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak: 
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day, 
That cries, "Retire," if Warwick bid him stay.\(^8\)
_Edu._ Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean; 
And when thou failest,—as God forbid the hour!—
_Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend!\(^9\)_
_War._ No longer Earl of March, but Duke 
of York:
The next degree\(^10\) is England's royal throne; 
For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed 
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, 199
But sound the trumpets, and about our task. 
_Rich._ Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard 
as steel,—
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,—
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.
_Edu._ Then strike up drums:—God and Saint George for us!

_Enter a Messenger._
_War._ How now! what news? 
_Mess._ The Duke of Norfolk sends you word 
by me
The queen is coming with a puissant\(^11\) host, 
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

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\(^1\) The marches, the Welsh borders.
\(^2\) Making another head, gathering another force.
\(^3\) For, as for.
\(^4\) Needful, i.e. costly.
\(^5\) Heard his scandal of retire, heard him reproached with having retreated.
\(^6\) Haughty, haughty.
\(^7\) More, more.

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\(^8\) Stay, stand his ground.
\(^9\) Forfend, avert.
\(^10\) Degree, step.
\(^11\) Puissant, mighty
ACT II. Scene 3.  

KING HENRY  

VI.—PART III.  

ACT II. Scene 3.

War. Why, then it sorts, brave warriors: let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Before the gates of York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and 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 infringing'd my vow.

Cif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity And harmful pity must be laid aside. To whom do lions cast their gentle looks? Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

[Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick? Not his that spoileth her young before her face. Who escapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting? Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on, And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.]

Ambitious York did level at thy crown, Thy smiling while he knits his angry brows: He, but a duke, would have his son a king, And raise his issue, like a loving sire; Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son, Didst yield consent to disinherit him, Which argu'd thee a most unloving father. [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 in fearful flight,

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest, Offering their own lives in their young's defence! For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!]

Were it not pity that this goodly boy Should lose his birthright by his father's fault, And long hereafter say unto his child, "What my great-grandfather and grandaile 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!]

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind; And would my father had left me no more! For all the rest is held at such a rate As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep Than in possession any 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: Unsheathe 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.

1 Sorts, suits, is well.  
2 Irks, vexes.  
3 Wittingly, designedly.  
4 Spoils, despoils her of.  
5 Level, aim.  
6 Unreasonable, irrational, brute.  
7 Fearful, timorous.  
8 Fondly, foolishly.  
9 Inferring, aducing.  
10 Success, issue, luck.  
11 Soft courage, mild disposition.  
12 Presently, at once.  
13 Apparent, i.e. heir apparent.
Enter a Messenger.

**Mess.** Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along, 70
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

**Clif.** I would your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath the success when you are absent.

**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:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry,
“Saint George!”

**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 insult¬ing boy!

**Edw.** Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

**Edw.** I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,

**Q. Mar.** 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?

* Toward, forward, apt.
* Darraign your battle, marshal your troops.
* Bide the mortal fortune of the field, await the deadly hazard of battle.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:  

By him that made us all, I am resolv'd 1
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.  

Edu. [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.  130

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

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

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic, 2
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,—  140
As if a channel 3 should be call'd the sea,—
Sham'st thou not, 4 knowing whence thou art extraught, 5
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edu. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet 7 know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this king by thee.
His father reveill'd in the heart of France,  150
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 sunshine brew'd a shower for him,  156
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd 6 this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
  160
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slippr'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave 10 till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edu. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,  171
Since thou deniest 11 the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets! — let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.


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

[Scene III. A field of battle between Towton and Saxton.

Alarums: excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent 12 with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;  [Seats himself.

For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

1 Resolv'd, convinced.  
2 Stigmatic, one marked (by deformity).  
3 Channel, gutter.  
4 Sham'st thou not = art thou not ashamed.  
5 Whences thou art extraught, of what parentage thou art.  
6 Broach'd, i.e. let loose.  
7 Callet, strumpet.  
8 Leave, cease, rest.  
9 Slippr'd, let pass.  
10 Deniest, forbiddest.  
11 Forspent, worn out.
Enter Edward, running.

Edward. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. [Rising] How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter George.

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

Enter Richard.

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

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly. Why stand we like soft-hearted women here, Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage; And look upon, 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.

Edward. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;

And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou settler-up and plucker-down of kings, Beseeking thee, if with thy will it stands That to my foes this body must be prey, Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
[Rising] Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

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

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

George. 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.— Forslow no longer, make we hence amain.

[Exeunt.]

Scene IV. Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford from opposite sides.

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

Cliff. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;

1 Hap, fortune. 2 Broach'd, shed. 3 Look upon, look on.
And here's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,

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

SCENE V. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter King Henry.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Fore'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Fore'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,—
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
[When this is known, then to divide the times,—
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;

1. Fell, fierce.
2. Quaintly, cunningly, artfully.
3. Hour, pronounced as a dissyllable throughout this passage.
KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

So many hours must I sport myself; 34
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;¹
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.]
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly² sheep,
Than doth a rich-embroider’d canopy
To kings that fear their subjects’ treachery?
[O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd’s homely curds,
His cold thin drink³ out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree’s shade,
All which secure⁴ and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince’s delicacies,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious⁵ bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.]

Alarums. Enter a Lancastrian Soldier,
bringing in a dead body.

L. Sol. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with⁶ some store of crowns;
And I, that haply⁷ take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—

Who’s this?—O God! it is my father’s face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill’d.
O heavy⁸ times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press’d forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick’s man,
Came on the part of York, press’d by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv’d my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—

Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow’d their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!

While lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide⁹ their enmity.—

F. Sol. It is mine own son!—(Act II. 5. 58.)

Weep, wretched man, I’ll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o’ercharg’d with grief.

¹ Ean, bring forth young. ² Silly, simple, harmless. ³ Thin drink, small beer. ⁴ Secure, without care. ⁵ Curious, elegant, handsome. ⁶ Possessed with, possessed of. ⁷ Haply, by chance. ⁸ Heavy, grievous. ⁹ Abide, suffer for.
Enter on the other side a Yorkist Soldier, bringing in a dead body.

Y. Sol. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me, Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold; 90 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.— But let me see: is this our foeman's face? Ah, no, no, no, it is mine own son! Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee, Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart, Upon thy wounds, that shall kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!— What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly, Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural, 95 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget! [O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon, And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!]
K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!—
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face, The fatal colours of our striving houses:
[The one his purple blood right well resembles; The other his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth.] 100
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish; If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
L. Sol. How will my mother for a father's death Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!
Y. Sol. How will my wife for slaughter of my son Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!
K. Hen. How will the country for these woeful chances
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied!
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

L. Sol. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [Exit with the body.
Y. Sol. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,— For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go; My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell; And so obsequious will thy father be, E'en for the loss of thee, having no more, As Priam was for all his valiant sons.]
120 I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[Exit with the body.
K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

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

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130 With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath, And bloody steel grasp'd in their irrereful hands, Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.
Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate,—make speed;
Or else come after: I'll away before.
K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Another part of the field.

A loud alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out,—ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
[My love and fear glu'd many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, that tough commixture melts,
Impairing Henry, strengthening misprist [York.]
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?

And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
[O Phoebus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!]
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our deaths;

Cliff. Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest. — (Act ii. 6. 22.)

And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
[For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,

And much effuse of blood doth make me faint."

Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
I stabb'd your father's bosoms, — split my breast.

Ede. Now breathe, we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,

1 Commixture, i.e. alliance, coalition.
2 Misproud, wrongly proud.
3 Sway'd, ruled.
4 Chair, throne

5 Effuse, i.e. loss.
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—

[Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting\(^1\) gust,
Command an argosy\(^2\) to stem the waves.]

But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

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

And whereas' er he is, he's surely dead. 40

[Clifford groans, and dies.]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.\(^3\)

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

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is Clifford;
Who not contented\(^4\) that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murd'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—

I mean our princely father, Duke of York. 50

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,\(^6\)
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:

[Now death shall stop his dismal threat'ning sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.]

[Soldiers bring the body forward.]

War. I think his understanding is bereft.—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks
to thee?—

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor seest nor hearest us what we say.

Rich. O would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:

'Tis but his policy\(^8\) to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager\(^7\) words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence\(^9\) you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—

I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours\(^8\) life,
That I in all despite\(^{10}\) might rail at him, 80
I'd chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stiffe the villain whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father stands.\(^{11}\)—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen: 90
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

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\(^{1}\) Fretting, ruffling, agitating.
\(^{2}\) Argosy, merchantman.
\(^{3}\) Departing, separation.
\(^{4}\) Not contented, i.e. did not content himself.
\(^{5}\) That fatal screech-owl to our house, i.e. that screech-owl so fatal to our family.
\(^{6}\) Policy, cunning.
\(^{7}\) Eager, biting.
\(^{8}\) Fence, defend.
\(^{9}\) Hours', pronounced as a disyllable.
\(^{10}\) Despite, malice.
\(^{11}\) Stands, i.e. stands in...
KING HENRY

VI.—PART III.

Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence:—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster;
For Gloster's duxedom is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.

ACT III.


Enter two Keepers with cross-bows in their hands.
First Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
[And in this covert will we make our stand,
Calling the principal of all the deer.]
Sec. Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
First Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day
In this self place where now we mean to stand.
Sec. Keep. Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
[Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:

1 Brake, thicket. 2 Laund, glade. 3 For, so that. 4 Self, same.

No bending knee will call thee Cesar now,]
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?
First Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.
K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity;
For wise men say it is the wisest course.
Sec. Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
First Keep. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.
K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great-commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Louis a prince soon won with moving words.
[By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse;
To hear and see her plaints, her brimish tears.

1 Quondam king, i.e. former king.
6 Tainted with remorse, touched with pity.

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Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is depo'ed; 45
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her, 50
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!]

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

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I
was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?
Sec. Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.
K. Hen. Why, so I am—in mind; and that's enough.
Sec. Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?
K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,

Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content,—
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.
Sec. Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath depo'ed;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance, 70
Will apprehend you as his enemy.
K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?
Sec. Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.
K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England? Sec. Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain. K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old; my father and my grandfather were kings; and you were sworn true subjects unto me: and tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths? First Keep. No; for we were subjects but while you were king. K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man? Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear! Look, as I blow this feather from my face, and as the air blows it to me again, obeying with my mind when I do blow, and yielding to another when it blows, commanded always by the greater gust; such is the lightness of you common men. But do not break your oaths; for of that sin my mild entreaty shall not make you guilty. Go where you will, the king shall be commanded; and be you kings; command, and I’ll obey. First Keep. We are true subjects to the king, King Edward. K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry, if he were seated as King Edward is. First Keep. We charge you, in God’s name, and in the king’s, to go with us unto the officers. K. Hen. In God’s name, lead; your king’s name be obey’d: and what God will, that let your king perform; and what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exit.]

Scene II. London. A room in the palace.

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

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban’s field this lady’s husband, Sir John Grey, was slain, his lands then seiz’d on by the conqueror:

K. Hen. [Aside to Glo.] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind! Glo. [Aside to Clar.] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. Glo. [Aside to Clar.] God forbid that! for he’ll take advantages. K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me. Clar. [Aside to Glo.] I think he means to beg a child of her. Glo. [Aside to Clar.] Nay, whip me, then; he’ll rather give her two. L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord. [Glo. [Aside] You shall have four, if you’ll be rul’d by him.] K. Edw. T were pity they should lose their father’s lands. L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it, then. K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I’ll try this widow’s wit.

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1 Henry, pronounced as a trisyllable.
ACT III. Scene 2.  

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.  

ACT III. Scene 2.

Glo. [Aside] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.  

[Retires with Clarence.  

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. [Aside to Clar.] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

[Clar. [Aside to Glo.] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.]

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

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

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

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

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

Your highness aims at, if I aim right.

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

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

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

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

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

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

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

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit:
Please you dismiss me, either with "ay" or "no."

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

No, if thou dost say "no" to my demand.

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

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

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

K. Edw. [Aside] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—

Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

1 Am, guess.  
2 Honesty, honour, chastity.  
3 Sadness, gravity.  
4 Challenge, demand, claim as due.
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:  
I am a subject fit to jest withal,  
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee  
I speak no more than what my soul intends;  
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:  
I know I am too mean to be your queen,  
And yet too good to be your concubine.

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

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

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

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

Clar. [Aside to Glo.] When he was made a shriner, 'twas for shrift.

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

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

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

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

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

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

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

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

Enter a Nobleman.

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

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,

To question of his apprehension.—

Widow, go you along:—lords, use her honourably.  
[Execunt all except Gloucester.

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.—

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,  
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,

To cross me from the golden time I look for!  
[And yet, between my soul's desire and me—  
The lustful Edward's title buried—

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

And all the look'd-for issue of their bodies,  
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:  
A cold premeditation for my purpose!  
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;  
Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;  
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,

Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:  
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;  
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;

And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,  
Flatt'ring me with impossibilities.—

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweenes too much,  
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.]

Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard;

What other pleasure can the world afford?

[ I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

O miserable thought! and more unlikely  
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns! ]
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for¹ I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;

As are of better person than myself,
I'll make² my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, t'account this world but hell,

Until my head, that this mis-shap'd trunk bears,
Be round impaled³ with a glorious crown.

And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,

Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.

Why, I can smile, and murder whilsts I smile;
And cry "Content" to that which grieves my heart;

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions:

I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could;
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:

I can add colours to the chameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages;
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

[Exit.

Scene III. France. A room of state in the palace at Tours.

Lewes, King of France, on his throne; Lady Bona, Admiral Bourbon, and others. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and the Earl of Oxford.

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

¹ For, that.
² I'll make, i.e. I'll make it.
³ Impaled, encircled.
Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble state conform myself.] 11
K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?
Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stoops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side [Seats her by him]:
yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, 1 Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief. 20
Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward duke of York
Usurp the regal title and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,— 30
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done: 2
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.] 51
K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off. 3

1 Be plain, i.e. speak out freely.  2 Done, ended.
3 Break it off, i.e. put an end to it.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe. 40
K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.
Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:—]
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter Warwick, attended.

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?
K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?
[Descending from his throne.
Queen Margaret rises.
Q. Mar. [Aside] Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.
War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.
Q. Mar. [Aside] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.
War. [to Bona] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
 Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
[Where fame, late ent'ring at his headful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.] 59
Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and Lady Bona,—
hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home, 69
Unless abroad they purchase 4 great alliance?

4 Purchase, acquire.
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KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

[To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.]  

Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league
and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Pr. Edw. And why not queen?

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

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

War. Oxford, how hap'st it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile
at that.

But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

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

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

Ob. Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,

Was done to death? and more than so, my
father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

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

[Retiring with the Prince and Oxford.

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

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

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

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

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

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

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

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—

[To War.] Yet I confess that often ere this day,

1 Draw not on, do not bring about.
2 Injurious, i.e. insulting.
3 Henry, here pronounced as a traylable.
4 Bewray, discover, make known.
5 Fence, defend.
6 Injurious, wrongful.
7 Done, put.
8 Use, hold.
9 Pawn, stake.
10 Gracious, i.e. finding favour.
11 Unfortunate, viz. in war.
12 Quit, requite, recompense.
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.
K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to th' English king.
Pr. Edu. To Edward, yes; not to the English king.
Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.
K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good success,—
Then 'tis but reason that I be release'd
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.
War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can be lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.
Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless
Warwick! peace,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.
[A horn sounded within.
K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. [to War.] My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:

[To Lewis] These from our king unto your majesty:
[To Margaret] And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.
[They read their letters.]
Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

K. Lew. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.—[Act iii. 8. 118-121.]

Pr. Edu. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were nettled:
I hope all's for the best.
K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news—and yours, fair queen?
Q Mar. Mine such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.
War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,

1 Judgment, discretion.
2 Quondam—former.
3 Conveyance, trickery.
4 Soothe your forgery, i.e. palliate your deceptive conduct.
KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

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Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.
War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.
K. Lew. And mine with hers and thine and Margaret's:
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.
Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past,—go fear thy king withal.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.
Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning-weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There's thy reward [Giving a purse]: be gone.
[Exit Messenger.]
K. Lew. But, Warwick,
Thou and Lord Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock-bands.
Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous;

---

1 Native right, birthright.
2 Soldiers, pronounced as a trisyllable.

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ACT III. Scene 3.

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick’s daughter shall be thine.

Pr. Edw. Yes, I accept her, for she well
deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my
hand. [Gives his hand to Warwick. 250

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers
shall be levied;—
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high-admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet,—
I long till Edward fall by war’s mischance,

For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[Exeunt all except Warwick.

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me? 260
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais’d him to the crown,
And I’ll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry’s misery,
But seek revenge on Edward’s mockery.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

Scene I. London. A room in the palace.

Enter Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, and
Montague.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what
think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know ’tis far from hence to
France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here
comes the king.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

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

K. Edw. Now, brother Clarence, how like
you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or th’ Earl
of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judg-
ment,
That they’ll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without
a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Ed-
ward,
Your king and Warwick’s, and must have my
will.

Glo. Ay, and shall have your will, because
our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you
offended too?

Glo. Not I:

No, God forbid that I should wish them sever’d
Whom God hath join’d together; ay, ’t were pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mis-
like aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England’s
queen:—

And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion,—that

King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

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

K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick
be appeas’d
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet, to have join’d with France in
such alliance

1 State, dupe.
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth 'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage. 

_Hast._ Why, knows not Montague that of itself

_England is safe, if true within itself?_ 40

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

_Hast._ 'Tis better using France than trusting France:

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas Which he hath given for fence impregnable, And with their helps only defend ourselves; In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

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

_K. Edu._ Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant; 49
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

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

_Clar._ Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son, And leave your brothers to gospeed elsewhere.

_K. Edu._ Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

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

_K. Edu._ Leave me or tarry, Edward will be king, And not be tied unto his brother's will._

_Q. Etz._ My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty To raise my state to title of a queen, Do me but right, and you must all confess

That I was not ignoble of descent;

And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

_K. Edu._ My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:

What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,

So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,

Unless they seek for hatred at my hands; 80

Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,

And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

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

Enter a Messenger.

_K. Edu._ Now, messenger, what letters or what news From France?

_Mess._ My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words, But such as I, without your special pardon, Dare not relate.

_K. Edu._ Go to, we pardon thee:

Therefore, in brief, tell me their words as near As thou canst guess them.

[Pauses. The Messenger hesitates to answer. What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

_Mess._ At my depart, these were his very words:

"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,

That Lewis of France is sending over maskers To reveal it with him and his new bride."

_K. Edu._ Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.

[But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

_Mess._ These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:

"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake." 100

_K. Edu._ I blame not her, she could say little less;
VI.—PART III.

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague, 184
Resolve^3 my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:
But if you mind^4 to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect. 5

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edu. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edu. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. A plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French and other Forces.

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

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

Speak suddenly,^6 my lords,—are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;—

And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd^7 an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:—
Welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.

And now what rests^8 but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

---

^1 In place, present.  ^2 Prepare, preparation

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And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?

[Our scouts have found th' adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood\(^1\) stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends God and Saint George!

[Exeunt.

Scene III. Edward's camp, near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, before the King's tent.

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

Second Watch. What, will he not to bed?

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

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

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

First Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

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

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

Third Watch. Ay, but give me worship\(^2\) and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate\(^3\) he stands,
Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

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

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

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

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.

---

\(^1\) Sleight and manhood, craft and bravery.
\(^2\) Worship = dignity.
\(^3\) Estate, i.e. plight.
\(^4\) Doubled, apprehended.
KING HENRY VI—PART III.

When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell him there what answer
Levis and the Lady Bona send to him.—
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.
K. Edu. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[Exit, led out; Somerset with him.

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?  
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. London. A room in the Tower.

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?
Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?
Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

ACT IV. Scene 3.

Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
First Watch. Who goes there?
Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest!
[Warwick and the rest cry, "Warwick! Warwick!" and set upon the guard,
who fly, crying, "Arm! Arm!" Warwick and the rest following them.

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

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here's the duke.
K. Edu. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last
Thou calldst me king.
War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;

[Clarence comes forward.
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?
K. Edu. Brother of Clarence, what, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:

[Takes off his crown.
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.

1 But, only.
2 State, royalty.
3 Exceeds the compass, is beyond the reach.
4 For, as to.
5 Fellows, comrades.
6 Soldiers, pronounced as a trisyllable.
7 New, just, lately.
8 Fell, fierce.
ACT IV. Scene 4.

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

'Tis this that makes me bridled passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear, 21
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

Ris. But, madam, where is Warwick, then, become?1

Q. Eliz. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,
I'll henceforthwith unto the sanctuary, 31
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:

There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.2

Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

[Exeunt.]

Scene V. In the Archbishop of York's park,
near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, Sir William Stanley, and others.

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,

Into this thickest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often, but attended3 with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advetis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way, 10
Under the colour4 of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

1 Is become, has arrived.
2 Fraud, stratagem, treachery.
3 But attended, attended only.
4 Colour, pretence, excuse.
VI.—PART III.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well-using me?
Nay, be thou sure I’ll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty. —
But, Warwick, after God, thou settest me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune’s spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish’d with my thwarting stars,—
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
War. Your grace hath still been fam’d for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune’s malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg’d an olive-branch and laurel-crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.
War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.]

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin’s rebuke and my Creator’s praise.
War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign’s will?

---

1 Enlargement, liberation.
2 Challenge, lay claim to, demand.
3 Prayer, pronounced as a dissyllable.
ACT IV. Scene 6.  

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.  

War. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;  
For on thy fortune I repose myself.  
War. Why, then, though loth, yet must I be content:  
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow  
To Henry's body, and supply his place;  
I mean, in bearing weight of government,  
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.  
[And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful  
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,  
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.  
Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.  
War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.  
K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,  
Let me entreat—for I command no more—  
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,  
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;  
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.  
Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.]  
K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,  
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?  
Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.  
K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope.—If secret powers [Lays his hand on his head.  
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.  
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;  
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,  
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself  
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.  
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he  
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.  

Enter a Messenger.  
War. What news, my friend?  
Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,  
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.  

War. Unsaavoury news! but how made he escape?  
Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,  
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him  
In secret ambush on the forest-side,  
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescue him;  
For hunting was his daily exercise.  
War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—  
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
A salve for any sore that may betide.  
[Exeunt all except Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.  
Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;  
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,  
And we shall have more wars before't be long.  
As Henry's late presaging prophecy  
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,  
So doth my heart misgave me, in these conflicts  
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:  
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,  
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,  
Till storms be past of civil enmity.  
Oxf. Ay, for if Edward reposess the crown,  
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.  
Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.  
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.  
[Exeunt.  

SCENE VII. Before the gates of York.  

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, and Forces.  
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Hastings, and the rest,  
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,  
And says, that once more I shall interchange  
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.  
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,  

---

1 Convey'd, made off with.  
2 Attended, waited for.
KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

Enter, below, the Mayor and two Aldermen, from the town.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter Montgomery and Forces, marching.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?
Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

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

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

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

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,—
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on such
points?
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. A way with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

---

* Abodements, omens, portents.
* Challenge, claim.
* Long of him, by his means.

\[\text{Footnotes:}\]

4 Pretend no title, set up no claim to the crown.
5 Stand you on, stick at, insist on.
6 Nice, trifling.
7 Scrupulous wit, cautious policy.
Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruith thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Sold. [reads] "Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c."

Mont. And whose'ever gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[Throws down his gauntlet.

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

Scene VIII. London. A room in the Bishop's palace.


War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belquis,
With hardy Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.
Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.
Clar. A little fire is quickly, trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war; 10
Those will I muster up—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find

---

1 Bruit, fame, report.
2 Harbour, lodge.
3 How evil it beseems, how ill it becomes.
ACT IV. Scene 8.  

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.  

ACT V. Scene 1.

Men well inclin’d to hear what thou command’st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov’d,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
Like to his island girt-in with the ocean, 20
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

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

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness’ hand.

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

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

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

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague, 30
And all at once, once more, happy farewell.

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

[Execunt Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, and Montague.

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship? Methinks the power that Edward hath in field Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That’s not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:
I have not stopp’d mine ears to their demands, Nor posted off their suits with slow delays; 40

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay’d their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth, 44
Nor much oppress’d them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err’d:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50

[Shout within, “A York! A York!”]

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

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac’d Henry, bear him hence;
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stopst thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak. [Execunt some with King Henry.
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay, 60
Cold biting winter mars our hop’d-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unasways:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [Execunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Before the gates of Coventry.

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

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?—

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

First Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. Where is the post that came from Montague?—

[To Second Messenger] How far off is our brother Montague?

1 Meed, merit.  2 Posted off, put off.

3 Water-flowing, i.e. copious, pouring like water.
SECOND MESS. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

ENTER, before the gates, SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

WAR. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

SOM. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence. [Drum heard.

WAR. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.

SOM. It is not his, my lord; [pointing to the south-east] here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

WAR. Who should that be?—belike, unlook’d-for friends.

SOM. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know. [Enters the city.

March: flourish. ENTER, before the gates, KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces.

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

GLO. [To Edward] See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!

WAR. O unbid² spite! is sportful³ Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc’d,
That we could hear no news of his repair? ²²

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

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

GLO. I thought, at least, he would have said
"the king;"
Or did he make the jest against his will? ³⁰

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

GLO. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:

I’ll do thee service for so good a gift.

WAR. ’T was I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

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

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

K. EDW. But Warwick’s king is Edward’s prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body when the head is off? ⁴¹

GLO. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger’d from the deck! ¹⁶

You left poor Henry at the bishop’s palace,
And, ten to one, you’ll meet him in the Tower.

K. EDW. ’Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

GLO. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

WAR. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. EDW. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
“Wind-changing Warwick now can change
no more.”

ENTER OXFORD, with Forces, drum, and colours.

WAR. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

OXF. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the city.

¹ Trumpet, i.e. trumpeter.
² Unbid, unasked, i.e. unwelcome.
³ Sportful, wanton.
⁴ Repair, approach.
⁵ Deck, pack.
⁶ To, as to.
KING HENRY VI.—PART III

ACT V. Scene 2.

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too. 60
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We’ll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

[Re-enter Oxford, on the walls.
War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with Forces, drum, and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[He and his Forces enter the city.
Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match’d, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Forces, drum, and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[He and his Forces enter the city.
Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Forces, drum, and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother’s love!—
[Clarence halts; Gloster goes and speaks with him.

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

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

[Taking the red rose out of his hat.
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father’s house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,

And set up Lancaster. Why, trow’st thou,
Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jepthah’s, when he sacrific’d his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother’s hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, whereso’er I meet thee,—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;—
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov’d,
 Than if thou never hadst deserv’d our hate.
Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.
War. O passing traitor, perjur’d and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas, I am not coopt here for defence!
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar’st.
K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—
Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!

[March. Execut, King Edward and his Company. Warwick and the rest descend into the city.

Scene II. A field of battle near Barnet.

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

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

1 Blunt, dull of feeling. 2 Bend, i.e. direct.
3 Passing, i.e. monstrous.

157
For Warwick was a bug¹ that fear'd² us all.—
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee, 3
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.  [Exit.
War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe. 10
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd³ Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres; 20

War. Lo now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,

For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow? 22
Lo now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again:

The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!
War. Why, then, I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold concealed blood,
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said, "Commend me to my valiant brother."

¹ Bug, bugbear.  ² Fear'd, affrighted.  ³ Overpeer'd, rose above.
KING HENRY

VI.—PART III.

And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That mought not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
"O, farewell, Warwick!"
War. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.
[Dies.
Ozf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[Exeunt, bearing off Warwick's body.

SCENE III. Another part of the field.

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

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are gra'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

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

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thith straight, for willingness rides way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented

[Exeunt.}

Act V. Scene 4.

In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum; cry, "Courage!" and away.

SCENE IV. Plains near Tewksbury.

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

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: 'tis meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
[And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?]

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?

[And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tackleings?]

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind
say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.

As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.

[And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim,—alas, 'tis but awhile!

1 Mought = might.
2 Sweet, sweetly.
3 Rides way, clears a way.
4 In his moan, amid his lamentation.
5 Tacklings, pronounced as a trayllabill.
6 We will not from, i.e. we will not leave.
7 Shelves, sunken reefs.
KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

ACT V. Scene 4.

KING HENRY

Tread on the sand,—why, there you quickly sink; 30
Bestride the rock,—the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided
'T were childish weakness to lament or fear.
Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with manliness,
And make him, naked, foil a man-at-arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here,—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.
Oxf. [Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame.—]
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!
Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.
Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford, thanks.
Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords; for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.
Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.
Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

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

[ K. Edu. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.
Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gainsey; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sov'reign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain.
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[Exeunt both armies.

SCENE V. Another part of the same.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Clarence,
Gloster, and Forces; with Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset, prisoners.

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

[Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.

1 Case, perchance.
2 Infuse, suffuse.
3 A fearful man, i.e. a man full of fear, a coward.
Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life? 10

Glo. It is; and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticost,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

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

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crookback rather.

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

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1 Sort not with, suit not.
2 Charm, cast a spell on.

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ACT V. Scene 5.

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ACT V. Scene 6.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.  
Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:  
Lascivious Edward,—and thou, perjur'd George,—  
And thou, mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all  
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—  
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.  
K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this raider here.  
[Stabs him.  
Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.  
[Stabs him.  
Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.  
[Stabs him.  
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!  
Glo. Marry, and shall.  
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, bold; for we have done too much.  
Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?  
K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.  
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;  
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:  
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.  
Clar. What? what?  
Glo. The Tower, the Tower!  
[Exit.  
Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!  
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—  
They that stabb'd Caesar shed no blood at all,  
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,  
If this foul deed were by equal it:  
He was a man; this, in respect, a child,—  
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.  
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?  
No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:—  
And I will speak, that my heart may burst,—  
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!  
How sweet a plant have you untimely crop'd!  
You have no children, butchers! if you had,  
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:  
But if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off  
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!  
K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.  
Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;  
[Uncovering her bosom] Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:  
What, wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.  
Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.  
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.  
Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?  
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:  
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.  
What, wilt thou not?—Where is that devil's butcher,  
Hard-favour'd Richard?—Richard, where art thou?—  
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;  
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.  
K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.  
Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince!  
[Exit, led out.  
K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?  
Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,  
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.  
K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.  
Nowmarch we hence: discharge the commons sort  
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,  
And see our gentle queen how well she fares,—  
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.]  
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. London. A room in the Tower.

KING HENRY sitting with a book in his hand,  
the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.  
Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?  

1 Malapert, saucy.  
2 In respect, by comparison.  
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K. Hen. Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather;—

This sin to flatter; “good" was little better:
Good Gloster and good devil were alike.
And both preposterous; therefore, not good

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must

[Exit Lieutenant.

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from

the wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his

fleece,

And next his throat unto the butcher’s knife.—

What scene of death hath Roscius now to

act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty

mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a

bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every

bush;

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye

Where my poor young was lim’d, was caught,

And kill’d.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of

Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl!

And yet, for all his wings, the fowl was

drown’d.

K. Hen. I, Daedalus; my poor boy, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;

The sun, that bear’d the wings of my sweet

boy,

Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,

Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.]—

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!

My breast can better brook thy dagger’s

point

Than can my ears that tragic history.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is’t for my

life?

Glo. Thinkst thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:

If murdering innocents be executing,

Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill’d for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill’d when first

thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv’d to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear, 3

[And many an old man’s sigh and many a

widow’s,

And many an orphan’s water-standing eye—

Men for their sons, wives for their husbands’

fate,

And orphans for their parents’ timeless

death—]

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek’d at thy birth,—an evil sign;

The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;

Dogs howl’d, and hideous tempest shock’d

down trees;

The raven rook’d her on the chimney’s top,

And cackling pies in dismal discords sung.]—

Thy mother felt more than a mother’s pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother’s

hope,—

[An indigested and deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.]—

Teeth hast thou in thy head when thou wast

born,

To signify thou cam’st to bite the world:

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

Thou cam’st—

Glo. I’ll hear no more:—die, prophet, in thy

speech:

[Stabs him.

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

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter

after this.

O God, forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

[Dies.

Glo. What, will th’ aspiring blood of Lan-
caster

Sink in the ground? I thought it would have

mounted.

See how my sword weeps for the poor king’s

death!

O may such purple tears be alway shed

From those that wish the downfall of our

house!—

If any spark of life be yet remaining,

1 Limed, i.e. trapped.

2 Which now, &c., i.e. “who now have no share in the

apprehension which my fear (of you) causes.”

3 Night-crow, raven.

4 Aboding, presaging.

5 Rook’d her, perched.

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ACT V. Scene 6.

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,—

[Stabs him again.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say

I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

[The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signified

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.]

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body

so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

Glo. See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!—(Act v. & 62.)

I have no brother, I am like no brother; 80
And this word "love," which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:
But I will sort1 a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:

Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad till I be best.— 92
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[Exit with the body.

SCENE VII. The same. A room in the palace.

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

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

Re-purposed with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride!
[Three Dukes of Somerset,—threefold renown'd
For hardly and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as¹ the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands,—two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their courser's at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick
and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.]
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding² heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace:
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.
Glo. [Aside] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
[Pointing to his head] Work thou the way,—
[Stretching out his hand] and thou shalt execute.

¹ As = namely. ² Scalding, blistering.

K. Edu. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.
Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.
Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.
Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—
[Aside] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried "All hail!" whereas he meant all harm.
K. Edu. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.
Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.
K. Edu. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.—
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[Exeunt.]
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. HENRY VI. In this play the troubled reign and life of this unfortunate king are both brought to a conclusion. As to the manner of his death, it will perhaps be more convenient to summarise the evidence on that point here. Fabian and Hall, following common report, both ascribe his death to the murderous hand of Gloucester. Hall's words are (p. 303): "Poore kyng Henry the sixte, a little before deprived of his realmes, and Imperiall Crowne, was now in the Tower of London, spoyled of his life, and all worldly felicite, by Richard duke of Gloucester (as the constant fame ranne) which, to thintent that king Edward his brother, should be cleare out of all secret suspicion of sodain inuation, murthered thesaide kyng with a dagger." There is no allusion, in this play, to the circumstance which really was the immediate cause of King Henry's being removed out of the way of his rival, namely, the brief insurrection headed by Thomas Neville, commonly called the Bastard of Falconberg. This bold attempt to liberate Henry from captivity nearly succeeded. No doubt it impressed upon the most zealous partisans of Edward, that there was no real security for the House of York as long as Henry was alive. In a note, vol. iv. pp. 191, 192, Lingard gives the evidence of two contemporary writers on the subject of Henry's death, one the Croyland historian, the other the author of the Harleian MS. 549. They were both strong Yorkists; and appear to have been eye-witnesses of many of the events which they record, or, at any rate, to have had access to trustworthy sources of information. We translate the Latin of the original: "May God spare and give space for repentance to him, whoever he was, that dared to lay sacrifical hands on the Lord's anointed. Whence both the agent of the tyrant, and the sufferer (patiensaque) may deserve the title of glorious martyr." Continuation, Croyl. 556. The other writer merely gives the same account as that circulated by the friends of Edward, namely, that Henry died "of pure displeasure and melancholy." Although the dead body was exposed at St. Paul's, no examination or inquiry as to the cause of death seems to have taken place. Holinshed (vol. iii. p. 324) says that the body bled in the presence of the beholders both at St. Paul's and Blackfriars. The assassination is said to have taken place on 21st May, 1471. Those few writers who have sought to whitewash that execrable murderer, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, lay too much stress on the fact that it would appear, from the public accounts allowed in the exchequer for the maintenance of Henry VI. and his dependants in the Tower, that he lived until the 12th June. Lingard says in foot-note 1 (vol. iv. p. 192) that "they afford no proof that Henry lived till the 12th of June. The latest date of any particular charge is that of William Sayer for the maintenance of Henry and ten guards for a fortnight, beginning the 11th of May, and of course ending on the day on which the king is said to have been buried. The mistake arises from this, that Malone has taken the day of the month on which the accounts were allowed at the exchequer, for the day on which the expenses ceased." The account of these expenses is to be found in Rymer's Fœdera, vol. xi. p. 712.

As to King Henry's personal appearance and his character, Hall (p. 303) says: "Knyg Henry was of stature goodly, of body stouter, to which proportion, al other mebers wer correspondent: his face beautifull, in the which continually was resident, the bountie of mynode, with whiche, he was inwarde endued. He did abhorre of his owne nature, all the vices, as well of the body as of the soule, and from his verie infancy, he was of honest conversacion and pure integritie, no knowuer of enuill, and a keper of all goodnes: a dispizer of all thynges, whiche bee worte to cause, the myndes of mortall menne to slide, fall, or appaire. Beside this, pacence was so radicate in his harte, that of all the injuries to him committed, (whiche were no small nombre) he never asked vengeance nor punishment, but for that, rendered to almighty God, his creator, hartie thankes, thinking that by this trouble, and aduersitie, his synnes were to him forgotten and forgone." In the epigrammatic character of him, given in Baker's Chronicle (edn. 1645, p. 91), there are one or two sentences worth quoting: "His greatest imperfection was, that he had in him too much of the Logre, and too little of the Storke; for he would not move, but as he was moved, and had rather be devoured, than he would devour. . . . By being innocent as a Dove, he kept his Crown upon his head so long; but if he had been as wise as a Serpent, he might have kept it on longer." There is no doubt that he was wanting in strength of character; but we may say of him that he was too virtuous a man to make a good king.

2. EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, was born at Westminster, October 14th, 1468. From his mother he seems to have inherited beauty and courage; from his father sweetness of disposition and virtue. At the time of his birth his father, unhappily, was completely incapacitated by bodily and mental illness. In one of the Paston Letters (vol. i. p. 268, No. 195), dated 19th January, 1454, occurs the following account of the first presentation of the infant prince to his unhappy father: "As touching thythynge, please it you to wite that at the Princes comyng to Wyndesore, the Duc of Buki toke hym in his armes and presented hym to the Kyng in godely wise, besechyng the Kyng to blisse hym; and the Kyng yave no maner answere. Nathless the Duk abode stilke with Prince by the Kyng; and when he coude no maner answere have,

1 i.e. the Duke of Buckingham.
Dramatic Person

NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

Dramatic Person.

the Queene come in, and toke the Prince in hir armes and presented hym in like forme as the Duke had done, desyngry that he shuld blisse it; but alle their labour was in veyne, for they departed them without any answere or countennance saynyng only that ones he loked on the Prince and caste doune his eyene ayen, without any more.”

One of the first signs of his recovery was the interest he took in his little son. In a later letter (ut supra, p. 315, No. 238), we read: “And on the Mondey after noon the Queen came to him, and brought my Lord Prynce with her. And then he asked what the Princes name was, and the Queen told him Edward; and than he hold up his hands and thanked God therof, And he said he never knew till that tymne, nor wist not where he had be while he hath be seke til now.”

It would seem that young Edward shared many of the dangers of his unhappy parents. The well-known story of the capture of the queen and her son by robbers, various versions of which exist, is thus narrated by Montacute (vol. ii. p. 290): “I must mention here a singular adventure which befell the queen of England. She, in company with the lord de Varennes and her son, having lost their way in a forest of Halnault, were met by some banditti, who robbed them of all they had. It is probable the banditti would have murdered them, had they not quarrelled about the division of the spoil, insomuch that from words they came to blows: and, while they were fighting, she caught her son in her arms and fled to the thickest part of the forest, where, weary with fatigue, she was forced to stop. At this moment she met another robber, to whom she instantly gave her son, and said ‘Take him, friend, and save the son of a king.’ The robber received him willingly, and conducted them in safety toward the seashore, where they arrived at Sluys, and thence the queen and her own son went to Bruges, where they were received most honourably.”

After the battle of Towton, he accompanied his father and mother to Scotland; whence, after a time, Henry sent the young prince with the queen into France. He was married, or, as some say, only affianced, to the second daughter of Warwick, the King-maker; a most extraordinary marriage, as the elder sister was already the wife of the Duke of Clarence, the son of the greatest enemy of the House of Lancaster. Hall (p. 231) thus refers to the marriage: “After that the had long edemoned, and debated diverse matters, concerning their surete and wealthe, they determined by meanes of the Freneh kyng, to conclude a league and a trartle betwene them: And first to begin with all, for the more sare foudacjon of the newe amite, Edward Prince of Wales, wedded Anne second daughter to therel of Warwick, which Lady came with her mother into Francke.” It is supposed that Warwick, by thus allying himself with both houses, hoped, during his lifetime, to hold the balance of power between them in his own hand. This unfortunate prince was taken prisoner after the battle of Tewkesbury. Hall’s account of his death is as follows (p. 301): “After the felde ended, kyng Edward made a Proclamation, that who so ever could bring prince Edward to him alive or dead, shoulde have an annuyl of an. C. 1. £1000 duryng his lyfe, and the Princes life to be saued.”

Syr Richard Croffes, a wyse and a valiant knyght, nothing mistrusting the kynges former promyse, brought furth his prisoner prince Edward, beyng a goodly femenine and a well feastered yonge gentelman, whom when kyng Edward had well aduised, he demaunded of him, how he durst so persumptuously enter in to his Realme with banner displayed. The prince, beyng bold of stomacke and of a good courage, answered sayng, to recover my fathers kyngdom and enheritage, from his father and grandfather to him, and from him, after him, to me lynely diuoluted. At which words kyng Edward sayd nothing, but with his had thrust hym from hym (or as some say, stroke him with his gaunlet) whom incontinent, they that stode about, which were George duke of Clarence, Eychard duke of Gloucester, Thomas Marques Dornet, and Willia lord Hastynges, sodainly murthered, and pitilously manquelled. The litternesse of which murder, some of the actors, after in their latter dayes tastt and assayed by the very rod of Justice and punishment of God. His body was homely enterred with yr other symple corse, in yr churche of the monastery of blacke monks in Tewkesbury.” Whether Edward actually struck the young son of his rival or not, is a matter of little importance. What is indisputable is that the murder was committed in his presence and with his consent; and that it adds one more to the many crimes which stain his character.

3. LEWIS XI., KING OF FRANCE. This celebrated prince was born in 1428. He was the son of Charles VII. (see I. Henry VI. note 22) and Mary of Anjou, sister of René, Duke of Anjou, and therefore first cousin to Queen Margaret of England. When only seventeen years old, Lewis, then Dauphin, took part in the rising known as la France. He revolted against his father again in 1466, and took refuge with the Duke of Burgundy, Philip le Bon, at whose court he remained till the death of the king in 1461, when he came to the throne the same year as Edward IV. On his accession he made all sorts of fine promises, which he fulfilled by exacting the most exorbitant taxes, and by punishing most severely the cities, Rhems, Angers, d., whose inhabitants had complained of his extortion. He surrounded himself with people of the lowest birth, such as the well-known Olivier le Bain, his barber, and the Provost Tristan. In 1455 some of the discontented nobles under his own brother, Charles Duke of Berry, and Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, formed against him a league known as the League “De Bien Publique.” For nearly twelve years he carried on with varying success an almost continuous war with the Duke of Burgundy; in the course of which, by dint of cunning, hypocrisy, unscrupulous lying, and abominable cruelty, he added considerably to the possessions of France; but left behind him one of the most infamous names in all history. He promised assistance to Henry VI. (to whom he was also first cousin) and to Margaret during the fatal struggle against the House of York; but his only purpose was to obtain some considerable advantage to himself. He very nearly succeeded, by a trick, in recovering Calais. Ultimately he got back the whole of the nominal possessions of René by lending him money to redeem Queen Margaret from captivity after the death of her husband. His character has been drawn by a masterly
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Hand in Quentin Durward; while the more detestable features of his character are, perhaps, equally well known to the players of this country from the English version of Casimir Delavigne's play. He was twice married: first, when Dauphin, to the Princess Margaret, daughter of James I., King of Scotland, by whom he had no issue; and, secondly, to Charlotte of Savoy. By the latter he had three children: a son, who succeeded him as Charles VIII.; and two daughters, Anne, who married Pierre de Bourbon, Lord of Beaujol, and Jeanne, who married the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Lewis XII. Lewis died in 1483, four months after the death of Edward IV., so that the reigns of these princes were almost coterminous.

4. DUKE OF SOMERSET. This was Edmund Beaufort, fourth and last Duke of Somerset, and son of Edmund, Duke of Somerset, in the last play. (See II. Henry VI. note 6.) He succeeded his brother Henry the third duke. This Duke Edward held a high command at the battle of Barnet, 1471, and at Tewkesbury in the same year. In the latter he was taken prisoner and beheaded by order of Edward IV. See v. 3, 8:

"For Somerset, off with his guilty head."

This duke, like all his family—except the third duke, Henry, for a very short interval (see below, note 230)—was always faithful to the House of Lancaster: it was a great mistake, therefore, on part of the dramatists, to introduce him at the court of Edward IV. in act iv. sc. 1.

5. DUKE OF EXETER. Henry Holland, son of John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, was created Duke of Exeter, 1445, and held the offices of Constable of the Tower and Lord High Admiral. According to Holinshed, it was in the former capacity, that is, Constable of the Tower, that he played an important part in the arrest and execution of Suffolk. (See I. Henry VI. note 10.) John Holland married Anne Stafford, widow of Edmund Mortimer, last Earl of March (see I. Henry VI. note 13); and of this marriage the subject of the present memoir was born. He always remained faithful to the House of Lancaster, and was severely wounded at the battle of Barnet. He succeeded to the second duke, and married Anne Plantagenet, sister of Edward IV. She obtained a divorce from him, and married Sir Thomas St. Ledger. The next year her unhappy husband, who had been detained in the custody of the king, with a weekly allowance of half a mark (according to Lingard, vol. iv. p. 123), and whom Philip de Comines said he saw suffering the greatest poverty, was found dead in the sea between Dover and Calais (according to Fabian, p. 689); but how he came to his end was not known.

6. EARL OF OXFORD. This was John de Vere, thirteenth Earl of Oxford, and Hereditary Lord Chamberlain of England. He was descended from Aubrey de Vere, created Earl of Oxford in 1135 by Henry II. The ninth earl was one of Richard II.'s favourites, and was created Duke of Ireland. He succeeded his father, John, the twelfth earl, his elder brother, Aubrey de Vere, having been beheaded in 1461 with his father, as narrated by Hall (p. 258): "In the whiche Parliament, the Earle of Oxford farre striken in age and the Lord Aubrey Veer, his sonne and heire, whether it wer for malices of their enemies, or thei wer suspected, or had offended the Kyng, they bothe and diuere of their counsellors, wer attained and put to execution, whiche caused Jhon erle of Oxford, eruer after to rebell."

The dramatist alludes to these executions in III. 3. 101-106:

"Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years.
When nature brought him to the door of death?

At the second battle of Barnet, April 14th, 1471, Oxford, in conjunction with the Marquis of Montague, Warwick's brother, commanded the right wing of the Lancastrian army. At first the division of the army, which Oxford commanded, pressed the wing of Edward's army opposed to it so hard, that a great many of the Yorkists fled towards Barnet and London, carrying the news of the defeat of the Yorkists. Stow says in his description of the battle (p. 423), "they fought in a thick mist from 4. of the clocke in ye morning till ten, divers times ye E. of Warwicks men supposed that they had got the victory of the field, but it happened that the earl of Oxforde men had a star with streams both before and behinde on their lueries, and King Edwards men had the sun with streams on their luerie; whereupon the earle of Warwicks men, by reason of the mist, not well discerning the badges so like, shot at the Earle of Oxfords men that were on their own part, and then the Earle of Oxforede and his men cried treason, and fled with eight hundred men." King Edward says (v. 5. 2):

"Awaie with Oxford to Hammes Castle straight."

But there he anticipates events. Oxford and Somerset fled towards Scotland, but changing their minds turned into Wales, to Jasper erle of Penbroke" (Hall, p. 297).

Stow says (p. 426): "Also sir John Vere Earl of Oxforede, that had withdrewne himselfe from Barnet fieldes, first into Scotland, after into France, then getting much goods on the sea, landed in the West country, and entred Saint Michaels Mount, with 77 men, the last of September, whereon he was by the kings appoyntment, begyled by Bodrigan and other, but with such favour, that the Earle reuictualled the Mount." Oxford surrendered ultimately. 1473, to Richard Fortescue, Sheriffe of Cornwall, who was sent to supercede Bodrigan, being in fear of treachery, on the promise of his life being spared. He was sent, not to Guines, as Fabian and Stow say, but to the Castle of Ham in Picardy, where he was kept a close prisoner for twelve years. Fabian (p. 663) says: "In all whiche season my lady his wyfe myght never be suffred to come vnto hym, nor had any thyng to lyue vpon, but as the people of their charles wold gyne to her, or what she myght get with her nedyll or other suche connyng as she excercysed." The rest of the mem'ry of the Earl of Oxford will be found in note 16, Richard III.

7. EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND. Henry Percy, the third earl, was the grandson of Hotapoure; he succeeded to the title in 1455, his father Henry having been killed at the first battle of St. Albans. The death of Northumberland in company with Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford is alluded to by York, i. 1. 4-9:

"Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
KING HENRY also alludes to it in the same scene, when, addressing the subject of the present memoir, he says (line 54):

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father.

He was the eldest son by his father's marriage with Eleanor Neville, daughter of Ralph, Earl of Westmorland, by his second wife Joan Beaufort. He was killed at the battle of Tewton, March 26th, 1461. He married Eleanor, daughter and coheir of Richard Poyning, by whom he left an only son, Henry Percy, who succeeded him as fourth earl.

8. EARL OF WESTMORELAND. This was the second earl; he succeeded his grandfather, the celebrated Ralph Neville, who figures in I. Henry IV. and II. Henry IV., and Henry V. His father, John, Lord Neville, died 1425, having married Elizabeth Holland, daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Kent, and therefore connected with the Plantagenets through Joan, the mother of Richard II. (See Richard II. note 7.) By her he had three sons: Ralph, the subject of the present memoir; Sir John Neville, killed at Tewton; and Thomas. Ralph married Elizabeth Percy, widow of Lord Clifford and daughter of Hotspur, by whom he had only one son, who predeceased his father. He married again Margaret, daughter of Sir Reginald Cobham, but by her he had no issue; and on his death, in 1483, he was succeeded, as third earl, by his nephew Ralph Neville, son of the Sir John Neville slain at Tewton.

9. LORD CLIFFORD. The young Clifford of II. Henry VI. was the son of Lord Clifford killed at the battle of St. Albans. (See I. Henry VI. note 9.) This Lord Clifford, after the cruel murder of young Rutland at the battle of Wakefield, was known by the title of “Butcher,” to which Gloucester alludes, ii. 2. 95:

Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

He was slain in the skirmish at Ferrysbridge, just before the battle of Tewton in 1461. Hall gives the following account of the engagement (p. 253): “the lord Fawconbridge, syr Water Blount, Robert Horne with the forward, passed the ryuer at Castelford. ill. myles from Ferbridge, intending to have environed and enclosed the lord Clifford and his company, but they being before advertised, departed in great haste toward kyng Henry’s army, but they mete with some that they loked not for, and were appræised or they were ware. For the lord Clifford, either for heat or payne, putting of his gorcet, sobainly w an arrowes, (as some say) without an hexed, was striken into the throte, and incontinent rendered his spirite, and the erle of Westmierlandes brother and all his company almost were there slayn, at a place called Dentingdale, not far fr Tewton. This ende had he, which slew the young erle of Rutland, kneeling on his knees: whose yong sonne Thomas Clifford was brought vp w a shepperd, in poore habite, and disanimulat behavior euer in feare, to publish his lignage or degre, till kyng Henry the. vii. obeyed the crowne, and gat the diadem: by whom he was restored to his name and possessions.” Many romantic stories of this son, who was known as the Shepherd Lord, were preserved in Cumberland up to very recent times.


11. EDWARD, EARL OF MARCH, afterwards King Edward IV., was born April 26th, 1442. He derived the earldom of March from his grandmother, Anne Mortimer. (See I. Henry VI. note 13.) He seems to have displayed considerable military talent and great personal courage from a very early age. He was little more than eighteen when, on 10th July, 1460, he helped to defeat the Lancastrians at Northampton. On the 24th December, in the same year, his father was killed at the battle of Wakefield, at which time Edward was raising forces in Wales, so that he could not, as Shakespeare represents him, have been assisting his father in that battle. On 2nd February, in the next year, 1461, he defeated Jasper Tudor at the battle of Mortimer’s Cross, after which he rapidly advanced on London. The Lancastrians, under Queen Margaret, having defeated the Earl of Warwick and his forces on the 17th of the same month, failed to follow up their success; and Edward, trusting to his own popularity and to the renown of his father, boldly marched on London; he was received by the citizens with great joy, and on March 4th was proclaimed king at Westminster Hall. On the 29th of the same month he confirmed his title to the throne by his victory at Tewton, and his coronation took place at Westminster Abbey on June 29th in the same year. On May 1st, 1464, he was privately married to Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Woodville, Earl Rivers, and Jacqueline, the widow of the Duke of Bedford. (See I. Henry VI. note 2.) She was the widow of Sir John Grey, and a very beautiful woman. Her husband, who died of his wounds after the second battle of St. Albans, was in command of the cavalry on the Lancastrian side. Edward’s marriage to this lady gave very great offence, not only to his two brothers, but also to the Earl of Warwick, who would have liked him to have married his own daughter. There is no doubt that Edward would never have married Lady Grey had she consented to listen to his dishonourable proposals; but his passion got the better of his prudence, and his impatience would not allow him even to wait for a public marriage. At first every effort was made to conceal the union. Fabian says (p. 664): “And so this marriage was a season kept secret after, till nedely it muste be discovered & disclosed, by meanes of other whiche were offeryd unto the kyng, as the quene of Scottes and other.” Stories were invented that the king had been bewitched by philtres and magic; but, to do Edward justice, he seems to have insisted upon his queen being treated with proper respect; while to all her family he showed the greatest favour, thus increasing the jealousy of those who were before opposed to the marriage. This enmity soon made itself felt in a serious manner. In spite of the opposition of Edward, Warwick, with the assistance of his brother the Archbishop of York, secured the marriage of Clarence, who, in consequence of the queen not having borne any son to Edward, was still heir
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apparent to the throne, with Isabel, Warwick’s eldest daughter. This was in 1469. At the very time this marriage was being celebrated an insurrection broke out in Yorkshire under Robert Hillyard, commonly called Robin of Reesdale. The rebels were defeated by the then Earl of Northumberland (Lord Montague), Warwick’s brother; but he made no further effort to suppress the rebellion. Robin of Reesdale was executed on the field of battle; but other leaders were found, who were closely connected with Warwick’s family, and the rebels now declared their object to be the removal from the king’s councils of the queen’s relations. Accusations of witchcraft were, in the meantime, freely circulated against the king’s mother-in-law. The rebels increased every day in number, and Edward became alarmed at the extent of the movement. He sent letters to Clarence and Warwick, bidding them come to him with the usual retinue which they maintained in the time of peace; but they took no notice of the summons. In the meantime the Earl of Pembroke was advancing to Edward’s aid with a body of about 10,000 Welshmen, closely followed by the Earl of Devon (Lord Stafford) with a large force of archers. These two leaders, however, quarrelled; and Pembroke, advancing towards Edgecote, was encountered by the rebels under Lord Fitz Hugh, and completely defeated. The queen’s father, Earl Rivers, and his son, Sir John Woodville, were both taken in the Forest of Dean, as well as the Earl of Devon; and all three were beheaded. This disastrous defeat, coupled with the desertion of the greater part of his army, plunged Edward into the greatest distress, in which condition he was found by his brother and Warwick at Olney. They treated the king with outward respect, but he was removed to Middleham and made there virtually a prisoner under the custody of the Archbishop of York. At this time, then, there were two kings of England both imprisoned: but Warwick had not yet made up his mind to desert the house of York for the house of Lancaster. An army of Lancastrians having appeared under Sir Humphrey Neville in Scotland, Warwick, after releasing the king from captivity, marched into the north, and defeated them. How Edward obtained his liberty has always been, and will probably always remain, a mystery. An apparent reconciliation now took place between the king’s party and that of Warwick; but it was only apparent: for, in the very next year, another insurrection broke out in Lancashire, which was fomented by Clarence and Warwick. The insurgents being defeated, the two great intriguing became alarmed; and they succeeded in making their escape to Dartmouth, from which, in April, 1470, they sailed for France. The court of Lewis XI. now became the centre of fresh intrigue. Here Clarence, Warwick, and Queen Margaret met. The first acknowledged Henry as his king; and Warwick, having induced Margaret to forget or forgive the past, betrothed his younger daughter, Anne, to her son Prince Edward; and preparations were now made for the expedition with the object of restoring Henry to the throne. But during the course of these negotiations Clarence had become estranged from Warwick; and so, in spite of the indolence which Edward unaccountably displayed at this crisis, passing his time in gallantries and amusements while his enemies were making their formidable preparations against him, circumstances were working in his favour: and his versatile brother was preparing for another grand coup of treachery. Events now followed with bewildering rapidity. Henry was restored: Edward fled from England. Scarcely, however, had the change been effected, or the Lancastrians had time to celebrate their victory, before Edward had again landed in England. The battles of Barnet and Towton were followed by the murder of Henry, and the final re-establishment of Edward on the throne took place. The latter events of his reign will be more fully recorded in the notes to Richard III.

18. EARL OF RUTLAND. He was the third son of the Duke of York, born May 17th, 1445. He was therefore seventeen years old, and not scarcely twelve, as Hall states, when he was killed on Wakefield Bridge by Lord Clifford, after his father’s defeat in that fatal battle. Hall gives the following account of the murder of Rutland (pp. 250, 251): “While this battle was in fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspall, chaplain and schole master to the yong erle of Rutland, and one to the above named duke of Yorke, in the age of xii. yeres, a faire gêtaém, and a maydenlike person, perpetuating y flight was more sauegard, then trynyty, bothe for him and his master, secretly conveyed thither out of yer felde, by the lorde Cliffordes hande, toward the towne, but or he could enter into a house, he was by the saide lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparell, demanded what he was. The yng gentleman dissembled, had not a word to speake, but kneled on his knees imploring mercy, and desyning grace, both with holding vp his hâdes and making dolorous countenance, for his speache was gone for feare. Saue him saide his Chappelein, for he is a princes sonne, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the lorde Clifford markd him and sayde: by Goda blode, thy father slewe myne, and so wil I do the and all thy kyn, and with that word, stacke the erle to yer hart with his dagger, and had his Chappeleyn here the erles mother & brother worde what he had done, and sayde. In this acte the lorde Clifford was accosted a tyrant, and no gentleman, for the properte of the Lyon, which is a furious and unreasonable beastie, is to be cruel to them that withstands hym, and gentle to such as prostrate or humiliate them selves before him.” He was buried at Fotheringay by the side of his father.

19. GEORGE, DUKE OF CLARENCE. He was the sixth son of Richard, Duke of York; born October 21st, 1449, at Dublin Castle. Upon the accesion of his brother to the throne, 1461, he was created Duke of Clarence, and K.G. He was also appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His union with Isabella Neville, eldest daughter of the King-maker, placed him more entirely under that nobleman’s power than any of his brothers. He distributed his treacheries impartially between Yorkists and Lancastrians. His desertion of the cause of the Yorkists, which he had deliberately adopted, his treachery to Henry, from whom he had received honour and rewards, and his cowardly duplicity to his father-in-law have
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16. RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, was the eighth son of the Duke of York. It must be remembered that four of the Duke of York's sons died young, so that George and Richard are generally called the third and fourth sons respectively.

Richard was born at Fotheringhay Castle, October 2nd, 1452; with his brother George he was taken by his widowed mother after the battle of Wakefield to the court of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, where they remained till 1461. Richard distinguished himself; it is true, both at Barnet and Tewkesbury; but he took no part in the battles of Wakefield, Mortimer's Cross, or Towton. He was created Duke of Gloucester, 1461. The rest of his career will be more fitly treated of in the notes to the play in which he is the principal character.

16. DUKE OF NORFOLK. John Mowbray, fourth Duke of Norfolk, was the son of John Mowbray, the third duke, and great-grandson of the Thomas Mowbray who figures in Richard II. (See note 6 of that play.) He was the last male descendant of his race, and died 1475. He married Elizabeth Talbot, daughter of John, second Earl of Shrewsbury, and grand-daughter of the great king. By her he had one child, a daughter, Anne Mowbray, who was affianced to the second son of Edward IV., Richard, Duke of York, when a mere infant, January 15th, 1477. The child-bride died 1492, the year before her husband was murdered by his uncle. The estates and honours of the Mowbrays descended to John Howard, the son of Sir Robert Howard, and Margaret Mowbray, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Norfolk in Richard II. John Howard was created Duke of Norfolk, 1483, and plays an important part under that title in the play of Richard III.

16. MARQUESSE OF MONTAGU was Sir John Neville, the third son of Richard, Earl of Salisbury. (See II. Henry VI. note 10.) He was brother of the King-maker and of the Archbishop of York. He was created Lord Montagu, 1461. He was also made warden of the East Marches of Scotland. He was also made, for a brief period, Earl of Northumberland, thus acquiring with the title the estates of the Percys, Earls of Northumberland. But upon the restoration of the youthful Henry Percy (see above, note 7) King Edward compensated him for the loss by creating him Marquess of Montagu, 1470. It appears that this deprivation of the valuable estates which had been conferred on him, and being given in return only an empty title, determined John Neville to join his brother in the desertion of Edward's cause. He was killed at the battle of Barnet, 1471. Stow says (p. 423): “The Marquesse Mountauncote was prufly agreed with king Edward and had gotten on his dunery, but one of his brothers the earle of Warwick men espying this, fell upon him and killed him.”

The Marquess of Montagu married Isabella, daughter of Sir Edmund Ingoldthorp, and left by him two sons and five daughters. The eldest son, George Neville, was created in 1469, by Edward IV., Duke of Bedford, and was promised in marriage the king's eldest daughter, the Princess Elizabeth; but he was de-

17. EARL OF WARWICK. See II. Henry VI. note 11.

18. EARL OF PEMBROKE. It seems that at this time there were two Earls of Pembroke; one being Jasper Tudor, surnamed Warre of Henry I., created earl, 1445. He was a zealous Lancastrian; therefore the Earl of Pembroke, in this play, must be William Herbert, son of Sir William Aythomas Herbert, knighted by Henry V., and his wife Gladys, daughter of Sir David Gam (who distinguished himself at the battle of Agincourt), and widow of Sir Roger Vaughan, who was killed at the same battle. Dasy Gam, squires, as he is called in Henry V. iv. 8 109, had married a sister of Owen Glendower. William Herbert was a faithful adherent of the House of York. Immediately on the accession of Edward IV. to the throne the king made him one of his council. He is mentioned as being present at the delivery of the seals to the Bishop of Exeter on his appointment as chancellor on March 10th, 1481. On May 8th of the same year William Herbert was made Archbishop of York, and Chamberlain of South Wales; and other important offices in the shires of Carmarthen and Cardigan were conferred upon him; and, in September of the same year, all the possessions in South Wales of Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham, were bestowed on him. On November 4th of the same year he was made a marquis, at the same time that the king's brothers were made Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester respectively. In February, 1482, he was granted the castle, town, and lordship of the town of Pembroke. In the same year he was made K.G. King Edward continued to heap favours upon him; and on May 27th, 1486, he was made Earl of Pembroke. In July, 1489, having been sent by the king with 15,000 Welshmen against the rebels in the north, he met Humphrey, Lord Stafford of Southwick, who had been sent with a body of archers to co-operate with him.

The two lords with their united forces were quartered in Banbury; but a quarrel having arisen between the two leaders concerning some meat of an inn, 1 Stafford refused to co-operate with Pembroke; the latter, however, attacked the rebels next day at Danesmoor, near Edgecote, about three miles from Banbury. He was entirely defeated, and with his brother, Sir Richard Herbert, was taken prisoner, and executed at Banbury. Of the bravery of the two brothers in battle Hall thus speaks (p. 274): “The earl of Pembroke behaved himself like a hardy knight, and expert captain, but his brother Sir Richard Herbert so valiantly acquitted himself, that with his pollex in his hand (as his enemies did afterward report) he twice by force passed through the battallie of his adversaries, and without any mortall wounde returned.”

By his wife, Anne, daughter of Sir Walter d'Eyeux, the earl had issue four sons: William, who succeeded him;
Sir Walter, who married Anne, daughter of Henry Stafford, second Duke of Buckingham; and two others, George and Phillip. He also had six daughters, of whom the youngest married Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, grandson of the great Earl of Shrewsbury. He also left an illegitimate son, Sir Richard Herbert, of Ewyas, from whom the present Earls of Pembroke are descended.

19. LORD HASTINGS. Sir William Hastings, or properly De Hastings, was the eldest son of Sir Leonard De Hastings, descended from William De Hastings, who was steward to King Henry I. Sir Leonard married Alice, daughter of Thomas, Lord Camoys. Sir William was the first Lord Hastings, and was one of the most faithful adherents both of Richard, Duke of York, and his son Edward IV., when, when he came to the throne, was not unmindful of Sir William's services, and bestowed upon him many manors and important offices. He was raised to the peerage, in 1461, by the title of Baron Hastings of Ashby de la Zouch, and made a Knight of the Garter in 1462; he was subsequently appointed ambassador to Lewis XI. of France. He married Catherine, widow of Lord Bonville and daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury. But though he was by this marriage brother-in-law to Warwick, the King-maker, when that powerful nobleman espoused the cause of Henry VI. in 1470, he remained faithful to the house of York. After the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury, in which he took an important part, he was made Captain of Calais; though he appears to have been on very bad terms with the family of the Woodvilles, especially Queen Elizabeth's brothers, yet he was devoted to the young Edward V. His opposition to the ambition of Richard drew upon him the enmity of that usurper; and he was beheaded, without any form of trial, June 13th, 1483, on Tower Hill. He left four sons and one daughter. His eldest son, Edward, became Lord Hungerford in right of his wife; and was even knighted by Richard III., 1483; but when Henry VII. came to the throne he was restored to all his father's estates and honours, so that his allegiance to his father's murderer could only have been temporary. William, Lord Hastings, was buried at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, by the side of the king to whom he had been so devoted.

20. LORD STAFFORD. Sir Humphrey Stafford, generally known as Lord Stafford of Southwick, a cousin of the two brothers Stafford killed in Jack Cade's rebellion (see II. Henry VI. note 14), was the son of William Stafford and Catherine, daughter of Sir John Chedillock, knight. Sir Humphrey was created Lord Stafford of Southwick, 1464; and in 1469 he was named, but not created, Earl of Devonshire by Edward IV. (see Hollinshed, vol. iii. p. 291). His quarrel with the Earl of Pembroke before the battle of Danesmoor has been already mentioned above (note 18): he escaped after the battle, but before long was captured and brought to Bridgewater, where he was beheaded. Lord Stafford was married to Isabel, daughter of Sir John Barre; but had no issue. He, as well as Pembroke, is a persona muta in this play.

21. SIR JOHN MORTIMER AND SIR HUGH MORTIMER. Of these two characters nothing more is known than the mention of them as having been killed at the battle of Wakefield. They are called "the two bastard uncles of the Duke of York;" but it does not appear who their father was.

22. LORD RIVERS was Sir Antony Woodville, eldest son of Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower in I. Henry VI. (see note 19 of that play). He succeeded to the title in 1460. Before that he had been known as Lord Scales, having married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of the Lord Scales of II. Henry VI. (see note 12 of that play). Through his mother, Jacqueline, widow of the Duke of Bedford (see I. Henry VI. note 2), he was descended from Henry III. of England. He figures as Earl Rivers in Richard III. He was most faithful to his royal brother-in-law, and to his young son, the Prince of Wales, to whom he was appointed governor. His fidelity made him an object of detestation to Richard. At the time of the death of Edward IV. Lord Rivers was with the young Prince of Wales at Ludlow. Immediately his young charge was declared king, under the title of Edward V., he and Lord Grey conducted their young sovereign on his road to London; and Gloucester having arrived at Northampton, Rivers and Grey lost no time in going there to welcome him in the name of the young king. They were received with every distinction; but the next day, while riding in company with Gloucester and Buckingham to Stony Stratford, where the king was, Richard suddenly accused Rivers and Grey of having tried to excite his nephew's mind against him. They were at once arrested, and were conveyed under strong guard to Pomfret Castle. There Rivers seems to have been kept in custody till nearly the end of June the same year, 1483, when he was put to death; Grey, Hastings, and others having been previously beheaded. Lord Rivers married, first, Elizabeth, the daughter of Lord Scales, as already mentioned; secondly, Mary, daughter and heiress of Henry Fitz-Lewis; but he had no issue by either marriage.

23. SIR WILLIAM STANLEY was the second son of Thomas, first Lord Stanley (see II. Henry VI. note 15). He is generally called Sir William Stanley of Holt, from his chief residence, Holt Castle, in Denbighshire. In 1460, on the attainder of Lord Clifford, Edward IV. gave him the lordship and castle of Skipton, in Yorkshire. The only scene in which he is introduced is scene 4 of act v., where the dramatist has followed Hall in representing him as taking an important part in aiding Edward to escape from Middleham Castle, where the Yorkist king was kept in honourable custody by the orders of Warwick. Hall's account of the matter is as follows: "Knyg Edward beyng thus in captiuitie, spake ever fayre to the Archepiscop and to the other kepers, (but whether he corrupted them with money or fayre promises) he had libertie duers dayes to go on huntyng, and one day on a playne there met with hym syr William Stanley, syr Thomas of Borogh, and dyuers other of his freeds, with suche a great bend of men, that neither his kepers woulde, nor once durst move him to returne to prison again" (p. 275). The most probable account of this escape of Edward's, which, as has been already said (see above, note 11), is involved in mystery, is that Warwick found himself unable to obtain the levies which he was raising in

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Edward's name as long as he kept the monarch in a kind of secret captivity; and, therefore, Edward's release from honourable confinement was, directly or indirectly, the act of Warwick. Sir William Stanley is mentioned in Richard III. iv. 5. 10, as being among those "of noble fame and worth" who joined Richmond. The assistance which he rendered Richmond at the battle of Bosworth helped very materially to bring about the defeat of Richard. After Henry was crowned king he made Sir William a Knight of the Garter and Lord Chamberlain; but the great services he had rendered the king could not save his life, when he was accused of having at least countenanced the conspiracy of Perkin Warbeck. It does not appear that Stanley did anything more than say that, if Warbeck was really the Duke of York, he would not draw his sword against him. But, unfortunately for him, he was one of the king's wealthiest subjects; and the cupidity of Henry VII. made him covet Stanley's large estates. Sir William was beheaded on Tower Hill, 1466; and all his possessions were confiscated. He was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Hopton, and had one son, Sir William Stanley. He left one daughter, Joan, married to Sir Richard Bereton, of Tatton, in Cheshire.

24. Sir John Montgomery should be Sir Thomas Montgomery, second son of Sir John Montgomery by Elizabeth, his wife, sister of Ralph Boteler, Lord Sudeley. His elder brother, Sir John, was beheaded in the third year of Edward IV. Sir Thomas, like his brother, had been attached to the cause of Henry VI., to whom he had been esquire of the body; but he seems to have deserted the side of the Yorkists, and to have become one of the most favoured counsellors of Edward IV., who appointed him to various offices, including that of Treasurer of Ireland for life. He accompanied Edward to France, and when the king returned from his brief exile in France and landed at Ravenspur, Sir Thomas was among those who joined him at Nottingham, as Hall narrates (p. 299): "where (at Nottingham) came to him (King Edward) sir William Perre, sir Thomas a Borogh, sir Thomas Montgomerye, and divers other of hyis assured frendes with their aydes." De Comines speaks of the confidential position which he occupied with the king, for whom he acted as ambassador to Louis XI. He was selected to escort Queen Margaret to France, 1475. He seems to have been a political Viceroy of Bray, for he was knight of the body to Richard III. and found favour also with Henry VII. He died peacefully, January 11th, 1496. He was twice married, but had no issue by either of his wives. His sister, Alice, became his heir (see French, p. [180).]

25. Sir John Somerville. This character has not been identified with any historical personage. In The True Tragedy he is called simply Summerfeld, and in 1596 Somerville. It was Capell who first called him Sir John Somerville, it does not appear why. French says (p. 109): "This knight probably belonged to the ancient family of Somerville, seated at Wicken, co. Stafford, and at Aston-Somerville in the county of Gloucester, soon after the conquest."

26. Tutor to Rutland. The name of this character is known to us from the passage from Hall already quoted.
which Elizabeth waited with her two young sons to petition King Edward for the restitution of their father's lands, is still known as the Queen's Oak. The memoir of this unfortunate lady will be more appropriately concluded in Richard III.

32. Bona. The princess Bona or Bonne of Savoy was the third daughter of Louis, first Duke of Savoy. He was created duke in 1446. Her eldest sister Charlotte was married to Louis XI. It also appears that her brother, Amédée, Duke of Savoy, was married to Yolande, sister of Louis XI.; so that she was doubly related to the king. There seems to be little authority among contemporary writers for the incident of Warwick being sent to demand from Louis the hand of his sister-in-law Bona for Edward. The dramatist, however, took the incident from Hall (p. 203): "he came to kyng Lewes the XI. then beynge Frenche kyng, lying at Tours, and with greate honor was there receyved, and honorably interreted: of whiche, for kyng Edward his master, he demanded to have in marriage the lady Bona, daughter to Lewes duke of Sauyo, and asstier to the Lady Carlott, then Frenche quene, beyng then in the Frenche court." She says, ii. 3. 227, 228:

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

But she did not keep her word, as she married Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, 1468, and died in 1465.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

33.—The action of this scene, as Johnson remarked, follows immediately upon that of the last scene of the foregoing play. The events of five years have been passed over unnoticed by the dramatist. The battle of St. Albans was fought May 22nd, 1455. York was recognized heir to the throne in Parliament, October 1460. The history of the intervening period is little more than that of York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Most of it has already been given in II. Henry VI. notes 10 and 11. In June, 1460, Salisbury, Warwick, and March landed with 1500 men in Kent, where Cobham joined them with 400, and they advanced towards London, which opened its gates. Henry had collected an army at Coventry, and advanced to Northampton, where he entrenched himself. Warwick sought a conference with the king, but this being refused, a battle was fought on July 10th. Lord Grey of Ruthyn, who was on the king's side, betrayed his trust, and introduced the Yorkists within the royal camp. The battle lasted from seven o'clock till nine. About 10,000 fell, Hall says, and the king was captured. Among the slain were the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shrewsbury. Somerset and others fled with the queen and Prince Edward, and ultimately reached Scotland. Henry was brought to London, Warwick riding bareheaded before him into the city.

"During this trouble," says Holinshed (p. 261), "a parliament was summoned to begin at Westminster, in the month of October next following.

"In the mean time the duke of York, advertised of all these things, sailed from Dubline towards England, and landed at the red bank nere to the citie of Chester, with no small compaign: and from Chester by long jour-

nies he came to the citie of London, which he entred the fridale before the feast of S. Edward, the Confessor, with a sword borne in front before him, with trumpets also sounding, and accompanied with a great traine of men of armes, and other of his friends and servanta. At his comning to Westminster he entred the palace, and passing forth directlie through the great hall, staid not till he came to the chamber, where the king and lords vaed to sit in the parlement time, cōnonile called the upper house, or chamber of the peares, and being there entred, stipt vp vnto the throne rotall, and there laising his hand vpon the cloth of estate, seemed as if he meant to take possession of that which was his right . . . and after withdrawing his hand, turned his face towards tho people . . .

"Whilst he thus stood, . . . the archbishop of Canturburie (Thomas Bourcher) came to him, . . . asked him if he would come and see the king. With which demand he seeming to take disdain, answered brefelle . . . thus: I remember not that I know anie within this realme, but that it bessemeth him rather to come and see my person, than I to go and see his . . .

"Maister Edward Hall in his chronicle maketh mention of an oration, which the duke of Yorke vtted, sitting in the regall seat . . . During the time (saith he) of this parlement, the duke of Yorke with a bold countenance entered into the chamber of the peares, and sat downe in the throne rotaile, vnder the cloth of estate (which is the king's peculiar seat)."

34. Line 1: I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.—It is not plain whether, at the opening of this scene, the authors were thinking of the battle of St. Albans or of Northampton. But in either case the statement in these three lines is imaginary. Henry was actually captured by the Yorkists after both battles. His escape is an incident in the chroniclers' accounts of the battle of Hexham, 1464.

35. Lines 6-9.—See II. Henry VI. note 336.

36. Line 8: Charg'd our maine battle's front.— Cf. Hall (p. 250), of the battle of Wakefield: "The duke of Somerset and other of the quenes part . . . appointed the lorde Clifford, to lye in the one stale, and the Earle of Wylshire in the other, and thei theismes keep the magyne battaille." The usual military term for the main body of the army is "the centre."

37. Lines 10, 11, 14.—According to Hall (p. 233) "Humfrey duke of Buckyngham, being wounded, & James Butler erle of Wiltshire & Ormond, seying fortunes loweryng chaunce, left the king post a lone & with a greate numbere fled away. This was thend of the first battaille at S. Albans." What is said in the text happened after the battle of Northampton, when there "were slayn Humfrey duke of Buckyngham, Iohn Talbot erle of Shrewesbury, a valeint person, and not derogernig fr his noble parent," &c. (Hall, p. 244). See II. Henry VI. note 8.

38. Line 11: Is either slain, or wounded DANGEROUS.—The Qr. read here dangerously. Shakespeare does not

1 i.e. ambush, or perhaps "wing."
use dangerous as an adverb elsewhere, but there does not
seem any necessity for altering the text of F. 1.

39. Line 15: If clef his braver with a downright blow.
   —Braver (Fr. baverie) is “the lower portion of the face-
   guard of a helmet, when worn with a visor” (Planché’s
   Dict of Costume, p. 38). It covered the throat and
   mouth, and could be thrown up over the top of the hel-
   met. In this place the word is used for the whole helmet,
   as in I. Henry IV. iv. 1. 104:
   
   I saw young Harry, with his braver on.

40. Line 14: Monk. [To York, showing his] And, brother,
   here’s the Earl of Wiltshire’s blood. —Montague was
   brother to Warwick; Warwick’s daughter Isabella was
   married to York’s son, George of Clarence; therefore York
   and Montague were brothers-in-law. But this alliance did
   not take place during the life of York. It is, however,
   plain from line 116 below, and from 1. 2. 4. of this play,
   that the author intended to represent Montague and York as
   brothers-in-law.

41. Line 16.—Richard was at this time barely eight
   years old (see II. Henry VI. note 5). His introduction
   here is therefore an anachronism.

42. Line 18: What is your grace dead, my lord of
   Somerset! —So Malone reads, after The True Tragedie.
   The F. have But.

43. Line 19: Such Hap have all the line of John of
   Gant!—F. read hope, as does The True Tragedie, an
   error probably arising from the occurrence of that word
   in the next line. Hap is an anonymous conceit, adopted by
   Dyce.

44. Line 20: hither we have broken in by force.—This
   statement, as well as lines 1–3 above, is hardly correct.
   See note 38 of this play.

45. Line 41: And bashful Henry be depast’d, whose
   cowardice.—This is the reading of The True Tragedie.
   The word be slipped out in the text of F.

46. Line 47: if Warwick shake his bells. —A simile
   taken from falconry. Cf. Rape of Lucrece, line 511:
   With trembling fear, as bowleth falconer’s bells.
   The bells were attached, one to each leg of the falcon,
   by leathern thongs called belts. See Strutt, Sports and
   Pastimes, p. 32.

47. Lines 54, 55.—See above, note 7, and II. Henry VI.
   note 9.

48. Line 55: And thine, Lord Clifford; you have both
   wound revenge.—F. 1 reads:
   
   And thine, Lord Clifford, and you both have wounded revenge;
   which F. 4 corrects by transposing have and both. And
   seems unnecessary after the pause following Clifford;
   we have, therefore, omitted it.

49. Line 62: Patience is for paffrooms, for such as he.
   —We have added for. F. 2 reads “and such is he.”
   Walker (Crit. Exam. vol. ii. p. 50) considers “patience” to
   be a tri-syllable, and “paffrooms” to be accentuated on the
   first syllable; many modern editors seem to have followed
   him. But the line is awkward without a syllable before

50. Line 64.—This line is given to “Weston.” in F. 1 by
   mistake, as the next speech shows. The correction was
   made by Theobald from The True Tragedie.

51. Line 76:

   I am thy sovereign.
   York. THOU’ST DECEIVED; I AM THINE.
   
   Fy., perhaps by inadvertence, omit the words “Thou art
   deceiv’d” of The True Tragedie. Something is wanting
   here; the passage sounds too abrupt as it stands in F.

52. Line 79: ‘Twas my inheritance, as the earldom
   was—i.e. the earldom of March. The True Tragedie
   reads kingdom. In the course of the long speech put
   into York’s mouth by Hall, he is made to say (p. 246):
   “After whose’ i.e. Richard II.’s” “pitious death, and
   execrable murder . . . . the right title of the crown, and
   superlative of this realm, was lawfully reelected and
   returned to Bogler Mortimer, erel of Marche, . . . to
   which Bogler daughter called Anne, my most dearest and
   welbeloved mother, I am the very trew and lineall byrde.”

53. Line 82: And that’s Richard Duke of York.—And,
   omitted in F. 1, though found in The True Tragedie, w. a
   restored in F. 2.

54. Line 84: And shall I stand.—The number of ands
   is very awkward. Should not we read “What! shall I
   stand?”

55. Lines 91, 92.—See note 33, “came to the citie of
   London,” &c.

56. Line 105: Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of
   York.—F. read My. The correction was made by Rowe.
   As Malone notes (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 571), Richard’s
   father, the Earl of Cambridge, never succeeded to the
   dukedom, having been beheaded during the lifetime of
   Edward duke of York, his elder brother.

57. Line 110: Talk not of France, thith thou hast lost
   it all.—Sith “because,” comes by loss of final s from
   the older stithen, whence also by addition of adverbal s,
   or ce came sitethen or sitheus, now contracted to “since.”
   Sith occurs in Ezek. xxxv. 6; sitheus is used by Shake-
   speare in Coriolanus, iii. 1. 47, and in All’s Well, i. 3. 124.

58. Line 114: Tear the crown, father, from the
   usurper’s head. —In F. 1 the line stands:
   
   Father tear the Crown from the Usurper Head.

   Hamner made the transposition in the text, which cer-
   tainly improves the rhythm of the line.

59. Line 120: K. Hen. Peace, thou! and give King
   Henry leave to speak.—The Quartos, followed by Lettsom
   and Hudson, give this line to Northumberland, whom it
   would very well suit. But other such brief outbursts are
   put in Henry’s mouth in these plays. It is the persis-
   tence in any many course of action which would be out of
   character in his case, and not the momentary assumption of
   authority.

60. Line 151: But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be
   king.—This is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 omits Sw.
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

ACT I. Scene 1.

61. Line 144: Think you more prejudicial to his crown?
—Johnson proposed "to his son," a mistake, as Richard was childless.

62. Lines 170-175.—Hall says (p. 249), "After long arguments made, and deliberate consultation had among the peers, prelates, and commons of the realm: upon the rotation of all the选取, it was resolved and agreed, by the three estates, for so much as the crown of Richard had been taken as kyng, by the space of xxxviii. years and more, that he should use the name and title of Kyng, and have possession of the realm, during his life natural: And if he either died or resigned, or forfeited the same, for infringing any part of this concord, then the said crowne and authority royal, should immediately be devolved to the Duke of York, if he then lived, or else to the next heir of his line or lineage, and that the dukedom from henceforth, should be Protector and Regent of the lande."

Such an arrangement could hardly have been expected to be permanent, and this is suggested below, line 190.

63. Line 186: And die in bands, for this unmanly deed!
—This same expression occurs in Marlowe's Edward II. (Works, p. 205):

Weapenless must I fall, and die in bands.

64. Line 183: Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit—This line we have retained in spite of its utterly bad rhythm, as the whole passage is taken, with hardly an alteration, from The True Tragedy. It might have been expected that Shakespeare, in the revision, would have written "Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit." The same scansion occurs below, v. 1. 86.

65. Line 196: Conditionally that here thou take an oath.—Compare Marlowe, Doctor Faustus (Works, p. 80):

But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles.

The rhythm would be improved by reading conditionally, the use of adjective for adverb being common enough in Shakespeare's time. The frequent unrhymed lines retained in this part of the play from The True Tragedy suggest that the revision was somewhat carelessly carried out.

66. Line 205: Senet—i.e. a set of notes played on the trumpet or cornet. It was not the same as a "flourish," for Nares cites from Dekker's Satironomastix (Works, vol. i. p. 220) the stage direction "Trumpets sound a flourish, and then a senetos."

67. Line 212:

I shall steal away.

K. Hen. So, Exeter, will I.

F. 1 has

I shall steal away.

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

The arrangement of words is the same as in line 80 above:

Exeter, thou'rt a traitor to the crown.

But in this place the line would be very awkward for the speaker, and we have adopted Pope's correction.

68. Line 219: Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a

father.—A most unsual line. The scansion is probably "Seeing thou hast prov'd," &c. "Seeing," used adverbially, goes for a monosyllable often in Marlowe, Greene, &c., and is so in line 247 below, but not elsewhere in Shakespeare. Though the line is found only in F., we can hardly think it to be his.

69. Line 224: Rather than made that savage Duke these heir.
—F. 1 reads:

Rather then have made that savage Duke these heir,

where, perhaps, rather may be pronounced as a monosyllable. The correction of F. 2, which we have adopted, seems decidedly preferable.

70. Line 233: And give'ns unto the house of York such head.—For this horseman's phrase compare also Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 240:

Give him hand; I know he'1l prove a jade:

and Richard II. iii. 15, 13.

71. Lines 238-240:

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm.

In the parliament that followed the battle of St. Albans, says Hall (p. 233), "the duke of York was made protector of the realm, and the earl of Salisbury, was appointed to be chancellor, and had the greater seal of state delivered: and the earl of Warwick, was elected to the office of the captain of Calais, and the territories of the same." William Neville, Lord Falconbridge, was Warwick's uncle and Salisbury's brother, being the second son of Ralph, Earl of Westmorland. According to Holinshed, he "had the town and castell [of Calais] in keeping" (p. 263). Edward made him Earl of Kent in 1461. In the next year he was "appointed to keep the seas" (Holinshed, p. 279, quoting from Stowe). The allusion in the text is inaccurate, for in 1459 the keeping of the seas had been given to Exeter. He was not, however, able to offer much opposition to the Yorkists. York was discharged of his protectorate in 1456, when also the Earl of Salisbury was dismissed from his office. Warwick, strange to say, was allowed to remain in command of Calais until 1459, when Somerset was made captain, but found much difficulty in taking up the command, for the citizens were strong partisans of Warwick. And even after he had made entrance, Warwick was able still to make Calais his headquarters, and entirely to control the Channel. York was again declared Protector after the parliament some of whose proceedings have been represented in this scene (see note at line 170 above). The present passage would appear to be another instance of the way in which events of the years 1455 and 1460 have been mixed together, as pointed out in note 33.

"The narrow seas" was the name not only for the English Channel, but also for the seas lying between the Netherlands and the coast of Essex and Kent. Cf. below, iv. 8, 1, 3:

Edward from Belfinz,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas.

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ACT I. Scene 1.

NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

73. Line 245: Before I would have granted to that act.
   —The True Tragedy has
   Before I would have granted to their wish. —P. 14.

   The expression granted to, meaning "assented to," is
   uncommon, but is used by Hall in the following passage:
   "he alleged his insufficientie for so great a summe and
   weighty burden, ... yet in conclusion he beyng per-
   swayed by the Archibishop of Canterbury, the bishop of
   Excester and other lords, ... gressmented to their peti-
   tion" (p. 254).

73. Line 259: Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with
   me!—With, omitted in F. 1, is restored in F. 2.

74. Line 261: When I return with victory from the
   field.—F. 1 reads to instead of from. The correction
   was made in F. 2.

75. Lines 267, 268:

   Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
   Will coast my crown.

   The emendation we have adopted is the same
   as that suggested by Warburton and adopted by Singer
   and Grant White. If the reading of the Folio is to be
   retained the meaning must be "will cost me my crown," which
   is a very awkward construction, and is a phrase
   that seems strangely coupled with such a technical term as
   tire on. There is no doubt that the meaning of coat
   is "to keep alongside of," and that it suggests the idea of
   watching. The word is used by Shakespeare with some
   indefiniteness of meaning. See Venus and Adonis, lines
   853, 870:

   Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
   And all in haste she coasts to the cry.

   Henry VIII. III. 2. 38:
   The king in this perceives him, how he coast,
   And hedges his own way.

Trollius and Cressida, iv. 5. 58, 59:

   These encounterers
   That give a coasting welcome ere it comes.

   But it certainly seems the most probable emendation.

76. Lines 268, 269:

   like an empty eagle,
   Tire on the flesh of me and of my son.

   Compare Venus and Adonis, lines 55, 56:

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

Steevens quotes Dekker, Match Me in London:

   The vulture tyrers
   Vpon the eagles hart.


See also Kyd, Cornelia:

   And the eagle tiring on Prometheus.

There are other later instances also of the word tire in
this sense; which is taken from that of the French tireer.

   The mode of feeding of all the hawk tribe is to hold
   the prey firmly with the talons whilst they tear it with the
   beak. When a hawk was in training, a tough or bony
   bit was often given her to tire on, i.e. to tear or pull at,

so as to prolong her meal as much as possible, and pre-
vent her from gorging. See Harting, Ornithology of
Shakespeare, p. 38.

ACT I. Scene 2.

77.—Hall (pp. 249 foll.) says: "The Duke of Yorke well
knowing, that the Queene would sporne and impugne the
considerations agreed . . . . caused her and her sonne, to
be sent for by the kyng: but she beyng a most manly woman,
yeing to rule and not to be ruled, & thereto counselled
by the dukes of Excester and Somerset, not onely denied
to come, but as assembled together a great army, in-
tending to take the kyng by fine force, out of the lordes
handes, and to set them to a new sckole. The Protector
lying in Londo, haungy perfite knowledge of all these
doynges: assigned the Duke of Norffolke and the Erle of
Warwicke, his trustie frenedes, to be about the kyng, and
he with theries of Sallbury, and Rutlande: with a con-
venent company, departed out of London, the second
dale of December Northward, and sent to the Erle of
Marche his eldest sonne to folowe him with all his
power. The Duke . . . came to his Castle of Sandall,
beside Wakefelda, on Christmas eeu . . . . The quene . . .
determined to couple with hym while his power was
small and his ayde not come: And so haungy in her com-
pany, the Prince her sonne, the Dukes of Excester and
Somerset . . . and in effecte all the Lordes of the North
parte, with eightene thousand men, or as some write,
twentie and two thousand, marched from Yorke to
Wakefelda, and bad base to the Duke, even before his
Castle [:] he haungy with hym not fully five thousand
persons, determined incontinent to issue out, and to fight
with his enemies, and all though, sir Danys Hale, his old
seruant and chief counsellor, anised hym to kepe his
Castle . . . yet he would not be counsalled, but in a
great fury sailed, a[ ] Danys, Danys, hast thou loned me so
long, and now wouldest hauie me dishonored: Thou neuer
sawest me kepe forstes when I was Beget in Normandy,
. . . but like a man, . . . I issued and fought with myne
enemies, to their losses ever (I thanke God) and to my
honor: . . . wouldest thou that I for dread of a scolding
woman, . . . should incarcerate my self and shut my
gates."

78. Line 4: York. Why, how now, sons and brother,
at a strife!—See note on scene 1, line 14.

79. Line 6: No quarrel, but a slight contention.—The
True Tragedy reads:

   No father, but a sweete contention,

   "i.e." says Theobald (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 388), "the
   argument of their dispute was upon a grateful topic;
   the question of their father's immediate right to the
   crown."

80. Line 18: By giving the house of Lancaster leave to
breathe.—This is a harsh line. Proper names are often
unrhymically introduced, but besides this, the line be-
gins badly. The effect would be somewhat less unplea-
sant if we omitted By.
ACT 1. Scene 2.

NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

ACT 1. Scene 4.

31. Line 17: I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.—The reading of F. 1. is:
   I would break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.

   Pope printed the necessary contraction—one which old printers not seldom overlooked.

32. Lines 22, 23:
   An oath is of no moment, being not took
   Before a true and lawful magistrate.

   The absolute use of the participle to denote a condition is frequent in the earlier dramatists. So also is the use of the preterite for the participial inflexion (took for taken). C.f. I. Henry VI. i. i. 146, “is took prisoner.”

33. Line 24: That hath authority o'er him that swears.
   —The Folio, as is usual, prints ower for o'er; we have introduced the contraction for the sake of clearness.

34. Lines 38, 40:
   Thou, Richard, shalt unto the Duke of Norfolk,
   Yow, Edward, shalt unto my Lord of Cobham.

   The Tragedie reads:
   Edward, thou shalt to Edmund Brooke Lord Cobham,
   Then come Musaguis, shall to Norfolk straight.

   The first unto is Steevens's correction for to of F. In line 40, which is not in F., was inserted by Hamner. It would seem as though the revival of the passage in the old play was not carried out with enough care. The corrections introduced are necessary for the rhythm, though it is doubtful whether “Lord of Cobham” would have been written by Shakespeare. C.f. iv. 5. i, “my Lord Hastings,” without the preposition. Is it possible that Edward was meant for a trianablel? See III. 3. 100 below:
   Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford.

35. Lines 40—43.—Compare for the description of Kentish folk II. Henry VI. iv. 7. 65—68.

   —F. omit and, which was introduced by Capell, and is necessary for the metre; otherwise the line lacks a syllable at the beginning.

37. Line 47: Enter a Messenger. —This is the direction given in The True Tragedie, and adopted by Theobald. F. 1 reads, Enter Gabriel, giving us, no doubt—as in act iii. scene 1—the name of the actor who took this part. Malone remarks that he is mentioned by Heywood in his Apology for Actors, 1612.

ACT 1. Scene 3.

86. —For the basis, in Hall's narrative, of this scene, see note 12. The blunder of making Rutland a boy of twelve, instead of a youth of seventeen, is in Hall, and is copied by Holinshed. It arose from the misprint xii for xvii.

   The tutor is called “Sir Robert Aspall,” as being in orders (c.f. Sir Oliver Martext, As You Like It, act iii. scene 3); the prefix is not that of knighthood.

39. Line 12: So looks the pent-up lion. —“That is, the lion that hath been long confined without food, and is let out to devour a man condemned” (Johnson, in Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 399).

89. Line 21: my father's bled.—Clifford's father, Thomas Lord Clifford, was killed at the battle of St. Albans, 1455, but here (see line 89) is evidently assumed to have died some years previously, although in the former play (v. 2) his death is represented on the stage.

93. Line 48: Di faciant, laudia suma sit ista tua!—
   Steevens points out (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 399) that this is from Ovid, Heroides ii., Phyllis to Demophoon, 1. 66, and that the same quotation occurs in Nash's pamphlet Have with you to Saffron Walden.

ACT 1. Scene 4.

92. —Some passages have been marked for omission in this scene, but if the play were acted all after line 64 would be better omitted. Such lavish details of blood-thirsty ferocity are not tolerable on the stage. Hall (p. 251) says of the death of the Duke of York: “This cruel Clifordes, & deadly bloodsupper not content with this homilycda, or chylkillyng, came to yere place wher the dead corps of the duke of Yorke lay, and caused his head to be stryken of, and set on it a crown of paper, & so fixed it on a pole, & presented it to the Quene, not eying farre from the felde, in great despite, and much delevation.” Holinshed copies the passage with slight alteration, and adds (p. 269): ‘Some write that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a molehill, on whose head they put a garland in stead of a crowne, which they had fashioned and made of sedges or bulrushes; and having so crowned him with that garland, they kneaded downe afore him (as the lewe did unto Christ) in scorn, saleng to him; ‘Halle king without rule, halle king without heritage, halle duke and prince without people or possessions.' And at length having thus scorned him with these and diuers other the like despitful words, they stroke off his head, which (as yee have heard) they presented to the quene.' ’ He adds, copying again from Hall: “After this victorie by the quene, the earle of Salisbury and all the prisoners were sent to Pemfort, and there beathed, whose heads (together with the duke of Yorkes head) were conveyed to Yorke, and there set on poles over the gate of the cite, in despite of them and their linage.” The dramatist has used both stories.

93. Lines 3, 4:
   *all my followers to the eager foe
   TURN BACK.

This is an unusual phrase instead of "Turn (their) backs upon."

94. Lines 15, 16:
   Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
   EDWARD, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!"

F. 1 reads:
   Richard cryde, Charge, and give no foot of ground,
   And cryde, A Crown, or else a glorious Tomb.

There is evidently something wrong here. Collier proposed to read Ned for And in the latter line; the Cambridge editors conjecture one or more lines to be lost before it. If the reading in the text be not what the author originally wrote, it at any rate gives the meaning
required. It is possible that lines 16 and 17 should precede line 14; but this is not very likely.

96. Line 19: We bode'd again.—The verb "bode" meaning "bungle," is not an uncommon word in some parts of the Midlands at the present time. The substantive "bode" means, as Halliwell says, "a patch," generally, if not always, a clumsy one. Through not understanding this, Johnson proposed "bode'd," and Collier "bode'd," neither of which words make as good sense as that in the text.

95. Lines 33, 34:

Now Pheathan hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

The story of Phaethon's attempt to drive the horses of the Sun will be found in Ovid, Metamorphoses, book II, lines 1-322. He was a standard example of presumption defected; compare, for instance, Two Gentlemen of Verona, III. 1, 153-155. Clifford here charges York with having attempted a work he was too weak for,—the guidance of the state; and taunts him with his overthrow at the very moment when, having just been recognized as rightful heir to the throne, he was apparently at the zenith of success.

Prie: an anciently denoted "spot" or "mark." Cf. Lucretius, line 781:

Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick.

97. Line 50: buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.—Cf. Greene, Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay:

a lusty boy
That dares at weapon buckle with thy son.

—Works, p. 175.

No doubt "blows, twice two for one" is added merely antithetically to "word for word" in the foregoing line. Cf. read buckler. The correction is Theobald's, from The True Tragedie.

99. Line 59: It is war's prize—i.e., "we profit by a state of war." &c. In a somewhat similar sense Jonson, Volpone, v. I, 30-32, says:

This is our masterpiece;
We cannot think to go beyond this.
I say.
True.
Thus hast played thy prize.—Works, vol. iii. p. 373.

Masinger, New Way to Pay Old Debt, iv. 2, at end, has:

If I play not my prize
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marriott.—Works, p. 414.

where the meaning of "play the prize" is, probably, "make use of the advantage gained."

The line is of course a paraphrase of the proverb "All's fair in war."


100. Line 80: with his rapier's point.—Clifford is described, in the last scene, as having stabbed Rutland. It would be awkward to do this with a rapier. He probably carried a dagger as well. Perhaps the word is used vaguely in the text, and only means "weapon."

101. Line 87: Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.—In Fr. this line is wrongly put after line 91. The True Tragedie gives it in its right place, and is followed by Malone and most later editors.

102. Line 106: O, 'tis a fault too-too unpardonable!—Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps showed [see Shak. Soc. Public. 1844, pp. 39-48] that the expression too-too is not a mere reduplication, but a provincial word, which became a recognized archaism, with the meaning "exceeding." Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2, 532:

The schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 4, 204, 205:

I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too-too much.

Often, however, the meaning "too" suits the word just as well. Cf. Greene, Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay:

Timely ripe is rotten too-too soon.—Works, p. 161.

103. Line 108: take time to do him dead.—This phrase appears to be almost unique. Spenser, Faerie Queen, bk. III, canto x. st. 32, has:

But soone he shall be found, and shortly done to deede:

And bk. v. canto iv. st. 29:

Which some hath put to shame, and many done to deede.

—Works, ii. 353, iii. 227.

Do him to death (below, III. 3, 108) and do him to die are the usual expressions, where do has its old meaning of "cause," "make," "put."

112. Line 112: Whose tongue more poison than the adder's tooth.—This seems to be imitated in Wily Beguiled:

Whose tongue more venom than the serpent's sting.


114. Lines 130-133, 141, 142:

'T is virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'T is government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.

Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

Compare Hall (p. 150) on the attributes of a good woman; the passage has been given in note 200 to L. Henry VI.

115. Line 137: O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's side!—This is the line parodied, in 1592, in Greene's Groatsworth of Wit. (See Introduction, p. 187.) If Greene wrote the book called by his name—as it is pretty certain he did—and if, as has been thought, he wrote the part of The True Tragedie in which this line occurs, then he Parodied his own words. His ill-will, Dr. Ingleby says, was not only because of Shakespeare's success, nor because his own work had been made use of by the younger poet, but, beyond this, he was angry that one of the despised caste of actors should have succeeded in establishing himself in the much less dishonourable craft of playwright. See Shakspeare Allusion Books, part I., Intro. p. 11.

117. Line 150: Beshrew me, but his passion movt me so.—F. 1 reads movts instead of movt. The Cambridge editors print passion movt. We have followed the read-
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

ACT II. Scene 1.

ing of The True Tragedie and the other Folios. The meaning of passions is "griefs," "sorrowings," as Dyce explains it.

108. Lines 152, 153:

That face of his the hungry cannibals Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood.

F. 1, which often breaks the first line of a speech into two, here gives

That Face of his.

The hungry Cannibals would not have touch'd, Would not have stain'd with blood.

The True Tragedie reads as in the text, save that it has could for would at the beginning of line 153. The editor of F. 2 appears to have thought something was missing, as that edition reads, unintelligibly:

Would not have stain'd the roses with blood.

Walker, with some probability, conjectured that two half lines had been lost between the beginning and end of line 153, and proposed to add, after touch'd,

those roses, new in bloom.

The mountain beasts

and Letimou agrees with him.

ACT II. Scene 1.

109.—I have marked this scene for omission, as it is full of historic difficulties and really does nothing to advance the action.

110.—Edward was at Gloucester gathering forces when the news came of his father's death. He rapidly raised an army and was setting forward to intercept the queen on her road to London, but being followed by a body of Welsh and Irish, under the Earls of Pembroke and Ormonde, he turned and met them at Mortimer's Cross, in Herefordshire, February 2. It was at this time that, as Hall says (p. 251), "the sunne, as some write appeared to the erie of March, like 111. sunnes, and sodainly joined and togetherto and thus the sight thereof, he take such courage, yt he fiercely set on his enemies, & thence discouer'd: for which cause, men imagined, that he gaine the sunne in his full brightness for his cognizance or badge." A fortnight later Warwick was defeated by the queen at St. Albans (see note 122). He made the best of his way to the west, and in a few days united the remainder of his forces with Edward at Chipping Norton by Cotswold.

This first scene departs considerably from the historical order of events, for which see note 11. It is difficult, indeed, to reconcile it with the rest of the play. First we find Edward and Richard in the Welsh march (see line 140), just escaped from the battle at Wakefield (in Yorkshire) and ignorant as yet of their father's fate. But to Warwick, who arrives a few minutes later, the news is ten days old; he has since then been defeated by the queen at St. Albans (in Hertfordshire) and come in haste to the marches, with George and the Duke of Norfolk, having heard that Edward is there "making another head to fight again." Then at the end of the scene we hear that the queen's forces are close by, so they must have hurried rapidly in pursuit of Warwick. Yet the next scene finds them at York, without any indication that they have retreated before the Yorkists, so that we must now suppose them to have gone there of set purpose.

Edward's victory at Mortimer's Cross is passed over by the dramatist. Really it preceded Warwick's defeat at St. Albans. But after the play has improperly represented Edward as a combatant at Wakefield there is no room for the battle of Mortimer's Cross to be brought in.

111. Line 10: Where our right valiant father is become. Formerly became become "attain to," "arrive," and hence "fall into a state or condition." Thus "he fell among thieves" is in the Anglo-Saxon gospels "he becom on the scethan." (Luke x. 30) This use of the word still survived, though it was possibly growing obsolete in Elizabeth's time. Reginald Scot in his Discovery of Witchcraft tells of those who can discover where anything "is become." We find in Greene, Alphonseus King of Arcagôn, act ii:

But, noble lords, where is the knight become?

—Works, p. 230.

Peels, Sir Clymonon and Sir Clamydes, has:

Where is that lady now become.

—Works, p. 515; compare also p. 517.

and in Notes and Queries for December, 1885, p. 592, Mr. Birkbeck Terry quoted from How a Man may Choose a Good Wife from a Bad (1602):

O, who can tell me where I am become?
For in this darkness I have lost myself.


112. Line 20: Methinks, 'tis pride enough to be his own.

—Fed. read prize. If, with Dyce, we retain this, it must be explained as meaning "advantage," "privilege," as in the previous scene, line 50. But the two passages are hardly parallel. The line, as we have given it, is taken from The True Tragedie. And Grant White (quoted by Rolfe) remarks, "it is impossible to believe that Shakespeare, in doing this, changed intentionally a word with a good and pertinent signification for one which, in its present connexion, no proper meaning can be found."

113. Lines 21-24.—Q. which omits lines 23, 24, begins Edward's speech here instead of at line 25, and Hamner followed them. The somewhat abrupt transition of ideas is thus avoided. As to the intransitive use of dazzle in line 25, compare Love's Labour's Lost, note 3.

114. Line 25.—See above, note 110. The stage direction in Q. before line 21 is "Three sunnes appear in the skie." We may conclude, therefore, that the apparition was in some way made visible to the audience. The phenomenon of parhelion, or mock-suns, is recorded as having occurred occasionally in this country, and is said to be of not unfrequent occurrence in the Alps, the Andes, and Greenland. In many cases the two mock-suns have been seen to have passing through them a circular halo surrounding the sun and a luminous horizontal line which passes also across the sun. The joining together of the sun and the mock-suns, described by the chroniclers, means very likely that when the mock-suns disappeared the horizontal line was observed on either side of the sun.

Mrs. F. B. Palliser says that the badge of Edward IV. was "the white rose en soleile," i.e. with rays of light pro-
ceeding from it. (Historic Devices, &c., p. 372.) But see also II. Henry VI. note 236.

115. Line 43: Enter a Messenger.—"Enter one blow- ing" is the direction in F., which, however, give the two speeches to "Mess." He must be supposed to have come straight from the battle-field.

116. Line 59: Environed he was with many foes.—Hall has almost the same words. "The duke of Yorks," he says (p. 520), "... was suffered to pass forward, toward the maine battall: but when he was in the plain ground between his Castle and the town of Wakefield, he was environed on every side, like a fish in a net, or a deer in a buckestall." This and the next five lines are not in The True Tragedie.

117. Lines 54, 55:
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
How down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
Ft. have hews and fells, which can hardly have anything but a printer's error. The correction was made by Pope. The sentence seems to have been proverbial.

118. Lines 65, 66:
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same.
This awkward use of the same, which occurs again infra, v. 1. 68, is found twice in Marlowe, Doctor Faustus: Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just;
There's none but I have interest in the same.
And again:
an angel hovered o'er thy head,
And with a vial full of precious grace
Offers to pour the same into thy soul.
—Works, p. 89.
—Works, p. 99.

He also has it in Edward II. (See Works, p. 294.) Greene makes frequent reference to this circumlocution. In Alphonsus King of Arragon it occurs twenty-one times. Peoso, too, in the phrase four times in Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes.

119. Lines 88, 84:
kinding coals that fires all my breast,
And burns me up with flames.
To improve the grammar Rowe read "fire" and "burn." Many editors have followed him. But the false concord is a very common one in Shakespeare and his contemporaries. In this place "coals," meaning "fuel," might be explained as having the force of a collective singular.

120. Lines 91, 92:
Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazzing 'gainst the sun.
This was a very old belief. Pliny writes of Haéartos1 the sixth sort of eagle, "she one by one that her little ones be feathered, will best and strike them with her wings, and thereby force them to looks full against the Sunne beams. Now, if she see any one of them to wince, or their elas to water at the rates of the Sunne, shee turns it with the head forward out of the nest, as a bastard and not right, nor none of hers" (book x. chap. 3; Hol-

—land's translation, i. 272). Robert Chester has twelve lines to the same effect in Love's Martyr concerning

The Prince of Birds the King,
For none but she can gaze against the Sunne.

The same story is found in Chaucer, Spenser, and many other writers: in Bateman upon Bartholomew, fol. 174, Aristotle, lib. 50, is cited as an authority for it. Perhaps it took its rise from the powerful sight which the eagle has.

112. Line 106: to add more measure to your score.—The use of the phrase, add more measure to, appears to be almost unique. The meaning is "increase the measure of," more measure denoting "additional quantity," as in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 292. "More measure of this measure," where the phrase is used for the sake of the pun.

122. Lines 106-137.—Hall says (p. 252), "ye quene was greatly encouraged with the victory, obtained late at Wakefield, partly because the duke of Yorke, her vter enemy was ryd out of the worlde, & partly, because she perceived, the lords of the North country to adhere and cleue to her part and facce: wherfore with a great multitude of Norther people, she marched toward London... enteyning to subuerse and defact all conclusions and agremezies, enacted and assented to, in the last Parlement... wherof ye duke of Northolke, ye eire of Warwyczke, and other, whom ye duke of Yorke had lefte to governo the kyng in his absence, byng advertised, by the assent of ye kyng, gathered together a great hoste, and set forward toward sainte Albons, haung the kyng in their company, as the head and chefeastyn of the warre." Warwick held the town, and the queen's troops were repulsed by a body of archers, but made their entry at another point and ultimately reached Barnet heath, where, says Holinshed (p. 570), "they had a farre greater conflict with four or five thousand of the kings armie, which seemed as they had beene auant couriers.

"These gave the onset so fierce at the beginning, that the victorie rested doublt full a certeine time, so that if the easternes and southerne men had continued as they began, the field had beene theirs: but after they had stood to it a prettie while, and percieved none of their fellowes from the great armie to come and assist them, they began to faile, and turning their backes, fled ansaune other hege and ditch, through thicke and thin, woods and bushes... the northern prickers, now in the chase pursed most hotlie, and bare downe manie, and more had doone, if the night comming upon, had not stayed them.

"When the day was closed, those that were about the king (in number a twente thousand) hearing how enuill their fellowes had sped, began rather to despair of the victorie, and so fell without anie long tarryance to running awaile. By reason whereof, the nobles that were about the king, perceiving how the game went, and withall saw no comfort in the king, but rather a good will and affections towards the conterarie paryt, they withdrew also," and fled.

133. Line 118: And very well appointed, as I thought.—Ft. omit this. It was restored from Q. by Steevens.
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

ACT II. Scene 1.

194. Line 130: *like the night-out's last light.*—Yarrell says of owls: "Their flight is easy and buoyant, but not rapid" (British Birds, i. 100). Horace speaks of "plumae nocturnae strigis," so that the epithet night is of some antiquity.

195. Line 131: *Or like an idle thrasher with a fail.*—This is Capell's reading, following Qq. *Fr. have:*

Or like a tasse Thrasher with a Fliae.

196. Line 142.—This is a misstatement. After the battle of Wakefield George and his brother Richard were sent to Utrecht for safety, and remained with Philip of Burgundy till Edward had established himself on the throne. Besides, George was at this time but twelve years old, and Richard only nine.

197. Line 144: *Some six miles of the Duke is with his power.*—*Fr. have:*

Some six miles of the Duke is with the Soldiers.

an error of the printer's, owing to the occurrence of the words in line 147. The text is from Qq.

198. Line 146: *your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy.*—Rutson remarks that Isabel, Duchess of Burgundy, was daughter of John I., King of Portugal, and Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt. Edward and she were, therefore, no more than third cousins.

199. Lines 161, 162:

*wrap our bodies in black mourning-gowns,
   Numbring our Ave-Marias with our beads.*

This is aimed at Henry. Almost the same as line 162 is Margaret's description, II. Henry VI. I. 3. 59.

200. Line 177: *Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.*—Qq. read:

Their power I guess them fifty thousand strong:

and in line 181 they have *eight and forty thousand* instead of the *five and twenty thousand* of the present text. The Quarto reading in line 181 agrees with the statement in Hall (p. 258) and Hollinshead (pp. 277, 278) of the Yorkist force at the battle of Towton; but they give "iv. M." (i.e. 60,000) as the number of the Lancastrian troops. The reason for the alteration in the text is not obvious. The other varieties between the Quarto and Folio texts of this scene are few and trifling.

201. Line 182: *Why, Vial to London will we march again.*—Fr. omit again, which was added from The True Tragedie by Theobald.

202. Line 190: *And when thou fail'st, as God forbid the hour!*—We have adhered to the reading of Fr. The True Tragedie has *failet, an error probably due to imperfect hearing. Steevens read *fall'et*, and is followed by Dyce and others. But the Folio reading is more appropriate, since Warwick is regarded as Edward's staff or support.

203. Lines 205-206.—These lines are absent from The True Tragedie. The passage comes in somewhat by surprise, and the use of it is not apparent. Warwick has just said the queen was in London and that he had come up to the Welsh border to Edward in haste. We must infer that the queen's forces were following in hot pur

suit, but in the next scene they are at York with Edward's forces close by (line 56). Compare note 110.

ACT II. Scene 2.

194.—The actual history of this period differs greatly from the version here given us. On the 4th of March Edward was received as king with acclamation at Baynard's Castle and at Westminster, and "lodged in the bishops palace: Dayly making proclamation, to go North-ward against his adverse faction and open enemies, and on the morrow he was proclaimed king . . . throughout ye citie. While these things were in doing in the Southpart, king Hery beyng in the North-country, thinking because he had alayn the duke of Yorke, the chefe Capitayn of the contrary lynes, that he had brought all thyng to purpose and conclusion as he would, assembled a great army, trusting with little payne and small losse, to destroy the residew of his enemies" (Hall, p. 254). Edward in a few days marched northward to Pontefract; Henry and the queen lay at York. The fact that Edward had been formally recognized as king before he set out for the north is ignored in the play.

I cannot understand what Wordsworth means when he says that the second battle of St. Albans "took place after the meeting at York" represented in this scene. (Shakespeare's Historical Plays, iii. 200.)

205 Lines 7, 8:

*tis not my fault,
  Nor wittingly have I infringing'd my vow.

Reed altered nor to not, and Walker thought we should read willingly. But there seems no objection to giving wittingly the meaning "purposely."

206. Line 30: *Which sometime they have us'd in fearful fight.*—Fr. have with. Capell restored it from Qq.

207. Lines 45-48:

*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?*

Halliwell and Staunton quote, in illustration of the latter couplet, Greene, Royal Exchange: "It hath beene an olde proverbe, that happy is that some whose father goes to the devill: meaning by thyss allegoricall kind of speech, that such fathers as seekes to furich theyr sonnes by covetoussesse, by brierberie, purloyning, or by any other sinister meanes, suffer not only affliction of mind, as grieved with inustatle of getting, but wyth danger of soule, as a just reward for such wretchednesse." Halliwell refers also to Greenses Newes both from Heauen and Hell (Shakespeare's Library, pt. ii. vol. i. p. 41).

208. Line 61.—Edward was knighted just after the battle of Wakefield. The statement in the text is a mistake.

209. Line 68: *with a band of thirty thousand men.*—See note 130. Qq. in this place have fiftie thousand.

210. Line 74: *The queen hath best success when you are absent.* —The sentiment is perhaps taken from the Chronicles. Hall (p. 252) concludes his account of the
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

ACT II. Scene 2.

battles of Wakefield with the remark: “Happy was the queen in her two battalies, but unfortunate was the king in all his enterprises, for whose person was present, their victory fled ever from him to the other part.” No doubt Henry had the repute of bringing ill luck. Stevenson quotes from Drayton an expansion of Hall’s words (Var. Ed. xviii. 420).

141. Line 89. The True Tragedie begins a speech for “George” here, reading our brother in line 92 instead of we. The alteration was made in F. 1, which, however, by inadvertence still gives the speech to “Cla.” The text is from F. 2.

142. Line 110: Break off the parle. We have adopted Reed’s emendation. Both F. 1. and Q. give parley.

143. Line 118: But ere sun set I’ll make thee curse the deed. —F. have sunset, but Q. give sundae set, which we have adopted. Compare King John, III. 1. 110, and note 136 on that play.

144. Line 138. As venom toads, or lizards’ dreadful stings.—The toad is described as ugly and venomous in As You Like It, and the delusion is still popular. The dreadful sting of the lizard is as imaginary as the harmful qualities of the newt; see A Midsummer Night’s Dream, note 133.

145. Line 141: If a channel should be called the sea. —A channel, Malone remarks, signifies in Shakespeare’s time what we now call a kennel. Cf. II. King Henry IV. ii. 1. 51: “Throw the queen in the channel.”

146. Line 144: A wasp of straw. —The wearing of a wasp upon the head is shown by Malone to have been a punishment for a scold. He quotes, inter alia, A Dialogue between John and Jone:

Good gentle Jane, with-holds thy hands,
This once let me entreat thee,
And make me promise, never more
That thou shalt mind to beat me;
For feare thou willst be the wraze, good wife.
—Var. Ed. xviii. 422.

In the present passage it seems to be considered also a punishment for a strumpet.

148. Line 172: Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak. —F. read denied’st. The correction was made by Warburton from Q. 2.

149. Line 173: let our bloody colours wave. —Compare Henry V. i. 2. 101.

Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag.

ACT II. Scene 3.

150. —Lord Fitzwater, a relative of Warwick, had gained the passage of Ferrybridge, but was surprised and slain by Clifford. “When the erie of Warwycke was enformed of this feat,” says Hall (p. 256), “he like a man desperate, mouted on his Hackney, and came blowyn to kyng Edward sayyng: ‘syr I praye God haue mercy of their soules, which in the beginning of your enterprise, hast lost their life, and because I se no succors of the world, I remit the vengeance and punishmement to God.’ ... and with that lighted downe, and sewe his horse with his swordes, sayyng: ‘let him flie that wil, for surely I will tary with him that will tary with me,’ and kisst the crosse of his swordes.

“The lusty kyng Edward, perceyuing the courage of his trusty fied the erie of Warwycke, made proclamation that all men, which were arrayed to fighte, should incontinent departe, and to all me that caried the battell, be promised great rewarde.” The play puts some of these sentiments of Warwick into Richard’s mouth, and includes the events of three different actions in its representation of the battle of Towton. See note 9.

151. Line 5: And, spite of spight, needs must I rest awhile. —Compare King John, v. 4. 4. 5:

That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge.
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

152. Line 15: Thy brother’s blood the thirsty earth hath drunk. —This was “the Bastard of Salsbury, brother to the erie of Warwycke,” who fell along with Clifford in the engagement at Ferrybridge.

153. Line 37: Thou setter-up and puller-down of kings. —Cf. Psalm lxxxv. 7: “God is the judge; he putteth down one and setteth up another;” and Daniel ii. 21: “he removeth kings, and setteth up kings.” In iii. 157 Margaret, in disgust at Warwick’s unbounded ambition and pretension, addresses him as “Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings.” The Q., instead of lines 33-41, have only the following:

Lord Warwick, I doe bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now joine my soule to thee,
Thou sette vp and puller downe of kings,
Vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,
Or let vs die before we loose the daie.
—P. 47.

Malone supposed that the third line in this quotation was part of the address to Warwick, and that therefore line 37 in the amended play was addressed to Warwick. But such a mode of address would be an anachronism in this place, and almost blasphemous; it is far better to take the line as the beginning of Edward’s prayer. Lines 35, 36 were no doubt introduced in the revised play to prevent the misunderstanding into which Malone fell.

154. Line 40: Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may epe.—Dyce prints the; but for the reasons mentioned in the last note it does not seem necessary to alter the text.

155. Lines 55, 56:

And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games.

This somewhat extraordinary proposal is an instance of the way in which, in earlier Elizabethan dramas, classical customs and names were referred to as though still in use. Thus, in David and Bethsabe, Peele calls David “Jove’s musician.” In the same way we find Nero mentioned infra, iii. 1. 40.

Collier, in his second edition, read wore for wear, and Dyce followed him. I cannot, however, find any autho-
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

ACT II. Scene 4.

158. Line 8: And here’s the heart that triumphs in their deaths.—This is the reading of Q. It have death, which is not so forcible.

157. Lines 12, 13.—These lines do not occur in the corresponding place in The True Tragedie. They are, as Malone remarked, a repetition of II. Henry VI. v. 2. 14, 15.

ACT II. Scene 5.

158.—The soliloquy in lines 1–54 is much altered and enlarged from the version in Q. We have here, instead of the simile of lines 1–12, the following lines:

How like a man stellar ship upon the seas,
This woful battle doth continue still,
Now leasus this way, now to that side drinse,
And some doth know to whom the daie will fall.

The likeness between the passages is curious. Perhaps the idea was suggested by the words of Hall, who says (p. 256): “This deadly batayle” (i.e. of Towton) “. . . continued x. houres in dooubtfull victorie. The one parte some time flowynge, and sometime elbyng.” Further on he says: “This conflict was in maner van nastall, for in it the sonne fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the uncle, and the tenant against his lord.” This, it has been supposed with some probability, suggested the episodes in the rest of the scene. The statement does not occur in Hollished. With the shepherd blowing of his nells of line 3, compare Love’s Labour’s Lost, v. 2. 922, 923:

When itches hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nell.

See also Taminc of the Shrew, note 34.

160. Line 28: To sit upon a hill, as I do now.—In line 14 Henry has said, “here on this molehill will I sit me down.” The word must mean a hillock or knoll: compare Cotgrave, who interprets the French bosse by “a hillocks, molehills, small hill or barrow of ground.” And see i. 4. 67, together with the passage from Hollished given in note 92. Whethamstede, from whom Hollished is there copying, says (i. 382) Warwick was set “super unum parvum formicarium cellicum,” i.e. I suppose, an ant-hill, if the words are to be taken literally. It would appear that during this scene Henry is not seen by the other speakers.

160. Line 36: So many weeks ere the poor foole will kan.—Compare Merchant of Venice, note 90.

161. Line 37: So many years ere I shall shear the fence.—Probably a line has been lost before this. Henry may have said, “So many months ere I shall shear the lambs.” Malone’s explanation, which is scouted by Dyce, is probably right, that the years are those which must elapse before the lambs are old enough to be shorn. (Var. Ed. xviii. 333.) Rowe read months for years, and has been followed by many editors. A ewe’s period of pregnancy is from twenty-one to twenty-three weeks. The lambing season begins about March, while shearing time is in the autumn. Thus a lamb is about a year and a half old when first shorn.

163. Line 35: So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years.—Weeks, which the metre requires, is omitted in F. It was inserted by Rowe.

163. Line 51: Is far beyond a prince’s delicats.—The word delicats does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Compare Marlowe, Doctor Faustus:

pleasant fruits and princely delicats.

—Works, p. 90.

164. Line 55: Enter a Lancastrian soldier, bringing in a dead body.—We have altered the stage direction of F. here and before line 79, as the context plainly requires that in the first case a Lancastrian soldier should be introduced, and in the second a Yorkist.

165. Line 62: Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill’d.—We have followed the reading of F. 1. F. 2. F. 3. Whether by accident or otherwise, many editors give unawares, the reading of F. 4.

165. Line 75: Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.

—Abide, in the sense of “pay for,” or “be punished for,” is used interchangeably with aby, the more proper word. See A Midsummer Night’s Dream, note 101. Q. in this place read

Poore lambs do feele the rigor of their wrathes.—F. 50.

167. Lines 77, 78:

let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,

Be blind with tears, and break o’ercharg’d with grief.

The best meaning that can be got out of this conceit seems to be: “Let our hearts and eyes, like ourselves in civil war, be self-destructive,” and thus Cowden Clarke explained the passage, following Johnson.

168. Line 79: Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me.—This is the reading of F. 3. F. 1. F. 2 have hath.

168. Line 87: Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.—F. have hilles or kills. The text is Rowe’s.

170. Line 89: What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly.—This is the reading of F. 3. F. 4. F. 1. F. 2 have stragems, which is plainly a blunder.

171. Lines 92, 93:

O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

Warburton’s explanation is that he was born too soon, because he had been born later he would not have had to bear arms; and that the father was too late in depriving him of life, because he should have done so by not bringing him into being. But too late, in line 93, is often interpreted here as too lately, too recently, as in Rape of Lucrece, lines 1900, 1901 (quoted by Malone):

O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life

Which she too early and too late hath spilt

and this interpretation may be correct. Q. interchange late and soon, and were followed by Hamner and Capell.

The Cambridge editors remark that this merely transfers
the difficulty of explanation from one line to the other. Grant White, however, thinks that this may have been the original reading, and compares Heywood's translation of Seneca's Tragedies: 

Q same bégot to late for Troys, but borne to soon for me!

a passage of which he thinks the lines in The True Tragedie may have been a reminiscence. He further suggests that on the revision the text may have been altered to the present arrangement without sufficient consideration, in order presumably to improve the meaning of the first line.

172. Line 100: The other his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth.—Fr. read cheeke. The text is Rowe's.

173. Line 104: Take on with me. —This expression is nowadays looked on as a vulgarism. We find it in Middleton, Michaelmas Term, iv. 1: “then will I begin to rave like a fellow of a wide conscience, and, for all the world, counterfeit to the life that which I know I shall do when I die; take on for my gold, my lands, and my writings” (Works, vol. i. p. 491).

174. Lines 114, 115: These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet; My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre.

Compare Marlowe, Jew of Malta, iii.:

These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre.

Works, p. 161.

Lines 114-120 are not in The True Tragedie; they have all the appearance of an insertion superadded upon the earlier play when the revision was made. It seems not an unreasonable supposition that they were suggested by the line in the Jew of Malta.

175. Line 119: Even for the loss of thee.—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read Men for Even; F. 4 has Man. Capell printed Even, and Dyce Even, which is no doubt correct.

ACT II. SCENE 6.

176. For the passage in Hall on which this scene is founded, see note 9. The stage direction in Qq. is “Enter Clifford wounded with an arrow in his neck.” It may have been in ridicule of this that Beaumont and Fletcher, in The Knight of the Burning Pestle, act v. scene 3, bring in Ralph “with a forked arrow through his head” (Works, vol. ii. p. 91; quoted by Steevens).

177. Line 6: that tough connivest melts.—This is the reading of Qq., followed by Steevens. F. 1 has thy tough connivest melts, and F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, thy tough connivest melts.

178. Line 5: The common people swarm like summer flies.—This line is found only in Qq., but Fr. have, after line 16, the line “They never then had sprung like sum- mer flies,” which looks like a perversion of the line in Qq. inserted in a wrong place. Theobald inserted the line here from Qq.

179. Lines 11-13.—See note 96.

180. Line 18: Had left no mourning widows for our deaths.—Fr. have death for deaths, which Capell restored from Qq.
ACT III. Scene 1.

190. The stubborn fight at Towton, 1461, established Edward’s position. Henry and Margaret, with Somerset and Exeter, found refuge in Scotland, and having bought the king’s aid by the cesation of Berwick, beset Carlisle, but were routed by Montague. In November the parliament attainted the surviving Lancastrian nobles. Intense quarrels prevented further aid from Scotland, and in 1463 Margaret’s attempt on Northumberland with some French troops under Peter de Brezé ended in failure and shipwreck. Somerset and Percy submitted to Edward and were pardoned, but in 1464 joined Henry and the Lancastrian exiles in a new revolt in the North. In April, 1464, Percy fell at Hedgeley Moor, and a month later Somerset was taken in battle at Hexham and beheaded, Henry himself barely escaping by a precipitate flight. For some time he took refuge in Scotland, but afterwards he seems to have been in hiding in Westmorland and Lancashire. There is a tradition that he dwelt in retreat at Bolton for several months. Margaret withdrew to Flanders and subsequently to her father at Anjou. It was at this time that Edward met Elizabeth Grey, whom he married at the end of April, 1464. The marriage was not, however, declared till five months later. (See note 1.) The next year Henry "whether he wer past all feare, or was not well established in his perfite mynde, or could not long kepe hymself secrete, in a disguysed apparell, boldely entered into Englelande. He was no sooner entered, but he was knowen and taken of one Cantlowe" (Hall, p. 261). Fabyan adds, "in a wood, in the North countrey." Compare the Fragment published by Hearne, p. 392. Warkworth, p. 5, says the capture was made "in a wood beside Bungerey Hippyngtones" (see the Bible), "by the mean of a black [i.e. Dominican] monk of Abyngdon." Elsewhere it is said to have happened at Waddington Hall, in the same neighbourhood. Henry was at once brought to London to the Tower, "and there he was laded in sure holde" (Hall, p. 261).

The inversion of the historical sequence in this and the next scene is due to the fact that Hall, whose chronology is somewhat uncertain, describes under one and the same year the capture of Henry, Edward’s marriage, and Warwick’s mission for the hand of Bona. For dramatic convenience the time from 1461 to 1465 is treated in the play as a period of only a few months.

190. Enter two Keepers.—For this, the stage direction of Q2, F. 1 substitutes "Enter Skullo, and Humfrey." Skullo seems to have been an actor (see Taming of the Shrew, note 9), and probably, therefore, Humfrey is the name of another. Malone (Var. Ed. xviii. 447) suggests that he may have been Humphrey Jeaffres, who appears from Hunolowe’s Diary (pp. 96, 102) to have been one of the Lord Admiral’s players, and the holder of a half share in the Rose Theatre.

191. Line 24: Let me embrace thee, sour adversity.—F. 1 reads:—

Let me embrace the sower Adversaries.

We have adopted Duce’s correction.

192. Line 51: With promise of his sister, and what else. —Compare what beside, ii. 1, 176, supra, and Tempest, iii. 1. 71-73:

Beyond all limit of what else I the world
Do love, prize, honour you.

This seems to be almost the only instance in Shakespeare of what meaning "anything," though there are several examples where it means "any."

193. Line 55: Say, what art thou that talkst of kings and queens?—F. omit that, which is, however, found in Q2, and was restored by Rowe.

194. Line 63: Indian stones are perhaps pearls, but India was commonly reckoned the general storehouse for all gems in Elizabethan times.

195. Line 82: do I not breathe a man!—The same use of breathe as a copulative verb is found in Richard III. iii. 5. 25, 26:

the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon this earth a Christian.

196. Line 97: We charge you, in God’s name, and in the

1 He puts into the second year of Edward’s reign all the events of the third, and is a year behindhand in his numbering for several years after.
ACT III. Scene 2.

NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

197. Line 2: Sir John Grey.—He is called Richard in Qq. and Ff. by mistake. Pope made the necessary correction.

198. Line 3: His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror. --Ff. read land, but Qq. lands. It was, however, Edward who seized Sir John Grey’s lands after his victory at Towton.

199. Line 6, 7: in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

This is incorrect. Sir John Grey fought on the Lancastrian side (see note 11). Hall merely says (p. 225), “In this battle were slayn xxiii. C. men, . . . of Whome no noble man is remembred, saue ayr Iohn Gray,” and the mistake in the text perhaps arose from misunderstanding this passage.

200. Lines 24-33.—This passage, with lines 38-50, is another instance of a quixque, or dialogue in alternate lines, already remarked on in I. Henry VI. note 207.

201. Line 28: Nay, whip me, then.—This is the reading of Qq. Ff. have “Nay then, whip me.”

202. Lines 31, 32: ‘T were pity they should lose their father’s lands.
L. Grey. Be pitifull, dread lord, and grant it, then.

It denotes Lady Grey’s snit. Compare v. 7, 40, infra, and Love’s Labour’s Lost, note 1, for a similar use of the word. Qq. read them for then.

203. Lines 67, 98:
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

This is taken from Hall, who says (p. 264) “she . . . sunswered . . . affirmynge that as she was for his honor farre vnmovalbe to bhe spouse and bedfellow: So for her owne poore honesty, she was to be good to either bhe concubynge, or sovereligne lady.” The sentence which follows seems to have furnished the idea for lines 84-90. Edward, Hall says, “was nowe set all on a hote burnynge fyre, what for the confidence that he had in her perfyte constancy, and the trust that he had in her constant chastitete.”

But lines 102-106 are probably founded on a passage in the Life of Edward the Fifth by Sir Thomas More, which Hall reproduces in his Chronicle. The words are as follows: “That she is a widdowe and hath alredy children: By god his blessed lady, I am a bachelor and have some to, & so echo of vs hath a proves, that never of vs is like to be barren” (p. 367). They are found in a supposed speech of Edward IV. to his mother in defence of his alliance with Lady Grey. It may be that this duplicate account of the king’s misalliance was in the mind of the author of the play when he wrote the present scene. If so, he ought not to have blundered as he did about Sir John Grey, who is plainly described therein as one “whom kyng Henry made knight at the last battaile of salmct Albones.”

204. Line 110. The widow likes it not, for she looks and.
—F. 1 inadvertently inserts erly before and, but is corrected by F. 2.

205. Line 112. To whom, my lord?—So Qq. substantially, and F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. F. 1 reads who for whom.

206. Line 123: lords, use her honourably.—For the honorable of Qq. F. 1 has honourable, but the necessary correction was made in F. 2, and is justified by the next line, where all the copies have the adverbial form.

207. Line 131: all the look’d-for issue of their bodies.—
The reading of Q. 1 (p. 265) is all they look for issue.

Of their loines,

where Q. 2, Q. 3 wrongly made the alteration looke. F. 1, which the other editions substantially follow, has all the unkidd-for issue of their Bodies.

This seems out of place, for Glover in reckoning up all those who stand between him and the crown naturally concludes with the children not yet born, but whom the persons spoken of might reasonably hope for. Unkidd for, the reading of Ff., is followed by all the editors. I cannot, however, give any more satisfactory interpretation to it than “whom it is not yet time to expect.”

208. Line 130: he’ll lafe it dry.—The word lade has sometimes been misunderstood; but the sense is clearly shown by the following passage quoted in Dyce’s Glossary from Cotgrave: “Bacqueret. To lade, or drain a river, or other water, with pallets, or buckets.” The word is still used with this meaning.

209. Line 155: Why, lose forsoore me in my mother’s womb.—Malone (Var. Ed. xviii. p. 492) compares Willy Beguiled:

For love did scorn me in my mother’s womb.

—Lodgley, ix. 27

210. Lines 160, 161:
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick’d bear-whelp.

Compare II. Henry VI. v. 1. 157; and v. 6. 61, infra, where Henry says that Glover at his birth was An indigested and deformed lump.

And compare Beaumont and Fletcher, Wit without Money, i. 1:
They’re only lumps, and undigested pieces,
Lick’d over to a form by our affections.


These passages call to mind Ovid, Metam. i. 7:
chaos rudis indigestaque moles.

The dramatist has given chaos the unusual sense of “abortion.” With line 157 compare v. 7. 23, infra; and for the description of Richard see More’s account, given in Hall (pp. 342, 343). There we are told: “he was little of stature,
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

quil featured of limnes, croke backed, the left shulder muche higher than the right. . . . He was malicious, wrothfull and enluous, . . . close and secret, a depe dissimuler, bowlye of countenaunce, arrogante of herte, outwardely familer where he inwarde hated, not lettyngye to kisse whom he thought to kill, . . . not alwaie for quiill will, but ofter for ambition and too seerse his purpose." Elsewhere More tells how Richard "plucked vp his doublent sleeve to his elbowe on his lefte arme, where he shewed a weryshe wethered arme & small as it was neuer other" (Hall, p. 366). See, too, notes 277, 288. The legend of new-born bears being shapeless is a well-known one. Pliny says (Naturalis Historia, bk. viii. ch. 38): "As at the first, they seeme to be a lump of white flesh without all forme, little bigger than rattons, without eyes, and wanting hair; onely there is some shew and apperance of clawes that put forth. This rude lump, with licking they fashion by little and little into some shape" (Holland's translation, l. 216). Lines 160-162 are not in Qq.

211. Line 170: Until my head, that this mis-shap’d trunk bears.—This is Steevens's correction. F. 1. reads: Vntill my mis-shap’d Trunk, that bears this Head.

212. Line 175: That RENTS the thorne.—The verbs rent and rend were sometimes used interchangeably. Thus Marlowe writes in Tamburlaine, 2nd part, l. 5: When Boraeus rents a thousand swelling clouds, and in Edward II.: Rent, sphere of heavent.—Works, pp. 48, 282.

213. Lines 182, 183: Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile; And cry "Content" to that which grieves my heart. There seems to be a recollection of these lines in the sentiment of Churms in Wily Beguiled: I cry content, and murder where I kiss.—Dodsley, ix. 231.

214. Line 187: I'll say more gazers than the BASTILk.—See II. Henry VI. note 185.

215. Line 190: Sinon was a Greek who, Virgil tells us in Ec. 11, by his false words and self-inflicted wounds pretended for the wooden horse, in which armed Greeks were hidden, admission into Troy. Compare Lacce, lines 1506-1522.

216. Line 193: the murderous MACHIABEL.—See I. Henry VI. note 293. The anachronism here does not occur in The True Tragedie, where the corresponding passage (p. 64) reads "the aspiring Catalin."

ACT III. SCENE 3.

217. The passage in Hall upon which is founded the incident of Warwick's embassy to demand the hand of the Lady Bona is given in note 32, supra. The other incidents of this scene belong to the year 1470, when, according to Hall (p. 278), Warwick, "mistrusting that he was not able to mete with his enemies, . . . determined to sayle to kyng Loyes the French kyng, to renew the familer acquayntaunce, whiche he had with him when he was there of Ambassade, for the mariage of kyng Edward as you have hard." Having landed in Normandy, he "rode with greatte pompe toward Amboyes, where the Frenche kyng laye. . . . Whie he came to the kynges presence, he was with all kyndes of curtesie and humaultie receyve and welcomed: To whom by long tracte of tyme, he declared the causes & consideracions, of his commynge into Fraunce." The dramatist has been blamed for his departure from history in making Queen Margaret so quickly cast aside her amity towards Warwick. Probably, however, he merely followed the Chronicle, which does not mention the matter. Hall says (p. 281), "Whien Quene Margarete, whiche solemned with Duke Beyner her father, called kyng of Sicille, &c. Harde tell that the erie of Warwickie and the Duke of Clarence, had abandoned Englanede, and wer come to the Frenche Courtie: hopyng of newe comfort, with all diligence came to Amboyes, with her owne son Prince Edward. And with her came Jasper erie of Penbrooke, and Ioan erie of Oxenford, whiche after durese long imprisonmentes lately escaped, fleed out of Englanede into Fraunce and came by fortune to this assembly. After that thei had long cõnomed, and debatad durese matters, concernyng their sretele and wealth, they determined by means of the Frenche kyng to conclude a league and a treatye betwene them: And first to begin with all, for the more sure fouondation of the newe amite, Edward Prince of Wales, weded Anne second daughter to therie of Warwickie, whiche Lady came with her mother into Fraunce. . . . After this mariage the duke and theries toke a sолempne oath, that they should never leaue the warre, untill suche tyme as kyng Henry the sixt, or the prince his sonne, were restored to the full possession and Diadem of the Realme. . . . When the league was concluded . . . the Frenche kyng lent them shippes, money, and men, and that thei mighte the surer saile into Englanede, he appoynted the Bastard of [Burbon], Admiral of Fraunce with a greate naule, to defende them against the armie of the Duke of Burgoyne."

218 Line 11: to my humble state conform myself.—Pt. read self, a repetition from the previous line. We have followed Dyce in adopting Walker's correction.

219. Lines 25, 26: Is, of a king, become a banish'd man, And forc'd to live in Scotland a FORLORN. Of a king means, "from being a king." Of in this sense occurs in the following passage from Greene's Orlando-Furioso: "Agathocles, who of a base potter wore the kingly diadem" (Works, p. 93). Compare also Peele, Battle of Alcazar, v. 1. 35, 39: of a many man, Lo, in a twinkling, a senseless stock we see. —Works, p. 418.

The substantive Forlorn, meaning "outcast," "solitary," seems not to occur elsewhere except in the following passage given in Richardson's Dict. from the Tatler, No. 210: 3 Hall incorrectly writes Burgoyne; I have substituted Burbon from Hollinshed (p. 96), who copies Hall's words almost verbatim.

1 i.e. hesitating.
ACT III. Scene 3.

NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III

"I become weary and impatient of the derision of the giggers of our Sex; who call me old maid, and tell me, I shall lead apes. If you are truly a patron of the distressed, and an adept in Astrology, you will advise whether I shall, or ought to be prevailed upon by the impertinences of my own Sex, to give way to the importunities of yours. I assure you, I am surrounded with both, though at present a forlorn" (iv. 62, edn. 1774).

230. Line 94: To make prescription. — "Prescription," according to Cowell, "is a course or use of any thing for a time beyond the memory of man, as the expositio of the law terms doth define it. Kitch. Jd. 104. saith thus: Prescription is, when for continuance of time, whereof there groweth no memory, a particular person hath particular right against another particular person" (The Interpreter, 1637, sig. E e 2).


282. Line 109: Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford. — To mend the metre, Hammer read lord Oxford. Lines consisting mostly of proper names are often unrhymical.

283. Line 124: an eternal plant. — This is the reading of Q2, adopted by Warburton and succeeding editors. F. 1 has external. The meaning "perennial" appears to belong to the word nowhere else in Shakespeare.

284. Line 127: exempt from entry, but not from disdain. — The meaning appears to be that Edward's love was not liable to malice or spite, though it might be disdain; which is rather an awkward way of saying that his love would not turn to hatred but it might to scorn if his suit were rejected.

285. Line 140: To Edward, yes: not to the English king. — The reading of Q2 is:

Ff. have:

To Edward, but not the English king:

a line which can only be scanned by giving an unnatural accent to the words but and to. The emendation which we have made restores the proper accent and makes a more forcible speech.

286. Line 156: Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick! Prack. — The last word, wanting in F 1, was supplied in F. 2.

287. Line 157: Proud setter-up and puller down of kings! — Compare v. 1. 26, and ii. 3. 87, supra, where almost the same words are part of Edward's prayer. See note 154.


289. Line 175: To soothe your forgery. — Compare Greene, James the Fourth, i. 1:

Who soothe no vice, who flatter not for gain.

—Works, p. 190.

Heath proposed to read smooth, but this seems rather to have the meaning of "flatter."

290. Lines 186, 187:

Did I forget that by the house of York My father came untimely to his death?

This is a strange misstatement. Richard, Earl of Salisbury, Warwick's father, was beheaded—by Margaret's orders, it was said—at Pontefract, having been taken prisoner in the Lancastrian victory at Wakefield in 1461. The line comes unaltered from The True Tragedy, where the mistake is still more surprising since that play in a former scene (p. 49) represents Salisbury as falling on the Yorkist side at Towton.

381. Line 228: I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake. — The willow-garland was the badge of a deserted lover. Compare Much Ado About Nothing, ii. 1. 224: "I offered him my company to a willow-tree, . . . to make him a garland, as being forsoaken;" and The Complaint of a Lover Forsaken of his Love—a variation of which is found in Othello—has for its refrain, "Sing O the green willow shall be my garland" (Chappell, Popular Music, pp. 206, 774). So Spenser describes the tree as "the willow, worse of forlorne paramours" (Faery Queen, bk. i. canto 1, st. 9)

F. 1 reads here I for I'll, but infra, iv. 1. 100, has I'll. The text is from Q2.

382. Lines 233, 234:

But, Warwick,

Thou and lord Oxford, with five thousand men.

We have added Lord, which Ff. omit, making the line a syllable short at the beginning. The same correction was proposed by Keightley. Lines 234–237 are not in Q2.

383. Lines 242, 243:

I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock-bands.

Warwick's elder daughter, Isabel, was married to the Duke of Clarence at Calais in 1460; it was Anne, the younger daughter, who became the wife of Prince Edward. The same error, which was probably the dramatist's own, occurs infra, iv. 1. 118, but in Richard III. i. 1. 153, the Lady Anne is correctly described as "Warwick's youngest daughter." Theobald substituted younger for elder.

384. Lines 252, 253:

And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high-admiral,
Shalt cast them over with our royal feet

Q2. have you and shall. In F. 1 you has been altered to thou, but shall remains. The text is from F. 2.

"This personage was Louis, Count of Roussillon, a natural son of Charles, Duke of Bourbon," and grandson of John, Duke of Bourbon, who occurs in Henry V. (French, p. 208).

ACT IV. Scene 1.

385. — For the basis of the latter part of this scene see notes 18 and 20. These events were but the precursors, and not, as here represented, the result of Warwick's alliance with Margaret. The dramatist, however, had chosen to subordinate everything else to this, in order, it may be, to avoid complicating his story with too many details of the tortuous course of the events of the time. Accordingly, in scene 5 Edward's flight to Flanders in October, 1470, is represented as following immediately
on his escape from Middleham in August, 1460. Edward actually was in Warwick's power twice. See note 11.

236. Enter ... SOMERSET.—As has been pointed out in note 4, supra, the Duke of Somerset is wrongly introduced in this place. The fourth duke was never anything but a Lancastrian. The mistake is from The True Tragedie. Malone (Var. Ed. xviii. p. 491) says that in that play Somerset does not appear in this scene; but this is an oversight, for line 127, "Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick," as well as the stage-direction after line 123, are both found, with trifling variations, in The True Tragedie (Hazlitt, p. 76). Perhaps the author was thinking of the third Duke of Somerset, who for a short time in the early part of the reign acknowledged Edward as king and was received into favour. Compare note 139.

237. Line 8: Enter ... PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, and HASTINGS.—After this F. 1 continues, "fours stand on one side, and four on the other." No doubt the king stood in the middle. The passage suggests that the text of this play in F. 1 was printed from an acting copy.

238. Line 9: Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice.—F. have

Now Brother of Clarence,
How like you our Choyce.

We follow Pope in omitting the of and reading the two lines as one. The arrangement of the lines throughout this scene in the Folio is most confused.

239. Line 17: AY, and shall have your will, because our king.—AY, which is missing in F. 1, was added by Walker.

240. Line 22: Whom God hath join'd together; ay, 't were pity.—F. have 'ay and 't were pity. We omit and as being superfluous and weakening the force of Gloucester's sneer. Lines 20-23 are otherwise arranged, as by Capell. F. arranges them thus, obviously through some blunder of the transcriber:

Not 1: no:
  God forbid, that I should wish them sear'd
  Whom God hath Joyn'd together:
  I, and 't were pitty, to sunder them,
  That yake so well together.

241. Line 40: England is safe, if true within itself.—Compare King John, note 322.

242. Line 41: Yes, but the safer when 't is back'd with France.—This is the reading of F. 2. F. 1 omits yes.

243. Lines 48-53.—The following passage, from a speech put into Clarence's mouth by Hall, illustrates all the allusions in this place: addressing Warwick, he says, "Thynke you to have hym kynd to you, that is vkynd, and vnratural to me beyng my owne brother ... ? This you know well enough, that the heire of the Lorde Scales he hath marrie to his wyves brother, the heire also of the lorde Bonville and Harvington, he hath genne to his wyves sonne, and heire of the lorde Hungerford, he hath granted to the lorde Hastynge: three marriages more meter for his twoo brethren and kynne, then for suche news foundlynges, as he hath bestowe them on" (p. 271). The queen's brother (line 53) was Antony, who married

Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Lord Scales, in 1465. He appears in the fourth scene of this act as Lord Rivers. Some account of him is given in note 22. The "son" of line 57 is "Syr Thomas Grey, soone to syr Iohn Grey, the queenes fyrst husband, [who] was created Marques Dorset, and maried to Cicille, hayre to the lorde Bonville" (Hall, p. 284). The heiress of Lord Hungerford, French says (p. 228), did not marry William Lord Hastings, as Hall has stated, but his son Edward, the second lord. Before then, she had been unsuccessfully sought as a ward by the Earl of Pembroke for his eldest son (Hall, p. 273).

244. Lines 73, 74:

So your disamite, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud thy joys with danger and with sorrow.

For the form doth following a plural subject, compare the reading of Q. in Romeo and Juliet, Prologue, lines 7, 8.

245. Lines 84, 85.—Printed as prose in F. We follow Capell in arranging it as verse.

246. Lines 89-91.—In F. 1 these lines are printed thus:

Cor. too, we pardon thee:

Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,

As seere as thou canst guesser them.

What answer makes King Lewes unto our letters?

and so, substantially, F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. The arrangement in the text differs from that of Capell, usually adopted by modern editors. There must be a broken line, and the stage-direction added by us explains why we have preferred to make the broken line at line 90.

247. Line 98: "Go tell false Edward, THY supposed king."

—This is the reading of Q. and of Rowe. F. have this, although in iii. 3. 223, where the same line has already occurred, they read thy.

248. Line 110: sit you fast.—Compare v. 2. 3: "Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee;" and Peele, Battle of Alcazar, iii. 1. 48: where Stukely begins a monologue with the words, "Sit fast, Sebastian;" also Beaumont and Fletcher, The Chances, ii. 8: "sit fast, Don Frederic!" (Works, i. p. 502). The phrase was a popular one, meaning, "Look to yourself!" In Dekker, Match Me in London, it is found in its original application: "I must ride that Beast, and best sit fast" (Works, iv. p. 143).

249. Lines 124, 125:

Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter;
Not for the love of Edward, but the crown I stay.

F. 1, followed substantially by the other Folios, reads:

Not 1:
My thoughts ayme at a further matter;
I stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

Capell's arrangement, which has been generally adopted, is as follows:

Not 1:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; 1
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

The objection to this is that it is very unusual, at least in as early a play as this, to find a line ending with an unstopped monosyllabic following a pause. Pope ar-
ranges line 124 as we do, and omits the before love in line 125. The Alexandrine might be avoided by reading:

Not 1:
My thoughts aim at a further mark; I stay
Not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

Mark would suit the passage very well, while matter, which here must have a rather unusual force, might easily have been a misprint for mark. If this conjecture be adopted, the My at beginning of line 125 must be emphasized by the speaker.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

280.—Edward was captured, according to Hall, shortly after the battle at Danesmoor. The passage on which this and the next scene are founded is as follows: “the kyng conceyning a certeyne hope of peace in his new imaginacion, toke bothe these hede to hym selfe, and also lease fered the outward attëptes of his enemies. . . . All the kynges doynges were by espials declared to the erle of Wykwyke, which leyke a wyse and politique Captayne entedyng not to lesse so great an amansage to hym gowen, . . . in the ded of the nyght, with an elect company of men of warre, as secretly as was possible rent on the kynges felde, kylling them that kept the watche, and or 1 the kynges were (for he thought of nothyng lesse then of that chance that happened) at a place called Wolney 2 . liij. myle from Wykwyke, he was taka prisoner.” Hence “he caused hym by secret lorneys in the nyght to be conveyed to Myddelham Castell in Yorks, & there to be kepynder the custody of the Archebishops of Yorke his brother” (p. 275). How far this statement represents what actually happened is no sufficient evidence for deciding.

281. Line 12: Welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.—F. read But welcome, &c. Pope changed sweet Clarence to friend, a very plausible emendation. But may have been inserted by mistake from the but in the line above.

282. Line 15: His soldiers lurking in the towns about.—F. read town, and so do Q.; but infra, sc. 3, line 13 (a passage not found in the True Tragedie), we have his chief followers lodge in towns about him, and the reading in the text has been generally adopted in consequence.

283. Lines 19-21.—The story of Rheus and his horses is told in the tenth book of the Iliad. He was a Thracian prince who came to bring help to Priam; but it had been prophesied that if his horses drank of the Xanthus and grazed on the Trojan plains the Greeks would never take Troy. Accordingly Diomedes and Ulysses came upon him on the night of his coming, killed him, and brought away his horses. The dramatist’s authority may have been Ovid, Metamorphoses, xiii. 98-108, 249-252, and Virgil, Æneid, i. 409-473.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

284. Line 14: While he himself keeps here in the cold field.—F. omit here, which Hamner inserted.

1 ere.
2 Wolney.
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

ACT IV. Scene 6.

266.—Warwick freed Henry from his imprisonment on the 18th of October, 1470, the Tower having been delivered up without resistance. In the parliament in November "kyng Edwars was declared a traitor to his countrey, & usurper of yr Realme . . . . & all his goodes were confiscate & adjudged, forfayedt: & lyke sentence was geuen against all his partakers & frèdes." After settling the question of succession, "the erie of Warwycke as one to whom the commó welleth was much beholde, was made Ruler, & Gouernor of the Realme, with whom as felow and compaignon was associated, George duke of Clarence his sonne in law" (Hall, p. 286).

270. Line 29: For few men rightly temper with the stars.—The use of the verb temper with the intransitive sense "suit oneself to," "act in conformity with," is not at all common. We find, however, the word used transitively with the meaning "suit," "conform," in the following passage: "to temper his tale to the fantastie and pleasure of, &c. Oratianem auribus multiudentis accommodare. Cl." (Baret, Alvearie, sub voce). For the use of the word stars compare Richard II. note 254.

271. Line 55: And all his lands and goodes be confiscate. —F. 1 omits he, which Malone inserted. F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read confiscated; but confiscate is the only form of the participle used in Shakespeare, and is found in the passage of Hall quoted above (note 260). See Merchant of Venice, note 305.

ACT IV. Scene 7.

277. Line 1: Now, brother Richard, Hastings, and the rest.—Ft. have LORD Hastings. We follow Pope in omitting Lord.

278. Line 8: Ravenspur.—For a notice of this place see Richard II. note 145. It is curious that in this passage the word is used as a disyllable and printed Ravenspurre in F. 1 (and Ravenspur in Q. 1, Q. 3), while in Richard II., while the accentuation is the same, it is a triasyllable, and spelt Ravenspurgh, a form which F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 adopt in this place also.

279. Line 8: A wise stout capitaine, and soon persuaded. —We have adopted Lettsom's proposal, approved of by Dyce and Delius. Ft. read captain, and Qq. gives:

By my faith, a wise stout capitaine, & some persuaded, which can hardly be considered a verse at all. Walker doubted if the triasyllable pronunciation could be given to capitain except in an author, like Spenser, of archaising proclivities; but Lettsom quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher, A King and No King, iv. 8:

The king may do much, capitain, believe it.

—Works. i. 60.

where no other pronunciation seems possible. (See Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare, iii. p. 171.) In Macbeth, i. 2. 33, 34:

Dismay'd not this
Our capitains, Macbeth and Banquo?

the division of the lines is uncertain, so that no conclusion can be drawn from this passage.


281. Line 61: Away with scrupulous wit. —The use of wit, in this and several other places in Shakespeare, with the meaning "wisdom," "judgment," approaches more nearly to the original sense of the word than its modern signification. The primary sense of the word was simply "knowledge," as it is derived from the verb which in the infinitive mood is wit, and in the present tense wot, meaning "know."
ACT IV. Scene 8.

727. Line 77: Thanks, brave Montgomery;- thanks unto you all.—Ft. have:
   And thanks unto you all.

We have omitted the and as weak, unnecessary, and prejudicial to the metre.

728. Line 81: Above the border of this horizon.—The word horizon does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. We find it accent on the first syllable again in Brome’s Lines to the memory of Dr. Hearne (quoted in Richardson):
   Our moon’s eclips’d, and the occident sun
   Fights with old Arius for his horizon.

Compare Chaucer, Frankeneil’s Tale:
   For the orisons hath staid the sonne his light.
   —Canterbury Tales, line 1139.

ACT IV. Scene 8.

729.—This scene takes place in “the Bishop’s palace of London, adjoining to Paul’s church” (Hall, p. 294), where Henry was brought after his liberation from prison, and lived until he was again cast into prison.

730. Line 9: With hardy Germans and lusty Holanders.—Hardy is Mr. Kinns’s suggestion; Cruces Shakespeariana, p. 263. Qq. and Ft. read hasty, the only suitable meaning of which, in this passage, would be “passionate,” “impetuous,” an epithet hardly applicable to Germans, or Flemings, whom the word is here used to denote.

731. Line 13: Hath pass’d in safety through the narrow seas.—For the meaning of “narrow seas” see note 71. Edward crossed from Flushing to Cromer; but, as Oxford was ready to oppose his advance, he did not land there, but sailed on to the Humber.

732. Line 6.—Ft. give this line to Henry. Instead of lines 6–8 Qq. read:
   Or, ’tis best to looke to this betimes,
   For if this fire doe kindle any further,
   It will be hard for vs to quench it out.

Accordingly, we have adopted the arrangement first proposed by Malone, and have given line 6 to Oxford.

733. Line 12: Shall stir in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent.
   —Ft. read stir up, an adaptation from Qq., where we have “shall in Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent, stir up;” the words being variously divided into verses in the three editions. The passage is another instance of the careless-ness with which the revision of the old text was made. The history is of the dramatist’s own invention, for Montague was at Pontefract in the south of Yorkshire, Oxford in the eastern counties with Exeter, and Clarence with Warwick at Warwick, when Edward reached Leicester in his march on London which was in the keeping of Somerset and the Archbishop of York.

734. Line 31: And all at once, once more, happy fare- well.—Ft. unrhymetically read a happy farewell. There is no other place in Shakespeare where farewell means “parting,” which seems the only sense which it can have here.

285.—In Qq. scenes 6 and 8 are thrown into one, scene 7 preceding them. From this cause probably the stage-direction in Ft. at the beginning of scene 8 wrongly inserts Somerset among the persons present, copying, as it seems, from the list at the beginning of the scene in Qq. It has, however, been supposed that Somerset is a blunder for Exeter, whom Ft. omit. After Warwick’s speech (line 32) Qq. continue:

   All, Agreed.
   Exeunt Owners.
   Enter Edward and his train.
   Ed. Sease on the shamefast Henry.

   —F. 86.

The colloquy between Henry and Exeter, which intervenes in Ft., is not found in Qq., and in neither is the play divided into acts or scenes. Mr. P. A. Daniel says: “Contrary to modern usage, I divide act iv. sc. viii. into two scenes, assigning a separate day to the latter half (sc. viii. a). My division is, perhaps, justified by the stage-directions—such as they are—of the Folio and Quarto: the Exeunt of Folio and Exeunt onnes of Quarto which follow the departure of Warwick and the rest, may mark the termination of a scene, and though there is no direction marking the re-entry of the King and Exeter, the probability of the plot absolutely requires a separate scene here; otherwise we have Henry talking of his forces which are not yet levied as in existence, and Edward speaking of Warwick, who has only just left the stage, as now remaining at Coventry. I note that the Cambridge editors, in their reprint of The True Tragedy, &c. (the Quarto), number this scene of the seizure of King Henry as a separate scene. The ill contrivance of the modern sc. viii. has not escaped the notice of the commentators; but perhaps editors are more responsible for it than the dramatist” (see Time-analysis, &c., p. 521).

But it may be pointed out that Henry might naturally speak of the forces that were going to fight for him as in existence, for Warwick and the others were already in command of a considerable army; nor is it unnatural that Edward having heard of Warwick’s intention to proceed to Coventry, might presume he was already at that place. The compression of historical events, necessary for the purposes of the stage, must give rise to many improbabilities as fast as lapse of time is concerned; and it seems to us that the difficulties mentioned by Mr. Daniel are not greater than the difficulty of supposing that in the interval between the exit and the immediate re-entrance of a character, forces could be levied, and Warwick could have marched from London to Coventry. It must be remembered that the whole scene, as it stands in our text, evidently takes place in the palace, so that the presumption is that it is continuous.

296. Line 40: Nor posted off their suits with slow delays.—The same phrase is found in Hackluyt, Voyages, vol. I. p. 247: “Master Chancellor (seeing himself held in this suspense with long and vain expectation, and thinking that of intention to delude him, they posted the matter off so often) was very instant with them to perform their promises;” and in Webster’s Dictionary the following passage is quoted from Baxter: “Why did I venturously post off so great a matter?”

In II. Henry VI. iii. i. 255, the phrase posted over is used with the sense rather of hurried over than “passed
by,” and the same is the case with o’erpointing in II. Henry IV. I. 2. 171.

287. Line 43: My mercy dried their water-flowing tears.—That water-flowing means “flowing like water” is easily seen from the similar expressions furnace-burning, II. 1. 80, and wind-changing, v. 1. 57. Walker, however, thought flowing might mean “shedding,” and Capell proposed to alter tears to eyes, while Collier’s MS. Corrector read biting-flowing.

288. Line 50.—We have, with Dyce, adopted Johnson’s correction of the stage-direction. Cf. read “A Lancaster, A Lancaster,” of which no satisfactory explanation can be given: it was probably, like many other stage-directions, not given at all by the author.

289. Line 61: Cold biting winter mars our hop’d for hay.

—Compare Wily Beguiled.

When most you did expect a sunshine day,
My father’s will would mar your hop’d for hay.


ACT V. SCENE 1.

290. Line 3.—Dunsmore Heath lies on the road from Daventry to Coventry, about half-way between the two places. The Fosse way, the Roman road which goes from Seaton on the south coast of Devonshire to Lincoln, passes by the Heath on the north-west. On some old maps the name is written Dunsmere.

291. Lines 4, 5:

Where is the post that came from Montague?

How far off is our brother Montague?

These lines appear to have been accidentally transposed in Q2 and F. There is no reason, dramatic or otherwise, for Warwick putting the cart before the horse in this instance. He may be very excited, but he has not so completely lost his self-control as to ask a question of a person whom he cannot see, and of whose exact whereabouts he is at least uncertain.

292. Line 6: Daintry is still the form which the name of Daventry takes in the mouths of the inhabitants.

293. Line 7: Somerville.—See note 25.

294. Line 12: It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies.

—From Nottingham Edward had advanced to Leicester, new forces coming daily to his standard. Warwick meanwhile levied troops in Warwickshire; Oxford joined him at Warwick. Clarence should have brought up reinforcements from London, but delayed, so Warwick awaited Edward at Coventry. “In the mean season,” says Hall (p. 389), “kyng Edward came to Warwycke, where he found all the people departed, and from thence with all diligence assaileth his power toward Coventre, and in a playne by the citie he pyched his felde. And the next day after ther he cam thither, his men were set forwarde, and marshalled in array, & he valitly bad the erle battayle: which mistrautyng that he should be deceueth the duke of Clarice (as he was in dede) kept hym selfe close within the wallas. . . . the duke of Clarence came forward toward hym with a great army, kyng Edward bynoge also therof enformed, rayned hym campe, & made toward the duke. . . . Whé ech host was in sight of other, Rychard duke of Gloucester, brother to them both, as though he had bene made arbitrer betwene them, fyrst rode to the duke, and with hym commoned very secretly: from him he came to kyng Edward, and with lyke secretnes so vsoyd hym, that in conclusion no unnaturall warre, but a fraternal amitie was concluded and proclamed, and then leuyng all arme and weapó a syde, both the bretherne louyngly embraced, and familiery commoned together.” The dramatist has followed this account of Hall’s: he either did not know of or else disregarded the correcter version in Hollish, from which we learn that Edward came from Leicester to Coventry and defied the Earl of Warwick, but finding he could not provoke a battle, withdrew to Warwick and there met and was reconciled with Clarence (pp. 307, 308). Overtures of peace were made to Warwick, but scornfully rejected.

The Warwick road entered Coventry on the south-west by Greyfriars Gate: that from Southam appears to have entered by New Gate. From either this or Gosford Gate outside which Edward is elsewhere said to have encamped—Warwick would be looking eastwards. On coming up from Warwick Edward must be supposed to have found the Greyfriars Gate closed against him, and to be coming round the city wall. Warwick hears the drum somewhere behind him, whereas the road from Southam, which Somerville points to, is before him.

295. Lines 37, 38:

And, weaking, Warwick takes his gift again;

And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

The second and at the beginning of line 38 is singularly weak. As has been already observed in reference to II. Henry VI. (see note 61 on that play), the number of weak ands is very remarkable. We would propose to read:

Henry is now my king. Warwick his subject.

296. Line 39: Warwick’s king is Edward’s prisoner.—

The sequence of events has been altered for dramatic effect. Edward came to Coventry on his way towards London. As soon as the capital was reached Henry again became a captive, and he was borne with the Yorkist troops to the field of Barnet.

297. Lines 43, 44:

whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

The king was sily fing’r’d from the deck!

“The single ten” is Clarence, whom Warwick had, as it were, got into his hands by underhand means. Single signifies “feeble.” Thus we find in Taming of the Shrew, act II. line 407: “Yet I have fac’d it with a card of ten.” Deck, meaning a pack of cards, is a slang term, not to be found in some dictionaries: Ash, however, records it, with many other cant words. Compare Peele, Edward I.: “the king hath put us amongst the discarding cards, and, as it were, turned us with deceus and treys out of the deck” (Works, p. 339). Lytton uses the word in one of his novels, and it still exists in the United States (see Bartlett, Dictionary of Americanisms, sub rocio).

1 Dugdale’s Warwickshire, ed. 1730, p. 143; W. Smith’s, 1830, p. 204.
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

298. Line 49: Nay, when! strike now, or else the iron cools.—This line shows how when came to be generally used as an exclamation of impatience. Compare Richard II. i. 1. 102, 103:

When, Harry, when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

299. Lines 65, 69:

Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Been with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

The meaning seems to be pay dearly for. See Midsummer Night's Dream, note 213. Qq., however, read aile, for which see the same play, note 191. From meaning "produce," the verb bear easily comes to mean "possess" or "contain." Compare Winter's Tale, v. 3. 64, 65: "those veins did verily bear blood," and Julius Caesar, ii. 1. 137.

300. Line 78: Two of thy name.—See below, note 330.

301. Line 78: With whom an upright zeal to right prevail.—This is the reading of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. F. 1 erroneously has:

With whom, in upright scale to right, prevail.

302. Lines 80, 81—In Qq., the following stage-direction precedes line 80: "Sound a Part of Richard and Clarence whispers together, and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his hat, and throws it at Warwick." (p. 80). Ft. give no direction at all here; most editors, however, following Capell, have introduced the latter part of this direction after line 81. If this be done, surely the former part should also be retained.

303. Lines 83-88.—While Clarence and Warwick were at the French court in 1460 a certain damsel came from Edward to Clarence with secret overtures of amity. "She persuaded the Duke of Clarence, that it was neither natural, nor honorable to hym, either to condiscende or take parte, against the house of Yorke (of which he was lineally descended) and to set vp again the house of Lancaster, whose image of the house of Yorke, was ... by the whole Parliament of the realme, declared to be the very and indultate helres of the Kyngdome" (Hall, p. 231). These are the arguments which the dramatist has put into Clarence’s mouth. Doubtless it was the acknowledgment of Prince Edward as heir, and his marriage with Warwick’s daughter, which estranged the ambitious and disappointed Clarence from Warwick’s side. This, however, could not be hinted here, nor indeed has the dramatist thought fit to suggest it in any part of the play.

304. Lines 99, 91:

To keep that oath were more impiety
Fell Jepthah’s, when he sacrific’d his daughter.

See Judges xi. 30-39. The text is Rowe’s. F. 1, F. 2 read Jepthah, F. 3, F. 4 Jeptha. Cf. Hamlet, ii. 2. 422.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

305. Line 2: Warwick was a bug that fear’d us all.—Compare Taming of the Shrew, note 65. Bug is a word of Celtic origin, meaning a spectre, or terrifying object. So in How a Man may choose a Good Wife from a Bad we find:

not these drugs
Do send me to the infernal depths
But thy unkindness. So, adieu!
Hobgoblins, now I come to you.

—Dodson, vol. ii. p. 90

In the Book of Psalms, the words “thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,” of the Authorized Version (xcl. 5) are rendered, “Thou shalt not need to be afraid for any Bugges by night,” in the versions of Coverdale, 1535, Matthaus (or rather Rogers), 1587, and Taverner, 1589; but the Great Bible of 1539 established the reading terror. In Rider’s Dictionary, terricorlum is interpreted “a thing that putth in great fear, a scarecrow, a bugge.” Compare Peele, Battle of Alcazar, i. 2:

Why, boy, is Amurath’s Bassa such a bug?
That he is mark’d to do this doleful deed?

—Works, p. 434.

306. Line 14: Whose top-brunch overpa’rd Jove’s spreading tree.—For overpadder compare Merchant of Venice, note 7. Jove’s tree is the oak. See Virgil, Georgics, iii. 328:

magna levis antiquo robore quercus
Ingentes tendaro ramos.

Compare Marlowe, Edward II.:

I stand as Jove’s huge tree,
And others are but shrubs compared to me.

—Works, p. 237.

307. Line 64: Which sounded like a glamour in a rust.—We have adopted the reading of Qq., which Warburton introduced. Ft. have cannon. The line has some likeness to ii. 3. 18, supra:

Like to a dismal clangor heard from far.

308. Line 65: Mought.—The verb may (A.S. main), of which the infinitive was main in Anglo-Saxon, and move or mover in Middle English, had two forms of the preterite, viz. mought and mought, A.S. maine and many (or maine). The same form as occurs in this place is used by Peele, Eclogue Grazantarie,

O honour’s fire, that not the brackish sea.

Mought quench it?

—Works, p. 569.

The word is said to be found in Chaucer; Drayton uses it, it occurs in the Mirror for Magistrates, and in the Misfortunes of Arthur (Dodson, vol. iv.), and is still preserved, vernacularly, in England and the United States. It occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare, and in the parallel passage of the Quarto we find could. It is probable that Shakespeare employed this old verb here in order to avoid the jingle of the might in the next line.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

309. Lines 7, 8:

I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais’d in Gallia have arriv’d our coast.

The transitive use of the verb arrive occurs in three other places in Shakespeare. See Lucrece, 781:

Ere he arrive his weary noon-side pick.

The battle of Barnet was fought on Easter Sunday, the 14th of April, and on the same day Queen Margaret, whom adverse winds had kept inactive in Normandy ever

1 See H. Stevens, Bibles in the Caxton Exhibition, p. 91.
since November, landed, after a stormy passage from Honfleur, at Weymouth in Dorsetshire. On Tuesday the news reached Edward (Holinhall, pp. 312, 315).

310. Line 12: Thy very beams will dry those vapours up. —This is the reading of F. 1. The Cambridge editors give the for thy without any remark. Edward's confu- sion, the sun of York, is alluded to, as in line 6. Compare Richard III. I. 1. 5, and see note 114.


My game is quick, and rids a length of ground;
and Cotgrave, Dictionary, sub voce Tirer; “Tirer pois . . . (in travelling) to goe on, rid ground, gain way.”

ACT V. SCENE 4.

318. Lines 8, 9:
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much.

The same fancy occurs again in As You Like It, II. 1. 62-40:
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears . . . .

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.

Indeed it seems to have been a sort of stock sentiment. Compare A Lover's Complaint, lines 39, 40; Romeo and Juliet, I. 1. 133.

313. Line 28: As good to chide the waves as speak them fair. —The meaning is, for all the advantage that we shall get from the Yorkists, who are remorseless as the sea, by offers of submission, we might as well defy them at once. Parleying is now useless.

314. Line 34: If case some one of you would fly from us. —Compare the “very proper ditty to the tune of Light of love” (given in Staunton's Shakespeare, vol. I. p. 745), whose last lines are:
Amend, and what's said, shall soon be amended,
If case that your light of love, no longer do rayne.

The phrase occurs twelve times in Peele's Sir Clymon and Sir Clamydes.

315. Line 75: Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes. —Pf. read my eye. We have followed Capell and most subsequent editors in retaining the reading of Qc.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

316. —This scene originally doubtless formed a continuation of the foregoing. Qc. divide the two scenes by the following stage-direction: “Alarmes to the battle, Yorke flies, then the chambers be discharged. Then enter the king, Clia & Glo, and the rest, & make a great shout, and crie, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queen is taken, & the prince, & Ox & Sm. and then sound and enter all again” (p. 94). The business here ordered was to represent to the audience the battle of Barnet, and the next scene in Pf., though much abbreviated, indicates just the same evolutions. As it is more convenient to consider the battle to have taken place in the interval between the scenes, we have omitted that part of the direction which relates to it.

317. Line 1: Lo here a period of tumultuous broils. —Pf. have Now for Lo, which is from Qc.


319. Line 5: For Somerset, of with his guilty head. —As to the execution of Somerset, see Richard III. note 1.

320. Line 16: all the trouble thou hast TURN'D me to. —Compare The Tempest, I. 2. 63, 64:

O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to:
and Merry Wives of Windsor, v. 5. 89, 90:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain.

321. Lines 23, 34:
That you might still have worn the petticote,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

The old saying of a shrewish wife that she wears the breeches is alluded to in II. Henry VI. I. 1. 149:

Though in this place most master wear no breeches.

In Sherwood's English Index to Cotgrave's Dictionary, we find, sub voce Breech, “She seareth the BREECHES. Dit d'une femme, qui a la superiorité de son mari. Elle porte les brayes.”

322. Line 25: Esop was hunchbacked, we are told. Qc. and Pf. read sorts in the next line, which Rowe corrected to sort.

323. Line 38: K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this raider here. [Stabs him.] —Edward did not himself stab the prince, but only thrust him back, or, as some say, struck him with his gauntlet. See the quotation from Hall in note 2.

324. Line 50: The Tower, the Tower! —Pf. read “Tower, the Tower.”

325. Line 67: As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince! —Compare The Tempest, I. 2. 364:

The red plague rid you!

Green, Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay:

Lacy. Then, Edward, short my life, and end her love.

Mor. Rid me, and keep a friend worthy many loves.

Peele, Edward I.:

I rid her not; I made her not.

Works, p. 166.

326. Line 77: What, will thou not? —Where is Changeling's butcher? —Pf. add Richard at the end of this line, catching the word up by mistake from the line next following.

327. Line 78: HARD-PAY'N'RD Richard. —In the History of Edward V. and Richard III., attributed to Sir Thomas More, Richard is described as “hardi fanned of visage, such as in estates is called a warlike visage, and enouse common persones a crabb'd face” (Hall, p. 349).
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

ACT V. SCENE 6.

339.—As to the murder of Henry, see note 1. Hall, as usual, gives no date. The battle of Barnet was fought on April 14th, 1471; on May 4th Margaret was defeated at Tewksbury. Edward had returned to Coventry, whither everyone hastened to do him homage, when on the 12th of May, the bastard of Fauconberg, at the head of a large body of Kentish insurgents, attacked and fired London in various quarters. He was at last driven back by Urmick the recorder, and Earl Rivers. On May 21st Edward arrived at the capital with (it is said) 30,000 men, and the rebels dispersed. Henry ended his life that night, and the next day his body was exposed in St. Paul's. Richard is represented by the dramatist, by a very pardonable license, as leaving immediately after Tewksbury for the Tower in order to murder Henry. (See above, scene 5, line 56.)

This scene is embodied in act i. scene 2 of Colley Cibber's too well-known perversion of Richard III., from which the year 1700 was the only form in which that play was represented on the stage even down to the time of the late Charles Keane.

339. Line 10: What scene of death hath Roscius now to act—Quintus Roscius was a very celebrated actor in comedy at Rome. He is said to have had instruction in elocution from Cicero, and was a friend of the great orator as well as of many other celebrated men of that time. Like Aesopus, his contemporary in tragedy, he amassed a large fortune. He died in the year 62 B.C. The Elizabethan writers used the name Roscius to signify merely an actor, not heeding whether it were in tragedy or comedy. Accordingly the appellation is here given to Richard, partly, it would seem, in allusion to his hypocritical character.

339. Line 15: I, the hapless walk to one sweet bird.—Monck Mason (Var. Ed. xviii. p. 358) observed that male here denotes "parent," a sense of the word which seems unique. Bird, as in ll. 1, 91, has the not uncommon meaning of "young," or "offspring."

339. Lines 18–25.—Dedalus, according to the story, was imprisoned by Minos, king of Crete, and finding on his escape that no ship could be procured, he fashioned wings for himself and his son Icarus, and fastened them on with wax. But Icarus flying too near the sun, the wax which fastened his wings melted, and he was drowned. From him a part of the Aegean was called the Icarian Sea. The story is told by Ovid, Metamorphoses, bk. viii. lines 182–226. With lines 22, 23, compare Wily Beguiled:

He is the only fiery Phoenix
Denies my course, and sears my waxen wings.

Dodsley, ix. p. 382.

339. Lines 41, 42:

Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate, And orphans for their parents' needless death.

F. 1 omits fate And, which, in order to correct the halting rhythm, were inserted by the editor of F. 2. Instead of lines 37–42 Qq. read:

And thus I prophesie of thee,
That madic a Widow for her husbands death,

And many an infants water standing eie,
Widowes for their husbandes, children for their fathers.

It seems plain that in both the old and the revised play some confusion has arisen, which it is impossible now to correct.

339. Line 47: The raven book'd her on the chimney's top.—To book is to squat, to lie or sit huddled up. The word commonly occurs in the form book, as in the following passage from Stanyhurst's Virgil (book iv.):

Also on thee turret the skitch howle, lyke fethiffe yeastled,
Her burial rondell dooth book, and cruncheth in howling.

—Arber's Reprint, 1880, p. 111.

Generally it is the cry of the raven that is considered ominous, not, as here, its mere presence. But compare Othello, iv. 1. 20–22:

O, it comes o'er my memory
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all.

For the night-crow of line 45, compare Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 3. 53, 64: "I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it." Strictly speaking, none of the Corvus family are night-birds. It is not clear what bird is meant by the appellation night-raven or night-crow, but it has been supposed to be the bittern, or Ardeacinerea, a bird less common in England now than formerly. It makes a loud booming noise, and frequents marshy places. The only other bird which could properly be meant would be the night-jar.

339. Line 51: An indigested and deformed lump.—Pl. read:

To wit, an indigested and deformed lump.

but as Dyce has shown, the words to wit were retained merely by inadvertence from The True Tragedie, which reads:

To wit: an indigested created lump.

See note 210, supra.

339. Line 67: Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither.—Compare Greene, Alphonse King of Arragon, ii. 1:

Go, pack thou hence unto the Stygian lake,
And make report unto thy traitorous sire
How well thou hast enjoyed the diadem:

And if he ask thee who did send thee down,
Alphonse say, who now must wear thy crown.

—Works, p. 282.

339. Lines 70–75.—With this passage and lines 49–54 supra, compare Sir T. More's account, in Hall (p. 343): "as it is reported, his mother the duchess had much a dooe in her trauall, that she could not be delivered of hym vnclad, and that he came into the worlde the fete forwarde, as mene bee borne outwarde, and as the fame rane, not vnotclothd."

339. Line 84: thou keepest me from the light.—F. 1, F. 2 read keepest, and Qq. keptest. The text is from F. 3, F. 4.

ACT V. SCENE 7.

339. Line 4: Have we most down in top of all their pride.—Qq. and Pl. read tops; but compare II. Henry VI. i. 2. 48, 49:

To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet.
NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

and Antony and Cleopatra, v. 1. 43:

my competitor

In top of all design.

329. Lines 5, 7, 8.—See II. Henry VI. notes 6 and 9, and notes 4, 9, and 7 of the present play, for these Somerse, Cliftords, and Northumberland.

330. Lines 5, 6: renoun'd

For hardy and undoubted champions.
The same use of the preposition for has occurred before, iv. 6. 28:

Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous.

Compare II. Henry VI. i. 8. 128:

Doth any accuse York for a traitor?

For renoun'd, which is the reading of Q., Pf. give renounce or renown.

341. Line 10: the two brave BERS, Warwick and Montague.—There is an allusion here to the well-known badge of the bear and the raged staff. See II. Henry VI. v. 1. 144, and note 333 on that play.

343. Line 18: Went all afoot in summer's SCALDING heat.—Went is the participle as well as the pronominal sense of the verb went, just as sent is of send. The participial use is uncommon in Elizabethan English, but occurs in Fairfax, Godfrey Bulctorne, book iii. stanza 70:

When he beheld as gentle soul as was seen,

His manly courage to renert began.

The expression scalding heat finds a parallel in Carew's Cenem Britannicum:

to all weathers,

The chilling frost and scaldaing sun, expose

Their equal face.

344. Line 30: Q. ELZ. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.—F. 1, F. 2 give this line to Clarence, an evident blunder, as is the correction “King” of F. 3, F. 4.

In Q. it is assigned to the queen, to whom it was restored by Theobald.

346. Line 44: Such as BEFIT the pleasure of the court!—Q. and Pf. read befits for bext. The text is Pope's.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING HENRY VI.

PART III.

Note.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sth (prep)...</td>
<td>i. 1. 106</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

# Yemen and Adonis, 813.

* Used here literally—to shine upon. It occurs twice (Trotl. Ill. 1. 171; Tit. 1. 817) in the sense of "to excel." 199

* Lucrce, 1554.

* Used with together in the sense of "to knit." Sinned "having sinews" occurs John v. 7. 88.
### ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

**Note**

68. 1. 1. 55: *And thine, Lord Clifford; you have both vouch'd revenge.*

69. 1. 1. 62: *Patience is for poltroons, for such as he.*

94. 1. 4. 15, 16:

Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"

Edward, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!"

207. III. 2. 131: *all the look'd-for issue of their bodies.*

225. III. 3. 140: *To Edward, yes; not to the English King.*

240. IV. 1. 22, 23:


ay, 't were pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

249. IV. 1. 124, 125:

Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter;

Not for the love of Edward, but the crown I stay.

**Note**

251. IV. 2. 12: *Welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.*

258. IV. 3. 41: *Brother of Clarence, what, art thou here too?*

262. IV. 4. 19: *'Tis this that makes me bridie passion.*

277. IV. 7. 77: *Thanks, brave Montgomery;—thanks unto you all.*

284. IV. 8. 31: *And all at once, once more, happy farewell.*

291. V. 1. 4, 5:

Where is the poet that came from Montague?

How far off is our brother Montague?

### ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

**Note**

54. 1. 1. 84: *What! shall I stand?*

64. 1. 1. 193: *Whom unnatural shall disinherit.*

65. 1. 1. 196: *Conditional that here thou take an oath.*

80. 1. 2. 18: *Giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe.*

**Note**

249. IV. 1. 124, 125:

My thoughts aim at a further mark; I stay

Not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

256. V. 1. 38: *Henry is now my king, Warwick his subject.*
HENRY VI.
CONDENSED FROM SHAKESPEARE
BY CHARLES KEMBLE.

INTRODUCTION BY F. A. MARSHALL.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his son.
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester.
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester.
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter.
EARL OF SUFFOLK, afterwards Marquess and Duke of Suffolk.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, afterwards Duke of York.
EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards Edward IV.,
GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,
RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester,
EDMUND BEAUFORT, Duke of Somerset.
EDMUND BEAUFORT, Duke of Somerset, his son.
HUMPHREY STAFFORD, Duke of Buckingham.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
THOMAS MONTAGUE, Earl of Salisbury.
RICHARD NEVILLE, Earl of Salisbury.
RICHARD NEVILLE, Earl of Warwick, his son.
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE, brother to the above.
EARL OF RICHMOND, a youth.

LORD CLIFFORD.
LORD STAFFORD.
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.
VERNON, of the White Rose or York faction.
BASSET, of the Red Rose or Lancaster faction.
Clerk of Chatham.
JACK CADE, a rebel.
GEORGE BEVIS,
JOHN HOLLAND, followers of Cade.
DICK the Butcher,
SMITH the Weaver,
SINKLO, two Keepers.
HUMPHREY,
1st Watchman.
2nd Watchman.
1st Murderer.
2nd Murderer.
Huntsman.
QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY ELIZABETH GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

Guards, Citizens, Messengers, Watchmen, Ladies, &c.

SCENE—Partly in England and partly in France.

HISTORIC PERIOD.

From 1426 to 1471.
HENRY VI.—CONDENSED.

INTRODUCTION.

The matter of this play is taken from the Three Parts of Henry VI. with the exception of seven passages from Richard II., amounting in all to 35 lines, and two passages from Richard III., amounting in all to 58 lines. Very few of the lines in this play are not to be found in Shakespeare. Such lines we have marked with an asterisk; although, in many cases, part of these lines are either taken from Shakespeare's own words, or closely imitated therefrom. Only in two instances has Charles Kemble introduced words which Shakespeare has not used, namely, hint (the verb), ii. 4. 25, and unfurl, iii. 5. 192; and he has been guilty of an impropriety in the use of the modern exclamation Huzza (iii. 4. 98); which, although it is the older form of Hurrah, is not to be found, apparently; in any author before Evelyn (1665). Neither form of the exclamation occurs in Shakespeare. Nowhere has the adaptor attempted to rise to such original flights as Cibber; in fact this condensed play shows how much greater reverence was felt for the text of Shakespeare in Charles Kemble's time, compared with that of Crowne, or Cibber, or even of David Garrick. It is a matter of some difficulty to identify all the passages from Shakespeare that have been brought into requisition. In those cases where the text has been rigidly adhered to we have used the expression "Taken from." In those cases where some words and phrases have been altered, or the sequence of the lines re-arranged, we have used the expression "Adapted from." It has been impossible to note all cases where speeches have been taken from one character and assigned to another. But, on the whole, it will be found easy for anyone interested in the subject to follow closely the mode in which Charles Kemble did his work, and we think it will be generally admitted that, at least, this is a very ingenious piece of mosaic; evincing a thorough knowledge of Shakespeare, a conscientious regard for the integrity of his text—as far as the requirements of the stage will permit—and a thorough sympathy with the spirit of his work. It does not appear that this play was ever published, or performed in the theatre. Our text is printed from the only copy known, which is in the possession of Mr. Henry Irving; the MS. portion being in Charles Kemble's own handwriting. The account of two other acting versions of Henry VI., both of which were represented on the stage, will be found in the Introduction to Part II. and Part III. of Henry VI.
ACT I.

1[Scene I. The Temple Garden in London.]

[A clamour within.]

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Salisbury, Warwick, Somerset, Clifford, Vernon, Basset, Lords, Lawyers, and Attendants.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Clif. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
the garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Clif. Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
SOM. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,

I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Clif. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Sal. Stay, lords and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

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1 This scene is taken mainly from I. Henry VI. ii. 4.
2 Or, else, or in other words.
Henry VI.—Condemned.

Som. My lord of Salisbury, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Sal. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Sal. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;

[To Somerset.

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

[Vernon, Bosset, and all the persons present choose their roses, but much the greater part white ones.

Plan. Good Vernon, I am bound to you, and all,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

[They shout and wave their white roses.

Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet, 'tis not for fear; but anger—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain
his truth;

While thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
HENRY VI.—CONDEESSED.

ACT I. Scene 1.

Enter Messenger.*

Mess. Plantagenet, it is the king's high will.* That you forthwith repair to the parliament* Call’d for the truce of Winchester and Gloster. Plan. I wait upon his grace.*

War. Be of good heart,* This blot, that they object against your house, Never again shall stir your princely blood;* For, if thou be not now created York, I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 110 What says my father Salisbury?*

Sad. As my son.* Already have I spoke in his behalf,* And here I swear, if words lack power to move,* I’l move them with my sword to do thee right,* In spite of Somerset and his red rose.*

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry flower Will I for ever and my faction wear, Until it wither with me to my grave, Or flourish to the height of my degree: And here I prophesy—this brawl to day 120 Grown to this quarrel, in the Temple Garden Shall send between the red rose and the white A thousand souls to death and deadly night. [Exit.}

Enter Vernon, and Basset.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot but now, Disgracing of these colours that I wear In honour of my noble Lord Plantagenet— Dar’st thou maintain the former words thou spak’st? Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patron-age³ The envious barking of your saucy tongue Against my lord, the Duke of Somerset. Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as Richard.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that. [Strikes him. Bas. Villain, thou know’st the law of arms is such, That, whoseo draws a sword, ’tis present death; Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood. But I’ll unto his majesty, and crave I may have liberty to venge this wrong; When thou shalt see, I’ll meet thee to thy cost. Ver. Well, miscreant, I’ll be there as soon as you; 17 And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [Exit Vernon and Basset.

Scene III. The Parliament. Flourish.

KING HENRY, GLOSTER, WINCHESTER, EXETER, SOMERSET, Clifford, BUCKINGHAM, Lords and attendants.

Win. Com’st thou with deep premeditated lines, With written pamphlets studiously devis’d? Humphrey of Gloucester, if thou canst accuse, Do it without invention, suddenly.

Glo. Presumptuous Winchester! Think not, although in writing I preferr’d⁴ The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes, That therefore I have forg’d, or am not able Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen: No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,

Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks, As⁵ very infants prattle of thy pride.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouch-safe To give me hearing what I shall reply; And he shall know, I am as good—

Glo. As good! Thou bastard of my grandfather! Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray, But one imperious in another’s throne?

¹ This scene is taken from I. Henry VI. iii. 4. 28–45.
² Patronage, make good.

⁴ Preferr’d, i.e. "as a charge against thee."
⁵ As that.
Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, 52
sweet prince,
You have great reason to do Richard right: 53
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham Place I told² your majesty.
King. And those occasions, uncle, were of 60
force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.
War. So shall his father’s wrongs be recom-
pens’d.
King. If Richard will be true, not that 67
alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.
Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.
King. Stoop then, and set your knee against 74
my foot;
And, in reguerdon³ of that duty done,
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely Duke of York.
War. Welcome, high prince, the mighty 81
Duke of York!
Som. [Aside] Perish, base prince, ignoble
Duke of York!

⁴ Enter Vernon and Basset.
Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sover-
eign!
Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the com-
bat too!
York. This is my servant; hear him, noble 98
prince!
Som. And this is mine; sweet Henry, fa-
vour him!
K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them
leave to speak,—
What is the wrong whereof you both com-
plain?
Bas. This fellow here, with envious carpin-
ging tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves 80
Did represent my master’s blushing cheeks,

¹ I told, i.e. of which I told.
² Reguerdon, reward.
³ Lines 72-114 taken from I. Henry VI. iv. 1.
HENRY VI.—CONDENSED.

When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt Plantagenet and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confusion of which rude reproach,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. Know, my dread lord, I was provok'd
by him;
And he first took exceptions, at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York,
will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in
brain-sick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be try'd by
fight,
And then your highness shall command a
peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somer-
set.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so! Confounded be your
strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vessels! are you not ash'dam,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?—
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Let me persuade you take a better course.

SCENE IV. Flourish.

Enter Suffolk, Margaret, Lords, Ladies,
and Attendants.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
King. Uncle, how now?

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

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

Car. [reads]. The duchess of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father; and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.

King. They please us well. Lord marquis, bow thy knee; We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk. Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham, Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick; We thank you all for this great favour done, In entertainment to my princely queen. Come, let us in; and with all speed provide To see her coronation be perform'd. And now, my lords, once more I beg of you* Let me be umpire in your doubtful strife. I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [Takes Somerset's rose.]

That anyone should therefore be suspicious I more incline to Somerset than York— Both are my kinmen, and I love them both; And let us still continue peace and love.

[Eseunt Henry, Margaret, Exeter, Suffolk, Clifford, and their Attendants.

1 York. Well spoken, Henry!*—yet I like it not
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

2 Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth, His valour, coin, and people, in the wars? To conquer France, his true inheritance? Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham, Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick, Receive'd deep scars in France and Normandy,

That France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance, Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die? O peers of England, shameful is this league! Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame; Blotting your names from books of memory; Razing the characters of your renown; Reversing monuments of conquer'd France; Undoing all, as all had never been!

Sal. Suffolk has dimm'd the honour of our isle; These counties were the keys of Normandy:— But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

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

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both; Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds, Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

Glo. A proper jest!—and never heard before.

War. France should have torn and rent my very heart, Before I would have yielded to this league. I never read but England's kings have had Large sums of gold and dowries, with their wives:
And our King Henry gives away his own, To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. Would she had staid in France, and starv'd in France, Before that England's king had ever stoop'd To match himself unto a dowerless wife.*

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;

A dower, my lords!—disgrace not so your king That he should be so abject, base and poor To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love; Henry is able to enrich his queen, And not to seek a queen to make him rich. Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;

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1 Lines 59-66 from I. Henry VI. iv. 1. 151-155; 176, 177.
2 Lines 67-106, 111-183 from II. Henry VI. i. 1.

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HENRY VI.—CONDEdSED.

ACT 1. Scene 4.

'Tis not my speeches that you do dislike, 112
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Farewell, my lords; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesy'd—France will be lost ere long.

[Exit.]

Car. So—there goes our protector in a rage.
'T is known to you, he is mine enemy, 120
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords—he is the next of blood,
And he apparent to the English crown;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him—"Humphrey, the good Duke of
Gloucester;"
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud
voice—
"Heaven long preserve the good Duke Hum-
phrey!"
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

[Exit cardinal.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sove-
reign,
He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together—with the Duke of Suffolk—
We'll quickly hoise¹ Duke Humphrey from his
seat.

Som. Though Humphrey's pride, 140
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloucester be displac'd, he'll be protector.

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

[Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows
him.
While these do labour for their own prefer-
ment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm. 150
I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keep-
ing,²
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:
And York thou art fear'd, and honour'd, of
the people:—
Join we together, for the public good;
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal, 160
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's
deeds,
While they do tend the profit of our country.

War. So Heaven help Warwick, as he loves
the realm,
And common profit of his native land!

York. [Aside] And so says York, for he hath
greatest cause.³

[Exeunt Salisbury and Warwick.

York. Anjou and Maine, both given unto
the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim the
crown;
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Let me be still awhile, till time do serve:
And watch and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought
queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at
jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be per-
fum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York, 180
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the
crown,
Whose feeble rule hath pull'd fair England
down.

¹ Hoise, hoist, heave.
² House-keeping, i.e. hospitality.
³ In the MS. there is a note, "Leave room here for ten
lines to be introduced," but they were not inserted.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Bevis and Holland, and four Petitioners.

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

Hol. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Heaven bless him!

Enter Suffolk and Queen and Attendants.

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

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

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst anything with me?

Bev. I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

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

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


Hol. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Suf. Base cullions, you that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

Away, away! [Tears the petitions.

All. Come let's be gone.

[Attendants drive off the Petitioners.

Queen. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What! shall King Henry be a pupil still
Under the surly Gloucester's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I thought, King Henry was indeed a king;*
But all his mind is bent to holiness.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness.

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

Queen. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils.

Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife;

Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
Even now the duchess is in conference
With Margery Jourdain the cunning witch,
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer;
Winchester soon will bring good news of her.*
Let me be bold to counsel you in this;
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with these lords,
With dogged York, that reacheth at the moon,—
Whose overweening arm I will pluck back
Despite his roses,—and with Buckingham,*
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

[Exeunt.

1 Scene II.

Enter Cardinal and Buckingham.

Car. Good Buckingham, methinks you watch’d her well,
E’en at an inch;* the king and commonweal
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains.
And is the good Duke Humphrey’s wife so dry*
For sov’reignty, she seeks to gain the crown*
By treasonous sorcery and unholy witchcraft?*
Now, pray, my lord, let’s see the devil’s writ.
What have we here? [Reads.
“The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.”

Why, this is just
“Aio te, Æscida, Romanos vincere posse.”

Well, to the rest:
“Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be on the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.”

The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban’s;
With him, the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither these news, shall go immediately.*
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

2 Scene III. A Garden.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England’s crown.
Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster:
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third’s death, reign’d king;

* Lines 27, 28 adapted from II. Henry VI. i. 1. 106, 106.
* Attaintrue, i.e. her being attained for treason.
* This scene is taken from II. Henry VI. ii. 2.
Till Bolingbroke, the heir of John of Gaunt, 
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth, 
Seiz'd on the realm; and murder'd England's lord.*

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth; 
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown. 

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right; 
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead, 
The issue of the next son should have reign'd. 

Sal. But William of Hatfield dy'd without an heir. 

York. The third son Lionel Duke of Clarence left 
Philippa, a daughter — her granddaughter Anne,* 

My mother (rightful sov'reign of this realm,* 
By whom I claim the kingdom) was the heir 
Of Roger, Earl of March; who was the son 
Of Edmund Mortimer; that married Philippa, 
Sole daughter unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence:

So, if the issue of the elder son 
Succeed before the younger, I am king. 

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this? 

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt, 

The fourth son; York claimeth it from the third. 

Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign: 
It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee, 
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.— 
Then, father Salisbury, be we the first, 
That shall salute our rightful sovereign 
With honour of his birthright to the crown. 

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king! 

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

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

With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster: 
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd; 
But with advice and silent secrecy. 
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days, 
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence, 
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition, 
Who now is gone Lord Regent into France: 
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them, 

Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock, 
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey: 
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that, 
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy. 

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

War. My heart assures me, that the Earl of Warwick 
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king. 

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself— 
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick 
The greatest man in England, but the king. 

[Exeunt.

1 Scene IV. The Abbey at Bury.

Enter the King, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, 
Clifford, Exeter, &c., to the Parliament.

King. I muse my lord of Gloster is not come: 
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man, 
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now. 

Queen. Can you not see? or will you not observe 
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance? 
With what a majesty he bears himself; 
How insolent of late he is become, 
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself? 

By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts; 
And, when he please to make commotion, 
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him. 
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted; 
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden, 
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry. 
My Lords of Suffolk—and of Winchester— 
Reprove my allegation, if you can; 
Or else conclude my words effectual. 

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke; 
And, had I first been put to speak my mind, 
I think I should have told your grace's tale. 20

1 This scene is mainly taken from II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 
2 Reprove, disprove.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is
deepest:
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
Car. The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began those devilish practices
I oft have hinted to your majesty.*
By wicked means to frame King Henry's fall.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man,
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.
Take heed, my lord, the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent
man.

King. My lords, at once; the care you have
of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our
foot,
Is worthy praise: but shall I speak my con-
science?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Enter Buckingham.

1 King. What tidings with our cousin Buck-
ingham?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to
unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:—
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy-council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

King. O Heaven, what mischiefs work the
wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy
House,
And look thyself be faultless, thou Wert
best.
Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do
appeal,
How I have lov'd the king, and common-
wealth:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed, and company;
And give her up to law, and punishment,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

6 King. In sight of Heaven and us their crime
is great;
And if by lawful course their guilt be found,*
In Smithfield shall the rest be burnt to ashes,
Dame Eleanor being more nobly born, 70
Despoiled of her honour in her life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in the country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.
Glo. Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart
of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the
ground!—
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would
ease.

King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloster: ere
thou go,
Give up thy staff; Henry will rule himself;
Then go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Queen. I see no reason, why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.
Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my
staff:
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry gave it me;
And leave it humbly at thy royal feet.*
As others would ambitiously receive it.

* Tainture, defilement.
* Convers'd with, associated with.
* Lines 67-90 adapted from II. Henry VI. II. 3.

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HENRY VI.—CONDENSED.

ACT II. Scene 4.

Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam’d by tyranny.

Glo. Why, ’tis well known, that, while I
was protector,
Pity was all the blame that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender’s tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their crimes.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly
answer’d:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness’ name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My lord of Gloster, ’tis my special
hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspi-
cion;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dan-
gerous!
Virtue is chok’d with foul ambition,
And equity exil’d your highness’ land.
Beaufort’s red sparkling eyes blab his heart’s
malice,
And Suffolk’s cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthen with his
tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr’d
up
My lieuest liege to be mine enemy:—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
And all to make away my guiltless life:
I shall not want false witness to condemn
me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those, that care to keep your royal person
From treason’s secret knife, and traitors’ rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
’T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady
here,

1 Suf. Now, Gloster, thou art a private man
again,*
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see
me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
I see your malice and I scorn it, lords;*
For had I twenty times as many foes,
And each of them had twenty times your
power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me! wherein am I guilty?

Car. ’Tis thought, my lord, that you took
bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay’d the soldiers’ pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost
France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? what are they,
that think it?
I never robb’d the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me Heaven, as I have watch’d the
night—
Ay, night by night—in studying good for Eng-
land!

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

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

° Queen. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy
wife’s attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Car. The commons hast thou rack’d; the
clergy’s bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

° Buck. In your protectorship, you did devise

1 Lines 92–94, 100–118 from II. Henry VI. iii. 1; Lines
95–96 from II. Henry VI. ii. 4.
* Private, deprived of official position.
° Doit, a small coin = ¼ th of a penny.
° Groat = a small coin = fourpence.
° Lines 119–122 taken from II. Henry VI. i. 3.
° Lines 123–177 are taken from II. Henry VI. iii. 1.

7 Dangerous, fraught with peril.
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o’erthrow his state?

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

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;—
Beshrew the winners, for they play me false!—
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He’ll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. A guard—secure the duke, and hold him sure.*

Glo. I know their complot is to have my life,
And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

1 Farewell my king, when I am dead and gone,
May loyalty and peace attend thy throne.

[Exit guarded.

Suf. Thus droops the lofty pine and hangs
his sprays.2

Queen. Why now is Henry king, and Margaret queen.

2 King. Ah, uncle Humphrey! yet the hour’s to come,
That e’er I prov’d thee false, or fear’d thy faith.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

3 Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Paris, Guienne, Rheims, Orleans, are reta’en,*
And all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you—all is lost.

King. Cold news, lord regent: but Heaven’s will be done!

Enter York.

York. My liege, from Ireland have I letters here*

To signify—that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, Harry, stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Som. A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop!

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent a regent thither:
To awe the rebels with his blushing rose,*
’Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ’d;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.—

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
And pallid ensign of a coward’s hue,*
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have staid in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.

Queen. No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still;—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov’d far worse than his.

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

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

5 King. Peace, brawling lords, your factions you maintain,*
And whilst a field should be despatch’d and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
Oh, faithful Gloster, come to me again!* Thou never didst me wrong, nor no man wrong.*

6 But, oh, with bootless tears and with dimm’d eyes
I look to thee, and cannot do thee good,
So mighty are thy vowed enemies. [Exit.

Queen. Methinks my lord is cold in these distractions,*
Too full of tender pity, and Gloster’s show
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile

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1 Lines 178-181 taken from II. Henry VI. ii. 3.
2 Sprays, shoots, branches.
3 Lines 192-194, 196-215 from II. Henry VI. iii. 1.
4 Line 196, 198 taken from I. Henry VI. i. 1.
5 Lines 217-218 taken from I. Henry VI. i. 1.
6 Lines 221-226 adapted from iii. 1.

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With sorrow snares relenting passengers—
But, come, dispatch must answer these affairs.
Go, muster force, bold York—for Ireland—fly,*
Bend down rebellion to the royal yoke,* 260
Redeem the glories of the blemish’d crown,*
And make high majesty look like itself.
Go, levy powers, and prosperous mayst thou
fight*
For England’s weal, and royal Henry’s right.*
[Exeunt all but York, Cardinal, and Suffolk.
Car. The uncivil¹ kernes of Ireland are in
arma,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
Thither your grace shall lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen.
York. I am content: provide me soldiers,
lords, 240
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
[Sits down to write.
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see
perform’d.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
Car. That he should die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
’Tis meet, he be condemn’d by course of law.
Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument, 250
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy
death.
Car. So that by this you would not have
him die.
Say as you think, and speak it from your soul.
Suf. Ah, Lord, as fair as I myself would live.*
Say but the word and I will be his priest.
Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of
Suffolk,
Ere you can take due order for a priest.
Say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I’ll provide his executioner.
Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy
doing. 260

¹ Uncivil, barbarous.
² Censure well, approve of as a judge.

York. My lord of Suffolk, even on the in-
stant,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I’ll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I’ll see it truly done, my lord of
York.*
Car. And for Duke Humphrey, I will deal
with him,
That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
[Exeunt all but York.
York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop’st to be; or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:
Well, nobles, well; ’t is politely done, 271
To send me packing with an host of men:
’Twas men I lack’d, and you will give them
me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assure’d
You put sharp weapons in a madman’s hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or
hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head, 280
Like to the glorious sun’s transparent beams.
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.³
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
This devil here shall be my substitute; 288
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons’ minds;
If they affect the house and claim of York,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my
strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal
sow’d:
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.

² Flaw, commotion; or, perhaps, a sudden gust of wind.
ACT III.

Scene I. Part of Kent.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

BEVIS. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

HOLL. They have the more need to sleep now then.

BEVIS. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

HOLL. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

BEVIS. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

HOLL. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

BEVIS. Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

HOLL. True; and yet it is said—"labour in thy vocation;" which is as much to say as—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

BEVIS. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

HOLL. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham.

BEVIS. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

HOLL. And Dick the butcher,—

BEVIS. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

HOLL. And Smith the weaver—

BEVIS. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

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

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the BUTCHER, SMITH the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

CADE. We, John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father—inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

BEV. Silence!

CADE. My father was a Mortimer—

HOLL. [Aside] He was an honest bricklayer.

CADE. My mother a Plantagenet—

HOLL. [Aside] I knew her well, she was a midwife.

CADE. Therefore am I of an honourable house. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in commons, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am king, as king I will be—

All. Heaven save your majesty!

CADE. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

BEV. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

CADE. Nay, that I mean to do. See what noise is that. [Exit Holland.] Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stingts: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter Holland bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

HOLL. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast account.

CADE. Here's a villain!

HOLL. H's a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

CADE. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

CLERK. Emmanuel.

BEV. 'T will go hard with you.

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Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank Heaven I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[Exit Holland, &c. with the Clerk.

Shouts. Re-enter Holland.

Holl. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow. 90

Holl. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'

Holl. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently; [Kneels] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. [Rises] Now have at him! 101

And you that love the commons, follow me.—Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman: Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;3 For they are thrifty honest men, and such As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Bev. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. Strike up the drum.

[Exeunt.

2 Scene II. An apartment in the Palace.

Enter two from the murder of Duke Humphrey.

First Mur. Run, tell Lord Suffolk, and the cardinal,

We have despatch'd the duke, as they commanded.

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

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

1 Clouted shoon, hob-nailed shoes.

2 This scene (lines 1-256) is mainly taken from II. Henry VI. iii. 2.

3 No straiter, no more strictly.
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Ah, woe is me for Gloster, hapless man!

Queen. Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's
tomb?

Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea; 150
And twice by awkward\(^1\) wind from England's
bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that los'd them\(^2\) from their brazen
caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed
shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me;
The splitting rocks\(^3\) cov'er'd in the sinking
sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged
sides; 160
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish\(^4\) Margaret.

Noise within. Enter Warwick and Salisbury
without, with many Commons following.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is
murder'd
By Suffolk's and the Cardinal Beaufort's
means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not whom they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their sullen mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death. 170

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis
too true;
But how he died Heaven knows, not Henry.\(^5\)
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

[Warwick goes in.

O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,

Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's
life!
If my suspect\(^6\) be false, forgive me, Heaven,
For judgment only doth belong to thee!

A bed with Gloster's body put forth.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view
this body. 180

King. That is to see how deep my heart is
made:
For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace.
War. As surely as my soul intends to live
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn
tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his
vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his
face!

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,\(^7\)
Of saxy semblance, meagre, pale, and blood-
less, 190
Being\(^8\) all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aiding 'gainst the
enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er
returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But, see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with
struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that
grasp'd 200
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength sub-
du'd.
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is stick-
ing:
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and
rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.\(^9\)
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

\(^1\) Awkward, adverse.
\(^2\) He that los'd them, i.e. Æolus.
\(^3\) Splitting rocks, i.e. rocks that are used to split the
sides of vessels.
\(^4\) Perish, used actively = kill.
\(^5\) Henry, pronounced as a triglottable.
\(^6\) Suspect, suspicion.
\(^7\) Timely-parted ghost, i.e. the corpse of one who has
died a natural death.
\(^8\) Being, i.e. (the blood) being.
\(^9\) Lodg'd, beaten down.
HENRY VI.—CONDENSED.

ACT III. Scene 2.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the pradige in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where's your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons?

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say it;
For every word, you speak in his behalf, is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her shameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock was grafted with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. Liar and slave!—

[Suffolk and Warwick draw.

King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?

[Shout.

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace;
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;

They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And they will guard you, wher' you will, or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons [Within]. An answer from the king.

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me.
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;

[Exit Salisbury.

For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore—by his majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am—
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descending from the Duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

Y. Clif. Retire, my sovereign lord; his grace and I*
Will quickly raise a power to put them down.*

[Exeunt Clifford and Buckingham.

King. Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matter to impart to thee.

[Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.

Suf. Mischance and sorrow, go along with you!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!
A plague upon them!—Poison be their drink!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basliaks!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss;

1 Puttock, a kite.
2 Graft, past participle of graff—grafted.
3 Compare Macbeth, v. 6. 55.

222
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

Queen. Enough, good Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself;
Let me entreat thee cease! go, get thee gone!
And leave poor Margaret here without one friend.*

Go, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy gracious countenance,*
And still were servant to his honour'd queen.*

Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Enter Messenger.

Queen. Whither away so fast? what news, I prithee?
Mess. To signify unto his majesty,
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming Heaven, and cursing men on earth.

Sometime, he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged 1 soul;
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

[Exit messenger.

Queen. Ay me! what is this world? what news are these?

SCENE III. Southwark.

Enter Jack Cade and the rest.

Cade. Silence, I charge you in my name.—
The Staffords and Lord Say are slain, and now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the conduits run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign. And now, hencefor-ward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!
Cade. Knock him down there.

[They kill him.

Bev. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think he hath a very fair warning.

Cade. Come then, let's go and set London Bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Holl. I have a suit unto your lordship.
Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Holl. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.
Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

Bev. [Aside] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common. [A parley sounded.] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and Clifford, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee:

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Cliff. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!

Who hateth him, and honours not his father,

1 Overcharged'd. overburdened.
2 Lines 1–28 adapted from II. Henry VI. iv. 6.
3 Lines 29–92 taken from II. Henry VI. iv. 8.
223
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!
Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart, in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recover'd your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants, and dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me—I will make shift for one; and so—a curse light upon you all! 59

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!
Cliff. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus ye do exclaim—ye'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Were't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?

Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets. 60
Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.

To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
Heaven on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying. Heaven and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! 77

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;
And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[Execut Clifford, etc.

1My friends, your duty has redeem'd your lives,
And showed how well you love your prince
and country;
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And so with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several counties.

All. Huzza! huzza! huzza!—Long live the king!*

[Exeunt.

*Scene IV. Kenilworth Castle.

Enter King.

King. Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

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

Enter Clifford.

Buck. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers
do yield.

Cliff. The rebel Cade is slain, my lord.*

King. By thee!*

Cliff. No—by a gentleman of Kent, call'd
Iden.*

King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlastings gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—

1 Lines 93-97 adapted from II. Henry VI. iv. 9. 15-21.
2 This scene is mainly taken from II. Henry VI. iv. 9.
HENRY VI.—CONDENSED.

ACT III. Scene 5.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace

The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland:

And with a puissant and a mighty power,

Is marching hitherward in proud array; 19

His grace of Somerset and Clifford's father*

Are in the field and stop his further progress.*

I left St. Albans as their battles join'd.*

King. Haste, my good lords, post haste to

meet the traitor,*

And know what is the reason of these arms.

But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;

And now is York in arms to second him.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,

An outward honour for an inward toil,

And for unfelt imaginations

They often feel a world of restless cares; 30

So that between their titles, and low name,

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. Fields near St. Albans.

Enter York attended, with Edward, Richard,

Warwick, Salisbury, &c.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to

claim his right,

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:

Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and

bright,

To entertain great England's lawful king.

Welcome to London, thrice-renowned friends.*

Now, by my hand, lords, 't was a glorious day;

Saint Albans' battle, by the white rose won,

Shall live eterniz'd in the rolls of fame.

War. I long to hear what leaders they have

lost.*

Edw. Old Clifford's either slain, or wounded

dangerously;

I left his beaver with a downright blow.

Rich. Would Somerset were here to speak

for me.*

War. What, is he gone, my lord of Somerset?*

Rich. Ay, underneath an alehouse' paltry

sign,

The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset

Hath made the wizard famous in his death.

War. Such hope have all the line of John

of Gaunt.

Sal. Now, by my sword, Richard struck

well to-day;

So did we all.

York. My gallant sons, you have demean'd

yourselves

Like men born to renown by life or death.

Three times did Richard make a lane to me,

And thrice cried "Courage, father, fight it

out!"—

And full as oft came Edward to my side,

With purple falchion, painted to the hilt

In blood of those that had encounter'd him:

And when the hardest warriors did retire,

Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of

ground!

A crown—or else a glorious sepulchre!"—

And on my knee I vow to Heaven above 30

I'll never pause, nor e'er again stand still,

Till I am seated on that royal throne,*

Which now the House of Lancaster usurp.*

Sal. The king this day here holds his parli-

ament,

But little thinks we shall be of his counsel.

Rich. By words, or blows, here let us win

our right.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be

call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king.

York. See, see, King Henry doth himself

appear,

As doth the blushing discontented sun, 40

From out the fiery portal of the east,

When he perceives the envious clouds are bent

To dim his glory, and to stain the tract

Of his bright passage to the occident.

Withdraw, mylords of Salisbury and Warwick;*

My sons, go with them, and be resolute,*

When I shall call to seize upon my right;*

But offer to the king no violence,

Unless he seek to put us out by force.

———

1 Lines 27-32 taken from Richard III. I. 1. 78-83.
2 Lines 1-4 taken from II. Henry VI. I. 1. 1-4.
3 Lines 6-8 adapted from II. Henry VI. I. 3.
4 Lines 10, 11 adapted from III. Henry VI. I. 1.
5 Lines 14-16 taken from II. Henry VI. II. 2.
6 Line 17 taken from III. Henry VI. I. 1.
7 Lines 18, 19 adapted from II. Henry VI. I. 3.
8 Lines 20-29 adapted from III. Henry VI. I. 4.
9 Lines 30, 31 adapted from III. Henry VI. II. 3.
10 Lines 34-36 adapted from III. Henry VI. I. 1.
12 Lines 48-52 adapted from III. Henry VI. I. 1.
ACT III. Scene 5.

HENRY VI.—CONDENSED.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.

[Exeunt.]

Sall. We'll plant Plantagenet, root him up
who dares.
[Exeunt.]

Rich. And fair befall your husbandry, my lords;*
For I know who shall reap the fruit of it.*

[Exeunt Richard and Edward.

1 York. Methinks King Henry and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of Heaven.

Enter Henry, Exeter, Clifford, Buckingham, Northumberland, and Westmoreland.

2 King. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, 60
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our Presence?

3 Cliff. Yield thee, or here I do arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. The sons of York shall be their father's bail.
Go, call them, sirrah—let me ask of them
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.*

4 Great York's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Used to command, and sooner shall my head Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the lord of all, the King of kings.

Enter Edward and Richard.

5 See, where they come—I'll warrant, they'll make it good.

Buck. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower.

Cliff. He is arrested, but
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edward. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

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

Cliff. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape!—

York. Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.

Cliff. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bearward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

War. You were best to go to bed, my young lord Clifford,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field,
For fear you sink beneath it like your father.*

Cliff. I am resolved to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst ever conjure up;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
I'll ever wear aloft my burgonet,*
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
Resolve thus, Richard, seize upon thy right.

York. I am resolv'd for death, or sov'reignty,
And boldly seat me in the regal chair,*
Despite the blushing roses of my foes.*

King. Is the throne empty? Is the sove-

1 Lines 55-58 taken from Richard II. iii. 3. 54-57.
2 Lines 59-63 taken from Richard II. iii. 3. 72-76.
3 Lines 64-66 adapted from II. Henry VI. v. 1.
4 Lines 70-73 adapted from II. Henry VI. iv. 1.
5 Lines 74-102 adapted from II. Henry VI. v. 1.

* Burgonet, a close-fitting helmet.
7 Compare Richard III. iv. 4. 470.
8 Lines 105-109 taken from Richard II. iii. 2. 54-57.
Descend, and kneel for mercy at my feet;*
I am thy sovereign.

_York._ Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.*

1 Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

_Clif._ What, shall we suffer this? Let's pluck him down.

_War._ How pluck him down? Why, Clifford, you forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

_Clif._ King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,

_Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

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

[He stampe, and the soldiers show themselves.

_Y. Clif._ Let us assail them, gracious sovereign.

_York._ Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.

_Clif._ What wrong were this unto the prince your son?

_War._ What good were this to England, and himself?

2 King. For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds, plough'd up with neighbours' swords;

2 We therefore are content, Richard, that thou Enjoy the kingdom after our decease.

_Clif._ Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Come, lords, let's go and tell the prince these news.*

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1 Lines 122-131 adapted from III. Henry VI. I. 1.
3 Lines 185-190 adapted from III. Henry VI. I. 1.
Clif. My liege, you cannot disinherit him:
If you be king, why should not he succeed?
Queen. Thou hast undone thyself, thy son,
And me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their
pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine hon-
our:
The northern lords that have forsworn thy
colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be; to the foul dis-
grace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.

King. Have I not sworn the kingdom shall
be York's?
Can I dispense with Heaven for mine oath?
Clif. It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Queen. Awake, insulted majesty, thou
sleep'st.
Hast thou not powers—unfurl the flags of
war—*
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, great name! a puny subject strikes
At thy fierce glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye fav'rites of a king.—Are we not high;
High be our thoughts.—
Discomfortable Harry, know'st thou not,
For ev'ry man that Richard hath imprest
To lift sharp steel against thy golden crown,
Heav'n for his Henry hath in heav'nly pay
A glorious angel, and when angels fight
Weak man must fall, for Heav'n still guards
the right.

ACT IV.

Scene I. Near Mortimer's Cross in Wales.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard,
and their Power.

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father
'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's purs-
suit:
How fares our brother? why is he so sad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he single Clifford
forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest
troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
So far'd our father with his enemies;
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.

1 Lines 191–208 adapted from Richard II. iii. 2. 84–89.
2 Lines 209–228 adapted from Richard II. iii. 2. 90–108.
3 This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. ii. 1.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks fore-
tell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on,
When as the noble Duke of York was slain.
Edw. Oh, speak no more! for I have heard
too much.
Rich. Say how he di'd, for I will hear it all.
Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
By many hands your father was subdu'd; 20
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high de-
spite;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he
wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford
slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd. 31
Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean
upon;
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
Never henceforth shall Edward joy again,
Never, oh, never, shall I see more joy.
Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's mois-
ture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning
heart;
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it. 41
March. Enter Warwick and his Army.
War. How now, my lords? What fare?
what news abroad?
Rich. O valiant lord, the Duke of York is
slain!
War. Some days ago I drown'd these news
in tears:
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest
gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the pests could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king; 51
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept
the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
Short tale to make—we at St. Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and
went;
Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thrasher with a flail— 59
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
We fled; and Henry scap'd unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and my-
self,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.
Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle
Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to
England?
War. Some six miles off the duke is with
his power:
And for your brother—he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.
Rich. 'Twas odds, believe, when valiant War-
wick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.
War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost
thou hear:
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of
mine
Can pluck the diadem from Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war, 79
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick: blame
me not;
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troubled time, what's to be
done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And weep for murder'd York's unworthy end;
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—ay, and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek
you out.
Rich. Now if thou be that princely eagle's
bird, 90
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom
too,
Boldly set on, or thou art none of his.*
Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will
I lean,
And when thou fail'st, as Heaven forbid the
hour!
Must Edward fall.
War. Attend me, lords. The proud in-
sulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumber-
land,
And all the crew are making on towards Lon-
don. 99
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand full;
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to twenty thousand strong,
Why, Via! to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon the foe!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.
War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York;
The next degree is, England’s royal king:
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim’d
In every borough as we pass along;
King Edward—valiant Richard—Montague—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel
(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds)
I come to pierce it—or to give thee mine.

War. Then strike up, drums: Heaven, and St. George, for us!

1 Scene II. York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Clifford, and Exeter, with Forces.

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

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear Heaven! ‘t is not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infringing’d my vow.

Queen. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick?

Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
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.
Were it not pity, that your goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father’s fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child—
“What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away?”

K. Hen. Full well hath Margaret play’d the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Margaret, tell me, didst thou never hear—
That things ill-got had ever bad success?

[Drums.

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
Then, royal Henry, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.

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

Edw. Now, perjur’d Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or 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.
Since when, his oath is broke.

Clif. And reason too;
Who should succeed the father, but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—oh, I cannot speak!

Clif. Ay, crookback; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. T was you that kill’d young Rutland,

was it not?

1 This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. ii. 2.
When dying clouds contend with growing light;  
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,  
Forc’d to retire by fury of the gust:  
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;  
Now, one the better; then, another best;  
Both tugging to be victors.  

Alarums. Enter Queen Margaret and Exeter.

Exe. Fly, Henry, fly! for all your friends are fled,  
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:  
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.  
Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Scotland post amain:  
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds  
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,  
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,  
And bloody steel grasp’d in their ireful hands,  
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.  
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,  
To give the enemy way; and to secure us  
By what we can, which can no more but fly,  

Alarum afar off.

3 If you be ta’en, we should see the bottom of all our fortunes.  
Away! for vengeance comes along with them:  
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed.  

[Execunt.

4 Scene IV.


Edw. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause,  
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—  
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;—  
That led calm Henry, though he were a king;  
As doth a sail, fill’d with a fretting gust,  
Command an argosy to stem the waves.  
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

1 Scene III. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry.

King. This battle fares like to the morning’s war,

1 This scene (except two lines, 20, 21) is adapted from III. Henry VI. ii. 5.

2 Amain, swiftly.

8 Lines 20, 21 taken from II. Henry VI. v. 2. 78, 79.

4 This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. ii. 6.

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War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
For, though before his face I speak the word,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the
g rave; 10
And whereasoe'er he is, he's surely dead.
When he is found, off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From thence shall Warwick cut the sea to
France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not
dread
The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again; 20
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine
ears.
First will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick,
let it be:
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
Thou sett'st up and puller down of kings.
And never will I undertake the thing, 29
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as our-
selves,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

[Exeunt.

2 Scene V. A wood in Lancashire.

Enter Sinklo and Humphrey, with cross-bows
in their hands.

Sink. Under this thick-grown brake 3 we'll
shroud ourselves;
For through this laund 4 anon the deer will
come.
Hum. I'll stay above the hill, so both may
shoot.
Sink. That cannot be; the noise of thy
cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

1 Compare III. Henry VI. ii. 3. 37; iii. 3. 157.
2 This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. iii. 1.
3 Brake, thicket.
4 Laund, lawn, glade.
ACT IV. Scene 5.

HENRY VI.—CONDENSED.

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

Hum. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, must be contented

To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king, King Edward hath depos'd; And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance, Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and ' break an oath?

Hum. No, neversuch an oath; nor will we now.

K. Hen. Well, do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

Sin. We charge you, in Heaven's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the offended.

K. Hen. In Heaven's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what Heaven will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

[Exeunt.

1 Scene VI. London. The Palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Clarence.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain, His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror: Her suit is now, to repose those lands; Which we in justice cannot well deny, Because in quarrel of the house of York The noble gentleman did lose his life.
Go some of you, and call her to our presence.*

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour, to deny it her.

[Enter Lady Grey.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. [Aside] Yea! is it so?
I see the lady needs must make a grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [Aside] He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind.

Glo. [Aside] Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time, to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now; And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glo. [Aside] Ay, widow! then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.


Clar. [Aside] I think, he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [Aside] Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

K. Edw. 'T were pity, they should lose their father's land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. [Aside] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to your crutch.

[Gloster and Clarence retire to the other side.

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
K. Edu. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edu. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edu. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
Glo. [Aside] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.
L. Grey. Why stopes my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edu. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.
L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edu. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Grey. I take my leave, with many thousand thanks.
Glo. [Aside] The match is made; she seals it with a curt'ly.
K. Edu. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. Edu. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love, which virtue begets, and virtue grants.
K. Edu. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edu. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edu. To tell thee plain, I aim to live with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather live in want.
K. Edu. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower:
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
L. Grey. Herein thy highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay or no.
K. Edu. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:
No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. [Aside] The widow lik'd him not, she knits her brows.
Clar. [Aside] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edu. [Aside] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that King Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord.
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edu. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know, I am too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edu. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.
L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons
should call you—father.
K. Edu. No more, than when my daughters
call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by my faith, I, being but a bachelor,  
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing 10  
To be the father unto many sons.  
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.  
Glo. [Aside] The ghostly father now hath  
done his shift.  
K. Edu. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.  
Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.  
K. Edu. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.  
Clar. To whom, my lord?  
K. Edu. Why, Clarence, to myself.  
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.  

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts. 100  
Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.  
K. Edu. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,  
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.  

Enter a Nobleman.  
Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
And brought as prisoner to your palace gate.  
K. Edu. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—  
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
To question of his apprehension.—  
Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her honourably. [Exeunt.  

ACT V.

1[Scene I.] Palace.

King Edward, Queen, Clarence, Gloster,  
Somerset, Hastings, Montague, Pembroke, Stafford.

K. Edu. Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice,  
That you stand pensive, as half discontent?  
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick;  
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,  
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.  
K. Edu. Suppose, they take offence without a cause,  
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,  
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.  
Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king:  
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well. 10  
K. Edu. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I:  
No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd  
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 't were pity,  
To sunder them that yoke so well together.  
K. Edu. Setting your scorns, and your dislike, aside,  
Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey  
Should not become my wife, and England's queen?—  
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,  
Speak freely what you think. 20  
Clar. Then this is my opinion—that King Lewis  
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him  
About the marriage of the lady Bona.  
Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,  
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.  
K. Edu. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,  
By such invention as I can devise?  
Clar. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance,  
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth  
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage. 30

1 This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. i. v. 1.
K. Edw. Why, knows not Clarence, then, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Glo. Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.
K. Edw. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France;
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
Q. Eli. My lords, before it please'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your disdains, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. [Aside] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.¹

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?
Mess.¹ My sovereign liege, no letters: and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.
K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,

What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?
Mess. At my depart, these were his very words;
"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride."
K. Edw. Is he so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Mess. He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words;
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere 'tis long." ⁷⁰
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so
link'd in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike, the younger; Clarence will have the elder.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.
Glo. Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Let's levy men, and make prepare for war; ⁹¹
They are already, or quickly will be landed;
But, ere I go, Hastings—and Montague—
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me, if you love Warwick, more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends.
Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
K. Edw. Why, so, then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence: and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[Exeunt.

1 Scene II. Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French Soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.
I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale, but me?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.
And, to repair my honour lost for him, I here renounce him, and return to Henry.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence comes;
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.

1 This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. iv. 2, with the exception of lines 3-12 taken from III. Henry VI. iii. 3. 256-300; 199-194.

2 Stale, a stalking-horse, a decoy.

And now what rests, but, in night's overture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
At unawares we'll beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[They all cry, "Henry!"]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

[Exeunt.

3 Scene III. Edward's camp.

Enter the Watchmen to guard his tent.

First Watch. Come on my masters, each man take his stand;
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.
Second Watch. To-morrow morning then shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
First Watch. Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
Third Watch. Oh, is it so? But why command's the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field?
Second Watch. Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
Third Watch. Ay; but give me worship, and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.
First Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
Second Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

2 This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. iv. 3.
Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French Soldiers, silent all.

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours. 21

First Watch. Who goes there?

Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest.

[Warwick and the rest cry all, "Warwick! Warwick!" and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying, "Arm! arm!"

Warwick, and the rest, following them.

The drum playing and trumpets sounding.

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in a gown, sitting in a chair. Gloster and Hastings fly over the stage.

Clar. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last, Thou call'dst me king!

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:

When you disgrac'd me in my embassage,
Then I degraded you from being king, 29
And come now to create you Duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shrud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down._

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Edward will always bear himself as king: 39
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd

Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.

When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer

Lewis, and the Lady Bona, send to him:—

Now, for a while, farewell, good Duke of York. 50

[They lead him out forcibly.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide. 50 [Exit, guarded.

Clar. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,

But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,

And see him seated in the regal throne.

[Exeunt.

[Scene IV.] A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,

Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands

He hath good usage and great liberty:

And often, but attended with weak guard,

Comes hunting this way to disport himself.

I have advertised him by secret means,

That if about this hour, he make this way, 10

Under the colour of his usual game,

He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,

To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman.

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

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,

Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

1 This scene is taken from III. Henry VI. iv. 1–28.

2 Advertised, informed.
Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;  
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.  
K. Edw. But whither shall we then?  
Hast. To Lynn, my lord;  
And ship from thence to Flanders. 21  
Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.  
K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.  
Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.  
K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?  
Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.  
Glo. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.  
K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;  
And pray that I may repossess the crown. 29  
[Exeunt.

[Scene V.] The Palace.


K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;  
Now join your hands, and with your hands, your hearts,  
That no dissension hinder government:  
I make you both protectors of this land;  
While I myself will lead a private life,  
And in devotion spend my latter days,  
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.  
War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:  
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow  
To Henry's body, and supply his place; 10  
I mean, in bearing weight of government,  
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.  
K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,  
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?  
Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

1 This scene (lines 1-34) is adapted from III. Henry VI. iv. 6.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: [Lays his hand on his head]  
If secret powers suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.  
His looks are full of peaceful majesty:  
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,  
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself 21  
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.  
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,  
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?  
Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,  
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.  
War. Unsavoury news: but how made he escape?  
Mess. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloster,  
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him 30  
In secret ambush from the forest side.  
War. My liege, I like not of this flight of Edward's:  
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;  
And we shall have more wars, before't be long.  
K. Hen. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.  
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;  
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.  
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,  
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;  
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,  
Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,  
The knights, and gentlemen, to come with thee:—  
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,  
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find  
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—  
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,  
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—  
My sovereign, with the loving citizens—  
Like to this island, girt in with the ocean, 49

2 Lines 55-74 adapted from III. Henry VI. iv. 8.

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Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs—
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
[Exeunt Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, and Montague.

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile;
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays; 70
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppressed them with great subsidies.
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawna upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.
[Shout within, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'
Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry,
Bear him hence, and
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak. 75

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Thus far our fortune maketh us amends,
And says—that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

Where peremptory Warwick now remains: so
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

[Exeunt.

*Scene VI. Before the town of Coventry.*

Enter Warwick, two Messengers, and others, upon the walls.

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?

Enter Sir John Somerville.

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

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I bear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March: flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Soldiers.

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

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid 6 spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou open the city gates.

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—

Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

* This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. v. 1.

* Unbid, uninvited, unwelcome.
If not, the city being of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
War. Oh, welcome, Oxford! for we want
thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.
Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[He and his forces enter the city.
Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy
this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater
victory;
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.
Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Som-
erset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

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

[A parley is sounded; Richard and Clare-
ence whisper together, and then Clarence
takes his red rose out of his hat, and
throws it at Warwick.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what
this means?

[Taking his red rose out of his hat.
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
And here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times
more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.
HENRY VI.—CONDEMNED.

ACT V. Scene 6.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brotherlike.

War. O passing traitor, perjur’d, and unjust!

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

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not co’d here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar’st.

K. Edu. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:—

Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory!

[Exeunt.

1[SCENE VII.] Field of battle near Barnet.

Alarum and excursions. Enter Edward and Warwick.

K. Edu. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug,² that fear’d us all.—
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick’s bones may keep thine company.

[Exit.

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

For who liv’d king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear’d in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body’s length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again!
The queen from France hath brought a pui-
sant power;
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!
War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov’st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath’d his last;
And to the latest gasp, cry’d out for Warwick,
And said—“Commend me to my valiant brother.”
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be distinguish’d; but, at last,
I well might hear deliver’d with a groan—
“O, farewell, Warwick!”

War. Sweet rest his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet in heaven.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen’s great power!

[Dies.

They bear away his body, and Exeunt.
1 Scene VIII. Another part of the field.

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

K. Edf. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course, And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory. But, in the midst of this bright-shining day, I spy a black, suspicious, threaten'ing cloud, That will encounter with our glorious sun, Ere he attain his easeful western bed: I mean, my lords—those powers, that the queen Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast, And, as we hear, march on to fight with us. Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud, And blow it to the source from whence it came: The very beams will dry those vapours up; For every engenders not a storm. Glo. The queen is valu'd 2 thirty thousand strong, And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her; If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd Her faction will be full as strong as ours. K. Edf. We are advertis'd 3 by our loving friends, That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury: We, having now the best at Barnet field, Will thither straight, for willingness bids way: And as we march our strength will be augmented In every county as we go along.— Strike up the drum; cry—"Courage!" and away. [Exeunt.

5 Scene IX. Tewksbury.

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

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms. What though the mast be now blown overboard, The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost, And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood? Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet, that he Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad, With tearful eyes add water to the sea, Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock, Which industry and courage might have sav'd! Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this! Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that? Although unskill'd, why not Ned and I For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge? We will not from the helm, to sit and weep; But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no, From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand, Ready to fight; therefore be resolute. Oxf. I thought no less; it is his policy, To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided. Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness. Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say My tears gainsay; for every word I speak, Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes. Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign, Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd, His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain, His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent; And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil. You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords, Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.


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SCENE X.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, &c. The Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset, prisoners.

K. Edw. Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils. Away with Oxford to Hammers' Castle straight: For Somerset, off with his guilty head. Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[Execut Oxford and Somerset, guarded.

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

K. Edw. Is proclamation made—that, who finds Edward, Shall have a high reward, and he his life? 10 Glo. It is; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak: What! can so young a thorn begin to prick!—Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make, For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects, And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to? Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!

Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth: And, where I stand, kneel thou, 19 Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee, Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

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

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

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful: Lascivious Edward—and thou perjur'd George—

And thou mis-shapen Dick—I tell ye all, I am your better, traitors as ye are;— 28 And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

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

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [Stabs him.

Cla. And there's for twitting me with perjury. [Stabs him.

Q. Mar. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.


Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy! Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!— How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd! Oh, if you ever chance to have a child, Look in his youth to have him so cut off, 40 As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Take up the body—bear her hence by force.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What, wilt thou not! Where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee, When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper, And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes, 50 And then to dry them gav'st the duke a clout Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;

His curses, then from bitterness of soul Denounc'd against thee, are now fallen upon thee,

And Heaven, not we, has plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Mar. Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?

1 Lines 1-47 adapted from III. Henry VI. v. 5.

2 Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee.
HENRY VI.—CONDENSED.

ACT V. Scene 10.

Why then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses.
If not by war, by surfeit die your king;
And his young son, for Edward my poor boy,*
Die in his youth by like untimely violence. So Rivers and Dorset you stood smiling by.*
And so didst thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers. Heav'n, I pray,
That none of you may live your nat'ral age,
But some unlock'd for mischief all cut off!!

2 Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!

Q. Mar. And leave thee out? Stay dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If Heav'n have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul;
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'est,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends:
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Africhts thee with a hell of ugly devils.
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog,
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity,
The slave of nature, and the son of hell,
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins,
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb.

4 Glo. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butchered.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!
O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee; 91

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood.
Good Buckingham, beware of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rinkle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death and hell have set their marks upon him
And all their ministers attend upon him.
O, thou'lt remember me another day,
99 When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Marg'ret was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subject to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Heaven's.

6 K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to my son!

[Exit Queen with guards.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter.
Ere you come there, be sure to hear more news.


K. Edw. Where's Richard gone? Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence; discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares;
By this, I hope she hath a son for us. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI. The palace in London.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Queen Elizabeth, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit on England's royal throne,
Re-pu'chas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:

6 Lines 104–117 adapted from III. Henry VI. v. 5.
6 This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. v. 7.
HENRY VI.—CONDENSED.

Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberland;
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and
Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion, 10
And made the forest tremble when they roard.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's
night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were 20
lay'd;
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way—and that shalt execute.

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely
queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.
Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your ma-
jesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy
brother, thanks.
Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence
thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:— 30
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his
master;
And cried—"all hail!" when as he
meant—"all harm."

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul de-
lights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with
Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence
to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the
40
time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour
annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[Execunt omnes.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

F. A. MARSHALL.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION.

A Lord.
Christopher Sly, a Tinker.
A Page, disguised as Sly's supposed wife.
Hostess.

Huntsmen, Servants, Players and Attendants.

Scene—First outside a Country Alehouse; afterwards in the Lord's Country House.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY.

Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.
Vincentio, an old Merchant of Pisa.
Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca (disguised as Cambio, a Teacher of Languages).
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, son to Antonio, suitor to Katharina.
Gremio, an old gentleman.
Hortensio (disguised as Licio, a Music Master).
The Pedant (disguised as Vincentio).
Tranio (disguised as Lucentio), servants to Lucentio.
Biondello,
Grumio, servant to Petruchio.
Curtis,
Nathaniel, Philip, Joseph, Nicholas, Peter,
A Tailor.
A Haberdasher.

Katharina, the Shrew, daughters to Baptista.
Bianca,
A Widow (afterwards married to Hortensio).

Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

Scene—Sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

HISTORIC PERIOD.

The historic period is vague; probably some time in the first half of the 16th century.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of action comprises five or six days with intervals. Mr. Daniel thus divides them:

Day 1: Act I.
Day 2: Act II.—Interval of a day or two. Petruchio proposes to go to Venice to buy apparel.
Day 3: Act III. Scene 1.—Saturday, eve of the wedding.
Day 4: Act III. Scene 2; Act IV. Scene 1. Sunday, the wedding day.—Interval (?).
Day 5: Act IV. Scene 2.—Interval (?).
Day 6: Act IV. Scene 3, Scene 4, Scene 5; and Act V.—(?) The Second Sunday.)
LITERARY HISTORY.

The first known edition of this play, or rather we should say, of Shakespeare's version of it, is that published in the first Folio. In 1631, an edition in Quarto was published, the title of which is as follows:

“A wittie | and pleasant | Comedie | Called | The Taming of the Shrew. | As it was acted by his Maiesties | Servants at the Blacke Friers | and the Globe. | Written by Will. Shakespeare. | LONDON, | Printed by W. S. for John Smethwick, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstones Church-yard vnder the Dial: | 1631.”

The Cambridge editors add, however: “From a minute comparison of this Quarto edition with the first Folio, extending to points which are necessarily left unrecorded in our notes, we have come to the conclusion that the Quarto was printed from the Folio.” Mr. Collier's conjecture that this Quarto “was printed long before 1623, perhaps as early as 1607 or 1609,” and that the title-page was “struck off long subsequent to the printing of the body of the comedy to which it is attached,” is perfectly refuted by the result of the examination of Capell's copy by the said editors, from which it appears that the paper, on which the title was printed, “forms part of the first quire, and has not been inserted.”

In 1594, was published (anonymously) in Quarto:

“A | Pleasant Conceited | Historie, called The taming | of a Shrew. | As it was sundry times acted by the | Right Honorable the Earle of | Pembroke his seruants. | Printed at London by Peter Short and | are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie, at his | shop at the Royall Exchange, | 1594.”

This was reprinted in 1596, and again, in 1607, by N. Ling. It appears from the records of Stationers' Hall that, on the 22nd January, 1607, Burby the publisher transferred to Ling his right to this play, to Romeo and Juliet, and to Love's Labour's Lost. It was shortly after this transfer that Ling brought out the third Quarto mentioned above. It would appear, then, as Stokes has pointed out in his Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays (p. 34) that Burby, Ling, and Smethwick were probably thought, in 1607, that “The Taming of a Shrew” was Shakespeare's play. Mr. Stokes arrives at the conclusion (p. 35) “that, as far back as May, 1594,” it “was believed to be Shakespeare's in some sense.” However this may be, it seems pretty evident that Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew was the result of a somewhat hasty rewriting and reconstruction of the old play first published in 1594; some hints being taken from Gascoigne's Supposes, a translation of Ariosto's I Suppositori, a comedy first published in 1524, and, as appears from Alciati (Drammaturgia, Edn. 1755, columns 745, 746; 933), republished eight times between that date and 1598.

How much of the present play was written by Shakespeare, and at what date, has been a matter of learned dispute amongst students of Shakespeare. I must refer the reader to Mr. Fleay's paper, and the discussion thereof, in the New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, 1874 (Part I., pages 86-129); also to Macmillan's Magazine, November, 1875; and to the Shakespeare Manual (1876), in which Mr. Fleay further explains his views as set forth in the paper above alluded to. Mr. Grant White, in his Introduction to this play (Riverside Shakespeare, Vol. I. p. 607), repeats his opinion that, in this play, “three hands at least are traceable: that of the author of the old
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

play, that of Shakespeare himself, and that of a collaborator." I cannot see the necessity for this hypothesis. The occasional, or, we may say, frequent irregularity of the metre, and the presence of lines which, both in rhythm and construction, differ from those which we know to be Shakespeare's own, do not seem to me to prove anything more than what we know to be the fact; namely, that Shakespeare based his play upon a previous one, taking therefrom, in this case, most of the situations and some portion of the dialogue. That he greatly improved upon his original any one, who reads the Quarto of 1594 and the present play, can find out for himself; but that he did not exercise so much care as usual with regard to the metre, except in certain passages, is plain; and it may be that much of the verse, so called, is not intended to be verse at all. Nor do I see any proof of the existence of a third hand in this play, in the fact that the Prince of Cestus becomes a simple merchant; or that the period and scene of the play are both changed. What seems most probable is, that Shakespeare touched up and added to the old play, altering the names of the characters, the scene, &c. at an early period, perhaps before 1594; and that subsequently he polished some of the more important passages: but that the play with him was never one of his favourite children, even of adoption; and that the MS., left by him in his own theatre, was more full of mistakes and of oversights than is the case with those plays in which he took far greater interest and pride.1

The first allusion to this play, or perhaps to the old play on which it is founded, is given in Sir John Harington's Metamorphosis of Ajax, 1596. "Read the Booke of Taming a Shrew, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that now every one can rule a shrew in our countrye, save he that hath hir." "Booke" here is used in much the same sense as we talk nowadays of the book of the play. In Rowlands' "Whole Crew of Kind Gossips," 1609, quoted by Ingleby (Centurie of Praye, p. 85), occurs the following allusion:

The chiefest Art I have I will bestow
About a worke call'd Taming of the Shrew.

Another allusion—at least to the Induction—is to be found in Sir Aston Cockayne's poems, 1659, quoted by Malone (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 352):

Shakespeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
That fox'd a beggar so (by chance was found
Sleeping) and there 'needed not many a word
To make him to believe he was a lord:
But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)
'T will make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakespeare fancies
Did put Kit Sly into such lordly trances:
And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness)
And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.

As to the source from which the Induction was taken, it was, most probably, derived immediately from an anecdote in an old collection of short comic stories in prose, printed in 1570, "set forth by maister Richard Edwards, mayster of her Majesties revels" (see Malone, Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 353); but the story was one which, whether founded on any historical circumstance or not, was common amongst vari-

1 As an instance of the remarkable carelessness, with which this play was constructed and written by Shakespeare, Mr. Daniel points out that Hortensio, "by gaining access to Bianca as Licio, drops out of the competition for her hand, and neither Baptista, Gremio, nor Tranio appear to be at all surprised at his absence:" also that, in act iii. sc. 2, every reader must be struck by the sudden knowledge which "Tranio (the supposed Lucentio) manifests of Petruchio's manners and customs." It does not appear from the play that either Lucentio, or Tranio, who assumes Lucentio's character, could possibly have known him before they met him at Padua. In act i. sc. 2 (towards the end) Tranio treats Petruchio as a stranger. It is evident that Shakespeare transferred to Lucentio the familiarity with Petruchio which really belonged to Hortensio. Tranio's speeches (in the assumed character of Lucentio) would not have been out of place in the mouth of Hortensio; but they are very much out of place in his (See New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1877-9, Part II., pp. 164, 165.) I do not think there is much force in Mr. Daniel's first objection. Hortensio, certainly, had an intelligible object in obtaining access to Bianca in the character of Licio; nor is it necessary that his absence should have been noticed by any of the other characters; but there is no doubt that the careless haste, with which Shakespeare reconstructed and rewrote the old play, made him forget that he had made Hortensio a parallel to Polidoro (who is the intimate of Petrano in the old play); and that he neglected to explain, in any way, the apparent familiarity which exists, in act iii., between Tranio and Petruchio. In making Hortensio disguise himself as a musician, Shakespeare's dramatic instinct was quite right; as he, by that means, obtained a much more effective situation than that in the old play, where only Valeria (Polidoro's servant) disguises himself as a musician.
ous nations. We may instance the well-known tale of The Sleeper Awakened, in the Arabian Nights; the story of the Emperor Charles V. recorded by Staunton; and a similar story of Philip the Good of Burgundy, referred to by Malone (ut supra), is narrated by Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy (p. 174). An anecdote of a Tartar prince, taken from Marco Polo, which contains a similar idea, is also quoted by Burton (p. 391).

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote a comedy called The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed, which is a sequel to this play, and not, I believe, intended in the least degree to ridicule it: in it Petruchio is tamed by his second wife. Tranio and Bianca are introduced, but no other characters from Shakespeare's play.

STAGE HISTORY.

This play, in its old shape at least, seems to have been a great favourite. Mr. Stokes says that "one other company at least (Lord Nottingham's) ran a series of plays upon a similar line, viz., Dekker's Patient Grissel, 1597, in which he was assisted by Haughton and Chettle; and Medicine for a Curst Wife, which he brought out alone soon afterwards; indeed the last-named play has (but on insufficient grounds) been conceived to be Dekker's edition of The Taming of a Shrew." I do not see how there could be any connection between a play founded upon the subject of the Patient Griselda and the Taming of the Shrew, nor is Mr. Stokes quite correct in his dates. The first record of Patient Grissel occurs in Henslowe's Diary (p. 95) under the date of "the 19 of December 1599," in the shape of a receipt for three pounds "in earnest of patient Grissell, by us, Tho Dekker, Hen Chettle, and Willm Hawton;" while the first entry in the Diary (p. 224) referring to A Medicine for a Curst Wife relates to a sum lent "to geve unto Thomas Dickers, in earnest of a comedy called a medyson for a curste wiffe, 19 of July 1602," which would be some time after the production of Shakespeare's version of The Taming of a Shrew. This latter play, however, of Dekker's (which was never printed) was, most probably, upon the same subject as Shakespeare's comedy, whether it was another version of the same old play, or not. It is evident, therefore, that the subject of this play was a popular one, since no less than three companies, the Earl of Pembroke's, Lord Nottingham's, and Shakespeare's, must have produced plays on this same subject between 1594 and 1602. On the 11th June, 1594, Henslowe's diary records the performance of "the tamyng of a shrowe" (p. 36). This was, probably, the old play. On the next evening, by a curious coincidence, another old play which we know was at least touched up by Shakespeare, Titus Andronicus, was performed. In Sir Henry Herbert's Office Book, quoted by Malone (Var. Ed. vol. iii. p. 234), appears the following entry: "On Tuesday night at Saint James, the 26 of Novemb. 1633, was acted before the King and Queene, The Taming of the Shrew. Likt." This must have been Shakespeare's play. In Pepys's Diary on 9th April, 1667, we find the following: "To the King's house, and there saw 'The Taming of a Shrew,' which hath some very good pieces in it, but generally it is but a mean play; and the best part 'Sawny,' done by Lacy; and hath not half its life, by reason of the words, I suppose, not being understood, at least by me." And again on 1st November, 1667: "My wife and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw a silly play, and an old one, 'The Taming of a Shrew.'" This must have been Lacy's alteration of Shakespeare's play, called 'Sauny the Scot,' (referred to below). Downes records [Edn. 1789 (p. 57)]: "Between these operas (viz. The Prophetess or Dioclesian, by Betterton, and the Fairy Queen, a mangled version of Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream) "there were several other plays acted, both Old and Modern; As, Bury Fair, Wit Without Money, The Taming of a Shrew, &c." This was after James II. came to the throne, probably about 1686; but, according to Genest, Lacy's adaptation, "Sauny the Scot," was played on 9th April, 1667. The name was evidently suggested by Sander,\footnote{This name is spelt, in the Quarto of 1604, variously Sander, Sanders, Saunder, and Saunders. Probably it was the name of the actor who played the low comedy part.}

\footnote{The references are to Edn. 1678. The former tale is in part 2, sect. 2, memb. 4; the latter in part 3, sect. 4, memb. 1, sube. 2.}

\footnote{Ut supra, p. 38.}
the name of the character in the old Taming of a Shrew, which Shakespeare elaborated into Grumio. Sander is a dull dog; and if Sauny the Scot was no livelier, the mutilation of Shakespeare's play must have been an unnecessary labour. "Sauny the Scot" was revived at Drury Lane, 1698, when the part of Sauny was played by Bullock, Margaret the Shrew by Mrs. Verbruggen, and Biancha by Mrs. Cibber. This precious work was published in that year, 1698. From the account of it given by Genest, it must have been a very poor and rather vulgar production.

No performance of this play seems to have taken place till 1754; when a version in three acts was played, on 18th March, for Mrs. Pritchard's benefit. This was probably the same version, substantially, as that produced on 21st January, 1756, in conjunction with a mangled adaptation of Winter's Tale, for both of which mutilations of Shakespeare Garrick was responsible. On the latter occasion Woodward played Petruchio; Yates, Grumio; and Mrs. Clive, Katharine. Between Woodward and Mrs. Clive there seems to have been no very friendly feeling; and the actor, entering thoroughly into his manager's idea of degrading Shakespeare's play as much as possible, so exaggerated the violence of Petruchio that he threw the actress down at the end of the second act, and even, so it was said, ran a fork into her hand. It is not to the credit of the taste either of English managers, or of English audiences, that this farcical version of Shakespeare's comedy, perpetrated by his great admirer, Garrick, should have held the stage ever since. It appears from Genest that, in conjunction with the mutilation of the Winter's Tale, it was performed twelve times during the season of 1756. This Garrickisation of Shakespeare's play, known as Katharine and Petruchio, seems to have been given, chiefly on the occasion of benefits, several times between 1756 and 1760. On 13th March, 1788, for John Kemble's benefit, it was reproduced, with Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in the parts of Petruchio and Katharine. This was, most probably, the only occasion on which the great tragic actress condescended to enact this role; it must have been a very interesting performance.

On the 25th June, 1810, the play was produced under the title of Taming of a Shrew. Kemble was Petruchio; Mrs. Charles Kemble was Katharine: again on the 16th September, 1812, on which occasion Young played Petruchio. An opera by Reynolds, founded on this play, was produced at Drury Lane on the 14th May, 1828. This appears to have been the first time in which Shakespeare's title, Taming of the Shrew, was restored. Genest puts at the beginning of the entry, "not acted eighty years;" and adds that the original play, in all probability, had not been acted since the Restoration. I cannot find any previous record of the performance of this opera, which was certainly not Shakespeare's original play, and presumably not Garrick's adaptation. On this occasion Wallack played Petruchio; Harley, Grumio; and Braham, Hortensio.

A very interesting performance of Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew, including the Induction, was brought out under the superintendence of Mr. J. R. Planché, in the season of 1846–47, principally with a view to the fact of Mrs. Nisbett (then Lady Boothby) having returned to the stage; which seems to have suggested the idea of the revival to Mr. Planché. There were only two scenes given; the first, the outside of the ale-house on the heath; the second, the Lord's bed-chamber, in which the strolling players were supposed to act; the scenery being indicated, as in the time of Shakespeare, merely by written placards, affixed to the tapestry at the end of the apartment. The appearance of the stage is thus described to me by one of the best of our old actors, the only survivor, I believe, of the original cast: "The Lord and his servants were

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1 Mr. Howe, the Hortensio on the above occasion, to whose kindness I am indebted for the details I have given above. There are two discrepancies between Mr. Howe's and Mr. Planché's accounts of this curious revival. Mr. Howe thinks it was about 1843–44; but he is evidently wrong. He assigns the part of Grumio to Keeley: he also says that when the piece was given again, about two years afterwards, Lambert took Strickland's place; Buckstone that of Keeley. Mr. Planché does not mention Keeley, but only Buckstone in the part of Grumio: both agree that, on its first production, the revival was a great success; but Mr. Howe says that, on the second occasion, it was not so.
INTRODUCTION.

seated on the left-hand corner of the stage in the first entrance: Sly and his party on the right hand. A large drapery of maroon-coloured curtains looped up, with inner curtains of tapestry, stretched completely across the stage; there was a division in the centre of the latter through which the various characters made their exits and entrances. At the beginning of each scene, one of the troupe of actors removed the old placard, and hung a fresh one denoting the place in which the action was to be represented."

The cast included Webster as Petruchio; Keeley, and afterwards Buckstone, Grumio; Howe, Hortensio; Strickland, Sly; with Mrs. Nisbett, Katharine, and Mrs. Seymour, Bianca. Mr. Planche says: "No such Katharine as Mrs. Nisbett had been seen since Mrs. Charles Kemble had acted it in the pride of her youth and beauty. Strickland justified all my expectations. As powerful and unctuous as Munden, without the exaggeration of which that glorious old comedian was occasionally guilty." The difficulty of getting rid of Christopher Sly, at the end of the comedy, was thus ingeniously overcome by Mr. Planche: "At the end of each act no drop scene came down, but music was played while the servants brought the bewildered tinker wine and refreshments, which he partook of freely. During the fifth act he appeared to fall gradually into a heavy drunken stupor, and when the last line of the play was spoken, the actors made their usual bow, and the nobleman, advancing and making a sign to his domestics, they lifted Sly out of his chair, and as they bore him to the door, the curtain descended upon the picture. Not a word was uttered, and the termination, which Schlegel supposes to have been lost, was indicated by the simple movement of the dramatic personae, without any attempt to continue the subject." Since then the play—generally, if not invariably, under the title of Katharine and Petruchio—has been represented many times; the version used being Garrick's adaptation, with as many vulgarisms and as much low pantomime business added, as the ingenuity of the various managers or actors could invent.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The Taming of the Shrew is one of Shakespeare's plays most devoid of serious interest, not excepting The Comedy of Errors. It is more struggling in construction, and contains less ingeniously devised situations than the latter play; the characters in it, however, are more varied, and are treated with greater power of delineation. It must be confessed that the female characters of this play are not very interesting or sympathetic. Bianca has not much individuality; the widow is almost a nonentity; and Katharine, though immensely superior to her prototype in the old play, is not a character that ever can hope to enlist the serious interest, or the deeper sympathies of an audience. The chief value of this play is that it gives us a better example, than any other included in Shakespeare's dramatic works, of his wonderful power of giving life to dead bones. Nothing can be more "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" than the old play from which this is so ingeniously adapted. One cannot help asking one's self the question, after reading carefully The Taming of a Shrew, and then reading, with equal care, The Taming of the Shrew, whether the creative power, shown by Shakespeare in such an adaptation, is not almost greater than that which, in many cases, belongs to originality in the accepted sense of the term. An original play is indeed a rare thing; and some of the plays so called are the least original; for the dramatist must take his characters from some types in history or in real life; and it depends solely upon the amount of the author's power, in analysing the springs of action and the emotions of human nature, whether the characters so derived are mere dummies; or whether they seem to us living men and women, in whose fate we are interested, and with whose joys or sorrows we can vividly sympathize. The dramatist who could take The Taming a Shrew, with its commonplace dialogue, its shallow characters, and its ill-managed story, and could produce from such poor materials the lively and lifelike comedy before us, need not be ashamed of acknowledging that he was indebted to something else than
his own observation or invention. One may compare the process, by which Shakespeare transformed the old play into the one which bears his name, to the work of a great architect who, finding a hideous, dingy, incommodious building, pulls it down; and then, using almost the same bricks or stones, designs and erects a handsome, cheerful, and commodious palace. In the old play, Ferando is a coarse and dull-witted fellow; transformed into Petruchio, he becomes, if not exactly refined, at least a determined and witty character, who, throughout all his extravagant assumption of severity, retains the manners and the heart of a gentleman; impressing the audience with the belief that such a man, having once subdued the temper of a self-willed and passionate woman, could hardly fail to win her love, if there was any good in her character, by his strength of will; and, having won it, would retain it by that innate gentleness which all his well-acted eccentricities could not conceal. The Kate of the old play is a very different person from the Katharina of Shakespeare. The speech, in which the latter describes so eloquently the duties of a wife, is not more superior to the dreary homily for which it was substituted, than she is herself, in every quality of womanhood, to her prototype in the older comedy. The loves of Lucentio and Bianca, of Hortensio and the Widow, are certainly more interesting than those of Aurelius and Philema, or of Polidor and Emilia.

Sander, who is nothing more than a vulgar clown, becomes, in the shape of Grumio, transformed into a study of humorous comicality fit to rank with some of Shakespeare's best creations in this line of character. I cannot see why this play should be called "an outrageous farce;" surely it is quite as worthy of the name of comedy as many plays so called. Is The Merry Wives of Windsor to be stigmatized as a farce, because it is full of practical jokes? If Tobin's Honeymoon be dignified with the title of a comedy, surely a play which is on the same subject, and is much more cleverly treated, should not be sneeringly spoken of as "outrageous farce." It is a great pity that, in representing this play upon the stage, most managers should have done their best to degrade Shakespeare's work; and to exclude carefully from the comedy all the refinement with which he had so characteristically endowed it.

But some one has been found, at last, with courage enough to follow the footsteps of Planche and Webster. Mr. Augustin Daly has produced this play at his theatre in New York, retaining the Induction and the comedy scenes, with—I am happy to say—the greatest success. His edition of the play has been privately printed; and in the words of the introduction, written by that accomplished critic Mr. William Winter, "this book will serve to show that in Mr. Daly's present revival of 'The Taming of the Shrew' a careful and thoughtful effort is made to do absolute justice to the original piece." Mr. Daly, wisely considering that the omission of proper scenery was by no means essential, has mounted the play with liberality and good taste. The fact that the comedy, as represented by Mr. Daly's company, ran for more than a hundred consecutive nights—indeed it has proved one of his greatest financial successes—may, perhaps, encourage other managers to follow so good an example.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

(Scene I. Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly; the latter very drunk.

Sly. I'll pheeze¹ you, in faith.
Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!
Sly. Ye are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris;² let the world slide: Sessa!³
Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?⁴
Sly. No, not a denier.⁵ Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 10
Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough.⁶ [Exit.
Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Trash Merriman, the poor cur is embossed;⁷
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.⁸
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good⁹
At the hedge-corner; in the coldest fault? 20
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.
First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.
Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.
First Hun. I will, my lord. 30
Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk?
See, doth he breathe?

¹ Pheeze (phasé, fazé), beat.
² Paucas pallabris, i.e. pocas palabras (Spanish), "a few words with you."
³ Sessa, i.e. cessa! (Italian), stop! be quiet! "est po
⁴ Burst, i.e. broken.
⁵ Denier, properly the twelfth part of a sou; a coin of the lowest value.
⁶ Third-borough, i.e. constable.
⁷ Embossed, i.e. exhausted, and foaming at the mouth.
⁸ Barch, bitch. ⁹ Made it good, i.e. recovered the scent.
Sec. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.
Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!—
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!—
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes.—
Would not the beggar then forget himself?
First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.
Sec. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.
Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
[And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;]
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say "What is it your honour will command?" Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say "Will't please your lordship cool your hands?"
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic
And when he says he is—¹, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly;² gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent.

If it be husbanded with modesty.
First Hun. My lord, I warrant you we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.
Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.
[Sly is borne out. A trumpet sounds.
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:
[Exit Servant.
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now! who is it?
Serv. An't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.
Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.
Players. We thank your honour.
Lord. Do you intend to stay with me tonight?
A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty.
Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fit, and naturally perform'd.
A Player. I think 't was Soto that your honour means.
Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time; ¹⁰
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest over-eying of his odd behaviour,—
For yet his honour never heard a play—
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.
A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world. 101

 Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery, 8
 And give them friendly welcome every one:
 Let them want nothing that my house affords.

 [Exit one with the Players.

 Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew's page,
 And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
 And call him "madam," do him obeisance.
 Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
 He bear himself with honourable action,
 Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
 Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
 With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
 And say "What is't your honour will command,
 Wherein your lady and your humble wife
 May show her duty and make known her love?"

 [And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
 And with declining head into his bosom,]
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
 Who for this seven years hath esteemed him;
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,
 An onion will do well for such a shift,
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
 See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions. 130

 [Exit Servant.

 I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
 I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.
 I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

 [Exeunt.

 1 Antic, i.e., queer fellow, oddity.
 2 Butterly, i.e., pantry.
 3 Esteemed him, i.e., himself.

 SCENE II. A bedchamber in the Lord's house.

 Sly is discovered in a rich nightgown, with
 Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin and ever and other appurtenances;
 and Lord, dressed like a servant.

 Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

 First Serv. Will't please your lordship drink
 a cup of sack?

 Sec. Serv. Will't please your honour taste
 of these conserves?

 Third Serv. What raiment will your honour
 wear to-day?

 Sly. I am Christpher Sly; call not me
 "honour" nor "lordship:" I ne'er drank sack
 in my life; and if you give me any conserves,
 give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what
 raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doubles
 than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor
 no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more
 feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look
 through the over-leather.

 Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your
 honour!

 O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
 Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
 Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

 Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am
 not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-
 heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-
 maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now
 by present profession a tinker? [Ask Marian,
 Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she
 know me not: if she say I am not fourteen;
 pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up;
 for the lyingest knave in Christendom.] What?
 I am not bestraught. 4 here's—

 Third Serv. O, this it is that makes your
 lady mourn!

 Sec. Serv. O, this it is that makes your serv-
 ants droop!

 Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred
 shuns your house,

 As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
 O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
 Call home thy ancient thoughts from banish-
 ment,

 4 Sheer ale, i.e. unmixed ale; what brewers call "entire."
 5 Bestraught, i.e. distracted.

 VOL. II.
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

[Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,

[Music.

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.]
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the

ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,1
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will

soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer

them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy grey-
hounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe. 50

[Sec. Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will

fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her

breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a
maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a
thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she
bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.]

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a
lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

First Serv. And, till the tears that she hath
shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady? 70
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christoper Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Sec. Serv. Will'please your mightiness to

wash your hands?

[Servants present a ever, basin, and napkin.
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly

nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

First Serv. O, yes, my lord, but very idle

words:
For though you lay here in this goodly cham-

ber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
[And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say you would present her at the leet,3
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd

quarts:]
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely

Hacket.
Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.
Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house
nor no such maid,
[Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps o' th' Green,
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.]
Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good

amends!
All. Amen. 100
Sly. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page as a lady, with Attendants.
Page. How fares my noble lord?
Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer

enough.

1 Trapp'd, i.e. adorned with trappings.
2 Leet, i.e. court leet, or court of the lord of the manor.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men should call me "lord;" I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al’ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

[Sly. Madam, my wife, they say that I have dream’d
And slept about some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon’d from your bed.

Sly. T’is much. Servants, leave me and her alone.

Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two,
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg’d,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal’d your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merri-ment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is’t not a common’t 1 a Christmas gambold or a tumb-ling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we’ll see ’t. Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip: we shall ne’er be younger.

Flourish.

ACT I.

Scene I. Padua. A public place.

Enter LUCENTIO and his man TRanio.

Luc. Tranio, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv’d for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father’s love and leave, am arm’d
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv’d in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.

[PIsso, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivoli.
Lucentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv’d,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,—
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness

1 Common’t, a corruption of commodity; here = comedy.
ACT I. Scene 1.  

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.  

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By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash 1 to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.]

Tra. Mi perdonate, 2 gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
[Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.]
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
[Balk logic 3 with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves
you;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:] 4
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dast thou advi-

If Biondello now were come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: what company is this?
Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to
town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gre-
mio, and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio
stand aside.

Bap. Gentlemen, pray importune me no
farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder: 5
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your
pleasure.

Gre. [Aside] To cart her rather: she's too
rough for me.—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. [To Baptista] I pray you, air, is it
your will
To make a stale 4 of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no
mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 6
Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to
fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your nookle with a three-legged stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord de-
lever us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!
Tra. [Aside to Lucentio] Hush, master!
here's some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad or wonderful fro-
ward.

Luc. [Aside to Tranio] But in the other's
silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio!

Tra. [Aside to Lucentio] Well said, master;
mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Well, gentlemen, that I may soon
make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty pet! 6 it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe: 8
My books and instruments shall be my com-
pany,
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. [Aside to Tranio] Hark, Tranio! thou
may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects

Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Content ye, gentlemen; I am resolv'd:
Go in, Bianca:  [Exit Bianca.

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1 Flash, puddle.
2 Mi perdonate (Italian), pardon me.
3 Balk logic, i.e. dispute in logic.
4 A stale, i.e. a common harlot.
5 Peat, i.e. little pet, from petit (Fr.)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up:

And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay; 100
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

[Exit.

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may
I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though,
Belike, I knew not what to take, and what
To leave, ha?

[Exit.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.—(Act I. 1. 106.)

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: [your
gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.
Our love is not so great, Hortensio, but we
may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly
out: our cake's dough on both sides.] Fare-
well: yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca,
if I can by any means light on a fit man to
teach her that wherein she delights, I will
wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word,

I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet
never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, 3
it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again
have access to our fair mistress, and be happy
rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect
one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her
sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

1 Cunning, i.e. skilful.
2 Wish him to, i.e. recommend him to.
3 Upon advice, upon reflection.
ACT I. Scene 1.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell? 129

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dote! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on. [Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio. 130

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me,—is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely; But see, while idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness: And now in plainness do confess to thee,—

[That art to me as secret and as dear As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—] Tra. I burn, I pine; I perish, Tranio, 160 If I achieve not this young modest girl. Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt; Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

[Tranio, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated1 from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redine tecaptum quam quas minimus.
Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.]

Rated, scolded.

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Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such as the daughter of Agenor2 had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move, And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid, Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd,3 That, till the father rid his hands of her, Master, your love must live a maid at home; And therefore has he closely mew'd her up, Because he will not be annoy'd with suitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he! But art thou not advis'd, he took some care 191 To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand, Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster, And undertake the teaching of the maid: That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part, And be in Padua here Vincentio's son, 200 Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends; Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

1 Daughter of Agenor, i.e. Europa.
2 Shrewd, mischievous.
3 Shrewd, mischievous.
ACT I. Scene 1.  

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.  

Luc. Basta; content thee, for I have it full.  
We have not yet been seen in any house, 204  
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces  
For man or master; then it follows thus;—  
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
Keephouse, and port, 2 and servants, as I should:  
I will some other be; some Florentine,  
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa. 210  
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so:—Tranio, at once  
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:  
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;  
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.  

[They exchange habits.  

Tra. So had you need.  
In brief, sir, sith it thus your pleasure is,  
And I am tied to be obedient;  
For so your father charg'd me at our parting,  
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,  
Although I think 't was in another sense; 220  
I am content to be Lucentio,  
Because so well I love Lucentio.  

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:  
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid  
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.—  
Here comes the rogue.  

Enter Biondello.  

Sirrah, where have you been?  

Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now!  
where are you?  

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?  
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news? 230  

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,  
And therefore frame your manners to the time.  
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,  
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,  
And I for my escape have put on his;  
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,  
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:  
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,  
While I make way from hence to save my life:  
You understand me?  

Bion. I, sir!—[Aside] Ne'er a whit. 240

ACT I. Scene 2.  

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:  
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio. 242  

Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!  

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,  
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.  
But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—I advise  
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:  
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;  
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.  

Luc. Tranio, let's go: 250  
One thing more rests, that thyself execute,  
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,  
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.  

[Exeunt.  

[The presenters above speak.  

First Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.  
Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?  
Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.  
Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 't were done! 259  

[They sit and mark.]  

SCENE II. Padua. Before Hortensio's house.  

Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio.  

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,  
To see my friends in Padua, but of all  
My best beloved and approved friend,  
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.  
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock,—knock, I say.  

Grum. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused 3 your worship?  

[Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.  

Grum. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir? 10  

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,  
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.  

—[Rebused, probably intentional mistake for abused. 263
ACT I. Scene 2.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should knock you first, And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. [Will it not be?] Faith, sirrah, as you'll not knock, I'll ring it; I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

[Wrings Gruumio by the ear; who falls.

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now! what's the matter?—My old friend Gruumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

Con tutto il core, ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Gruumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. [Rising] Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty,—a pip out?

[Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first.

Then had not Gruumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate!—O heavens! Spake you not these words plain:—"Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?" And come you now with—knocking at the gate?]

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Gruumio's pledge:

Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,

Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Gruumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,

Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Happy to serve and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I, then, come roundly to thee,

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'st thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,—
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,—
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curt and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippus, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wife it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

[Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.]

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,

1 i.e. With all my heart, well found.
2 [Welcome to our house, my much honoured signior Petruchio."
3 Legges, alleges.
4 This, this is.
5 In a few, i.e. in short.
6 Wish thee to, i.e. recommend thee to.
7 Aglet-baby, a small figure cut on the tag of a point, or lace.
8 Trot, an old woman (in a contemptuous sense).
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.  
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,  
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:  
Her only fault,—and that is faults enough,—  
Is that she is intolerable curst,  
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,  
That were my state far worser than it is,  
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.  

_Pet._ Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:  
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;  
[For I will board her, though she chide as loud  
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.]  

_Hor._ Her father is Baptista Minola,  
An affable and courteous gentleman:  
Her name is Katharina Minola,  
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.  

_Pet._ I know her father, though I know not her;  
And he knew my deceased father well.  
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;  
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,  
To give you over at this first encounter,  
Unless you will accompany me thither.  

_Gru._ I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O my word, as she knew him  
as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: she may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.  
_[I'll tell you what, sir,  
as she stand him but a little, he will throw a  
figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it,  
that she shall have no more eyes to see withal  
than a cat.]_  
You know him not, sir.  

_Hor._ Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,  
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:  
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;  
And her withholds from me, and other more,  
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;  
Supposing it a thing impossible,—  
For those defects I have before rehearse'd,—  
That ever Katharina will be wood;  
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,

That none shall have access unto Bianca  
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.  

_Gru._ Katharine the curst!  
A title, for a maid, of all titles the worst.  

_Hor._ Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,  
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,  
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster  
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;  
That so I may, by this device, at least,  
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,  
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.  

_Gru._ [Aside] Here's no knavery! See, to  
beguile the old folks, how the young folks  
lay their heads together!  

_Enter Gremio; and Lucentio disguised, with books under his arm._  

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?  

_Hor._ Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.  

Petruchio, stand by a while.  

_Gru._ A proper stripling, and an amorous!  

_Petruchio and Grumio retire._  

_Gre._ O, very well; I have perus'd the note.  
Hark you; I'll have them very fairly bound:  
All books of love, see that at any hand;  
And see you read no other lectures to her:  
You understand me,—over and beside  
Signior Baptista's liberality,  
I'll mend it with a largess.  

_Take your papers too,  
And let me have them very well perfum'd:  
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,  
To whom they go._  

What will you read to her?  

_Luc._ Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you  
As for my patron,—stand you so assur'd,—  
As firmly as yourself were still in place:  
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words  
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.  

_Gre._ O this learning! what a thing it is!  

_Gru._ O this woodcock! what an ass it is!  

_Pet._ Peace, sirrah!  

_Hor._ Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.
ACT I. Scene 2.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. ACT I. Scene 2.

Gre. And you're well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow you Whither I am going? To Baptista Minola. I promis'd to inquire carefully About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca: And by good fortune I have lighted well On this young man, for learning and behaviour Fit for her turn; well read in poetry, 170 And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye. Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman Hath promis'd me to help me to another, 173 A fine musician to instruct our mistress; So shall I no whit be behind in duty To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me. Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go; Are you a sailor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?—(Act I. 2. 228.)

Gru. [Aside] And that his bags shall prove. Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love: Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, 180 I'll tell you news indifferent good for either. Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his liking, Will undertake to woo curst Katharine, Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please. Gre. So said, so done, is well:— Hortensio, have you told him all her faults? Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold: If that be all, masters, I hear no harm. 266

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son: My father dead, my fortune lives for me; And I do hope good days and long to see. Gre. O, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!

[ But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name: You shall have me assisting you in all.] But will you woo this wild-cat? Pet. Will I live?

Gru. [Aside] Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
ACT I. Scene 2.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. ACT I. Scene 2.

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? 200

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free

For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know, That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,

Do me this right,—bear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown; And were his daughter fairer than she is, She may more suitors have, and me for one. 210

Fair Leda's daughter 3 had a thousand wooers; Then well one more may fair Bianca have: And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one, Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you this, Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,

The one as famous for a scolding tongue, As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules; And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth: The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for, Her father keeps from all access of suitors, 220

And will not promise her to any man Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man Must stead us all, and me among the rest; And if you break the ice, and do this feat, Achieve the elder, set the younger free For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her Will not so graceless be to be ingratitude.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;

1. Leda's daughter, Helen.

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ACT I. Scene 2.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

And since you do profess to be a suitor, 273
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign
whereof,

Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,

And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows,
let's be gone.

[Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it
so:—

Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto.] [Exeunt.

ACT II.

Scene I. Padua. A room in Baptista's
house.

Enter Katharina, and Bianca with her
hands bound.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong
yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other goods,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yes, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee,
tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest: is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have
him.

Kath. O, then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then, you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while: 20
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was
so.  21

[Strikes her.

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows
this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside:—poor girl! she weeps:—
[To Bianca] Go ply thy needle; meddle not
with her.—
[To Katharina] For shame, thou hilding of a
devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong
thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be re-
veng'd.  [Flies at Bianca.

Bap. [Holding her back] What, in my sight?
—Bianca, get thee in. [Exit Bianca. 30
Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now
I see
She is your treasure, she must have a hus-
band;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.  [Exit.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean
man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musi-
cian; and Tranio, with Biondello bear-
ing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.
Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God
save you, gentlemen!  41

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you
not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katha-
rina.

1 Contrive, wear out, spend.
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2 Hilding, i.e. low wretch.
ACT II. Scene 1.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT II. Scene 1.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.


I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[Presenting Hortensio.

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.

But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I knew him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly holding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [presenting Lucentio], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

---

1 Baccare, a proverbial expression—get back!

2 i.e. The lute carved by Biondello.
Which I have better'd rather than decrease'd:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, 120
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

*Bap.* After my death, the one half of my lands,
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, 1—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all. 130

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing; for I tell you,
father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

*Bap.* Well, mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. 140

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter Hortensio, with his head bleeding,
and a broken lute in his hand.*

*Bap.* How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?
*Hor.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.
*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

*Hor.* I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutea.
*Bap.* Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?
*Hor.* Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets, 150
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

“Frets, call you these?” quoth she; “I'll fume with them.”

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me "rascal fiddler,"

And “twangling Jack,” with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so. 160

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

*Bap.* [To Hortensio] Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

---

1 Widowhood, i.e. dower, settlement.
2 Frets, stops.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT II. Scene 1.

Pet. I pray you do. [Exeunt all but Petruchio.] I will attend her here, 100
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why, then, I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;]
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day 150
When I shall ask the bans and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

[But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,—
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore,
Kate, 190
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—]
Hearing thy mildness praise'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,—
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool. 1


[ 1 Joint-stool, a three-legged stool, made of pieces joined together.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you. 200

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such a jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be! should buzz! 3

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard. 4

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,]

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [She strikes him. 220

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms: 5
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

[Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven. 6

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

3 Should buzz, a pun is intended on bee (be) and buzz.
4 Buzzard. This word means a beetle, as well as the buzzard hawk.
5 Lose your arms, i.e. lose your coat of arms, which a gentleman had a right to wear.
6 A craven, a degenerate cock.
Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab. 230
Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore
look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen, 245
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will; 250
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
[O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st com-
mand.
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove, 255
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chastly, and Dian sportful!]
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. [Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside, 270
Thus in plain terms: your father hath con-
sented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.] Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
[And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kate. Here comes your father: never make denial; I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Bapista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter? Pet. How but well, sir? how but well? It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you, You have show'd a tender fatherly regard, To wish me wed to one half lunatic; A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack, That thinks with oaths to face the matter out. Pet. Father, 'tis thus:—yourself and all the world, That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her: If she be curst, it is for policy, For she's not froward, but modest as the dove; For patience she will prove a second Grissel, And Roman Lucrece for her chastity: And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together, That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you? 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone, That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate! She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath, That in a twink she won me to her love. O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see, How tame, when men and women are alone,

1 Household Kate. The pun on cat and Kate is obvious in these lines.

2 Pied, a term at the game of Primero = challenged, or invited.

3 Twink, i.e. wink or twinkling.

4 Meacock, a tame, dastardly fellow; a henpecked husband.
Gre. First, as you know, my house within
the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,¹
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,

Tra. That "only" came well in.—Sir, list

to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa's walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall
be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior
Gremio?
Gre. Two thousand ducats by the
year of land!
My land amounts but to so much
in all:
That she shall have; besides an
argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles'²
road.—
What, have I chok'd you with an
argosy?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my
father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides
two galliasses,³
And twelve tight galleys: these
I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou
offer'st next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I
have no more;
And she can have no more than
all I have:
If you like me, she shall have me
and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine
from all the world,

By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her
dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well
as old?

¹ Counterpoints, counterpanes.
² Marseilles, pronounced as a trisyllable.
³ Galliasses, large galleys.
ACT III.

SCENE I. Padua. Baptista’s house.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, both disguised; and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir: Have you so soon forgot the entertainment Her sister Katharine welcom’d you withal? Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this, her sister, is The patroness of heavenly harmony: Then give me leave to have prerogative; And when in music we have spent an hour, Your lecture shall have leisure for as much. Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far To know the cause why music was ordain’d! Was it not to refresh the mind of man, After his studies or his usual pain? Then give me leave to read philosophy, And while I pause, serve in your harmony. Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine. Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong, To strive for that which resteth in my choice: [I am no breeching scholar in the schools; I’ll not be tied to hours nor pointed times, But learn my lessons as I please myself. And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:]

[To Hortensio] Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;

His lecture will be done ere you have tun’d.

Hor. You’ll leave his lecture when I am in tune? [To Bianca.

Luc. That will be never: tune your instrument. [Hortensio retires apart. Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam: [Reads.

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus. Hic steterat Priami regia celsa sensis.]

Bian. Construe them. Luc. Hac ibat, as I told you before,— Simois, I am Lucentio,—hic est, son unto Vin- centio of Pisa,—Sigeia tellus, disguised thus to get your love;—Hic steterat, and that Lu- centio that comes a-wooing,—Priami, is my man Tranio,—regia, bearing my port,—celsa sensis, that we might beguile the old pantalo- lon. Hor. [Turning towards them] Madam, my instrument’s in tune. Bian. Let’s hear. [Hortensio plays.] O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again. Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: Hac ibat Simois, I know you not,—hic est Sigeia tellus, I trust you not;—Hic steterat Priami, take heed he hear us not,—regia, presume not,—celsa sensis, despair not.

1 On this side flowed Simois: here is the Sigelian land; Here had stood the lofty palace of old Priam. —Ovid, Epist. Her. 1. 33, 34.

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ACT III. Scene 1.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT III. Scene 2.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

[Exeunt Bianca and Servant.]

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[Exit.]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,²
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, and others, with Attendants.

Bap. [To Tranio] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed' ⁴ day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

[What will be said?] what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby ⁵ full of spleen;
Who wou'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.

[1 told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,

---

¹ Stale, decoy. ² Clif, old form of clef. ³ 'pointed, appointed. ⁴ Rudesby, blusterer, swaggerer.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT III. Scene 2.

Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd."
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!"

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!
[Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? [how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.]

Tra. But say, what is thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury,

with a broken hilt, and chapeless; 1 with two broken points: his horse hipp'd with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred;
besides, possess'd with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; 2 troubled with the lampass, 3 infected with the fashions, 4 full

of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed 5 with the yellows, past cure of the fives, 6 stark

1 Chapeless. A chape means either the guard of the hilt, or the metal tip of the scabbard.
2 To mose in the chine, a disease sometimes called "mourning in the chine," or "the running glanders."
3 Lampass, or lampers, a swelling of some of the lower bars of a horse's mouth.
4 Fashions, an old name for the sarcy.
5 Rayed, defiled, discoloured.
spoil'd with the staggars, begnawn with the bota, sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shot-
ten;\textsuperscript{2} near-legg'd before, and with a half-
check'd bit and a headstall of sheep's leather, which, being restrain'd to keep him from stum-
bbling, hath been often burst, and new-repaired
with knots; one girth six times piec'd, and a
woman's crupper of velure,\textsuperscript{3} which hath two
letters for her name fairly set down in studs,
and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him? 85

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world
caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock\textsuperscript{4}
on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the
other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an
old hat, and The Humour of Forty Fancies
prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very
monster in apparel, and not like a Christian
footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to
this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he
comes.

[Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.
Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?
Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?
Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came. 80
Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with
him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.]

Enter Petruchio very hurriedly, followed by
Grumio, both of them meanly and fantas-
tically dressed.

Pet. Come, come, where be these gallants?
who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well. 90

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well 'parell'd as I wish you
were.

---

\textsuperscript{1} Sway'd, strained.
\textsuperscript{2} Shoulder-shotten, sprained in the shoulder.
\textsuperscript{3} Velure, velvet.
\textsuperscript{4} Stock, stocking.
ACT III. Scene 2.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass, 131
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we’ll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca’s steps so narrowly, 141
’Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform’d, let all the world say no,
I’ll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That, by degrees, we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We’ll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master’s sake, Lucentio. 150

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e’er I came from school.
Tra. And is the bride and bridgroom coming home?
Gre. A bridgroom say you? ’tis a groom
indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall
find.
Gre. Why, he’s a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, she’s a devil, a devil, the devil’s
dam.
Gre. Tut, she’s a lamb, a dove, a fool to
him!—
I’ll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest 160
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
“Ay, by gogs-wouns,” I quoth he; and swore so
loud,
That, all amaz’d, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop’d again to take it up,
The mad-brain’d bridgroom took him such a
cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and
priest:
“Now take them up,” quoth he, “if any list.”

1 Gogs-wouns, a corruption of God’s wounds.

Tra. What said the wench when he arose
again?
Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he
stamp’d and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him. 170
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: “A health!” quoth he, as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm; quaff’d off the muscadel, 3
And threw the sops all in the sexton’s face;
[ Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem’d to ask him sops as he was drink-
ing.]
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss’d her lips with such a clamorous
smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo:
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before:—
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [Music.

Re-enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca,
Baptista, Hortensio, Gremio, and Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for
your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar’d great store of wedding
cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave. 190
Bap. Is’t possible you will away to-night?
Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me entreat you. 201
Pet. I am content.

3 Muscadel, a strong sweet wine, made from muscat grapes.
ACT III. Scene 2.

Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
    But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have
eaten the horses.
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day; 210
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
} You may be jogging while your boots are
} green;
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself:]
Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not
angry.
Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to
do?
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure. 219
Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal
 dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy
command.—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer;
} Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
} Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves:]
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor
fret; 220
I will be master of what is mine own: 221
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
} My household stuff, my field, my barn,
} My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with
thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch
thee, Kate:
I'll buckler thee against a million.
[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.
Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet
ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die
with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.
} Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your
sister?
Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly
mated.
Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kate'd.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride
and bridgroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridgroom's
place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.
Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to
bride it?
Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen,
let's go. [Exeunt

ACT IV.

Scene I. A Hall in Petruchio's country
    house.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad
masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so

---

1 I'll buckler thee, I'll shield thee.
2 Junkets, dainties.
3 Ray'd, covered with dirt.
THE TAMING OF THE SHEEP

Act II Scene 3

Petruchio: Fear not sweet one, thou shall not touch thy Kate.

I'll buck her thee against a million.
myself; for, considering the weather, a taller
man than I will take cold.]—Holla, ho! Curt-
tis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Grue. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou
mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with
no greater a run but my head and my neck.
A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming,
Grumio?

Grue. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire,
fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's re-
ported?

Grue. She was, good Curtis, before this frost:
but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman
and beast; [for it hath tam'd my old master,
and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curt-
iss.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no
beast.

Grue. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn
is a foot; and so long am I at the least.] But
wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on
thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being
now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold
comfort, for being slow in thy hot offices?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how
goes the world?

Grue. A cold world, Curtis, in every office
but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty,
and have thy duty; for my master and mistres-
are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready: and therefore,
good Grumio, the news.

Grue. Why, "Jack, boy! ho! boy!" and as
much news as will thaw.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

Grue. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught
extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper
ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cob-
webs swept; the serving-men in their new
fustian, their white stockings, and every officer
his wedding-garment on? Be the jack's fair
within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid,
and everything in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee,
news.

Grue. First, know, my horse is tired; my
master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Grue. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and
thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Grue. [Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Grue. There. [Gives him a box on the ear.

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a
tale.

Grue. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale;
and this cuff was but to knock at your ear,
and beseech listening. Now I begin:] Impro-
missie, we came down a foul hill, my master
riding behind my mistress.—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Grue. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Grue. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou
not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how
her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou
should'st have heard in how miry a place, how
she was bemoi'd, how he left her with the
horse upon her; how he beat me because her
horse stumbled; how she waded through the
dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how
she pray'd, that never pray'd before; how I
cried; how the horses ran away; how her
bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with
many things of worthy memory, which now
shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperi-
enc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew
than she.

Grue. Ay; and that thou and the proudest
of you all shall find when he comes home.
But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel,
Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop
and the rest: let their heads be sleekly com-b'd,
their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an
indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left
legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse
tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all
ready?

---

1 Jacks, large jugs made of leather.
2 Jills, drinking-cups made of metal.
3 Carpets, table-covers.

Bemoi'd, covered with mire.
ACT IV. Scene 1.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Curt. They are.
Grum. Call them forth.
Curt. Do you hear, ho! you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.
Grum. Why, she hath a face of her own.
Curt. Who knows not that?
Grum. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.
Curt. I call them forth to credit her.
Grum. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter Nathaniel, Philip, Joseph, Nicholas, Peter, and other Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!
Phil. How now, Grumio!
Jos. What, Grumio!
Nich. Fellow Grumio!
Nath. How now, old lad?
Grum. Welcome, you;—hownow, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?
Nath. All things are ready. How near is our master?
Grum. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—[Cock's passion,¹ silence! I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

Petr. Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?
All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.
Petr. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish kneve I sent before?
Grum. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.
Petr. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Grum. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd² i' the heel;
There was no link³ to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggary; 410
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Petr. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[Execut Servants.

[Singing] Where is the life that I late I led—
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!⁴

Re-enter Peter and other Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate,
be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains,
when?

[Sings] It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:—
Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

[Strikes him. 151
Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—

[Exit Servant.

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

Enter a Servant with basin and ever.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.

[Servant lets the ever fall.

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[Strikes him.

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

¹ Cock's passion, a vulgar form of God's passion.
² Unpink'd, not ornamented with eyelet holes.
³ Link, torch.
⁴ Soud! probably an exclamation expressing fatigue.
ACT IV. Scene 1.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

**Pet.** A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave! 160
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?
What's this? mutton?

**Peter.** Ay.

**Pet.** Who brought it?

**Peter.** I. 1.

**Pet.** 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?

---

*Pet. There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.—(Act iv. l. 165.)*

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[**Throws the meat, d.c. at them.**

You needless jolheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

**Kath.** I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

**Pet.** I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

*Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company: 180
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.  
[**Exeunt.**

Re-enter, severally, **Nathaniel, Peter and Grumio.**

**Nath.** Peter, didst ever see the like?

**Peter.** He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter **Curtis.**

**Gru.** Where is he?

**Curt.** In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;

---

1 Beetle-headed, having a head like a wooden mallet; stupid.

2 Patient, pronounced here as a trisyllable.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul, knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak, and sits as one new-risen from a dream. Away, away! for he is coming hither.

[Execut.

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus politicly I've begun my reign, and 'tis my hope to end successfully. My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty; and, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd, for then she never looks upon her lure. [Another way I have to man my haggard, to make her come, and know her keeper's call, that is, to watch her, as we watch these kites that bare, and best, and will not be obedient.] She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat; last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not; as with the meat, some undeserved fault I'll find about the making of the bed; and here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster, this way the coverlet, another way the sheets: ay, and amid this hurly I intend that all is done in reverent care of her; and, in conclusion, she shall watch all night: and if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl, and with the clamour keep her still awake. This is a way to kill a wife with kindness; and thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour. He that knows better how to tame a shrew, now let him speak: 'tis charity to show.

[Exit.

SCENE II. Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca doth fancy any other but Lucentio? I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. To satisfy you, sir, in what I have said, stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

[They stand aside.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love. Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart! [They retire.

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray, you that durst swear that your mistress Bianca loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. Despightful love! unconstant woman-kind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio, nor a musician, as I seem to be; but one that scorn to live in this disguise, for such a one as leaves a gentleman, and makes a god of such a cullion.

Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard of your entire affection to Bianca; and since mine eyes are witness of her lightness, I will with you, if you be so contented, forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio, here is my hand, and here I firmly vow never to woo her more, but do forswear her, as one unworthy all the former favours that I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath, never to marry her though she'd entreat: fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn her!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath, I will be married to a wealthy widow,

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1 Lure, a stuffed bird used to lure a hawk back from his flight.
2 To man my haggard, i.e. to tame my wild hawk.
3 Bake, flatter.
4 Hurly, turmoil.
5 Intend, pretend.

6 Cullion, a term of contempt—a mean wretch.
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.¹
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[Exit.—Lucentio and Bianca advance.]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her too.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,

To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering-tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary: but at last I spied an ancient angel² coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatante,³ or a pedant, I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

¹ *Haggard*, an untrained hawk.
² *Angel*, worthy old man.
³ *From Italian mercatante*, merchant.
Luc. And what of him?
Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.

Ped. My life, sir! how I pray! for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [Aside] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like, sir, to Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:—
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

[Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

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ACT IV. Scene 3.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. ACT IV. Scene 3.

Gr. Why then, the mustard,—but without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[Beats him.
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat; and
HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting,
all amont?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully
upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee: 40
[Sets the dish on a table.
I'm sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits
thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it
not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. I pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with
thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to
blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.
Pet. [Aside] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou
lov'st me.
[To Katharina] Much good do it unto thy
gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings;
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingales, and
things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of
brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this
knav'ry.]

Scene III. A room in Petruchio's house.

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gr. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his
spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreatry have a present ams.
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling
fed:
And that which spites me more than all these
wants, 11
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'T were deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
Gr. What say you to a neat's foot?
Kath. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me
have it.
Gr. I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd? 20
Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it
me.
Gr. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gr. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the must-
ad rest.
Gr. Nay then, I will not: you shall have
the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou
wilt.

1 Spites, anger.
2 Neat's, calf's.

3 Amort, dispirited.
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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

What, hast thou din’d? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.
Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments; Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.
What news with you, sir? Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer; A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
[ Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap: ]
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. [Aside] That will not be in haste.
Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

[Exit Haberdasher.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see 't.

O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like an ademi-cannon:

What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slash and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, I devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. [Aside] I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

[ Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir: I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant; Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast mar'red her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grunio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

[ Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

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1 Ruffling, rustling: or, perhaps, having ruffs or ruffles.
2 Knack, knick-knack, trifle.
3 Custard-coffin, the raised crust round a custard.
4 Demi-cannon, a kind of cannon, carrying a ball of about 30 lbs.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav’d many men; brave not me; I will neither be fac’d nor brav’d. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in’s throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. [Reads] "Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown;"

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.


Tai. [Reads] "With a small compass’d cape;"

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. [Reads] "With a trunk sleeve;"

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [Reads] "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there’s the villainy.

Gru. Error i’ the bill, sir; error i’ the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sew’d up again; and that I’ll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

[Pet. [Aside] I am for thee straight: take thou the bill; give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i’ the right, sir: ’tis for my mistress.

[Pet. [To Tailor] Go, take it up unto thy master’s use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress’ gown for thy master’s use!

Pet. Why, sir, what’s your conceit in that? Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my mistress’ gown to his master’s use! O, fie, fie, fie!]

Pet. [Aside] Hortensio, say thou ‘tis see the tailor paid.

[To Tailor] Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I’ll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away! I say; commend me to thy master.

[Exeunt Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father’s

Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For ‘tis the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account’s it shame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolic: we will henceforthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father’s house.—

[To Grumio] Go, call my men, and let us start to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let’s see; I think ’tis now some seven o’clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir; ’tis almost two; and ’twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse;

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let ’t alone:

I will not go to-day; and ere I do,

It shall be what o’clock I say it is.

Hor. [Aside] Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Padua. Before Baptista’s house.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you

That I call?

Ped. Ay, ay, what else? and but I be deceiv’d,

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Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

_Tra._ 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longs to a father.

_Ped._ I warrant you.

*Enter Biondello.*

But, sir, here comes your boy;
'T were good that he were school'd.

_Tra._ Fear you not him.

Sirrah Biondello,

Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

_Bion._ Tut, fear not me.

_Tra._ But has't thou done thy errand to Baptista?

_Bion._ I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

_Tra._ Thou 'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio.*

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

_To the Pedant._ Sir,
This is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

_Ped._ Soft, son!
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself: And, for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement
I shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed;

[For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.]

_Bap._ Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both disseem deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is fully made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

_Tra._ I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you hold best
We be affied, and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

_Bap._ Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily we might be interrupted.

_Tra._ Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender patience.

_Bap._ It likes me well. Go, Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

_Luc._ I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

_Tra._ [Winking and laughing to Lucentio, unseen by Baptista] Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

[Lucentio retires out of sight, after interchanging signals with Biondello.]

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
But come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

_Bap._ I follow you.

[Execunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.

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1 _Tall, here = clever._
2 _Curious, i.e. scrupulous._
3 _Pass, i.e. convey, assure._
4 _Affed, betrothed._
5 _Happily, by chance._

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[Bion. [Calling to Lucentio] Cambio! 72
Luc. [Coming forward] What sayest thou, Biondello?
Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Bion. Faith, nothing; but ‘tis left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.
Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.
Luc. And what of him?
Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.
Luc. And then?
Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke’s church is at your command at all hours.
Luc. And what of all this?
Bion. I cannot tell, except—they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum: to the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.
Luc. Heariest thou, Biondello?
Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke’s, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [Exit.
Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas’d; then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I’ll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [Exit.]

Scene V. A public road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Servants.

Pet. Come on, i’ God’s name; once more toward our father’s.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.
Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother’s son, and that’s myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father’s house.—
Go one, and fetch our horses back again.—
[Exit one of the Servants.

Evermore cross’d and cross’d; nothing but cross’d!
Hor. [Aside to Katharina] Say as he says, we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say it is the moon.
Kath. I know it is.
Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless’d, it is the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind. 20
What you will have it nam’d, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.
Hor. [Aside] Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft! what company is coming here?

Enter Vincentio.

[To Vincentio] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a freasher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her checks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty’s sake.
Hor. [Aside] A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
HAPPY the parents of so fair a child;
HAPPIER the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green:

Pet. Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?—(Act iv. 5. 37.)

Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name's Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman.
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she's of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may be seem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.
ACT IV. Scene 5.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth thereof; 75
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[Exeunt all but Hortensio.]

Hor. Well, well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[Exit.]

ACT V.


Gremio discovered. Enter at back, unseen by Gremio, Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

[Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, Grumio, with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the marketplace;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir. 11

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[Knocks.

Gre. They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

[Pedant looks out of the window.]

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal. 21

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well-beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, and is here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [To Vincentio] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

[Exeunt Pedant, Katharina, Grumio, and Attendants.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. [Seeing Biondello] Come hither, crack-hemp. 1

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me? 50

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [Beats Biondello.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. 61

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1 Crack-hemp, one who deserves hanging.

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Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! [Exit from the window.

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.

Re-enter Pedant below; Tranio, Baptista, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a capatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murder'd his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming. Vin. Carry me to the gaol!


Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

1 Copatain hat, a hat with a conical crown.
2 Cony-catch'd, i.e. deceived.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

**ACT V. Scene 1.**

**Ped.** Swear, if thou dar'st.

**Gre.** Nay, I dare not swear it.

**Tra.** Then thou wilt best say that I am not Lucentio.

**Gre.** Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

**Bap.** Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

**Vin.** Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd: O monstrous villain!

*Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.*

**Bion.** O! we are spoil'd and—yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

**Luc.** [Kneeling] Pardon, sweet father.

**Vin.** Lives my sweet son?

*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.*

**Bian.** [Kneeling] Pardon, dear father.

**Bap.** How hast thou offended?

**Where is Lucentio?**

**Luc.** Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eye.

**Gre.** Here's packing with a witness, to deceive us all!

**Vin.** Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

**Bap.** Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

**Bian.** Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

**Luc.** Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforce'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

**Vin.** I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

**Bap.** [To Lucentio] But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

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1 *Hal'd, dragged away (to prison).*

2 *Packing, i.e. plotting.*

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**ACT V. Scene 2.**

**Vin.** Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be reveng'd for this villany.

[Exit 140

**Bap.** And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

[Exit

**Luc.** Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.

**Gre.** My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

[Exit

**Kath.** Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

**Pet.** First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

**Kath.** What, in the midst of the street?

**Pet.** What, art thou asham'd of me?

**Kath.** No, sir, God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

**Pet.** Why, then let's home again. Come, sIRRah, let's away.

**Kath.** Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

**Pet.** Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late.

[Exeunt

---

**SCENE II. Padua. A room in Lucentio's house.**

*A banquet set out; enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow, Tranio, Biondello, and Grumio, and others, attending.*

**Luc.** At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.

Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down; 10
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.
Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.
Pet. You're sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
[ Ksat. Mistress, how mean you that? Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended.—Kiss him for that, good widow.]
Ksat. "He that is giddy thinks the world turns round."
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe.
And now you know my meaning. 30
Ksat. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Ksat. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.
[ Pet. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer: ha! to thee, lad!
[Drinks to Hortensio.]
Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
Bian. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you? 42
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.
[Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.
Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not; 50
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slip'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something curriish.
Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'T is thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. A has a little gall'd me, I confess; 60
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let us each one send word unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content. What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns. 70
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred, then.
Hor. Content.

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1 This bird, i.e. Bianca.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

**ACT V. Scene 2.**

**Pet.** A match! 'tis done.

**Hor.** Who shall begin?

**Luc.** That will I.—Biondello,

Go, bid your mistress come to me.

**Bion.** I go. [Exit.

**Bap.** Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

**Luc.** I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter **BIONDELLO.**

**How now! what news?**

**Bion.** Sir, my mistress sends you word so

That she is busy, and she cannot come.

**Pet.** How! she is busy, and she cannot come!

Is that an answer?

**Gre.** Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

**Pet.** I hope, a better.

**Hor.** Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife

To come to me forthwith. [Exit Biondello.

**Pet.** O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

**Hor.** I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter **BIONDELLO.**

**Now, where's my wife?**

**Bion.** She says you have some goodly jest in hand:

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

**Pet.** Worse and worse; she will not come!

O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her come to me.

[Exit Grumio.

**Hor.** I know her answer.

**Pet.** What?

**Hor.** She will not come.

**Pet.** The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

**Bap.** Now, by my holidame,¹ here comes Katharina!

Re-enter **KATHARINA.**

**Kath.** What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

**Pet.** Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

**Kath.** They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

**Pet.** Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit Katharina.

**Luc.** Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.

**Hor.** And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

**Pet.** Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,

And awful rule, and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?

**Bap.** Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

**Pet.** Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

See where she comes and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Re-enter **KATHARINA, with BIANCA and WIDOW.**

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[Katharina pulls off her cap, and throws it down.

**Wid.** Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,

Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

**Bian.** Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

**Luc.** I would your duty were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

**Bian.** The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

**Pet.** Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

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¹ *Holidame,* a corruption of "halidom."
ACT V. Scene 2.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. 

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall:—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. T is a good hearing when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—

We three are married, but you two are sped.
[To Lucentio.] T was I won the wager, though you hit the white;¹
And, being a winner, God give you good-night! [Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a curt shrew.

Luc. T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[Exeunt.

¹ Hit the white, referring to the name Bianca (white).
NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

NOTE ON TIME OF ACTION.

It may be doubted whether acts i. and ii. are not intended to take place on the same day. At the end of act i. Tranio, Gremio, and Hortensio go out to spend the afternoon in carouses to their mistresses' health (i. 2, 276, 277). In act ii. Baptista says to Petruchio and Tranio (ii. 1, 112, 113):

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner.

As the dinner hour was about eleven o'clock, or at any rate not later than noon, this apparently could not have been on the same day as that on which act i. is supposed to take place. On the other hand, Petruchio says (i. 2, 108):

I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her (Katharina);

but it does not follow that he succeeded in seeing Katharina that evening, though he may have tried to do so. In ii. 1, 115, 116, Petruchio says:

my business asketh haste,

which may mean that he had already wasted one day. The interval between acts ii. and iii. is to allow of Petruchio's going to Venice (ii. 1, 517):

To buy apparel'gainst the wedding-day.

or rather pretending to go; for it is doubtful if he goes further than his own country-house: this interval would not be probably more than two days. Act iii. sc. 1, is on the eve of his wedding-day; act iii. sc. 2, is the wedding-day (Sunday), which ends with act iv. sc. 1, when Katharina, the bride, goes supperless to bed. Mr. Daniel points out that there is a very puzzling slip, on the part of the author, in this scene. Petruchio says (iv. 1, 201):

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not.

How did Petruchio know she did not sleep last night, when she was at her father's house, and he was not yet on his road to Padua? However, this may be a facetious reference to the natural anxiety of a bride that-is-to-be on the eve of her wedding-day. The difficulties as to accurately fixing the time of action, in this play, are very many. It would seem that all the events from act iv. sc. 3, to the end of the play take place on one day, which, according to Baptista's assurance (i. 2, 307, 308), would be the Sunday after Katharina's wedding. The chief object in noticing some of these inconsistencies as to time, is to give a further proof of the carelessness with which this play was put together by Shakespeare.

INDUCTION. SCENE 1.

1. Line 1: I'll phaze you. — This word (variously spelt fase, fase, fase, phase, phase, phase) is of very doubtful origin; and its meaning is somewhat obscure. Johnson says, "To phase, or fase, is to separate a twist into single threads." He quotes Sir Thomas Smith's book of Sermons Anglo, but does not give the date of its publication. Bailey gives " Faze (Sea Term) the raveling out of a Cable, or any great Rope at the Ends." Johnson suggests that "I'll fase you" may be equivalent to "I'll comb your head." The word also means apparently "to whip with rods" — "Perhaps connected with Fr. fosser, to whip" (Imp. Dict.). It is also used in the sense of "to
chastise," "to humble," according to Gifford, commonly in the West of England. Halliwell quotes MS. Devon Glossary, "To phase, i.e. to pay a person off for an injury." In Stanyhurst's Translation of Virgil (see Nares, sub Phæbus) it appears to be used for "to drive away!"

We are tossed, and from Italy fared.

In spite of the positive assertions as to its meaning, it is evidently one of those words which came to be used in more than one sense; and its exact history has been lost.

3. Line 6: let the world slide. — A proverbial expression. Compare Ralph Rolater Dolater, iii. 3:

"Be of good cheer, man, and let the world pass."


The exact expression occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money, v. 2:

—Will you go drink,
And let the world slide?
—Works, vol. i. p. 205.

3. Lines 9, 10: Go by, Jeronym: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. — If we have here (substantially) Go by, S. Jeronym. as if Jeronym were a saint. Mason suggested that the S. was the beginning of s. e., and that the proper reading is Go by, says Jeronym. (This is very unlikely, as the S. in that case, would not have been a capital S.) It is supposed to be a quotation from the Spanish Tragedy or Second Part of Jeronimo, by Thomas Kyd, a play which was very popular in its time. Frequent allusions, many in seeming ridicule, are made to both parts of that tragedy by the dramatists of Shakespeare's time. The passage supposed to be ridiculed, or alluded to here, is the following (Spanish Tragedy, act iv.):

Hieronimo. Justice, O, justice to Hieronimo.
Lorenzo. Back, seest thou not the king is busy?
Hieronimo. O, is he so?
King. Who is he that interrupts our business?
Hieronimo. Not I. Hieronimo, beware; go by, go by.

There is no doubt the expression Go by Hieronimo, or Jeronimo, became almost a proverbial expression: it is to be found in Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humour, i. 4 (Works, vol. i. p. 34); in the Shomakers Holiday, or The Gentle Craft (Dekker's Works, vol. i. p. 18); in Beaumont and Fletcher's Captain, iii. 5 (Works, vol. i. p. 682); and in Taylor's Works, 1630, vol. i. p. 35 (according to Halliwell). The Camb. Edd. suggest that the S in text of Ft. "may have been derived from a note of exclamation in the MS. written, as it is usually printed, like a note of interrogation." I am not at all sure that the commentators here have not fallen into an error; and that the real meaning may not be—by S. Jeronimo—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee—the compromise between the proverbial phrase from Hieronimo and the oath by St. Jerome or St. Hieronimus, which Sly intends to take, being intentional. It may be noted that the hermits of St. Jerome were called Jeronymites, so that the substitution of Jeronimo for Jerome or Jeronym is not such a great mistake. Be this as it may be, it is ridiculous to attempt, with some commentators, to twist go to thy cold bed, and warm thee into a contemptuous allusion to a line in the Spanish Tragedy (act ii.):

What outwits pluck me from my naked bed?

The same expression, as in our text, is used by Edgar, in Lear, iii. 4. 48:

Hum! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Nor does there seem to be any necessity for explaining it; the contradiction in terms being founded on the simple fact that a bed is cold till one's body has warmed it.

4. Lines 11, 12: I must go fetch the third-borough. — Ft. and Q. read Head-borough; but Sly's answer, unless he is meant to mistake the exact word used by the Hostess, renders the conjecture of Theobald, adopted in our text, most probable. For burborough (third-borough) see Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 185. Ritson says (see his note in Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 361) that "In a book intitled, The Constable's Guide, &c. 1771, it is said that 'there are in several counties of this realm other officers; that is, by other titles, but not much inferior to our constables, as in Warwickshire a third-borough.'" Shakespeare makes Slay a native of Warwickshire (see in the next scene of the Induction, lines 18-23).

5. Line 17: Trash Merriman. — Ft. and Q. read Brach. Amongst the numerous conjectures may be mentioned: (1) Leech (Hamner); (2) Bathe (Johnson); (3) Brome (Milton). The reading we have adopted, Trash, is Dyce's conjecture, and seems to be the most probable emendation. This verb has apparently more than one meaning; but that it had the sense of "to check, to restrain," seems clear from a passage in Hammond's Works (vol. i. p. 23) quoted in Richardson's Dictionary: "That this contrariety always interposes some objections to hinder or trash you from doing the things that you would, i.e. sometimes the Spirit tragedies you from doing the thing that the Spirit would have done." Shakespeare uses this verb, undeniably, in Tempest, i. 2. 80, 81:

who to advance, and who
To trash for overtopping.

The sense is variously interpreted by commentators; but "to restrain" would seem to suit the context better than "to lop," which is usually given. Trashed is used by Chaucer in the Roman of the Rose (line 8281):

She hath thee trashed without wene.

Tyrwhitt explains it in his glossary as "betrayed." For more information on the subject of this word, see Nares, sub voce. As to the objection, made by Collier, that a hound who was embossed, i.e. "foaming at the mouth," would need no restraining, it may be regarded as an objection worthy of the "Old Corcoran:" a dog of spirit is no less inclined to hunt because he is tired. Brach can make no sense, however the passage be stopped; because the next line goes on to tell what is to be done with Closered; And couple Closered, implying that some direction had been given in the previous line as to Merriman. The copyist, or composer, probably caught the word Brach from the last word of the next line above mentioned.

6. Line 41: Would not the beggar then forget himself? — In this line the emphasis must be on himself, not on forget; the meaning being "Would be not forget his own identity!"
7. Line 64: And when he says he is,—say that he dreams.
—Many explanations have been given of this line. In F. and Q., the line is printed thus:

And when he says he is, say that he dreams.

Some commentators have proposed to insert various words after he is, such as poor, Sly; while others would read: when he says what he is. The Lord does not know who or what Sly is; and it is most natural he should pause after he is, leaving the name to be supplied by the drunken man hereafter. Grant White explains the sentence thus: “When he says he is (specific), say that he dreams;” an explanation of which, I confess, I cannot see the force. Malone points out another passage, where Shakespeare has a similar unfinished sentence, in the Tempest, ii. 2. 90, 91, printed thus in F. 1:

Tri. I should know that voice:
It should be,
But he is drunke.

Here a break is evidently intended after royes, though the manner of printing adopted is different from that used in the passage in our text.

8. Lines 77, 78:

An’t please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

It was the custom for strolling companies of actors to call at any great lord’s house and offer their services. That they were not overpaid, is shown by an extract from “The fifth Earl of Northumberland’s Household Book, begun in the year 1612” (quoted by Steevens). “Item, to be paid to the said Richard Gwoge and Thomas Percy for rewards to players for plays played in Christinmas by strangers in my house after xxv. every play by estimation, somme xxviiij. s.lld.” Perhaps matters had improved in Shakespeare’s time.

9. Line 88: I think’t was SOTO that your honour means.
—SOTO was the name of a character in Beaumont and Fletcher’s Women Please; SOTO is a farmer’s son; but as to his wooing “the gentlewoman,” the reference must be to I. 3 of that play (Works, vol. ii. p. 181), where, in his master’s clothes, he climbs the rope-ladder to Belvidere’s window; but he never gets as far as wooing her. The description of the character, given by the Lord, answers better to Candius in Lilly’s Mother Bombie. In F. 1, Q. the name Sinklo is prefixed to this line; he seems to have been an actor. The name occurs again in F. 1, in III. Henry VI. iii. 1, Enter Sinklo and Humfrey; again, in II. Henry IV. Q. has in iv. 4, at beginning of scene, Enter Sinklo and three or four officers. The name Sinklo occurs in the Induction to the Malcontent (Marston’s Works, vol. ii. p. 200).

10. Line 129: An onion will do well for such a shift.
—There is a tone of solemn burlesque about this which may have been intended. Shakespeare has two or three references to the onion in connection with tears, e.g. in All’s Well, v. 3. 251:

Mine eyes smil smil’mis; I shall weep anon.

It may be, as Johnson suggests, he was indicating a common expedient to which the players in Interludes had recourse, when they wanted to shed real tears.

11. Sly is discovered, &c.—In F. and Q. the stage-direction is Enter aloft the Drunkard, &c. meaning, of course, in the balcony or upper stage, which served so many purposes in the theatres of Shakespeare’s time. Here apparently Sly and his companions remained throughout the play, which was enacted on the lower stage.

12. Line 19: old Sly’s son of BURTON-HEATH.—There is some difficulty in identifying exactly the villages here intended. There is a Burton-on-the-Heath in Warwickshire (according to Malone), and a “Burton Dorset” (according to Ritson), and also one called “Burton Hastings.” Probably Burton-heath is identical with the first of these three.

13. Line 23: the fat ale-wife of WINCOT.—T. Warton says in a note (see Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 375), “Wincote is a village in Warwickshire...” near Stratford. The house, kept by our genial hostess, still remains, but is at present a mill.” Rolfe says that Wincot was more probably Wilmcote or Wilmecote, “a hamlet about three miles to the north of Stratford in the parish of Aston-Cantlow. Here lived Robert Arden, whose youngest daughter was Shakespeare’s mother.” There is a Wilmcote, almost in the extreme north of Warwickshire, between Tamworth and Atherstone.

14. Line 25: SHEER ale.—The explanation given in the footnote is probably the right one. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher’s Double Marriage, v. 1, where Castruccio, having been offered by the doctor wine and water, asks:

Shall I have no sheer wine then?


Another explanation, suggested in Malone’s note, is that it may mean “harvest ale,” or ale drunk at shearing; a term applied in Warwickshire, as in the north, to the reaping, and not to “sheep-shearing,” which is always called in the north “clipping.”

15. Line 29: we’ll have there to a couch.—Compare

Mida. Night’s Dream, iii. 1. 174:

To have my love to bed and to arise.

The similarity of expression is worth noticing.

16. Line 75: nor CHRISTOPHER Sly.—P. 2, F. 3, F. 4

read Christophero; but the reading of the text, which is that of F. 1 and Q. is to our thinking preferable; the accent must, evidently, be placed on the second syllable, whichever reading we adopt.

17. Line 81: These FIFTEEN years.—In scene 1, lines 125, 126 the Lord says:

Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and lostsome beggar.

It is not worth while attempting to reconcile the discrepancy; the servants might have wilfully exaggerated the length of the period suggested by their master.

18. Lines 89, 90:

And say you would present her at the Leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed Quarts.

The Court- lest or View of frank pledge “held anciently
INDUCTION, Scene 2. NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. ACT I. Scene 1.

once a year within a particular hundred, manor, or lordship, before the steward of the lord. Malone, in the note above quoted, refers to Kitchen, on Courts, 6th edn. 1008 (p. 21): "Also if tipplers sell by cups and dishes, or measures sealed, or not sealed, is inquirable."

19. Line 95: John Nape o’ TH’ GREEN. — FY. and Q. read of Greece: o’ th’ Green is Hammer’s conjecture, which is most probably right.

20. Line 140: a commodity. — This ridiculous blunder of Sly’s of commodity = "commodity" for comedy is taken from the Induction of the old play, lines 58, 59:

Son. Marry, my lord you may have a Tragical
Or a comodities, or what you will.

The speaker being Sander, or Saunders, who afterwards plays the "Clown’s" part, corresponding to Grumio’s in Shakespeare’s piece.

21. Line 147. — The Induction of the old play contains 147 lines: the Induction in this play contains 286 lines. Shakespeare is credited, even by the Three-handed theorists, with the "retouching" of this Induction. I thought it would be interesting to go through line by line, and find that, in the 286 lines of Shakespeare’s Induction, there are only fourteen sentences which are practically the same as those of the old Induction; and some of these sentences consist of only two or three words. Of absolutely identical lines in the two Inductions I cannot find one instance; while of characteristic expressions common to the two Inductions there is only one, viz. I’ll please you (line 1).

ACT I. SCENE 1.

22. Line 2: Padua, nursery of arts. — The University of Padua was, in Shakespeare’s time, one of the most popular, and resorted to by students and learned men from all parts of Europe. It was founded by Frederick Barbarossa, in 1222. Knight says that "once (we believe in Shakespeare’s age) the number of students was eighteen thousand." Galileo, Petrarch, and Columbus were amongst the celebrated men who received their education at Padua.

23. Line 14: Lucentio his son. — FY. Q. read Vincentio, which probably was copied from the line above (33), in which FY. Q. read Vincentio’s come, instead of Vincentio, come. The reading in our text I had marked in the margin before seeing Hamner’s emendation, which is the same; and Heath made the same alteration. (See A Revision of Shakespeare’s Text, 1765, p. 156.)

24. Lines 18, 19:

Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treat of happiness.

Apply and ply were both used without the preposition to: compare The Interlude of Nice Wanton (very near the end):

O ye children, let your time be well spent,
Apply your learning, and your elders obey.


25. Line 25: Mi perdono. — FY. read Me perdono;

Q. Mi pardono, which blunders afford another instance of the ignorance of Italian displayed in the old copies; the correction was made by Steevens.

26. Line 22: Or so dooves to Aristotle’s ETHICS. — FY. Q. read checkes. Blackstone first suggested ethics, which seems the obvious reading. In the old play, in line 2, Aristotle’s walks does not help us, because walks is evidently there the most appropriate word in the mouth of the speaker, who is welcoming his friend to Athens, the birthplace of the Peripatetic sect. Aristotle’s distinguishing quality is his treatment of ethics, not the checks or reproofs that he administers to vice, or to Ovid’s favourite subject, Love. Below (lines 34–37) we have logic, rhetoric, music, poesy, and metaphysics all mentioned; therefore, ethics is certainly the word we might expect. Compare Ben Jonson’s Silent Woman, iv. 2: "but in these (cases) they are best, and Aristotle’s ethics" (Works, vol. iii. p. 443). But in justice to those who may prefer the reading of FY. Q., we may point out that Shakespeare uses checks frequently in the sense of "rebukes," "reproofs."

27. Line 34: Balk logic. — So FY. Q. Talk logic is Rowe’s very weak and unnecessary emendation, adopted by some editors. The occurrence of talk at the end of the next line should have enforced such a conjecture. Balk is used by Spenser in one passage at least, where it apparently means "to dispute," or "to argue:"

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
Her list in stryfyll terms with him to balke,
And thus replyde. —Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. 3, st. 13.

Britomart is the her referred to, and she evidently proceeds to question the virtues of Artegaill in order that the Red-Cross Knight, who has been praising her, may be drawn into an argument. The expression, in our text, may be paraphrased by the more modern one, chop logic.

28. Line 68: Gentlemen, pray importune me no farther. — FY. and Q. read:

Gentlemen, importune me no farther.

We have ventured to insert pray as the line is very inharmonious without some syllable there. Theobald inserted both.

29. Line 62: Katharina. — This is the form of the name generally given by editors. F. 1 has Katerina in the stage-direction for her first entrance, and Katherina in the text. In ii. 1. 62, F. 1 has Katerine, while the form Katherine is used several times in the same scene, as well as the abbreviation Kate. The Italian name is Caterina; so that, of the two, the first form adopted by F. 1 comes nearest the correct spelling.

30. Line 58: To make a stale of me amongst these mates. — The explanation of stale given in our foot-note, however coarse it may seem, is undoubtedly the right one. "Laughing-stock," "dupe," and other more elegant synonyms, do not explain the meaning of the word. Katharina was not a woman to overdemand in her language. There is also, most probably, an allusion to the stale-mate at chess.
31. Line 64: To comb your noodle with a three-egg'd stool.—This expression is very interesting, as it testifies to the antiquity of the common phrase, used nowadays with regard to a wife of strong character, "She'll comb his hair for him." Halliwell, in his Folio edition of Shakespeare, quotes from Skelton's Merie Tales: "Hys wife woulde divers tymes in the week kisse his head with a tij. footed stoole."

32. Line 79: Put Anger in the eye, an she knew why.—Probably a quotation, more or less accurate, from some well-known song. Compare Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 206, 206:

Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the anger in the eye and weep.

In Heywood's First Part of King Edward the Fourth we find:

Seem you but sorry for what you have done,
And straight shee put the anger in the eye.

—Works, vol. i. p. 5.

33. Line 106: Our love is not so great.—So F. 3, F. 4: F. 1, F. 2 read Their, of which it is difficult to make any sense. Malone suggested Your; but certainly the context seems to require Our. The attempt to explain Their, as referring to the love or good-will of Blanca and her father towards Petruchio and Gremio, or to the love between Katharina and her father, are not particularly happy.

34. Lines 108-110: but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out.—No commentator seems to have thought this passage required explanation; but I confess it seems to me rather a difficult one. Gremio means to say, suppose, that his and Hortensio's love is not so great but they may together blow their nails (as people do when cold) and fast it out, i.e. expel their love by fasting. He recognizes the fact that they are both practically rejected, and may consider themselves both "out in the cold." In Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 223 (in the song) we have:

And Dick the shepherd blows his nail.

35. Line 110: our cake's dough on both sides.—Compare Ben Jonson's The Case is Altered (v. 4):

Steward, your cake is dough, as well as mine.

—Works, vol. vi. p. 4. 49.

The meaning is, we have both failed. In Bohn's Handbook of Proverbs is given a Scotch proverb which is evidently the same: Your meal's a' deagh.

36. Lines 118, 114: I will wish him to her father, i.e. "I will recommend him." Compare 1. 2. 60 of this play:

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife.

And again, 1. 2. 64:

And I'll not wish thee to her.

37. Line 137: at the high cross—i.e. "in the market place." In the principal streets of some of our old towns there were two Crosses, the High Cross and the Low Cross. (See note in Rolfe's edition of this play, p. 135.)

38. Line 144: Happy man be his done!—This was a common proverb. Compare Damon and Pithias:

So I mean in the court to lose no time:

Wherein, happy man be his done, I trust that I
Shall not speed worst, and that very quickly.


See Merry Wives of Windsor, iii. 4. 68; and Winter's Tale, i. 2. 163. Done here means "lot," or "share," meted out by Fortune.

39. Line 145: He that runn fastest gets the ring.—Not, as Douce explains it, "an allusion to the sport of running at the ring," but to the custom of giving a ring as one of the prizes formerly given in wrestling or running matches.

40. Line 167: Redime te captum quam quasas minimis.—This Latin sentence is from Lilly's Latin Grammar. Lilly was trying to quote a passage from Terence, which runs as follows:

Quaest actus ut ut redimus captum quam quasas

Minimis.

—Ennuchus, l. 1. 28, 30.

41. Line 170: you look'd so longly on the maid.—Longly does not mean "longingly," "fondly," as Schmidt (following Steevens) explains it, but "for a long time." See Cotgrave, who explains "Longement. LONGLY, . . . long time, . . . a great while."

42. Line 212: take my colour'd hat and cloak.—Clarke explains the use of colour'd here by saying that, "In Shakespeare's time the servants wore soberer tinted clothes than their masters, who flouted about in garments of bright and varied hues that might well, by contrast, be emphatically call'd colour'd." But was not blue the colour usually worn by servants in Shakespeare's time? The allusions to this are so frequent in the writers of that period, that it is unnecessary to do more than refer to them generally. (See Nares, sub voc.) Colour'd may here mean "of various colours," in contradistinction to the uniform colour of the servants' livery.

43. Line 216: In brief, sir, sit it thus your pleasure is.—I have ventured to supply the word thus, which might easily have been omitted by the抄ist. The Camb. Edd. give an anonymous emendation: sit it is your pleasure thus; but mine was made independently. There are many defective lines in this play, which can easily be set right by a very slight alteration. This speech of Tranio's is one of those passages which the supporters of the triple authorship of this play say is decidedly not Shakespeare's. I cannot see myself that it is any more irreconcilable with his usual style than much of his other early work.

44. Lines 244-249,—This rhymed speech of Tranio's is certainly unlike any of Shakespeare's known writing; but in Comedy of Errors, iii. 1, may be found some rhymed lines very nearly, if not quite, as halting in rhythm. The whole speech is printed in F. and Q. as prose.

45. Line 249: your master Lucentio.—F. 1. you. The correction was made in F. 2.

46. Lines 250-253.—We have followed F. In printing these lines as verse; but it is very doubtful if they were intended for such; one cannot imagine Shakespeare deliberately passing off such limping doggerel as verse, even in his most careless moments. Perhaps the text is corrupt here, or, at any rate, very much confused. The fact that this speech is printed as verse in F. and the former one of Tranio's (lines 244-249) as prose, seems to point to
He deals out two to the first hand, and turns up the third, and so goes on to the next, to the third, fourth, fifth, &c. He that hath the biggest Card carries the Bone, that is one half of the Stake, the other (half) remaining for the Game; now if there be three Kings, three Queens, three Tens, &c., turn'd up, the eldest hand wins it. Here note that the Ace of Diamonds is Bone-ace, and wins all other Cards whatever: thus much for the Bone; afterwards the nearest to one and thirty wins the Game, and he that turns up or draws to one and thirty wins it immediately" (pp. 129, 130).

53. Line 69: Be she as foul as was Florentius’ love.—Alluding to the story in Gower’s Confessio Amantis, book i., of the knight Florent or Florentius, who plighted his troth to marry a deformed and hideous bag, in return for her telling him the answer to a riddle, which if he could not solve he was to die. On this story Chancer founded his Wife of Bath’s Tale; The Marriage of Sir Gawaine, an old ballad, is also derived from the same source. Gower was probably indebted to the Gesta Romanorum for the source of his story. See Tyrwhitt’s Chancer, Introductory Discourse, vol. I. p. 131.

54. Lines 81, 82: though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses.—Malone says in his note: “I suspect this passage to be corrupt, though I know not how to rectify it.” The fifty diseases of a horse seem to have been proverbial. So, in The Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608: “O stumbling jade! the sparrow o’ertake thee! the fifty diseases stop thee!” Perhaps these fifty diseases were in Shakespeare’s mind when he wrote the speech of Biendello’s (ill. 2. 50–58). I think the passage, as it stands in our text, is easily explained: no animal, not even a female hypochondriac, is subject to so many diseases as a horse; and any one who has as many diseases as two and fifty horses would have quite enough to suffer.

55. Line 112: he’ll rail in his rope-tricks.—Hammer absurdly altered rope-tricks to rhetoric. Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 133, 154, the speech of the Nurse: “what saucy merchant was this, that was full of his ropery!” So rope-rips, in Chapman’s May Day (act iii.): “Lord, how you route in your rope-ripe terms” (Works, vol. ii. p. 368)—a word which Howell, in his Lexicon Tetractys (1650) explains as “rip for hanging.” Rope-tricks seems to be equivalent here to abusive language, though its proper meaning probably is “actions deserving the rope (hanging).”

56. Line 118: she shall have no more eyes to see within than a cat.—A cat’s sight certainly is not bad, especially in the dark; but their habit of keeping their eyes half-closed, in the day time, probably led to their being called “blear-eyed,” as in Wyclyn de Worde’s Castell of Labour (1500): “That was as blear-eyed as a cat.” There is evidently a play on cat and Kate in Grumio’s speech.

57. Lines 121, 122:

And her with-holds from me, and other more, Suitors to her and rivals in my love.

F. I, Q. print:

And her with-holds from me. Other more Suitors, &c.
NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT I. Scene 2.

TH' MAR.—Ff. and Q. read to hear: the emendation is Hamner's. Compare King John, ii. 1. 463-465:

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are caged, not a word of his
But his buffets better than a fat of France.

65. Line 211: Tush, tush! Fear boys with bugs.—The use of fear as a transitive verb, and of bugs for bugbears, is well illustrated by the following line from III. Henry VI. v. 2. 2:

For Warwick was a bug that feared us all.

66. Line 260: whom you hearken for.—i.e. whom you wait for, or seek.” Compare I. Henry IV. v. 4. 52:

That ever said I hearken’d for your death.

67. Line 276: we may contrive this afternoon.—Contrive, in the sense of “to pass away,” “to wear out,” seems to be formed from contriver, the preterit of contrivio; but it is, as the Imp. Dct. remarks, “a very irregular formation.” Stuarton quotes from Terence, Heceia, v. 3. 17:

ambulando totum hunc contrivisti dies.

Cicero uses contrivio in this sense.

68. Line 282: Petrucho, I shall be your Ben venuto.—This is a very awkward line, and can only be made to scan by pronouncing venuto as a dissyllable with the accent on the final to, thus v'nu'tö. It would make a much better couplet if Petrucho could end this line; but with ben venuto properly pronounced this would be impossible. I confess I do not see whether Hortensio means to say to Petrucho “I shall be your welcome (i.e. secure your welcome),” or “I shall be a welcome guest (or friend) to you.”

Having now arrived at the end of act i., let us see how far Shakespeare has availed himself of the old play. The portion of The Taming of a Shrew, which represents the first act of our play, consists of lines 1-129, and lines 272-284, being the latter relating to the plan of disguising Hortensio as the music-master. In the old play it is Valeria (= Tranio), the servant of Aurelius (= Lucentio), who is so disguised; and there is no pretended schoolmaster, so that the excellent comic situation between the two suitors of Bianca (act iii. sc. 1 of our play) is entirely wanting. But Shakespeare’s dramatic skill is shown by the striking development of the meagre materials of the old play: first, he changes the dull Aurelius and Valeria into the lively Lucentio and Tranio; next he gets rid of one of the daughters as being unnecessary, and makes a character of the second, Bianca, instead of a mere dummy. Katharina, when first introduced, instead of being allowed to come on and go off without a word, is made to show her nature by what she says. Gremio and Hortensio, the rival suitors of Bianca, are cleverly contrasted characters, substituted for the one dull Polidoro in the old piece, who has no rival. Petrucho, instead of being introduced as coming to Padua for the purpose of wooing Katharina, is induced to do so by Hortensio, which is much more dramatic; and all that is merely spoken of in the old play, such as Baptista’s resolve not to let Bianca marry till Katharina is disposed of, is shown in dialogue or in action. It is in the elaborate characterization, and in the increased dramatic force given to every scene and situa-
tion, that Shakespeare's hand is shown, more even than in the language, which in parts certainly bears little trace of his poetic touch. But critics make a great mistake when assigning to Shakespeare any doubtful work on the strength of the metre or the language alone: these might be imitated; but in comparison with all his predecessors, and nearly all his contemporaries, Shakespeare was so far superior in the arts of construction and characterization—the two most essential qualities of a dramatist—that these qualities are wanting, however beautiful the language, however like Shakespeare's the metre may be, we may be pretty certain his hand was little, if at all, employed.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

69. Line 28: but for these other goods.—Nearly all editors, even such purists as the Camb. Ed., adopt Theobald's alteration gauda; but I cannot see the necessity for the change. Katharina is not asking Bianca for her jewels or her ornaments, or her money, so that there is no particular force in other gauda: it seems that what Bianca means to say is, "Give me my liberty, and as for these other goods (i.e. possessions), my jewels, dress, &c., I will give you those readily."

70. Line 29: thou kindling of a devilish spirit.—This word is used in various senses, according as it is applied to a man or woman. Applied to men it generally seems to mean a coward, e.g. in All's Well, iii. 6. 4, "If your lordship find him not a kindling," but in Rom. and Jul. iii. 5. 106, "Out on her, kindling!" it is used in the same sense as here. Though Nares suggests it is a corruption of hirpling = kindling, a diminutive of kind, it is most probably derived from A. Sax. hi-dan, "to crouch" or "to cower": the sense being first a coward, then "any base, degenerate creature."

71. Line 31: Will you not suffer me.—Ff. and Q. read What will you not, &c. The omission of the What is Pope's emendation.

72. Lines 29, 34:
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

According to Grose (quoted in Brand's Popular Antiquities) it was a popular superstition that "if in a family the youngest daughter should chance to be married before her elder sisters, they must dance at her wedding without shoes; this will counteract their ill-luck and procure them husbands" (Ed., 1577, p. 389). That old maids, or any woman who was a virgin, would have to lead apes in hell was a common saying, to which we find frequent allusions in the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Florio explains the word Mennodes "an old wench, or a stale maid, one that will lead apes in hell." Halliwell quotes from Churchyard's Chippes, 1578:

Lest virgins shouldome someretake,
When they lead apes in hell.

The origin of this proverbial expression is very doubtful; in Much Ado (ll. 1. 42, 43) we have "I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-yard, and lead his ape into hell." Malone states in his note that "To lead apes was in our author's time, as at present, one of the employments of a bear-ward, who often carries about one of those animals along with his bear," without giving any authority for his statement. Rolfe says: "Old bachelors were supposed to be doomed to be bear-wards in the same place." Some years ago I tried to discover the source whence the belief was derived, but in vain: it may be that one of the old woodcuts of hell, such as that in the Nuremberg Chronicle, first suggested this sarcasm against women who prefer the state of celibacy to that of coverture; or it may be that a fact mentioned by Douce, "that homicides and adulterers were in ancient times compelled by way of punishment to lead an ape by the neck," may have inspired some disappointed suitor with this uncomplimentary prophecy as to the future of old maids.

73. Line 56: Cunning in music and the mathematics.—Surely this is a curious combination, in spite of the intricacies of thorough-bass and counterpoint. It would appear that the education of women in Shakespeare's time was not unworthy of Girton. Queen Elizabeth, doubtless, set the fashion of aiming at scientific more than ornamental accomplishments. But the words mathematic and mathematics seem to have had a less restricted sense than they have now. In Peele's Ad Maceratem Prologus, a dedication to the Earl of Northumberland, prefixed to his Honour of the Honourable Order of the Garter, occurs the following passage:

That admirable mathematic skill,
Familiar with the stars and zodiac,
To whom the heaven lies open as her book.

—Works, p. 593.

In Histrio-Mastix (l. 1. 24) we find: "Nay, faith, this after-noone weele spend in hearseinge the Mathematickes read," where mathematices decidedly has a wider meaning than it has with us. And again, in the speech of Christo-
ganus (l. 1. 24, 25), we find:

For 'tis an Axiome with all men of Art,
Mathematicum abstractum non conscius mendacium.
And for the beauty of it, what can be
Ung'd (more extractive) than the face of heaven?
The mysteries that Art hath found therein.
It is distinguish into Regions;
Those Regions fid with sundry sorts of starres:
They (likewise) cherished with peculiar names.
To see a dailie use wrought out of them,
With demonstrations so infaillible,
The pleasure cannot bee but ravishing.

Here astronomy seems to have been included in mathem-
atics. In Beaumont and Fletcher's Rule a Wife and have a Wife (ii. 4) is a passage which makes it appear that mathematices included astrology:

Is she a learned woman in the mathematices?
Can she tell fortunes?—Works, vol. i. p. 357.

74. Line 70: I knew him well.—Ff. and Q. read I know him well, from which it would seem that Baptista did

1 Since writing the above I came across the following passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's Beggar's Bush, iv. 4:

Rig. Where's the ape?
Pag. Fox take him,
A gouty bear-ward stole him t'other day.

not know of Antonio’s death. The emendation is Dyce’s, and it seems completely justified by i. 2. 102, where Petruchio says:

And he (i.e. Baptista) knew my deceased father well.

And further in this scene, line 117:

You (Baptista) knew my father well.

It is unlikely, that if Baptista knew Antonio so well, he could have been ignorant of his death.

75. Line 73: Baccare.—This was a proverbial expression; it occurs not infrequently in the writers of the sixteenth century, and seems to have been associated with some story of “Mortimer and his sow.” See John Heywood’s Epigrams quoted by Farmer (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 414); also the following passage from Ralph Rolph Dolster (i. 9):

Ah, sir! Baccare, quod Mortimer to his sow.


76. Lines 79-81: freely give unto you this young scholar [presenting Lucentio], that hath been long studying at Rheims. —P. 1. F. 2. Q. read Freely give unto (omitting you): F. 3. F. 4. Free leave give unto. In making myself (line 77) the nominative we follow the reading of Camb. Ed. (Glover con.). Compare above line 55: I do present you with a man of mine.

The University of Rheims was founded about the middle of the sixteenth century (probably in 1549). It soon obtained a very considerable reputation. (See Notes and Queries, 6th Ser. x. No. 238, p. 7).

77. Line 108: Lucentio is your name. —Malone justly observes: “How should Baptista know this?” It may be a line has been lost, or Tranio may be supposed to communicate his name to Baptista, while Blondello presents the lute and books which he has brought on.

78. Lines 105, 106:

A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well.

As it appears from act v. sc. 1 that Baptista did not know Vincenzo even by sight, it is better to punctuate the passage as in our text, than to preserve the stopping of F. Q., which read:

A mighty man of Pisa by report,
I know him well.

79. Line 139: Well, mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed! —For the punctuation of this passage I am responsible, the ordinary reading being Well mayst thou woo, &c. The meaning I take to be, “Well, may you have the courage to woo, and good luck attend you!” The Well indicating that Baptista has doubts whether Petrucho will not give Kate up as a bad job before he has got very far in his suit.

80. Line 153: “FRETS, call you these?!” quoth she: “I’LL FUME with them.” —Compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 387-389: “Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.”

81. Line 159: And “TWANGLING JACK,” with twenty such vile terms. —Twanling, in North Country dialect, means “small,” “weak;” it also means “making a noise on an instrument without playing any regular tune.” Shakespeare uses the word only in one other passage, in The Tempest, ii. 2. 140, 147:

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears.

Addison has “Twangling of a brass kettle” (See Richardson’s Dict. sub cocc.). Jack is used as a term of contempt frequently, e.g. I. Henry IV. iv. 3. 99: “the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup.” The expression jangling Jack meant, says Douce, “a prating fellow” (Illustrations, p. 204).

82. Lines 171-179. —These lines were very freely adapted and set to music by Sir Henry Bishop, the title of the song being, “Should he upbraid.” The words not in Shakespeare are printed in italics.

Should he upbraid, I’ll own that he prevails,
And sing as sweetly as the Nightingale.
Say that he storms, I’ll say “his looks I view
As morning roses newly rip’d with dew.”
Say he be mute, I’ll answer with a smile.
And dance and play, and wrinkled Care beguile.
Miscellanies, No. 3. p. 53.)

83. Line 174: As morning roses newly wash’d with dew.

—Compare Milton’s L’Allegro, line 22:

And fresh blow’d roses wash’d in dew.

Compare also the Taming of a Shrew, in the scene between the Duke of Cestus, Ferando and Kate (corresponding to iv. 5 of our play):

As glorious as the morning wash’d with dew. —Line 1093.

84. Lines 188-191. —The pun on Kate and cate is manifest. Shakespeare only uses cates—dainties in the plural number, e.g. I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 161-163:

I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates.

I suspect there is some allusion in Kate of Kate-hall which has escaped the researches of the commentators.

85. Line 199: A joint-stool. —Compare Lilly’s Mother Bombie, iv. 2:

Silence. I crie you mercy, I tooke you for a joynt stoole.

(Works, vol. ii. p. 121.) In Lear (iii. 6. 54) this identical phrase occurs.

86. Line 202: No such a jade as you, if me you mean.

—F. 1. Q. read:

No such jade as you, if me you mean.

F. 2. F. 3. F. 4:

No such jade, SIR, as you, if me you mean.

Singer would alter jade to lovd. The reading in our text was adopted independently of Walker’s conjecture given by Dyce. There is no doubt, from the many passages quoted by Dyce, that jade was frequently applied to men as well as to women. Cotgrave translates Gallier “A JADE, a dull horse.” He also gives jade as the meaning of Godal, Rose, all these being masculine nouns. The meaning of Katharina’s elegant rejoinder is, “Women are made to bear no such a jade (worthless horse) as you, if you mean to include me among women.”

87. Line 222: So may you lose your arms.—The same pun on arms and coat of arms occurs in Lilly’s Mother
NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT II. Scene 1.

Bombe, i. 3: "wee (i.e. we fathers) must weare our legges to purchase our children armes," meaning we must work to make them gentleman (Works, vol. ii. p. 86). A similar punning allusion is made in Hamlet (v. i. 36, 37):

Sec. Cle. Was he a gentleman?
First Cle. A' was the first that ever bore arms.

58. Line 325: A herald, Kate! O, put me in thy books! — Compare Much Ado, i. 1. 78, 79: "I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books." Petrucho plays upon the double sense of the phrase, "Take me into thy favour," as we still talk of any one as being in our books, or in our good books, and "put me in your herald's register."

59. Line 328: Even those who hold this play as nothing better than an "outrageous farce" must confess that Shakespeare, or the mysterious "third party" — that veritable Mrs. Harris of commentators — has succeeded in creating, out of the wretchedly dull and scanty materials afforded by the old play in this scene, as bright and lively an exhibition of repartee as can well be imagined. Note, especially, the air of ironical banter, elevated by the infusion of a poetical tone, which marks Petrucho's complimentary speeches to Katharina. Shakespeare being a dramatist, not a mere writer of dull dialogues, gives time for Petrucho's strength of character and imperceptible good humour to win over Katharina's half-soured and self-willed nature. The old writer simply puts together a few ill-digested sentences and makes Katharina's change of feeling towards Petrucho merely arise from a vulgar desire to be married at any cost, as she has "lived so long a maid." Shakespeare's Katharina will not show she is already half-conquered; but it is quite clear that Petrucho has won the first battle.

90. Line 303: then, good night our part! — Collier, very unnecessarily, would read part instead of part. The meaning of Tranio is "good night our part of the bargain" if Petrucho is no nearer marrying her than he seems now, our chance of winning Bianca is gone.

91. Line 313: 'tis a world to see. —This is an expression often found in writers of the sixteenth century. The meaning is, "It is a wonderful sight;" e.g. in the Interlude of the Disobedient Child (about 1600):

Sirs, by my trash it is a world to see.


92. Lines 325, 326: We will have rings, and things, and ane array; And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

Collier gives the following verse of a ballad "from the recitation of an old lady, who heard it from her mother (then forty), at least sixty years ago."

To church away!
We will have rings
And fine array,
With other things,
Against the day,
For I'm to be married o' Sunday.

This carries us back a hundred years or so, which is something; though not quite satisfactory. In Ralph Boister Dolster (v. 6) the Fourth Song has the refrain:

I must be married a Sunday;
I must be married a Sunday;

Whosoever shall come that way,
I must be married a Sunday.

—Doddley, vol. iii. p. 159.

Probably weddings took place in Shakespeare's time, at least among the city people, most frequently on Sundays. There was a ridiculous song (very popular some twenty years ago), the refrain of which was: "I'll be married next Wednesday," which had about as much sense in it as the song in Ralph Boister Dolster.

93. Line 351: My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry. — Tapestry appears to have been made of various materials, and not confined to the limited sense which it has now. Hakluyt speaks of a "tapisrie of leathers of divers colours" (Voyages, vol. iii. p. 310). Tyrian tapestry means tapestry dyed purple. Compare the following passage in Fawkes' Translation of Theocritus (Idyll 15):

Let purple tapestry azured on high
Charm the spectators with the Tyrian dye.

94. Line 333: my arras COUNTERPOINTS — i.e. what we call counterpanes. Steevens tries ingeniously to explain the term counterpoint as identical with counterpoint in music, because as in the latter "notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are set in opposition to each other," so in counterpanes, "every pane or partition in them was contrasted with one of a different colour, though of the same dimensions." Colgrave gives "Counterpoint: The back stitch or quilting stitch; also, a quilt, counterpoint."

95. Line 377: in Marcellis's road. — F. 1. Q. read Marcellis: F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, Marcellis; perhaps we ought to retain the latter form, as Hunter suggests, when the fact that the word is used here as a trialllable would be self-evident.

96. Line 387: Gremio is OUT-VIED. — To vie, to re-vie, to out-vie, were all terms of the game Primero, which was a kind of brag or poker. Compare Sir Gyles Goosecappe, iii. 1: "then did he vie it against with an other hab" (Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 43). Howel, in his Dictionary, 1600 (according to Malone), explains out-vie thus: "Faire peur ou intimider avec un vray ou feint érre, et faire quilter le jeu a la partie contraire:" a manoeuvre often practised at poker.

97. Line 407: Yet I HAVE FAD IT WITH A CARD of TEN. — Another expression taken from Primero. A bold player would stand on a ten and perhaps out-brag his opponent, who might have a coat-card, or court-card, as we term it. Compare Day's Law Trivets, act v.: "haue ye any more of these trickes? I may be out/aced of my selfe with a Carde of ten; but yfaith, Ynce, the best Knauseth bunch, . . . cannot don't." [Works, p. 82 (of play)].

98. Line 413: if I fail not of my CUNNING — Perhaps we ought to read, as suggested by Steevens, of my doing, for the sake of the rhyme.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

99. Line 4: But, wrangling pedant, this, her sister, is. — The reading of all the old copies is:

But wrangling pedant, this is.
NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT III. Scene 1.

100. Line 18: I am no breaching scholar—i.e. "no schoolboy to be whipped." To breach, in the sense of "to flag," occurs in many of the old plays, e.g. in Summer’s Last Will and Testament, by Thomas Nash: "A couple of pretty boys, if they would wash their faces, and were well breach’d" (Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 21); and in Marlowe’s Edward the Second:

I view the prince with Aristarchus’ eyes,
Whose looks were as a breaching to a boy.
—Works, p. 218.

101. Line 28: Hac igitur Simoës.—Ft. and Q. Hic; but the reading in all the texts of Ovid is Hac. The joke of mistranslating Latin into English of an entirely different meaning is found in other old plays of the time; e.g. in Middlethon’s Witch, ii. 2:

Note tribus nodis.—Nick of the tribe of noddles;
Tenuis coloris.—That makes turned colours; &c.
—Works, vol. iii. p. 84.

102. Line 50: Pedacæole.—This word is coined by Hortensio; no other instance of its occurrence can be found: it is meant as a contemptuous form of didascal, which would be a Latinized form of the Greek ἐδιδασκάλος.

103. Line 73: "'GAMUT' I am, the ground of all accord."—It may be as well here to explain clearly the meaning of Gamut. I am indebted to Mr. Julian Marshall for the following note: "Gamut is only the old word for the scale in music derived from the Greek Γ (Gamma), which was adopted by Guido d’Arezzo (or Aretino) about 1024, as the lowest note of his system, and came afterwards to be applied to the whole range of a voice or instrument. According to his plan the second note (or lowest but one (Γ') I called A re, the next B mi, the fourth C fa ut, the fifth D sol re, and the sixth E la mi. The syllables expressing the notes were taken from an old Latin hymn to St. John:

Ut quartz laxis renorare fibris
Mira gratior summitatem torum,
Salve pulchritus laeti reatum.
Sancto Ioannes.

The last syllable Sì was added much later than the others, and Ut was changed to Do, as being more vocal."

104. Line 81: To change true rules for odd inventions. —F. 1, Q. read:

To change true rules for old inventions.
F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read To change. Theobald altered old to odd; as Malone points out, the same misprint of old for odd occurs in Richard III. iv. 1. 96, in the line:

Eighty years of sorrow have I seen,
where not (as Malone says) "all Qq. except Q 1," but Q 6, Q. 7, Q. 8, read odd. Malone suggests that we might read here:

To change new rules for old inventions;
"i.e. to accept of new rules in exchange for old inventions." Odd inventions seems to describe better the new Gamut of Hortensio than the old established form.

ACT III. Scene 2.

105. Line 16: Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banes.—F. 1, Q. read:

Make friends, invite and proclaim the banes,
a line manifestly corrupt, which the Camb. Edd. preserve.
F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, read:

Make friends, invite, yes and proclaim the banes,
a correction which seems purely conjectural. The reading in our text is Dyce’s emendation, made independently of an anonymous conjecture given by Camb. Edd. The slip is one very likely to be made by a copyist, or even by an author; friends being anticipated instead of feasts, which was the word most probably intended.

106. Line 28: For such an injury would he see a saint. —F. 1, Q. have "a very saint;" very being, obviously, an unnecessary word.

107. Lines 31, 32: Master, master! new, old news, and such news as you never heard of!—Ft. Q. omit the old news, first added by Rowe. The reading in the text is Capell’s: Rowe omitted the first news. The addition of old is justified by line 42 below, where Tranio says, "But say, what is this old news?" Staunton says that by old news the speaker obviously intended a reference to the old jerkin, old breeches, old rusty sword, &c., which form part of Petuchio’s grotesque equipment.

108. Line 42: what is thine old news?—Ft. Q. read:

what TO thine old news?

The emendation is Collier’s M8.

109. Lines 45, 46: a pair of boots that have been candle-cases.—The boots had been put aside as worn out and had been used for candle-cases, i.e. probably, boxes or cases to keep long candles in. The word candle-cases occurs in How a Man may choose a Good Wife from a Bad. iii. 3:

Amin. . . how many cases are there?
Pip. Marry, a great many.
Amin. Well-answer’d, a great many: there are six.
Six, a great many: 'tis well-answer’d;
And which be they?
Pip. A bow-case, a cap-case, a comb-case, a lace-case, a middle-case, and a candle-case.

110. Lines 48, 49: with two broken points.—Johnson would transpare these words to line 46 above, referring them to the boots, one buckled, another lace’d with two broken points. But the points may have been part of the accoutrements of the sword.

111. Lines 51-55.—With regard to this passage, Mr. Furnivall, in his comments on Mr. Feay’s paper, says: "was that cattle-disease book’s catalogue of the horse’s ailments (i.e. Shakespeare’s), fond as he is of a list of names or qualities? Was this one up to his level? I doubted at first, but Mr. Tennison has been good enough to give me his judgment that the horse passage may well be genuine Shakspeare,—it has such a rollicking Relational comic swing about it, that I cannot but suspect it to be genuine Shakspeare,—and I gladly yield." (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1874, pt. i. p. 105).

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ACT III. Scene 2

NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

118. Line 58: near-leg'd before. — Ft. Q. read (substantially) neer leg'd. Malone has ne'er leg'd, and explains it, "i.e. founder'd in his fore-feet; having, as the jockies term it, never a fore-leg to stand on. The subsequent word—" which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling;—seem to countenance this interpretation." Lord Chesworth observes on this phrase: "I believe the old reading, near-leg'd, is right: the near leg of a horse is the left; and to set off with that leg first is an imperfection. This horse had (as Dryden describes old Jacob Tonson) two left legs, i.e. he was awkward in the use of them, he used his right leg like the left. Mr. Malone's reading and interpretation appear to me very harsh" (Lord Chesworth's Remarks, &c., p. 95).

119. Line 119: To me she's married, not unto my clothes. — In the old play, Taming of a Shrew, Ferando gives the following reason for his being "basely attired" (lines 442-445): For when my wife and I are married once, Shees such a shrew, if we should once fall out, Sheeple pay my costie suits ove our mine eares. And therefore am I thus attired awhile.

110. Lines 130-131: But to her love concerneth us to add Her father's liking.

Ft. Q. read: But sir, Love concerneth, &c.; the sir being very likely a misprint for to her. Theobald reads to our love; but Tyrwhitt justly remarks, in supporting his emendation to her, that "We must suppose that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here resumes the conversation, by observing, that to her love it concerns them to add her father's consent; and then goes on to propose a scheme for obtaining the latter." For a similar elliptical construction of a verb without a nominative compare:

remain

That, in the official marks Inserted, you Anon do meet the Senate.

— Cornelius, II. 3. 147-149.

119. Lines 174, 175:

quaff'd off the muscadel.
And threw the spoons all in the sexton's face.

It appears that it was the custom, in Shakespeare's time, to carry a bride-cup before the bride: "out of this all the persons present, together with the new-married couple, were expected to drink in the church" (Drake, vol. I. p. 225). Steevens quotes from Robert Armin's comedy, The History of the Two Maids of Moreclacke, 1609, the following passage at the beginning of the play:

Enter a Maid stirring flowers; and a serving-man perfuming the door.

Maid. Strew, strew.

Man. The muscadine stays for the bride at church.

"Again, in The Articles ordained by King Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Household: Article—'For the Marriage of a Princess.'—'Then pottes of Ipecice to bee ready, and to bee put into the cupps with soppes, and to bee borne to the estates: and to take a soppes and drinke,'" &c. The bride-cup was also called the knitting-cup, or the contracting-cup.

120. Line 180: And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack.—Compare Marston's Insatiate Countess, act v.

The kiss thou gav'st me in the church, here take.


Malone gives the following extract from the Sarum Missal:

"Surgent ambo, sponsus et sponsa, et accipiat sponsus pacem a seeedote, et ferat sponsae, voculae eam, et
183. Line 213: You may be jogging while your boots are green.—Clarke, according to Rolfe, explains this “while they are freshly greased.” But it may mean, as Rolfe suggests, nothing more than “while your boots are fresh, new;” though, in that case, it must be said sarcastically, as Petruchio, we know, had on a pair of very old boots. Old black leather, when not re-blackened or varnished, has often a greensh tint; so it may be there is a play on the word green intended here.

184. Line 240: Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate.—This is one of Shakespeare’s humorous touches, to which there is no parallel in the Old Play. It is very amusing, this assumption of Petruchio that Katharina was in danger; and his affected anxiety on her behalf must have aggravated her self-willed temper, while she could not openly resist it.

185. Line 260: You know there wants no junkets at the feast.—Halliwell quotes from Witt’s Recreations, 1654:

Tarts and custards, cream and cakes, Are the junkets still at wacks.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

186. Line 3: was ever man so ray’d?—This word is used by Spenser. See Fairy Queen, book iii. c. 8, st. 32:

The white the piteous lady up did rise, Ruffled and focal with filthy soyle.

187. Line 6: were not I a little pot and soon hot.—According to the proverb, “a little pot and soon hot.” Compare Day’s Ile of Gulls, ii. 4: “nay, tho I be but a little pot, I shall be as sooner hole as another” [Works, p. 49 (of play)].

1 “Let both rise, the bridgroom and bride, and let the bridgroom receive the kiss of peace from the priest, and let him carry it to the bride, kissing her, and no one else, neither he himself, nor she herself.”

189. Line 28, 29: I am no beast.—In order to understand this answer of Curtis, one must look at the use of the word fellow by Grumio in the previous speech: “winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.” Grumio, by implication, calls himself a beast, fellow being used in the sense of equal. So Malvollo says, when Olivia speaks of him as fellow: “fellow, not Malvollo, nor after my degree, but fellow” (Twelfth Night, iv. 85, 86).

190. Line 43: Jack, boy! ho! boy!—The beginning of an old catch given (according to Rolfe) in Ravenscroft’s Pammelia, 1609:

Jacke, boy, ho boy, News:
The cat is in the well;
Let us sing now for her krell
Ding dong, ding dong, bell!

“Of course the word news suggests it to Grumio.” Part of the tune is given in a note by Sir J. Hawkins (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 450).

191. Lines 52, 53: Be the jacks fair without, the jills fair without.—A play upon Jack and Jill—the jacks were the drinking vessels, which, being made of leather, could not be kept bright without, but must be carefully cleaned within; while the jills, being of metal, were kept polished without.

192. Line 58: the carpets laid.—The sense given here to carpets, in the foot-note, that of table-covers, is the one generally accepted. Halliwell quotes from an inventory of 1590 among the Stratford-on-Avon MSS., “a carpet for a table.” But carpets, answering more to our Turkey and Persian rugs, were used for state purposes; they were made sometimes of tapestry work; they were also used for window-seats, and were sometimes placed under the chairs of ladies, or of distinguished guests. In How a Man may choose a Good Wife from a Bad (1602), iii. 3, in making preparations to receive her guests, Mistress Arthur asks:

Is the hall well rubb’d?
The cushions in the windows neatly laid?
The cupboard of plate set out? the casements stuck
With rosemary and flowers? the carpets brook’d?

and a little below she says:

Where’s that knave Fipkin bid him spread the cloth,
Fetch the clean diapar napkins from my chest.


From these passages it would appear that carpets were certainly not identical with our table-cloths; but that, although the same terms were used as covers for tables, they resembled those small gay-coloured rugs still to be seen in Italian houses, which are laid on the waxed or tilled floor in front of sofas and arm-chairs; no doubt some of these rugs were laid in the old English houses above the rushes.

183. Line 96: of an indifferent knit.—It seems doubtful
whether indifferent here means "not different = the same;" or whether it means "particoloured." Perhaps Grumio only means to say that the garters should be a pair, and not odd ones.

156. Lines 96, 97: let them curtsy with their left legs.—To curtsy was a form of obeisance not confined to the female sex in Shakespeare's time; it was generally termed in men "making a leg." A very amusing illustration of this custom may be found in Ben Jonson's Epicoene, or the Silent Woman, ii. 1, where Morose makes Mute answer him not by a nod or bow, but by "making a leg:" "But with your leg, your answer" (Works, vol. iii. p. 864); and again in scene 3 of the same act: "Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise." (Works, vol. iii. p. 884).

158. Line 132: What, no man at the door.—Pf. Q. omit the. Malone says door is here, and in other places, used as a dissyllable. But surely the insertion of the, an emendation made by Capell, is the more probable remedy for this deficiency in the metre.

159. Lines 132: Malt-horse drudge.—Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 52: "Hone, malt-horse, capon," &c. and in Day's Isle of Gulls (ii. 4), where it does not seem to be used in any contemptuous sense, "and then do I bridle my head like a malt-horse." (Works, p. 52 (of play)).

160. Line 143: There was no link to colour Peter's hat.—Steevens quotes from Greene's Mihil Munchance: "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, instead of news, blacket over with the snoake of an old linka."

161. Line 151: And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither.—This is the only mention of cousin Ferdinand: did Shakespeare intend to introduce him? I fear we have lost what might have been an excellent comic scene between Petruchio, Katharina, and cousin Ferdinand.

162. Line 156: Come, Kate, and wash.—It was the practice in Shakespeare's time to wash the hands at least before and after every meal; a very necessary precaution, as most people, in those days, ate with their fingers.

166. Line 178: Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.—See Comedy of Errors, note 37, ii. 2. 63, and compare above, in this play, iv. 1. 173-175.

167. Line 191, &c.—This soliloquy is a very good instance of the way in which Shakespeare manipulates the original play, while he makes little more than a very slight use of the original. Let us note how much he improves on the language employed in the old play, in which the soliloquy reads thus:

This humor must I holde me to a while,
To bridle and hold backe my headstrong wife,
With care of hunger; easie and want of sleepe,
Nor sleepe nor meate shall she lose to night,
He mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make her gentle come vnto the lure,
Were she as stuborne or as full of strength
As were the Thracian horse Alcides tande,
That King Eneas fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her downe and make her come
As hungry hawkes do flye vnto their lure.

—Lines 671-681.

168. Line 114: she must not be full-gorg'd.—Steevens quotes from The Tragedie of Cressida, 1604:

And like a hooded hawk, gorg'd with vain pleasures,
At random flies, and wots not where he is.

169. Line 211: This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.—Perhaps an allusion to Heywood's touching play (1607). A Woman killeth with Kindness.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

170. Line 1: Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca.—Pf. Q. read Mistress Bianca: we have followed Pope in omitting Mistress. Tranio, speaking as a servant, would certainly give Bianca the title of Mistress; but, speaking as Lucentio, he might well omit such a courtesy.

171. Line 3: she bear me fair in hand—i.e. "gives me fair encouragement." Compare Macbeth, iii. 1. 81:

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, &c.

where the phrase evidently means "encouraged," "drawn on."

172. Line 11: Quick procedures, marry!—This passage is printed as verse by most editors, on the authority, it is true, of F. 1, Q., F. 2; but F. 3, F. 4 give it as prose, and surely they are right. Can any one make any lines not excruciatingly unrhymical of the passage, ending the lines, as is usually done, with pray, Bianca, and Lucentio? In F. 1 I find that you is printed without the capital Y; which, I think, as it stands at the beginning of the supposed line, is decisive that the passage was not intended for verse.

173. Line 15: Desparate love!—Pf. and Q. have O at the beginning of this line, which, following Capell, we omit. Walker would place O, as an exclamation, in a line by itself: perhaps he is right.

174. Line 31: fatter'd her withal.—So F. 3, F. 4. F. 1, Q., F. 2 read them, which makes no sense.

175. Line 35: had quite forsworn her.—Rowe added her, which is not found in Pf. Q. For a similar double ending compare line 48 below:

— but have you both forsworn her?

176. Line 54: Faith, he is gone unto the TAMING-SCHOOL.—This line is taken verbatim, and the two following nearly so, from the old play (lines 706-708):

Aurél: Faith he's gone unto the taming schools.
Vol. The taming schools: why is there such a place?
Aurél: 1: and Ferdindo is the Master of the schoole.
NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

158. Line 57: That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long.—This expression is very obscure, and the only two attempts made to explain it are not very satisfactory. Douce, in his Illustrations of Shakespeare, pp. 209, 210, says that “Eleven and twenty is the same as eleven score, which signified a great length or number as applied to the exertions of a few or even of a single person. Thus in the old ballad of The low country soldier:

Myself and seven more
We sought eleven score.”

But surely this quotation does not prove much. Clarke says it is “an allusion to the game of one and thirty” (Rolfe’s Ed. p. 159). I suppose this means the game of Bone-ace. (See above, note 52.)

158. Line 61: An ancient angel.—Various are the emendations proposed here, from the substitution of the word engle to that of ambler, the Invention of Collier’s MS. But Cotgrave has under Angelot à la grosse ecalle. “An old angel; and, by Metaphor, a fellow of the old, sound, honest, and worthy stamp.” Angel, from angela, might mean simply “a messenger;” or it might be used as one who came to intervene as a deus ex machina; in fact, as we should say nowadays, “a perfect godsend.”

154. Line 63: Master, a mercantante, or a pedant.—F. Q. read marcanatant. In Brome’s Novella, I. 2, we find:

The reason is, he means to send anon
A Mercantante from the Merceria.

—Works. vol. I. p. 117.

but there the word is used of a female pedlar.

155. Lines 81, 82:

’Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua.

Compare Comedy of Errors, I. I. 19, 20:

if any Syracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies.

It seems as if in adapting or rewriting this play from the old Taming of a Shrew, Shakespeare had the Comedy of Errors sometimes in his mind. In Gascoigne’s Supposes, the penalty, which the Scena s is supposed to encounter by coming to Ferrara, was no more than conscription of his goods.

156. Line 95: Pisa renowned for grave citizens.—A repetition of I. 1. 10 of this play.

157. Line 117: To pass assurance of a dower in marriage.—Malone says that “To pass assurance means to make a conveyance or deed.” The word is used in the same sense in scene 4 of this act (lines 91, 92), “they are busied about a counterfeit assurance.”

158. Line 120.—It is probable that this part of the plot, in which the Pedant is introduced, is taken from Gascoigne’s Supposes, in which Dulipp and Erostrato, who correspond to Lucario and Tranio, agree to pass off the Scena’s (or Merchant of Siena) as the father of Dulipp. But Shakespeare does not seem to have borrowed “some of the phraseology,” as Farmer states; at least I cannot find any sentences taken from the scene in the Supposes. As an instance of Shakespeare’s superior dramatic insight, it may be noted that in Gascoigne’s play the explanation and preliminary arrangement of the plot occupy more than four pages (quarto) of prose dialogue, the result being most wearisome to the reader; and what must it have been to the spectator of the play? Shakespeare’s indebtedness to Gascoigne is very little; and some commentators have needlessly augmented it.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

159. Line 11: And that which spites me—i.e. “that which angers me.” Compare a song in the Interlude of the Disobedient Child (about 1560), the refrain of which is:

Wherefore let my father spit and spurn,
My fantasy will never turn!


160. Lines 17-30.—It is almost incredible, but Grey says (vol. I. p. 201) that “this seems to be borrowed from Cervantes’ account of Sancho Panza’s treatment by his physician, when sham Governor of the Island of Barataria.” The Second Part of Don Quixote, which contains the adventures of Sancho Panza as Governor of the Island, was not published in Spanish till 1615; and no English translation appeared before 1620, four years after Shakespeare’s death. There certainly is a kindred spirit of humour in both passages; but they were probably entirely independent of one another in their origin. As to Grumio’s description of a meat’s foot and tripe as “cholerick meat,” F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, read in line 19 phlegmatic instead of choleric; but according to Burton (Anatomy of Melancholy, part I. sect. 2. p. 40, ed. 1676). “Generally, all such meats as are hard of digestion breed melancholy. Arceus, lib. 7, cap. 5, reckons up heads and feet, bowels, brains, entrails, &c., and (p. 39) beef is said to be condemned by Galen, “and all succeeding authors, to breed gross melancholy blood.”

161. Line 25: Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.—The Var. Ed. quotes from The Glass of Humours (no date, p. 60): “as for a choleric man to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours,” &c.

163. Line 30: Why then, the mustard,—but without the beef.—For the insertion of but I am responsible: I see that Mr. Ellis makes the same emendation without the — (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1874, part I. p. 117). It seems to me that the humour of the line is increased if Grumio pauses after mustard, as if he was going to concede Katharina’s demand, and then adds, with sly solemnity, “but without the beef.”

168. Line 43: And all my pains is sorted to no proof—i.e. “has proved to be no use.” Johnson quotes Bacon, “We tried an experiment, but it sorted not.” Rolfe quotes II. Henry IV. iv. 3. 97, 98: “There’s never none of these demure boys come to any proof,” i.e. prove to be worth anything.

194. Lines 44, 47.—Shakespeare has improved very much on the old play here, as far as Katharina’s character is concerned. She is not quite conquered yet; but hunger
NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

Line 107: Thou liest, thou thinble.—Pl. Q. read “thou thread, thou thinble;” but Petruccio calls him below (line 111) “a skein of thread;” and the words thou thread are better omitted as spilling the rhythm of the line.

Line 110: thou winter cricket thou?—The insect referred to is the house-cricket (Acheta or Gryllus domestica), more often heard in winter than summer; they delight in the heat of the fire; are generally rather less than an inch in length; it is to their chattering noisy habit that Petruccio especially refers.

Line 112: thou quantity—i.e., “a very small quantity.” Compare II. Henry IV. v. 1. 70, 72, “If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit’s staves as Master Shallow.”

ACT IV. Scene 4.

Line 175: Ay, ay, what else! &c.—Pl. Q. read 1, what else, &c. The repetition of ay, which makes the line rhythmic and complete, is Hamner’s emendation.

ACT IV. Scene 4.

Line 176: With such austerity as longs to a father.—Pl. Q. read longeth to a father. Walker suggests “longs t’ a father;” but I see no reason for eliding the to; the line reads very well with a dactyl there.

Line 177: Thou shall you find most ready and most willing.—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: F. 1. Q. omit the most in both cases.

Line 180: The match is fully made.—So Hammer, who inserted fully. Steevenses points out that the same expression occurs in iv. 1. 135: “Nathaniel’s coat, sir, was not fully made.

Line 181: It likes me well. Go, Cambio, His you home.—In F. 1 this passage is printed thus: It likes me well.

182. Pope inserted Go, which completes line 62. Camb. Edd. propose to read Blondello, instead of Cambio, giving line 67 to Blondello (as in F. 1, Q.). See next note.
and she is likely to be Lucentio's wife. As he is going, Lucentio says, in answer to Baptista's last sentence:

I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Which is very funny, if said by the disguised Lucentio; but has much less point if said by Biondello. Tranio, who enjoys the situation, follows Lucentio as he retires, and, with a wink and a laugh (see line 75), emphasizes the joke. Biondello makes a signal to Lucentio (which he answers) not to go off, as it is necessary he should be informed further of the details of the plot. That Biondello really does not go off the stage is evident from lines 78, 79, where he says, "haa (i.e. Tranio has left me here behind), to expound," &c. The Camb. Ed. have missed the point of this scene. (See their note.)

183. Line 91: I cannot tell, except—they are busied, &c.—F. 2. F. 3. F. 4 except, which is evidently right. F. 1. Q. expect. Our arrangement of the text is the same as Tyrwhitt's.

184. Lines 99–101: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit. —This probably alludes to some old story of which all trace has been lost; perhaps it was some bit of Folk Lore akin to the story of Petrossinella (Parsley) in Basile’s Pentameron.

185. Lines 104, 105: against you come with your appendix.—Biondello above (line 93) uses the Latin phrase cum priscipio, &c., which was put on books when the exclusive right of printing them had been granted: here he uses another word from book-printing (as Clarke points out): Lucentio’s bride being his appendix, in which case, as in some books, the appendix might prove the better half of the publication.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

186. Line 9: Go one, and fetch our horses back again.—So Capell. F. 1. Q. read on; but Rolfe suggests that it means “Go on to Long-lane end,” where, according to lv. 3. 157, the men were to bring the horses.

187. Line 16: 1 know it is. —Ff. Q. read, redundantly, “I know it is the noon.”

188. Line 93: But, soft! what company is coming here!—Ritson inserted what. Compare in the old play (line 1005):

But soft whose this thants comming here.

189. Line 50: Such war of white and red within her cheeks!—Compare Lucrece (line 71):

Their silent war of lilies and of roses.

“Their” referring to “beauty’s red and virtue’s white” (line 65).

190. Lines 39–41: —Imitated from Golding’s translation of Ovid’s Metamorphoses, book iv. edn. 1587, p. 56: —right happy folk are they

By whose thou camst into this world; right happy is (I say)
Thy mother and thy sister too (if anie be) good hap
That woman had that was thy nurse, and gave thy mouth hire papp.
But far above all other far, more bliss than these is shee
Whose thou vouchsafed for thy wife and bed-fellow for to bee.

The original will be found in Ovid’s Metamorphoses, lib. iv. lines 322–326.


—Blackstone observes (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 500) that “When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with green.”

192. Line 53: Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress.—Steevens says, “mistress is here used as a trijyllable;” but it is not a case where a pause supplies the place of a foot in the line.

193. Line 55: My name’s Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa.—Ff. Q. My name is called Vincentio, &c. The reading in the text is Lettsom’s conjecture.

194. Line 64: Nor be not grieved: she’s of good esteem.—In F. 1. grieved has not the final ed elided: therefore we have printed she’s and not she is for the sake of the rhythm.

195. Line 77: Well, well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.—The second well I have ventured to insert, as without some extra syllable the line, as given in Ff. Q., is imperfect.

196. Lines 78, 79:

Have to my widow! and if she be sourward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be cutoward.

So Ff. Q. But might we not read toward in the sense of “bold!” Compare III. Henry VI. II. 2. 63–66:

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

Cif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

197. Line 6: and then come back to my master’s.—Ff. Q. mistria. The correction is Capell’s. F. 1. Q. have the same mistake in line 55: “didst thou never see thy master’s (F. 1. Q. mistria) father?”

198. Lines 31, 32: his father is come from Pis.—Ff. Q. read Padua, which does not make sense; for there can be no possible sense in his saying, when in Padua, that he came from Padua.

199. Line 70: a copatain hat.—This kind of hat appears to have been a high conical hat, variously called “copatain,” “capstain,” and “copantk,” according to Planche’s Encyclopaedia of Costume (vol. I. p. 258). Gascoigne in his Councell to Withipoll, included in his Hearbes, speaks of

A Copatain hatte made on a Flemish blocke.


200. Line 118: Right son unto the right Vincentio.—Ff. Q. read:

Right son to the right Vincentio;

printing lines 118–118 as prose; and it is quite possible

1 We take our quotation literatim from the Roxburghe reprint, edited by Hazlitt. In the Table of Collations, with which he prefaces his edition, he gives coplanck as the original form of the word in all the old copies; but it is to be noted that both Steevens and Nares, when quoting this passage, give the word as copanck, while Planche quotes it copatank: so that, as to the orthography of the word, there would seem to be much doubt.
they were right. If we print it as verse the slight emendation of unto for to by Capell is necessary.

201. Line 120: While counterfeiT supposes blear'd thing cyse.—This is said to be a reference to Gascony's Supposes, a play to which, as has already been explained, Shakespeare seems to have been partly indebted for some incidents in the plot. But it is quite possible there may be no such reference; for "it appears likewise from the Preface to Greene's Metamorphosis, that supposes was a game of some kind: 'After supposes, and such ordinary sports, were past, they fell to prattle,' &c." (see Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 507). To blear the eye means to deceive. Compare Chaucer's Maniple's Tale:

For all thy waiting, blear'd is this eye.
—Works, vol. iii. p. 266.

202. Line 121: Here's packing with a witness.—Compare Lear, iii. 1. 25, 26:

what hath been seen,
Either in sniffs and packings of the duces.

203. Line 130: And happily I have arriv'd at last.—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: F. 1, Q. "arrived at the last."

204. Line 145: My cake is dough.—See note 35 of this play. The following quotation from Howel's Letters illustrates well the meaning of the phrase. Speaking of the birth of Louis the Fourteenth he says: "The Queen is delivered of a Dauphin, the wonderfullst thing of this kind that any story can parallel; for this is the three-and-twentieth yeer since she was married, and hath continued childless all this while; so that now Monsieur's cake is dough." Epistolae Hoelianae, Letter 37, p. 58, edn. 1646. Monsieur, of course, was Gaston, Duke of Orleans, who would have succeeded his brother, Louis XIII., had not the Dauphin been born.

205. Lines 147-155.—This incident, so very characteristic, of Petruchio making Katharina kiss him in the street, which prepares us very pleasantly for her perfect submission and new-born gentleness in the next scene, does not exist in the old play, but is one of Shakespeare's own dramatic touches.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

206. Line 18: You're sensible, and yet you miss my sense.—Fr. Q. read, redundantly: "You're very sensible." Compare note 106 above.

207. Line 48: Have at you for a bitter jest or two!—Fr. Q. read better, which Steevens thinks might have meant merely "good." Most editors have adopted Capell's emendation better, which seems justified by ill. 2. 13 above:

Hiding his bitter jests in blotted behaviour.

208. Line 54: A good swift simile.—See note 60, Love's Labour's Lost.

209. Line 66: Let us each one send word unto his wife.—Fr. Q. read:

Let's each one send unto his wife.

Various emendations have been proposed; for that adopted in our text I am responsible.

316
NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

"he cares for thee, and for thy maintenance commits his body to painful labour," &c. Grant White and Rolfe follow Camb. Ed., but do not offer any reason for making a change which renders the speech much less forcible.

315. Line 136: 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white.—There is a punning allusion to the name of Bianca (white): to hit the white was equivalent to getting a bull's-eye.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note
23. l. 1. 43. Gentlemen, pray implore me no farther.
43. l. 1. 216. In brief, sir, sith it thus your pleasure is.
46. l. 2. 146. Harke you; I'll have there they fairly bound.
79. l. 1. 139. Well, mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
98. l. 1. 202. 'Twas such a jest as you, if you mean you.
99. l. 1. 4. But, wrangling pealant, this, her sister, is.
116. l. 2. 93. Were it not better I should rush in thus!

Note
177. l. 4. 9-11. 'T were good that he were school'd.

TRAN. Fear you not him
Sirrah Biondello,

Note
192. l. 5. 58. Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress.

Note
194. l. 5. 64. Nor be not grieved: she's of good seamen.

Note
195. l. 5. 77. Well, well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.

Note
209. v. 2. 66. Let us each one send word unto his wife.

Note
210. v. 2. 75. 76. Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I,—Biondello,

Note
Go, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note
3. l. 1. 9. 10. Go—by S. JERONIMUS—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.
65. l. 2. 292. Petruchio, I shall be your ben y'nutó.
195. l. 5. 78. 79. Hate to my widow! and if she be froward,

Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be toward.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Note.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verbal, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

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*Aglet-baby

1 Aget-baby, 2 Adam, 3 Vbben and Adamis, 4: as verbe in Othello, 627.

1 Venus and Adonis, 20.
2 Venus and Adonis, 242; Sonn.
3 As vob in Othello, 11. 2. 200.

*Meaning "a ball of thread."
*Preeca, by which Sir Hugh Evans probably means "breasted," is used in Merry Wives, l. 4. 61.
*Buttry-bar is used in Twelfth Night, l. 5. 74.
*Lover's Complaint, 265.

*Occurs twice again in same scene, lines 7, 8. In Othello, iii. 4. 19, conserves is the reading of Q. 11; but conserved, the reading of F., is generally adopted.

In the sense of "to wear out."

10 Lucas, 304.

11 I.e. cuss of a sleeve. Cuss-blow with the hand, occurs twice in this play, iii. 2. 105, iv. 1. 17; and in Hamlet, ii. 2. 272.
WORDS PECULIAR TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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12 F. Q. read checks; but ethics (Blackstone's conjecture) is usually adopted.
13 Lucrece, 208.
14 Lucrece, 1140.
16 Used as an adj. in Mids. Night's Dream, v. 1. 394.
17 Occurs three times again, just below, in this scene.
18 Occurs in Venus and Adonis, 266.
19 Used as an adverb twice.
20 Venus and Adonis, 207.
21 In the sense of "to tame" (a hawk).
22 In the phrase "slush and slush."
23 Lucrece, 674, 1889.

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20 Pilgrim, 366.
21 The verb away is used frequently by Shakespeare in its ordinary sense. F. Q. read here wise; but waved—straitened, Ham-mer's conjecture, is generally adopted.
22 F. Q. here read headborough.
23 Headborough, another form of third-borough, occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 185.
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

F. A. MARSHALL.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Theseus, Prince of Athens.
Egeus, Father to Hermia.
Lysander, in love with Hermia.
Demetrius, in love with Hermia.
Philostrate, Master of the Revels to Theseus.
Quince, the Carpenter.
Snug, the Joiner.
Bottom, the Weaver.
Flute, the Bellows-mender.
Snout, the Tinker.
Starveling, the Tailor.

Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
Hermia, Daughter of Egeus, in love with Lysander.
Helena, in love with Demetrius.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

Oberon, King of the Fairies.
Titania, Queen of the Fairies.
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, a Fairy.
Peaseblossom,
Cobweb,
Moth,
Mustardseed,

Other Fairies attending on Oberon and Titania.

Pyramus, Thisbe,
Wall,
Moonshine,
Lion,

Characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns

Scene—Athens and a Wood not far from it.

Time of Action (according to Daniel).

Day 1. Act I.
Day 2. Acts II. III. and part of Scene 1, Act IV.
Day 3. Part of Scene 1, Act IV.; Scene 2, Act IV. and Act V.

Historic Period: Traditional.
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

This play was first printed in 1600 in Quarto, with the following title:

A | Midsommer night's | dreame. | As it hath beene sundry times | pub | tickely acted, by the Right honoura | ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his | servants. | Written by William Shakespeare. | Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to | be soulde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, | in Fleetstreete. 1600.

In the same year another Quarto appeared, the title being:

A | Midsommer nights | dreame. | As it hath beene sundry times | pub | likely acted, by the Right Honoura | ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his | servants. | Written by William Shakespeare. | Printed by James Roberts, 1600.

The first Quarto was entered by Fisher on the Stationers' Register in October, 1600. Roberts' edition is not entered at Stationers' Hall; and, as it was followed by the editors of the first Folio, and contains more stage directions than Fisher's edition, it may probably have been a pirated reprint of Fisher's, made for the use of the players; for it is difficult to believe that Fisher's edition should have become so rare, before the first Folio was printed, that the editors were not able to avail themselves of it, had they wished to do so. The play is mentioned by Meres, in Palladis Tamia, so that it must have been acted before 1598. This is all the direct evidence we have as to its date; but that it was among Shakespeare's early plays the internal evidence leaves little room for doubt. It has been supposed, by many commentators, that a Midsummer Night's Dream was written expressly for some particular marriage festivities. Tieck and Ulrici thought that the nuptials, so honoured, were those of Lord Southampton; but Elze, Kurz, and Dowden think that it was written for the marriage of the Earl of Essex with Lady Frances Walsingham, the widow of Sidney, which took place in the early spring of 1590. It may be doubted, however, whether Oberon's song, at the conclusion of the play, has any connection with any other marriage ceremony than that of Theseus and Hippolyta. At any rate there is not the slightest external evidence to support this theory.

The remarkable description by Titania in ii. 1. 88–117 has been supposed to refer to some especially phenomenal weather which had recently occurred when this play was first produced. Stowe, in his Annals, records in the year 1594–5 a time of great dearth, when all the necessaries of life rose to an enormous price, consequent on the heavy rains which took place during May, June, and July, 1594, and in September of the same year. It is, probably, to this dearth that Titania's speech refers. In fact the year 1595 may be approximately fixed as the date when this play was first produced; but it may have been earlier. The detailed descriptions of the country, flowers, &c., and the clowns' interlude, both point to its having been one of those plays, of which the plan, at least, was composed when Shakespeare's life at Stratford-on-Avon was fresh in his memory.

The well-known lines, v. 1. 52, 53:

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death Of Learning, late decess'd in beggary,

have been fixed upon by nearly all commentators as having special reference to some recent event. In the opinion of some this event

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1 See Forewords to Stafford's Examination, &c. New Shak. Soc. Publications (Series vi. No. 3, P. xiv.), where the extracts from Stowe, relating to this dearth, are given.
was the death of Spenser; but as this occurred on January 16th, 1599, the allusion must have been inserted after the play was first produced, if they refer to the death of the author of the Fairy Queen. The poem which Spenser called The Tears of the Muses appeared in 1591; and it is to that these allusions are thought by some to refer. The most probable explanation is that they refer to the death of Greene, who died in the autumn of 1592. Greene parades the fact, on the title-page of his works, that he was *Magister Artium utriusque Universitatis*; so that the words "Learning late deceased in beggary" would certainly describe his death, which took place in the utmost misery and want, in a London attic. The words, v. 1. 54:

This is some satire, keen and critical would seem to imply that the death, of whomsoever it might be, was not regarded by Shakespeare with any feelings of reverent sorrow, such as would be occasioned by the death of one whom he respected and loved. It is certain he could not have entertained such feelings for Robert Greene. Other circumstances that may guide us in determining the date of the play are—first, the fact that a new edition was published, in 1595, of North's *Translation of Plutarch*, containing the life of Theseus, to which Shakespeare may have been indebted for some details concerning Theseus mentioned in this play. Secondly, that Golding's *Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses*, which first appeared in a complete form in 1567, and was afterwards reprinted five times between that date and 1593—in the latter year two reprints appeared—containing, as it did, the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, may have suggested to Shakespeare the subject of the Interlude.

This play seems to have been one of the most early original plays of Shakespeare. There is no story or older dramatic work, as yet discovered, upon which it could be founded. It does not appear that Shakespeare owed anything, not even a hint, much less the groundwork of the story, to the Knight's Tale in Chaucer; no doubt he took some of the incidents of the Interlude from "The Legend of Tisbe of Babylon" in the older author's Legends of Fair Women (Chaucer's Minor Poems, vol. ii. pp. 285–291).

The popularity of this play in Shakespeare's time gave rise to the publication of several works suggested by the fairy portion of this play: (1) A play (probably) mentioned in Henslowe's Diary, as written by Henry Chettle, under the date 7th September and 9th September, 1602, called Robin Goodfellow; (2) A ballad called "The Mad Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow. To the tune of Dulcinea. London, printed for H[enry] G[erson] circa 1630." This is the same ballad printed by Percy (Reliques, pp. 498–501), and attributed to Ben Jonson without any apparent authority. (3) A tract published in 1628 under the title of "Robin Good-Fellow; His Mad Frankes, and Merry Jests," &c. (Printed in two parts, 1628.) On the other hand, it has been thought that Shakespeare might have been indebted for the name of Oberon, and for the idea of the Fairy Court, to Robert Greene's drama "The Scottish Historie of James the fourth, slaine at Flodden. Enternixed with a pleasant Comedie, presented by Oboram King of Fayeries" printed in 1598; but, except the name of the King of the Fairies, there does not seem anything in common between the two plays. It appears, however, that "Oberon and Titania had been introduced in a dramatick entertainment exhibited before Queen Elizabeth in 1591, when she was at Elvetham in Hampshire; as appears from A Description of The Queen's Entertainment in Progress at Lord Hartford's, &c. printed in 1691" (Var. Ed. vol. ii. p. 337). It is possible that from this source Shakespeare took some of the names in his piece.

**STAGE HISTORY.**

This play must have been more popular in Shakespeare's time, and during the first half of the seventeenth century, than it was during the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. John Gee, in 1624, alludes to it: "As for flashes of light, we might see very cheape in the Comedie of Pyramus and

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1 For some account of various stories and poems on the subject of Pyramus and Thisbe, published in the 16th and 17th centuries, see note 44.
INTRODUCTION.

Thisbe, where one comes in with a Lanthorne and Acts Moonshine" (New Shreds of the old Snare, &,c., 1624, pp. 17, 20).

In 1630 John Taylor, the Water Poet, mentions it as if it were a popular play: "I say as it is applausefully written and commended to posterity in the Midsummer nights dreame. If we offend, it is with our good will, we came with no intent, but to offend, and shew our simple skill" [Epistle prefixed to "Sir Gregory Nonsense; his news from no place." Works (collected by himself), 1630. Folio. First piece in the Second Part]. Many people think that this play is the one referred to in the following order made by Commissary-general John Spencer in 1631: "Likewise wee doe order that Mr. Wilson because hee was a speciall plotter and Contriver of this busines and did in such a brutishe Manner act the same with an Asses head, therefore he shall vppon Tuesaday next from 6 of the Clocke in the Morning till sixe of the Clocke at night sitt in the Porters Lodge at my Lord Bishops house with his feete in the stockes and Attyred with his Ass head and a bottle of haye sett before him and this superscription on his breast;

Good people I have played the beast
And brought ill things to passe
I was a man, but thus have made
Myselfe a Silly Assa."

—Lambeth MS. 1030, art. 5, p. 3.

But there is some doubt whether this does refer to the character of Bottom; for, elsewhere, Spencer speaks of the play as a comedy "contrived" by "one Mr. Wilson" [See Ingleby's Centurie of Praye, p. 354 (note)].

The popularity of this play, after Shakespeare's death, is further confirmed by the fact that it was one of the plays, portions of which were converted into "Drolls," and represented during the Protectorate in spite of the ordinance of the Long Parliament against stage plays. Kirkman (1673) says in his work on "Drols and Farces:" "When the publique Theatres were shut up, and the Actors forbidden to present us with any of their Tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest, and Comedies, because the Vices of the Age were too lively and smartly represented; then all that we could divert our selves with were these humours and pieces of Plays, which passing under the Name of a merry conceited Fellow, called Bottom the Weaver, Simpleton the Smith, John Swabber, or some such Title, were only allowed us, and that but by stealth too, and under pretence of Rope-dancing, or the like." The exact title of the "Droll," which is printed in Part II. of the above-mentioned work, was "The merry conceited Humours of Bottom the Weaver." This "Droll" appears to have been printed alone as a comedy in 1661.

It is one of the plays which Pepys witnessed; but not with any great admiration, as is evident from the following account he gives of it (under date 29th September, 1662): "To the King's Theatre, where we saw 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which I had never seen before, nor shall ever see again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life" (vol. ii. p. 51).

The next mention of the piece we find is in Downes' Roscius Anglicanus, as: "The Fairy Queen, made into an Opera, from a Comedy of Mr. Shakespeare's." The music being by Purcell, the dances by Priest. This piece was produced in 1692; and, according to Downes: "The Court and Town were wonderfully satisfy'd with it; but the expences in setting it out being so great, the Company got very little by it" (p. 57). Genest gives a condensed account of the plot and scenario of this piece (see vol. ii. pp. 25, 26), from which we extract the following particulars: "Act 5th—The Duke, Egeus &c. enter—the four lovers wake and go out to be married—Bottom wakes and speaks his soliloquy—the Clowns enter and go through the last scene of the original 4th Act—The Duke and the serious characters re-enter—and afterwards the Fairies—Oberon tells the Duke he will feast his eye and ear—Juno appears in a machine—the Peacocks spread their tails and fill the middle of the Theatre—the scene changes to a Chinese Garden—a Chinese man and woman sing—6 Monkeys dance &c. &c.—Oberon and Titania speak a sort of Epilogue." Genest adds some—

1 All the above quotations are taken from Ingleby's Centurie of Praye.
what inconsistently: "On the whole this play does not differ materially from the original; several slight changes are made in the dialogue—the character of Hippolita is omitted—Theseus' speech about 'the poet's eye' &c. is sadly mutilated—a great deal of machinery singing and dancing are introduced."

On 29th October, 1716, an operetta, by Leveridge, taken from this play, was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields. The author says: "I have made bold to dress out the original in Recitative and Airs after the present Italian mode." The only characters introduced from Shakespeare are those which figure in the Interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe. Certain musical spectators, called Semibreve, Crotchet, and Gamut, are introduced. Leveridge appears to have played Pyramus and Prologue. Genest remarks: "One thing is very badly managed—Bottom &c. who in the 1st scene are represented as about to act the Mask, do not really act in it" (vol. ii. p. 605).

On 3d February, 1755, a new English opera, called The Fairies, was produced at Drury Lane, the dialogue of which was taken from A Midsummer Night's Dream with about twenty-seven songs added. The clowns are omitted altogether. For this judicious concoction Garrick is believed to have been responsible; at any rate he wrote the prologue. It was acted about nine times according to Genest. Two Italians, Signor Curioni, as Lysander, and Signora Passarini, as Hermia, appeared in the piece, and, according to Wilkinson, contributed greatly to what success it had.

The next representation of this piece seems to have taken place, at Drury Lane Theatre, on 23rd November, 1763. Of this version of Shakespeare's play Genest says: "it was acted but one night—it is a bad alteration of the original—nearly the whole of the Mock Play is omitted, and Shakespeare's piece is turned into a sort of Opera with 33 songs." Garrick was responsible for this precious tribute to Shakespeare's genius; though Colman got the credit of it for some little time. On 26th November it was cut down to an afterpiece, "Theseus and all the serious characters" being omitted. In this shape it was acted several times during the season 1763, 1764; and revived at the Haymarket Theatre on 10th July, 1777, when Parsons played Bottom.

The next record we find of any representation of this play is on 17th January, 1816: "Not acted 50 years, Midsummer Night's Dream, in 3 Acts." The cast included Liston as Bottom, Emery as Quince, Miss Stephens as Hermia, Miss Foote as Helena, and Miss Sara Booth as the Puck. The version was by Reynolds. Genest (see vol. vii. pp. 545, 546) sums up his account of it thus: "yet this alteration does Reynolds no credit—it is so far better than that of 1763, as he has about 16 songs instead of 33—he has also restored the mock Tragedy, and some other passages of the original" (p. 548).

In our time this play was included in Phelps' series of revivals at Saddler's Wells Theatre. It was produced with Mendelsohn's music, and the most artistic scenery, dresses, &c., by Charles Kean, on 16th October, 1856. Harley played Bottom, and Mr. Frank Matthews was Quince; but the revival was chiefly remarkable for the fact that Puck was played by Miss Ellen Terry, that most charming of all actresses, within our own recollection, who have made Shakespeare's heroines live once more on the stage.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

This is the only play of Shakespeare's, besides the Tempest, in which supernatural or non-human characters are introduced as taking an important part in the dramatic action.¹ For we cannot include the disembodied spirits or ghosts introduced in Henry VI., Richard III., Henry VIII., Julius Cæsar, or the pagan deities in Cymbeline and Pericles, or the apparitions in Macbeth, as characters essential to the action of those plays. A comparison of A Midsummer Night's Dream with the Tempest will serve to show us, better than any amount of essays, the enormous advance which Shakespeare made in intellectual and dramatic power during the period that he was writing for the

¹ Of course the ghost of Hamlet's father, supernatural because he is a ghost, but essentially human in the interest which surrounds him, must be excepted.
INTRODUCTION.

As far as the human characters of this play are concerned, with the exception of "sweet-faced" Nick Bottom and his amusing companions, very little can be said in their praise. Theseus and Hippolyta, Lysander and Hermia, Demetrius and Helena are all alike essentially uninteresting. Neither in the study, nor on the stage, do they attract much of our sympathy. Their loves do not move us; not even so much as those of Biron and Rosaline, Proteus and Julia, Valentine and Silvia. If we read the play at home, we hurry over the tedious quarrels of the lovers, anxious to assist at the rehearsal of the tragi-comedy of "Pyramus and Thisbe." The mighty dispute, that rages between Oberon and Titania about the changeling boy, does not move us in the least degree. We are much more anxious to know how Nick Bottom will acquire himself in the tragic scene between Pyramus and Thisbe. It is in the comic portion of this play that Shakespeare manifests his dramatic genius; here it is that his power of characterization, his close observation of human nature, his subtle humour make themselves felt. Of pathos, in this play, there is little or none; in fact there is no room for it; but there would have been, had he written it later on in life, more enthusiasm, more powerful grasp of character in his mortal heroes and heroines, than there is at present. Of poetical language there is much, as there cannot fail to be in anything that Shakespeare wrote; but of his higher qualities we may say, in spite of the extravagant praise which has been bestowed by some critics upon this fairy-comedy, there is little to be found.

Recognizing, to its full extent, the grace and vivacity of Puck, we must still hold that Nick Bottom is the gem of this work. The youthful power of observation, shown in the Interlude of the Worshies in Love's Labour's Lost, is here matured. No more masterly portrait of good-humoured self-conceit has ever been drawn than that of Nick Bottom, "that most lovely gentleman-like man," ready to play the lover or the hero, Pyramus or Ercles, the Lion or the Wall; indeed, every character, animate or inanimate, which figures in this wonderful piece of "very tragical mirth." The unquestioning homage that is paid to him by his fellow
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clowns, the almost reverential admiration in which they hold him, the implicit confidence in his talents which they display, are all wonderfully true to nature: they prove what a careful study Shakespeare had made of those heroes of a small village community who wield the power of an autocrat, with scarcely a murmur from the most dyspeptic rebel; partly in virtue of their physical and intellectual advantages, insignificant as both of these may seem relatively; mostly in virtue of an invincible good-humoured self-confidence, or rather self-conceit; good-humoured, because, being so perfectly pleased with itself, it can afford to be pleasant with others.

While insisting on the comparative ineffectiveness of this play from a dramatic point of view, we are not prevented from appreciating the many beautiful descriptive passages, the countless graceful touches, which render this work one of the favourite studies of those who love Shakespeare as a poet rather than as a dramatist; passages which linger sweetly in our memory, as we stroll through some woodland scene, greeting with loving eyes the wild flowers familiar to us from childhood, endeared to us by countless associations, and once poked by our childhood's imagination with some such fairy beings as those which waited on Titania and her "gentle joy." Although the lovers' quarrels, and the various complications which arise from the mistakes of Puck, or from the designs of Oberon, do not excite our sympathy when presented in action; yet they furnish us with very delightful reading. Nor can we fail to admire the skill with which the incongruous elements of Fairyland and Clownland—if we may use the expression—are blended together; and the subtle manner in which the difficulty of portraying the lives of immortal and superhuman beings is contrasted with the difficulty, experienced by the rude Athenian countrymen in their attempts at what we now call realism in the scenic portion of the Interlude which they present. The drawback, pointed out by Hazlitt and by many other critics, which besets A Midsummer Night's Dream as a stage play, namely, that the Fairies, whom our imagination pictures as diminutive beings, have to be represented by men and women, will always tend to render this play ineffective from an acting point of view.

Although this play cannot be called a pastoral drama, yet it is impossible to help comparing it with The Sad Shepherdess of Beaumont and Fletcher, which shares with A Midsummer Night's Dream the honour of having suggested to Milton the most delightful of all his poems, Comus. Shakespeare has the advantage of his rivals in that dramatic insight, which taught him to blend with the Fairy story the humorous underplot in which Bottom and his companions are involved. But there is, perhaps, nothing in Shakespeare's play so beautiful in conception as the characters of the Satyr, of Amoret, and of Clorin in Beaumont and Fletcher's play; on the other hand there is no blot in Shakespeare's comedy like Cloe, the wanton shepherdess.

As to the name of the piece, it has been often pointed out that there is no reason why it should be called A Midsummer Night's Dream; for it is expressly stated that the action takes place in the beginning of the month of May: but, possibly, Shakespeare intended by the name, A Midsummer Night's Dream, to indicate that this comedy represented that curious mixture of incongruous elements which figure so often in dreams; and that it was the result of those recollections of a country life which come to a busy man, on a fine summer's day, in the midst of the turmoil of a town life. When Charles Lamb called out for a candle, in order that he might indite an ode to the sun, he was uttering something more than a paradox, something very near a great truth. There is little doubt that many of the most beautiful descriptions of country life have been written amid the dingy surroundings of a great city: we may well imagine that Shakespeare wrote this play in his modest room at Blackfriars; and that, amidst the inodorous and unlovely surroundings, he recalled with a yearning affection the woods and flowers, and the many fanciful ideas that Nature and the country ever suggest to a poet's mind; objects and ideas in which he had taken, so often, a pure delight, when wandering in the beautiful neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon.

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A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

Scene I. Athens. A room in the palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour Draws on space; four happy days bring in Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow This old moon wanes! [she lingers my desires, Like to a step-dame, or a dowager, Long withering out a young man's revenue.] Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights; Four nights will quickly dream away the time; And then the moon, like to a silver bow New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate, Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments; Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:

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Turn melancholy forth to funerals,— The pale companion is not for our pomp. [Exit Philostrate.

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword, And won thy love, doing thee injuries; But I will wed thee in another key, With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke! The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint Against my child, my daughter Hermia.— Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord, This man hath my consent to marry her.— Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke, This man hath 'twixt the bosom of my child:—

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1 Lingers, used transitively here:—prolongs.
2 Philostrate, anglicized form of Philostratus: pronounced as a trisyllable.
3 Pert, lively.
4 Triumph, public festivity.
5 Duke here means "leader," "commander."
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
[Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love; 31
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, 1 con-
cetea,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,—mes-
sengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd 2 youth:
With cunning hast thou flisht my daughter's heart;
] Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius, 40
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,—
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
] Immediately 3 provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd,
fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it. 4
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, 5 wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty:
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befal me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

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1 Gawds, trinkets. 2 Unharden'd, susceptible.
3 Immediately, expressly.
4 The meaning is "to let the figure exist, or to destroy it."
5 In this kind, in this respect, i.e. as a suitor.
6 Know of, question. 7 New'd, shut up.
8 Earthier happy, i.e. more happy from an earthly point of view.
9 Lordship, ownership, or perhaps confugal authority.
10 Whose = to whose.
11 He, i.e. your father.
12 Crazed, impaired, weak; literally, crushed, broken down.
13 Estate, i.e. convey as an estate.
14 As well possess'd, as rich.
ACT I. Scene 1.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

If not with vantage—as Demetrius:
And, which is more than all these boasts
    can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I, then, prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up—
Which by no means we may extenuate—

To death, or to a vow of single life.—

Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.]

[Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek
So pale?

How chance the roses there to fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well

Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—

[Her. O cross! too high to be enthral'd to low.

Lys. Or else misgrafted in respect of years,—

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of
friends,—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in
choice,——

War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then, true lovers have been ever cross'd,

It stands as an edict in destiny:—
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,

Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue me. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;

And in the wood, a league without the town,

Where I did meet thee once with Helena,

To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,

By his best arrow with the golden head,

By the simplicity of Venus' doves,

By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves;

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1 If not with vantage, If not superior.
2 Spotted, wicked.
3 Self-affairs, private business.
4 Belike, probably.
5 Beteem, give, allow.
6 To low, i.e. to one of low degree.
7 Momentary, momentary.
8 Collied, black, smutted with coal.
9 Spleen, sudden fit.
10 Fancy's, i.e. love's.
11 Respects, regards.
12 Forth, from.
13 Simplicity, innocence.
ACT I. Scene i.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM.

[And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage
queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen.] By all the vows that ever men have broke, In number more than ever women spoke, In that same place thou hast appointed me, To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love.—Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Helena! whither away? Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay. Demetrius loves your fair; O happy fair! [Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear, When wheat is green, when hathorn buds appear. Sickness is catching: O, were favour so, Yours would I catch, fair Hermia! ere I go, My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye, My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I 'd give to be to you translated. O, teach me how you look, and with what art You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still. Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

[Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

[Her. His folly, Helen, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!]

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face.

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

[Before the time I did Lysander see, Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me: O, then, what graces in my love do dwell, That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!]

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:

To-morrow night, when Phebe doth behold Her silver visage in the watery glass, 210 Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,— A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,— Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal. Her. And in the wood, where often you and I Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie, Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet, There my Lysander and myself shall meet; And thence from Athens turn away our eyes, To seek new friends and stranger companies. Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us; And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [Exit Hermia.

Helena, adieu:

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [Exit. Hel. How happy some o'er other—some can be! Through Athens I am thought as fair as she. But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so; He will not know what all but he do know: And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,

So I, admiring of his qualities: Things base and vile, holding no quantity, Love can transpose to form and dignity: Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind: Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste; Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste: And therefore is Love said to be a child, Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.

As waggish boys in game themselves forswear, So the boy Love is perjur'd every where: For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eye, He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;

1 Carthage, used here as an adjective.
2 Fair, beauty.
3 Lode-stars, i.e. pole-stars.
4 Fav'rot, features.
5 Bated, excepted.
6 Translated, transformed.

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7 Keep word, keep faith.
8 Quantity, proportion (the value at which they are held).
9 Transpose, transforms.
10 In game, in sport.
11 Eyne, old plural of eye.
And when this hail some heat from Hermia
felt,
So he dissolv’d, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia’s flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:¹
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.

[Exit.

SCENE II. Athens. A room in Quince’s house.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout,
and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?
Bot. You were best to call them generally,
man by man, according to the scrip.²
Quin. Here is the scroll of every man’s name,
which is thought fit, through all Athens,
to play in our interlude before the duke and the
duchess, on his wedding-day at night.
Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the
play treats on; then read the names of the
actors; and so grow to a point.³
Quin. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable
comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus
and Thisby.
Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure
you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince,
call forth your actors by the scroll.—Masters,
spread yourselves.⁴
Quin. Answer as I call you.—Nick Bottom,
the weaver.
Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for,
and proceed.
Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for
Pyramus.
Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?
Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gal-
antly for love.
Bot. That will ask some tears in the true
performing of it: if I do it, let the audience
look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will
condole in some measure. To the rest: yet
my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play
Ercles⁵ rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to
make all split. [Reciting in exaggerated and
bombastic manner.

The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus⁶ car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the
players.—This is Ercles’ vein, a tyrant’s vein;
a lover is more condoling.
Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.
Flu. Here, Peter Quince.
Quin. You must take Thisby on you.
Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?
Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must
love.
Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman;
I have a beard coming.
Quin. That’s all one: you shall play it in a
mask, and you may speak as small as you will.
Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play
Thisby too, I’ll speak in a monstrous little
voice;—“Thiane, Thiane;”—“Ah Pyramus,
my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady
dear!”
Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus:—
and, Flute, you Thisby.
Bot. Well, proceed.
Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.
Star. Here, Peter Quince.
Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play
Thisby’s mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.
Snout. Here, Peter Quince.
Quin. You, Pyramus’ father: myself, This-
by’s father. Snug, the joiner; you, the lion’s
part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.
Snug. Have you the lion’s part written? pray
you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of
study.
Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is
nothing but roaring.
Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar,

¹ A dear expense, a reward dearly bought; or, perhaps, a reward which costs him much to give.
² Scrip, written list.
³ Grow to a point, come to a conclusion.
⁴ Spread yourselves, stand separately.
⁵ Ercles, Hercules.
⁶ Phibbus, Phoebus.
ACT I. Scene 2.  
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.  

that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an't were any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. [What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

[Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. — But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A wood near Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and Puck.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Song.

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moonses sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cawsips tall her pensioners be: 10
In their gold coats spots you see;

1 Properties, i.e. stage properties.
2 Obcenely, a blunder for obscenely.
3 Hold, or cut bow-strings, i.e. whatever happens.
4 Sphere, orbit.
5 Orbs, i.e. the "fairy-rings" on the grass.

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[Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all our elves come here anon.]

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath; 20
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crows him with flowers and makes him all her joy:

6 Lob, clown.
7 Fell and wrath, fierce and angry.
8 To trace, wander through.
And now they never meet in grove, or

By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,¹
But they do square,² that all their elves, for

Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,

Or else you are that shrewd³ and knavish sprit

Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he

That fright the maidens of the villagery; 35

Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern⁴
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;]
And sometime make the drink to bear no barn;⁵
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm⁶
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,

Fairy. Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm.—(Act II. 1. 39.)

You do their work, and they shall have good
luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. I am, thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile

[When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;]
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;⁶
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap⁷ pour the ale. 50

[The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale, 51
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;]
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe;⁸

[And waxen⁹ in their mirth, and neeze,¹⁰ and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—] But, room, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

¹ Sheen, brightness. ² Square, quarrel. ³ Shrewd, mischievous. ⁴ Quern, a hand-mill for grinding corn. ⁵ Barn, yeast. ⁶ Crab, crab-apple. ⁷ Dewlap, neck. ⁸ Loffe, laugh. ⁹ Waxen, get louder. ¹⁰ Neeze, old form of sneeze.
ACT II. Scene 1.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Enter, from one side, Oberon, with his train; from the other, Titania, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania. 66
Tit. What, jealous Oberon!—Fairies, skip hence:

[ I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

Tit. Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. ] Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?

But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buxom mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded? and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How camest thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?

[ Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigania, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa? ]

Tit. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets 9 to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou'rt last disturb'd our sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; [ which falling in the land 90
Have every pelting 4 river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents: 5
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field.

And crows are fatted with the murrion 4 flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable: 100
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
Therefore the moon, the governor of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases 8 do abound:

[ And thorough this distemperature 9 we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: ] the spring, the summer,

The childling 10 autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liverys, and the mazed world,
By their increase, 11 now knows not which is which:

And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, 12 from our disension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,

To be my handman.

Tit. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order:

And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossipp'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,

[ Marking th'embarck'd traders on the flood; 13
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait

Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,—
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trisles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise. ]

1 Versing love, i.e. making love in verses.
2 Glance at, hint at, imply censure of.
3 Ringlets, fairy rings. 4 Pelting, paltry.
5 Their continents, the banks that contain them.
6 Murrion, old form of murrain; used here as an adjective, suffering from murrain.
7 Wants, are without.
8 Rheumatic diseases, coughs and colds.
9 Distemperature, i.e. the difference between Oberon and Titania.
10 Childling, prolific.
11 Increase, produce.
12 Debate, dispute.
13 Embarked traders on the flood, i.e. merchants embarked on the sea.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy;
And for her sake I will not part with him.

_Obe._ How long within this wood intend you stay?

_Tit._ Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round, 140
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

_Obe._ Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

_Tit._ Not for thy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[Exit Titania with her train.

_Obe._ Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back, 150
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music.

_Puck._ I remember.

_Obe._ That very time I saw—but thou couldst not—
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
160
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial votress pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,

And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

1 Fairies, pronounced faeries, as a tried syllable.
2 Thou shalt not from, i.e. thou shalt not go from.
3 Breath, voice.
Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
[To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.]

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
[Dem. I’ll run from thee and hide me in
the brakes,]
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang’d:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.]

Dem. I will not stay thy question; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field.
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo’d and were not made to woo.

[Exit Demetrius.

I’ll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.]

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there, welcome wanderer?
Puck. Ay, here it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
ACT II. Scene 1.  

A MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM.  

Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows, 250  
Quite over-canopied with lily woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with egglantine: 1  
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;  
[And there the snake throws her enamell'd  
 Weed 2 wide enough to wrap a fairy in:  ]  
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,  
And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
Take thou some of it, and seek through this  
grove:  
A sweet Athenian lady is in love  
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;  
But do it when the next thing he espies  
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man  
By the Athenian garments he hath on.  
Effect it with some care, that he may prove  
More fond on her than she upon her love:  
And look thou meet me ere  the first cock crow.  

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall  
do so.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE II. Another part of the wood.  

Enter Titania, with her train.  

Titania. Come, now a roundelay and a fairy song;  
[Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;  
Some to kill cankers 3 in the musk-rose buds,  
Some war with rere-mice 4 for their leathern  
wings,  
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep  
back  
The clamorous owl that nightly howls and wonders  
At our quaint 5 spirits. Sing me now asleep;  ]  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.  

Song.  

First Fairy. You spotted snakes with double 6  
tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen; 10  
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong,  
Come not near our fairy queen.  

Chorus.  
Philomel, with melody  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  

Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.  

First Fairy. Weaving spiders, come not here; 20  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm nor snail, do no offence.  

Chorus.  
Philomel, with melody, &c.  

Second Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well:  
One aloof stand sentinel.  
[Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.  

Enter Oberon, and squeezes the flower on  
Titania's eyelids.  

O. What thou seest when thou dost wake,  
Do it for thy true-love sake;  
Love and languish for his sake:  
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear, 30  
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
In thy eye that shall appear  
When thou wak'est, it is thy dear:  
Wake when some vile thing is near.  

[Exit.  

Enter Lysander and Hermia.  

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering  
in the wood;  
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:  
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.  
Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;  
For I upon this bank will rest my head. 40  
[Ly. One turf shall serve as pillow for us  
both;  
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.  

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my  
dear,  
Lie farther off yet, do not lie so near.  

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innoc-  
ence! 8  
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.  
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit  
So that but one heart we can make of it;  
Two bosoms interchanged with an oath;  

1 Egglantine, sweet-brier.  
2 Weed, garment.  
3 Cankers, canker-worms.  
4 Rere-mice, bats.  
5 Quaint, neat, pretty.  
6 Double, i.e. forked.  

* * *  
7 Truth, truth.  
8 O, take the sense, &c. i.e. understand my innocent  
meaning.
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT II. Scene 2.

So then two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:
Now much beseech my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said

Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes
be press'd!

[They sleep.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none—
On whose eyes I might approve?
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! Who is here?

Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,

On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie

Nearer this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.

When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.

[Exit.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, where so'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

[How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius

1 Manners, i.e. ill manners.  2 Approve, prove.
3 Weeds, garments.  4 Dank, damp.  5 Own, own.
6 Darkling, in the dark.
ACT II. Scene 2. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. ACT III. Scene 1.

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphyri
eye!?
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground! 100
Dead? or asleep?—I see no blood, no wound.—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [Starting up] And run through fire I
will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helen! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy

Heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hed. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? [Lord, what though?]
109
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not 4 to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill, 6
Reason becomes the marshal to my will, 120
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hed. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery
born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must flout 8 my insufficiency?
Good truth, you do me wrong,—good sooth, 7
you do,—
In such disdainful manner me to woo. 130
But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abused! [Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep
thou there:
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive; 140
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and
might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.

Hed. [Awaking] Help me, Lysander, help
me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey. 8— 150
Lysander! — what, remov'd? — Lysander!
lord!—

What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no
word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! 9 I swoon almost with fear.
No! then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death or you I'll find immediately.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. The wood. Titania lying asleep.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout,
and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

1 Sphery, star-like. 2 Eye, old plural of eye.
3 What though? i.e. what matters it?
4 Ripe not, i.e. do not ripen.
5 And touching now, &c. i.e. attaining now, &c.
6 Flout, mock. 7 Good sooth, i.e. in good truth.
8 Prey— the act of praying.
9 Of all loves, for love's sake.
10 Tiring-house, dressing-room.

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous

convenient place for our rehearsal. This green
plot shall be our stage, this havethorn-brake
our tiring-house; 10 and we will do it in action
and we will do it before the duke.
Bot. Peter Quince,—
Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?
Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?
Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.
Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver.—(Act III. 1. 22.)

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.
Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?
Star. I fear it, I promise you.
Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living, and we ought to look to 't.
Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.
Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—"Ladies,"—or "Fair ladies,—I would wish you,"—or "I would request you,"—or "I would entertain you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;" and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things,—that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

---

1 By 'r lakin = By our ladykin, meaning the Virgin Mary.
2 Parlous, old form of perilous; here = great.
3 In eight and six, i.e. in alternate verses of eight and six syllables.
4 Defect, a blunder for effect.
ACT III. Scene 1.  

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.  

ACT III. Scene 1.

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present! Wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake: and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have weswaggering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.


Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. — odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But bark, a voice! I stay thou but here awhile,

And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here. [Aside; then exit. 99

Flute. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most briskly juvenal & eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. "Ninus' tomb," man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter Puck, waving his hand, and then retire; and Bottom with an ass's head.

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.—Pray, masters! fly, masters!—Help!

[Execute Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you 'bout a round,

Through bog, through brook, through bush, through brake, through brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [Exit.]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [Exit Snout. 120

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

[Exit.

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Act III. Scene i.

Bot. [Sings]

The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so fool-

ish a bird? who would give a bird the lie,
though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note; 141

Quince. Bless thee, Bottom: bless thee! thou art translated.—(Act III. 1. 121.)

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape; 142
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke 4 upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

[ I am a spirit of no common rate:
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;]
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee, 160
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:

[And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—]

Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-

1 Ousel cock, blackbird.
2 Thrstle, thrush.
3 Quill, pipe.
4 Gleeke, jest.
Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed.

Peas. Ready.
Cob. And I.
Moth. And I.
Muss. And I.
All. Where shall we go?
Tit. Be kind, and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,1
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm’s eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:]
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Peas. Hail, mortal!
Cob. Hail!
Moth. Hail!
Muss. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship’s mercy, heartily:—
I beseech your worship’s name.
Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. [I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash,2 your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father.] Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Muss. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tit. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love’s tongue, bring him silently.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Another part of the wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak’d;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.4—Here comes my messenger.

Enter Puck.

How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule5 now about this haunted grove?
Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches,6 rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, 10
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus’ nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,7
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter’d in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass’s nose8 I fixed on his head:
[Anon his Thiaebe must be answered,
And forth my mimic9 comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping Fowler eye, 20
Or russet-pated choughs,10 many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun’s report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,]
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o’er and o’er one falls;
He murder cries and help from Athens calls.

1 Dewberries, the fruit of Rubus cassinus, resembling a small blackberry.
2 Squash, an immature peascod.
3 Enforced, violated.
4 In extremity, i.e. extremely.
5 Night-rule, night-sport.
6 Patches, low, common fellows.
7 Barren sort, dull company.
8 Nose, head: sometimes spelt nuzzle.
9 Mimic, actor.
10 Choughs, jackdaws.

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Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves, some, hats;—from yielders all things catch.]

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment,—so it came to pass,—
Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass.
Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.

But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Hermia and Demetrius.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me: would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
[So should a murderer look,—so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pier'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murder'er, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!]
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!^

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, ne'er adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more:—
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

[Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
[So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.]

[Lies down and sleeps.

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite

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1. Latch'd, caught.
2. Of force, of necessity.
4. Dead, palid.
5. Brave touch, i.e. brave stroke, noble exploit.
6. On a mispris'd mood, in a mistaken anger.
7. Whether, pronounced here as a mono-syllable.
8. His tender, his, i.e. sleep's offer.
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,—
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

[Exit.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience.—(Act III. 2. 55, 56.)

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
[Squeezes the juice of flower on Demetrius' eyelids.
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befal preposterously.

1 Misprison: mistake.
2 Confounding oath on oath, i.e. breaking one oath after another.

3 Fancy-sick, love-sick.
4 Cheer, countenance.

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Enter Helen and Lysander.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
[How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?]
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
[Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.]
Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [Awaking] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?¹
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
[That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hol'dst up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!]
Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
[Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls² to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show, ¹⁵¹
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise³ my parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.]
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Hermia:
A trim⁴ exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
[With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.]
Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia, this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone. ¹⁷⁰
My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it⁵ dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. [Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.] ¹⁸⁰
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,—
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all you fiery oes and eyes of light.

¹ Eyne, the old form of the plural of eye.
² Join in souls, i.e. join heart and soul.
³ Superpraise, i.e. praise to excess.
⁴ Trim = pretty; (used ironically).
⁵ Aby it, pay for it.
ACT III. Scene 2.  

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.  

[ Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,  
189  
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so!] 

Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be. 

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy! 
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three  
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.  
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid! 
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd  
To bait me with this foul derision? 
Is all the counsel that we too have shar'd,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
200  
For parting us,—O, is all forgot? 
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence! 

[ We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
1 Have with our needls created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
Hadh been incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet an union in partition;  
210  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.]  
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,  
To join with men in scorn ing your poor friend?  
[ It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly:  
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Though I alone do feel the injury.]  

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words. 
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me. 

[ Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
220  
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?  
And made your other love, Demetrius—  
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot—  
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,  
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this  
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander  
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,  
And tender me, forsooth, affection, 

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1 Artificial gods, i.e. creators in art.  
2 Needls, needles.

But by your setting on, by your consent?  
What though I be not so in grace as you,  
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,  
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?  
This you should pity rather than despise.

Hel. O, is all forgot? 
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?  
—(Act iii. 2. 201, 202.)

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.]  

Hel. Ay, do, perséver, counterfeit sad looks,  
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;  
[Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:  
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.]  
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,  
You would not make me such an argument.  
But fare ye well: 't is partly my own fault;  
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

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ACT III. Scene 2.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.  ACT III. Scene 2.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
[ My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her
weak prayers.]

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come!
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
[Lsizing hold of Lysander to stop him.

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no; he'll—air,
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame\(^1\) man, go!
Lys. [Struggling to get loose from Hermia]
Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let
loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what
change is this?
Sweet love,—

Lys. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated poison, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.
Lys.] Demetrius, I will keep my word with
thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I per-
ceive
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your
word.

[Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her,
kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
]

Her. [What, can you do me greater harm
than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what means my
love?]

Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?

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1 Tame, spiritless.

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I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you
left me:
Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
[And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt:]
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. [Leaving hold of Lysander, and turning
to Helena] O me!—you juggler!* you
canker-blossom!

You thief of love! what, have you come by
night
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes
the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her
height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with
him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me,
gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;\(^2\) see
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right\(^4\) maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may
think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with
me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,

\(^*\) Juggler, here pronounced as a triasylable.
\(^2\) Curst, shrewish, bad-tempered.  
\(^4\) Right, true.
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;  
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,  
I told him of your stealth\(^1\) unto this wood.  
He followed you; for love I followed him;  
But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me  
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:  
And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
To Athens will I bear my folly back,  
And follow you no farther: let me go:  
You see how simple and how fond I am.  

_Her._ Why, get you gone: who is't that  
Hinders you?  
_Hel._ A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.  
_Her._ What, with Lysander?  
_Hel._ With Demetrius.  
_Lys._ Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee,  
Helen.  

_Dem._ No, air, she shall not, though you take  
her part.  
[Hel._ O, when she's angry, she is keen and  
shrewd!  
She was a vixen when she went to school;  
And though she be but little, she is fierce.  
_Her._ "Little" again! nothing but "low"  
and "little"!  
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?  
Let me come to her.  

_Lys._ Get you gone, you dwarf;  
You minimus\(^2\) of hind'ring knot-grass made;  
You bead, you acorn.  

_Dem._ You are too officious.  
In her behalf that scorns your services.  
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;  
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend  
Never so little show of love to her,  
Thou shalt aby it.\(^3\)  

_Lys._ Now she holds me not;  
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,  
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.  

_Dem._ Follow: nay, I'll go with thee, cheek  
by jole.\(^4\)  

[Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.  

_Her._ You, mistress, all this coiling\(^5\) is long of  
you:  
Nay, go not back.  

_Hel._ I will not trust you, I,  

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\(^1\) _Stealth_, secret going.  
\(^2\) _Minimus_, minim.  
\(^3\) _Aby_, pay for.  
\(^4\) _Cheek by jole_, i.e. side by side.  
\(^5\) _Coiling_, disturbance.
And yonder shines Aurora’s harbinger;¹ At whose approach, ghosts, wand’ring here and there, Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all, That in crossways and floods have burial, Already to their wormy beds are gone; For fear lest day should look their shames upon,

They willfully themselves exile from light, And must for aye consort with black-brow’d night.

_Obe._ But we are spirits of another sort: I with the morning’s love have oft made sport, And, like a forester, the groves may tread, Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red, Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams, Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.

但他们自己将自己逐出光明， 必须永远与黑眉毛的黑夜为伴。 _Obe._ 但我们是另一种灵魂： 我与早晨的爱人常常玩乐， 就像一个猎人，穿过林地， 直到东方的门，都是火红色的， 打开在海神的门前，带着美丽的光芒， 将他的盐绿溪水变成黄色的黄金。

但，无论如何，赶快吧，不要拖延： 我们可以完成这项业务，尽管今天过去了。

_Puck._ 上上下下，上上下下， 我将带领他们上上下下， 我害怕在田野和城镇： 侏儒，带领他们上上下下。 这里来一个。

_Re-enter Lysander._

_Lys._ 哪里是你，骄傲的德米特里乌斯？ 现在你该说话了。

_Puck._ 这里，骗子；为战斗做好准备。 你在哪里？

_Lys._ 我将立即与你见面。

_Puck._ 遵命，随我来。

_Re-enter Demetrius._

_Dem._ 莱桑德尔，再讲一次： 你跑了，懦夫，你逃跑了？

Speak！在哪里？在那里你藏头？

_Puck._ 你逃跑了，懦夫，你吹嘘着到星星的， 说这些灌木丛是你看守的堡垒。

¹ _Aurora’s harbinger, i.e. the morning-star._
² _Plainer, more level._
And wilt not come? [Come, recreant; come, thou child;]
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter Lyndander.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls; then he is gone.

Dem. [Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot]
Thou runnest before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?
Puck. Come hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.

[Lies down and sleeps.

Re-enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,

1 Abide me, wait for me.  2 Wot, know.
ACT III. Scene 2.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

[Enter Hermia.]

Herm. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[Enter Puck.]

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curt and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter Hermia.

Herm. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

Scene I. The wood. Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia lying asleep.

Enter Titania and Bottom; Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and other Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen.

Tit. Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy;
And stick musk-roses in thysleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?

Pea. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom.

—Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounseur, bring me the honey-bag. [Do not fret yourself too much, in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.]—Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf,² Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, le've your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavaler³ Peaseblossom to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tit. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

[Enter Puck.]

Puck. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle⁴ of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

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1 Coy, carres.

2 Neaf, fist or hand, sometimes spelt neif.

3 Cavaler, for cavalero.

4 Bottle, trun.
ACT IV. Scene 1.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrels hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.—Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.—[Exit fairies.]

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Entrings the barking fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!] 50

[They sleep.

Enter Puck.

See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
[Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fell out with her;
For she her hairly temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
[And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain; 70
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,

And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.]

Be as thou wert went to be;

Touching her eyes with an herb.
See as thou wert went to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake thee, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!
Ob. Silence awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—

[Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.]

[Puck takes the ass's head off Bottom, and flies away.]

Ob. Sound, music! [Soft music.] Come, my queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:
[There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.]

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my queen, in silence sad, Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon, Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight, Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground.

[Exeunt.

Horns winded within.

[End of Act IV. Scene 1.]

1 Exposition, a blunder for disposition.
2 All ways, in all directions.
3 Favours, nose-gays of flowers.
4 Rounded, encircled.
5 These five, i.e. these five sleepers.
6 Solemnly, ceremoniously.
7 Sad, grave.

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ACT IV. Scene 1.

AYER'S DREAM, ACT IV. Scene 1.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and Train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester; For now our observation is perform'd; And since we have the vaward of the day, My love shall hear the music of my hounds. Uncouple in the valley; let them go: Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

[Exit an Attendant.

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top, And mark the musical confusion Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves, The skies, the mountains, every region near Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,

So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung With ears that sweep away the morning dew; Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,

Each under each. A cry more tuneable Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn, In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly: Judge when you hear.—But, soft! what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;

And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;

This Helena, old Nedar's Helena: I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe The rite of May; and, hearing our intent, Came here in grace of our solemnity. But speak, Egeus; is not this the day That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

1 Observation, i.e. of the ceremonies of the first of May.
2 Vaward, foremost.
3 Chiding, continual noise; used here of the hounds in full cry.
4 Flew'd, having large hanging chaps.
5 Sanded, sandy-coloured.

Ege. It is, my lord.
The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[Exit an Attendant. Horns are not shout within. Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia wake and start up.

Good morrow, friends.—Saint Valentine is past:

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[He and the rest kneel to Theseus.

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies:

How comes this gentle concord in the world, That hatred is so far from jealousy,

To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,

Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,

I cannot truly say how I came here;

But, as I think,—for truly would I speak, And now I do bethink me, so it is,— I came with Hermia hither: our intent Was to be gone from Athens where we might Be without peril of the Athenian law;—

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.— They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeatedyou and me,

You of your wife and me of my consent,— Of my consent that she should be your wife.]

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood;

And I in fury hither followed them,

Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—

But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia,

Melted as melts the snow, seems to me now As the remembrance of an idle gawd, Which in my childhood I did dote upon;

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart, The object and the pleasure of mine eye, Is only Helena. To her, my lord,

Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:

4 Without peril of, beyond the reach of danger from.
5 In fancy, in love, moved by love.
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit:
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpose hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens! three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come, my Hippolyta.

[Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and Train.

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. But are you sure
That we are well awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him? 200

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[Exeunt.

Bot. [Awaking] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, "Most fair Pyramus." Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stol'n hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patch'd fool,¹ if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of our play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

[Exit. 225

Scene II. Athens. A room in Quince's house.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd: it goes not forward,² doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say "paragon:" a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, [and there is two or three lords and ladies more married:] if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

[Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'escaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.] 24
ACT IV. Scene 2.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?¹

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.⁵

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away!

[Exeunt. ⁴⁶

ACT V.

Scene I. Athens. The palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may² believe

¹ Hearts, i.e. good fellows. ² May = can. ³ Compact, composed.
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT V. Scene 1.

See Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt: 11
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy no-
thing
A local habitation and a name.
[Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy; 20
Or in the night, imagining some fear;]
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

The. But all the story of the night told
over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;#
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and
mirth.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and
Helena.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us 30
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your
bed!

The. Come now; what masques, what dances
shall we have,
[To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?]
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? [Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?]
Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this
evening?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are
ripe:

Make choice of which your highness will see
first.

[Presenting a paper, which, at a sign from
Theseus, Lysander takes and reads from.
Lys. [Reads] "The battle with the Centaurs, to
be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."

The. We'll none of that: that have I told
my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.—

Lys. [Reads] "The riot of the tipsy Bacchans,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

The. That is an old device; and it was
play'd 50
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.—

Lys. [Reads] "The thrice three Muses mourning
for the death
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary."

The. That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting? with a nuptial ceremony.—

Lys. [Reads] "A tedious brief scene of young
Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

The. Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten
words long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play;
[But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:]
And tragic, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
[Which, when I saw rehearse'd, I must con-
fect,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears,
The passion of loud laughter never shed.]

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men that work in Athens
here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now,
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord;

1 Fear, object of fear. 2 Constancy, consistency. 3 Admirable, to be wondered at. 4 Abridgment, pastime. 5 Brief, list. 6 Ripe, ready for performance. 7 Sorting, agreeing. 8 Wondrous, pronounced as a trisyllable. 9 Toiled, exerted. 10 Unbreath'd, unpractised.
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
[Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.] 80

The. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simplicity and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in:—and take your places,
ladies. [Exit Philostrate.

[Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-charged,
And duty in his service perishing.
The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.] 100

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
[And what poor duty would, but cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
When I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome; 120
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.4]

Re-enter Philostrate.

Phil. So please your grace, the Prologue is address'd.5

The. Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets.

1 Clerks, scholars. 2 Periods, full stops.
3 Fearful, full of fear.
4 To my capacity, in my opinion.
5 Address'd, ready.

Enter Quince as Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill, 110
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight.
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand, and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.7
[Ly. He hath hid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the step. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.
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Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue like a child on a recorder;8 a sound, but not in government.9
The. His speech was like a tangled chain;
nothing impaired, but all disordered.] 130
Who is next?

[Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know; 140
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lathe, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Enimus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight,10 by name, 140
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scape away, or rather did afford;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,11
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:

6 Minding, Intending.
7 Stand upon points, i.e. mind his stops.
8 Recorder, a kind of flaggeret.
9 Not in government, not with any control over it.
10 Night, is called. 11 Fall, let fall.
ACT V. Scene 1.

Whereat, with blade, with bloody shameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[Exeunt Prologue, Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.
Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may,
When many asses do.

Enter Snout, as Wall.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
[And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink.
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
[This lawn, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny, is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?
Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I
heard discourse, my lord.

Enter Bottom, as Pyramus.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Pyr. O grim-look'd! O night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night! O night! O black, black, black,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—
[And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!]
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyes!

[Wall holds up his fingers.
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cur'sd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible,
Should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. "De-

Sinister, left. * Grim-look'd, grim-looking.

Enter Flute, as Thisbe.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

Thisby!

This. My love! thou art my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

[Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged; so
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [Exit.

[The. Now is the wall down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are
so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I
heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows;
and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must by your imagination then, and
not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than
they of themselves, they may pass for excellent
men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon
and a lion.

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Enter Snug, as the Lion, and Starveling, as Moonshine, with bundle of faggots, lantern, and dog.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor, May now perchance both quake and tremble here, When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roar. Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam; For, if I should as lion come in strife Into this place, 't were pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

[Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.
Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.
The. True; and a goose for his discretion.
Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present; Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the man i' the moon?

[Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.]

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

---

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter Flute, as Thisbe.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?
Lion. [Roaring] Oh— [Thisbe runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd, Lion.
The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well spone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.
The. Well mous'd, Lion.
Lys. And so the lion vanish'd.
Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Enter Bottom, as Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams; I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright; For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams, I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite! But mark, poor knight, What dreadful dote is here! Eyes, do you see? How can it be! O dainty duck! O dear! Thy mantle good, What, stain'd with blood! Approach, ye Furies fell! O Fates, come, come, Cut thread and thrum; Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame? Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear: Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

Come, tears, confound; Out, sword, and wound The pap of Pyramus; Ay, that left pap; Where heart doth hop:—[Stabs himself. Thus die I, thus, thus, thus. Now am I dead, Now am I fled;

---

1 In snuff, in anger.
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3 Thrum, the small tuft at the end of a warp.
4 Pup, pronounced pawp; and hop, doubtless, was also pronounced kawp.
ACT V. Scene 1.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. ACT V. Scene 1.

My soul is in the sky:
   Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon, take thy flight:  [Exit Moonshine.
   Now die, die, die, die, die.  [Dies.

[Dem.  No die, but an ace, for him; for he is
   but one.

Lys.  Less than an ace, man; for he is dead;
   he is nothing.

The.  With the help of a surgeon he might
   yet recover, and prove an ass.  ]

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before
   Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight. Here
   she comes; and her passion ends the play.  321

Re-enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one
   for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

[Dem.  A mote will turn the balance, which;
   Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for;

| ![A Dance.](Image) | (Act v. 1 300) |

a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God
   bless us.

Lys.  She hath spied him already with those
   sweet eyes.

Dem.  And thus she moans, videlicet:—  330

This.  Asleep, my love!
   What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
   Speak, speak. Quite dumb!
   Dead, dead! A tomb
   Must cover thy sweet eyes.
   [These lily lips,
   This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
   Are gone, are gone:
   Lovers, make moan:
   His eyes were green as leeks.
   O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,
   With hands as pale as milk;
   Lay them in gore,
   Since you have shone!
   With shears his thread of silk.
   Tongue, not a word:
   Come, trusty sword;
   Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
   [Stabs herself.

   And, farewell, friends;—
   Thus Thisby ends:—
   Adieu, adieu, adieu.

The.  Moonshine and Lion are left to bury
   the dead.

Dem.  Ay, and Wall too.

Bot.  [Starting up]  No, I assure you; the
   wall is down that parted their fathers. Will

1 Shone, i.e. shorn.
it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play’d Pyramus and Thisbe’s garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharge’d. But, come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[A dance.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; ’t is almost fairy time.¹
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatch’d.
This palpable gross play hath well beguil’d
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity.  [Exeunt.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf beholds the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,²
All with weary task forborne.³

Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:]
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate’s team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania with their Train.

Obi. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf and fairy sprite

³ Fordone, overcome.

Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Titi. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[Song and dance.

Obi. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
[To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature’s hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious,⁴ such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.]
With this field-dew consecrate,⁵
Every fairy take his gait;⁶
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it bless
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and Train.

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,—
That you have but slumber’d here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream.
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend:
[And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to ‘scape the serpent’s tongue,⁷
We will make amends ere long;]
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.  [Exit.

³ Prodigious = monstrous. ⁴ Consecrate, consecrated.
⁵ Take his gait, take his way.
⁶ The serpent’s tongue, i.e. being bled.
NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

1. Line 1: New, fair Hippolyta.—Shakespeare followed Chaucer, who himself followed the Theseeil of Boccaccio, in making Hippolyta (properly Hippolytè), and not her sister Antiope, the wife of Theseus.

2. Line 4: she lingers my desires.—For the transitive use of this verb compare Richard II. ii. 2, 71, 72:
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Compare also Grim the Coller of Croydon, iii. 1:
I can no longer linger my disgrace.


The young man would not succeed, presumably, to the property till the life interest of the step-dame or doneger ceased.

3. Line 6: Long withering out a young man's revenue.
—This expressive phrase Warburton sought to alter by substituting wintering on. For an instance of this phrase, compare Chapman's Homer's Iliad (book iv. line 258):
there the goodly plant lies withering out his grace.

—Works, vol. i. p. 100.


5. Line 11: Philostrate.—This was the name assumed by Arcite in Chaucer's Knights Tale (line 1460):
And Philostrate he says to that knight.
—Works, vol. i. p. 279.

—Pert formerly used in a good sense = "smart." It was probably connected with the French appart. Colgrave gives Godinet, "Prettily, dapper, gay, peart," and Aequoter he explains: "To make jolly, peart, quaint, or mirthful, jestingly."

7. Line 15: The pale companion is not for our pomp.—
Dr. Grey (vol. i. p. 41) gives an anonymous conjecture: "I am apt to believe the author gave it, 'That pale companion;' which has more force." If Theseus intends to personify melancholy, this conjecture seems most probable; but the meaning may be: "The pale melancholy fellow is not for our festivities." Companion appears often to have been used contemptuously, as we use fellow.

8. Line 19: With pomp, with triumph.—Triumph is explained by Schmidt as "a public festivity or exhibition of any kind, particularly a tournament." In this sense it occurs frequently. Compare III. Henry VI. v. 7. 48:
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows.

The title-page of Heywood's Londini Speculum runs thus:

Londini Speculum: or, Londem Mirror, Expitant in sundry Triumphs, Pages, and Showes, at the Initiation of the Right Honorable Richard Fenn, into the Maiesty of the Famous and farre renowned City LONDON.

9. Line 27: This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child.—Qt. F. 1 read "This man hath bewitch'd." F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 "This hath bewitch'd." The reading in the text is Theobald's emendation. Bosom is used here as = seat of the affections. Compare A Lover's Complaint (line 254):
The broken bosom that to me belong.

10. Line 32: And stol'n the impression of her fancy.
—Various explanations of this somewhat obscure line are given. The construction is certainly difficult; but it seems clearly to mean "And stealthily impressed her imagination;" but Schmidt explains "fancy" here as meaning "love-thoughts." Compare As You Like It, ii. 4. 90, 31:
How many actions most ridiculous Hast thou been drawn to by thy fancy?
where, on examining the context, "fancy" seems equivalent to "love." Indeed "fancy" = fancy, which is often used for "liking."

11. Lines 44, 45:
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.
By a law of Solon's, parents had absolute power of life and death over their children, but Shakespeare here anticipates the great lawyer's code. The second line is surely enough to justify the belief that Shakespeare was, for some time, in an attorney's office.

12. Line 54: wanting your father's voice.—i.e. your father's approval. Compare All's Well, ii. 3. 59-61:
this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use.

13. Line 71: For eye to be in shady cloister new'd.—For the meaning of new see Romeo and Juliet (note 136). To new meant originally "to moult" (=French mouer); and a new was a place where hawks were kept while moulting. This sense of the word survives in meawes, a stable, said to be so called from the Royal meawes, which were originally the buildings where the Royal falcons were kept (see Pennant's London, p. 151).

14. Lines 76-78:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.
ACT I. Scene 1.

NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

15. Line 80: Here will yield my virgin paterns up. — The Clarendon Press Ed. explain this phrase thus: "my privilege of virginity and the liberty that belongs to it." Compare Othello, iv. 1. 296, 297: "If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend."

16. Line 81: Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke. — So Qu. and F. 1; but F. 2 reads "to whose unwished yoke." For a similar omission of the preposition compare Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 93, 94: even as bad as those

That vulgar give boldest titles; i.e. "give boldest titles" to.

17. Line 92: Thy crazed title to my certain right. — To craze meant originally "to break." Compare The Chanoines Yemannes Tale:

I am right siker, that the pot was crazed.

—Book iii. line 1540.

Chapman uses the word in the sense of "broken," "damaged": And Phœbus to invade it, with his shield Recorving Hector's brak'd and crazed pow'rs. —liad, book xv. (argument).

18. Line 98: I do estate unto Demetrius. — This word, estate, is only used as a verb in Tempest, iv. 1. 85 (followed by on), and in the following passage, in As You Like It: "all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you" (v. 2. 12, 13).

19. Line 110: Upon this spotted and inconstant man. —Compare Richard II. (iii. 2. 133, 154): terrible hell make war Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Compare also The Distracted Emperor (v. 3): One that your spotted synne make odious. —Bellion's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 151.

30. Line 113: self-affair. — For similar compounds of self, compare self-breath, Trollos and Cressida (ii. 3. 182); self-danger, Cymbeline (ii. 4. 146).

31. Line 125: our nuptial, —The singular number is used intentionally by Shakespeare; only F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 have nuptials. Compare Tempest, v. 1. 308:
 gre an where I have hope to see the nuptial: where F. 1 reads nuptials and the later Folios nuptials.

22. Line 131: Before them from the temple of my eyes. —Shakespeare only uses this word once elsewhere, namely, in Hamlet, 1. 2. 140-142:

so loving to my mother, That he might not before the winds of heaven Visit her face too roughly.

There it certainly means "permit," "allow." Various authors use it in various senses. Thus Golding, in his Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, uses it as = deign: yet could he not before

The shape of any other bird than eagle for to seeme.

Spenser uses it as "grant." See Fairy Queen, book ii. canto 8, st. 19:

So would I said the Enchaunter, glad and faire

Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend.


23. Line 132: Ay me! for ought that I could ever read. —Qu. read Bigh me; F. 1 omits the words altogether; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read Herma, which reading Hunter defends on the ground of its having "a point and pathos even beyond what the passage, as usually printed, possesses" (New Illustrations, vol. i. p. 288). Rolfe says: "Here as elsewhere many editors print Ait me: a phrase which Shakespeare nowhere uses" (Rolfe's Edn. p. 128). In Rom. and Jul. v. 1. 10, F. 1 and Q. 2 have, certainly, Ah me! and so, apparently, have all the other copies.

24. Line 138: O cross! too high to be enthral'ed to low. —Qu. and Ff. read "to LOVE;" the emendation is Theobald's.

25. Line 145: in the collid'd night. —Grose in his Provincial Glossary gives "Colley, the black or soot from a kettle," as used in Gloucestershire. Compare Ben Jonson's Poetaster (lv. 3): "thou hast not collid'd thy face enough" (Works, vol. ii. p. 482).

26. Line 146: That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth. —Spleen means a sudden outburst of some passion, generally of rage or malice: but the spleen was supposed to be also the seat of laughter (see note 174, Love's Labour's Lost). Compare King John, ii. 1. 448, 449:

With swifter spleen than powder can enforce, The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope.

And again, in same play, v. 7. 49, 50.

27. Lines 147, 148:

And ere a man hath power to say "Behold!" The jaws of darkness do devour it up.

Decidedly a reminiscence of the lines in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 118, 120:

Too light the lightning, which doth cease to be, Ere one can say. "It lightens."

28. Line 151: It stands as an edict in destiny. — For the accent on edict compare Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 11:

Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.

29. Line 167: To do observance to a morn of May. — For this particular expression, To do observance, compare the following extract from Chaucer's Knightes Tale (lines 1490-1502):

And Archer, that is in the court real
With these the squier principal
Is risen, and loke th in the mery day.
And for to don his observance to May, &c.
A full account of the various customs, partly pagan, partly early-Christian, and partly traditionally observed on the first of May, will be found in Brand’s Popular Antiquities (pp. 117, 118). The genial and charitable Stubbes thus alludes to them: “Against May...all the yung men and maides, old men and wives, run gadding over night to the woods, groves, hills, & mountains, where they spend all the night in pleasant pastimes; & in the morning they return, bringing with them birch & branches of trees, to deck their assemblies withall” (Stubbes’ Anatomy of Abuses; New Shak. Soc. Publications, Series VI. Nos. 4 and 6, p. 149). Some of the old customs yet survive, happily, in parts of the country; and the so-called “sweeps,” who go about dressed up in our large towns on May-day, are the descendants, however unworthy, of the old May Morris-dancers.

30. Line 170: By his best arrow with the golden head.
—Cupid was supposed to have two kinds of arrows: the one, tipped with gold, caused love; the other, tipped with lead, repelled love. See Ovid. Metam. (book I, lines 469–471):

so fugat hoc, facit illud amorem:
Quod facit, auratum est et cupide fugat acuta;
Quod fugat, obtusum est et habet sub arumine plumbum.

So in Twelfth Night, l. 1. 35–37:
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kilt the flock of all affections else
That live in her.

Mr. Watkins Lloyd (Notes and Queries, 6th Series, vol. xi. No. 271, p. 182) has a note on this passage, which is too long for quotation here; the gist of which is that he proposes to transpose lines 171, 172, holding that line 172 should follow line 170, because that refers to the arrow with the golden head.

31. Line 173: the Carthage queen.—Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, The Maid’s Tragedy, ii. 2:

Now, a tear;
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage queen.

32. Line 182: Demetrius loves your fair.—Compare Sonnet xvi. (line 11):

Neither in inward worth nor outward fair.

33. Line 183: Your eyes are lode-stars.—All the poets, from Chaucer to Spenser, seem to use the word lode-star as a great compliment when applied to his mistress by a lover. Sir John Maundeville thus describes the lode-star: “In that land, as in many other behone that, no man may see the Sterre transmantine, that is cleft the Sterre of the See, that is unmovable, and that is toward the northe, that we clepen the Lode Sterre” (Maundeville’s Travels, Halliwell’s Edn. p. 180).

34. Line 191: The rest I’d give to be to you TRANSLATED.
—Compare Coriolanus, ii. 3. 185–187:

so his gracious nature
Would think upon you, your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love.

35. Line 215: Upon FAINT Primrose-beds.—Does the epithet apply to the colour or to the odour of the primrose? I believe to the colour. Pale is Milton’s epithet for the primrose: see his Song on May Morning:

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Shakespeare uses pale and faint together more than once. Compare King John, v. 7. 21:

I am the cygnet to this pale/faint swan.

The pale colour of the primrose suggests the idea of faintness; the lighter coloured flowers look as if, in their struggle with the cold of early spring, they had grown weak and faint.

36. Line 216–219:

Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.

In order to restore the rhyme Theobald altered the sweld of Qq. and Yf. in line 216, to sweet, and strange companions, in line 219, to stranger companies. Nearly all editors adopt this emendation.

37. Line 226: other-some.—Written as one word in Qq. and F. I. It means others. Compare Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 93, 94: “Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other-some, he is in Rome.”

38. Line 231: Admiring of his qualities.—This would now be a vulgarism; but Shakespeare uses of, not unfrequently, after the participle, e.g. Lear, i. 1. 41: “Fumbling of wicked charms.”

39. Line 249: If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.—Steevens explains: “it will cost him much, (be a severe constraint on his feelings,) to make even so slight a return for my communication” (Var Ed. vol. v. p. 191).

ACT I. SCENE 2.

40. Line 2: Bottom, no doubt, was so called by Shakespeare from a “bottom of thread.” Compare Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 158: “beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread.” Compare also The Martyr’d Souldier (l. 1):

and the good Fates,

For ought we see, may winde upon your bottom
A thread of excellent length.
—Bullen’s Old Plays, vol. i. p. 175.

41. Line 3: According to the script.—The word scrip here does not mean a bag or wallet, as it does in the well-known passage in the Gospel of St. Luke xxii. 38: “When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything?” The word in the text is written variously script, scrip, spire, spire, and is derived from the Latin scriptum through the French escript or escrit. For an example of its use in the sense merely of a written document see Holland’s Pliny, book vii. chap. xxv. p. 108 (speaking of Julius Caesar): “But herein appeared his true haultiness of mind indeed, and that unmatchable spirit of his. That when upon the battell at Pharsalia, as well the coffers and casquets with letters & other writings of Pompey, as also those of Scipio before Thapsus, came into his hands, he was most true unto them, & burnt al, without reading one script or scrall.”

42. Line 4: Here is the scrip.—The close occurrence of this word after scrip seems to point to the fact, that Shake-
this cite shall be contributory to the Smythes of this cite; and in subsequent years Bakers were added to the Smiths, the Barbers to the Gilders, and the Shoemakers to the Tanners.

47. Lines 29, 30: I will condole in some measure.—We do not now use the verb to condole absolutely = "to lament," as it is used here. There is no need to say that "Bottom of course blunders," because this use of condole was far from unusual. Compare Mirrour for Magistrates, p. 783 (quoted in Richardson's Dict.):
That she (Melphene) her sweet patheticke voice may frame
In doleful ditty to condole the same.

Compare also the use of the substantive condolement by Shakespeare:
but to perserver
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness.

—Hamlet, l. 2, 92-94.

48. Lines 31, 32: I could play Hercules rarely, or a part to tear a cat in.—There is an old play of Hercules, in two parts, by Martin Slaughter, which is mentioned in Hemeslowe's Diary, first on 7th May, 1565, again on 20th, 23d, and 28th of that month; and on 16th May, 1568, 47 was apparently paid to Martin Slaughter for five books including two parts of Hercules. In Greene's Groats Worth of Wit (New Shak. Soc. Shakspere Allusion Books, Series iv. No. I. p. 23) there is apparently an allusion to this play: "The twelve labors of Hercules have I terribly thundred on the stage." Day's Ile of Gulls commences with a scene between Three Gentlemen and the Prologue (i.e. the actor who speaks the prologue), in the course of which occurs the following dialogue:

[Third Gentleman] . . . . no, give mee a stately pend historie, as thus: The rugged windsers with rude and rugged rufes, &c.
[Second Gentleman] Fie upont, meere Fustiant! I had rather brese two good bandle tesst then a whole playe of such hard cat thunderslaps.

[Works (p. 6 of play)]

And in Histrio-Mastix (act v.):
Sirrah, is this you would rend and tear the cat
Upon a stag, and now march like a crowed rat.

—Simpson's School of Shakspere, vol. ii. p. 73.

49. Lines 33: to make all split.—Originally a nautical expression. Rolle quotes from Taylor, the Water Poet's works: "Some ships bear so great a sayle, that they bear their masts by the board and make all split again." Compare Greene's Never Too Late: "as the Mariners say, a man would have thought al would have split again" (First part, sig. G 3, edn. 1631). For its use in a figurative sense, compare Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, ii. 3: "Two roaring boys of Rome, that made all split." (Works, vol. i. p. 87).

50. Lines 33-40.—Printed as prose in Q1 and F, and with the punctuation confused. Staunton is right, most probably, in supposing that they were so printed, purposely to indicate that Bottom ignored all sense and rhythm; but we have printed them as verse, following nearly all the editors, and Charles Kean's acting version. Whether the verses are an actual quotation, or a burlesque of some portion of a play then well known, is doubtful.

51. Line 44: the bellows-mender.—Ben Jonson, in his Masque of Pan's Anniversary, thus describes a bellows-

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NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT II. Scene 1.

mender: "he is a bellows-mender, allowed, who hath the looking to all of their lungs by patent, and by his place is to set that leg afore still, and with his puffs, keeps them in breath, during pleasure" (Works, vol. viii. p. 47). Steevens says he was one who had the care of organs, regals, &c.

52. Lines 51, 52: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will. — It appears to have been the custom on the stage, when all the female characters were played by men, for any man who had an uncompromising male physiognomy, if cast for a woman's part, to play it in a mask. As women wore masks in society more frequently than they do now—the masks nowadays being either moral ones, or composed of superficial cosmetics—there was nothing unusual in this. To speak small was to speak in a treble voice. Compare Merry Wives of Windsor, i. i. 40: "She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman."

53. Line 55: "Thieme, Thieme."—Printed in Qu. and Ft. in Italic, as if it were a proper name, a mistake for Thièbe; but the Clarendon Press Eds. are probably right in their conjecture that Thieme = thusly. Thiès is a common word in Northern dialecta for "in this manner."

54. Lines 55, 56: You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father. — Neither of these characters appears in the Interlude as acted before Theseus. Quince plays the Prologue, and Snout plays Wall. Mr. Furnivall suggests that this alteration "was due to Quince's second thoughts and Bottom's suggestion at the rehearsal, iii. i. 60-73" (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1877-79, Series I. No. 7, p. 428).

55. Line 72: Let me play the lion too. — This touch is a masterly piece of characterization. In making Bottom anxious to play nearly every part of the cast, Shakespeare was not satirizing professional actors so much as the rude and vulgar amateurs, who represented the characters in the Interludes and Entertainments which were performed at village festivals, or in the homes of the nobility.

56. Lines 74, 75: I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again." — Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his Memoranda on A Midsummer Night's Dream (p. 11), gives an extract from Tate's farce of Cuckold's Haven, or an Alderman no Conjuror, 1685: "Sec. . . . Then there's the Lion, Wall and Moonshine, three heroick parts: I play'd 'em all at school. I roared out the Lion so terrilly that the company call'd out to me to roar again."

57. Line 84: I will aggravate my voice so. — Compare II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 176, where Mrs. Quickly says: "I beseech you now, aggravate your choler," meaning, of course, exactly the opposite, viz. moderate.

58. Line 96: orange-tawny. — Used below, iii. i. 129: With orange-tawny bill,

referring to the bill of the cock blackbird. Compare Trial of Chevalry, I. 3: "he weares a white Scarf in his hat and an Orange tawny feather upon his arme" (Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 278).

59. Lines 96, 97: your purple-in-grain beard. — This colour was apparently a kind of scarlet. Cotgrave gives under migraine, "Scarlet, or Purple in graine." It may be noted that all the colours, mentioned by Bottom, are light colours, yellow, or red. Red beards appear to have been fashionable; and it was the custom for men to dye their beards as women did their hair. Compare Ram Alley (1611), i. 1:

'Tis... What colour'd beard comes next by the window?
Advt. A black, madam, I think.
'Tis I think not so; I think a red, for that is most in fashion.


Possibly the red beard was adopted as the fashionable colour in compliment to Queen Elizabeth, whose hair was red.

60. Line 97: French-crown-colour.—Ft. have colour'd. It means a bright golden yellow, the colour of a French gold crown-piece. There is a double meaning in French-crown, of which Quince takes advantage.

61. Line 111: Obscenely and courageously.—The sense given to obscenely in the foot-note is probably the one intended, though the words, obscurely, obscenely, are not very similar in sound. In Love's Labour's Lost, iv. i. 146, Costard seems to use the word by a blunder for seemly:

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit. Possibly Bottom also meant to any seemly.

62. Line 114: hold, or cut bow-strings.—This phrase, apparently a proverbial one, has not, apparently, been found in any other author. Capell's explanation is the one generally adopted: "When a party was made at buttas, assurance of meeting was given in the words of that phrase; the sense of the person using them being, that he would 'hold,' or keep promise, or they might 'cut his bowstrings,' demolish him for an archer." The only passage which seems to contain a similar expression is in The Ball (comedy by Chapman and Shirley, 4to, 1609):

Scutellae... have you devices
To jeere the rest?
Lucus. All the regiment on 'em, or I'll break my bowstrings.

ACT II. Scene 1.

63. Lines 3-5: Thorough bush, thorough brier, Over park, over pale, Thorough flood, thorough fire.

Johnson quotes from Drayton's Nymphidia, or Court of Fairies, a passage clearly imitated from this:

Thorough brake, thorough brier, Thorough muck, thorough mire, Thorough water, thorough fire.

There is also a slight resemblance in the Ballad of Robin Goodfellow given in Percy's Reliques, series iii. book ii. p. 499. Thorough is the reading of Q. 1: Q. 2 and Ft. read through; the metre requires the former.

64. Line 7: Swifter than the moones sphere.—Qu. and Ft. read moon's; but the genitive moones is necessary for the metre, unless we adopt Steevens' conjecture mooney. Compare note 101, Love's Labour's Lost. A most interesting paper, on this passage, by Mr. Furnivall will be found in New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1877-79, pp. 367.
ACT II. Scene 1.  

NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM.  

ACT II. Scene 1.

431–450. The expression in our text is unintelligible to our modern notions of astronomy, for we know that the moon moves, and not her sphere; but, in Shakespeare's time, astronomers divided the heavens into a number of spheres revolving round the Earth as a fixed centre. Mr. Furnivall thus describes the system: "The Earth (with four crescents or eccentrics circling it) is the centre. Round it are 9 hollow spheres, of the 7 Planets (1–7), the Fixt Stars or Firmament (8), and the Primum Mobile (9):—

1. The Moon  
2. Mercury  
3. Venus  
4. The Sun  
5. Mars  
6. Jupiter  
7. Saturn  
8. The Fixt Stars  
9. Primum Mobile  

and in or on each of the seven lower spheres was a planet first, and was whirled by that sphere right round the earth in 24 hours, the driving power being the primum mobile."

Marlowe [see Doctor Faustus, II. 2 (Works, p. 115)] allows only nine spheres, while Milton (Par. Lost, III. 481–488) has ten. Professor Masson in his edition (vol. 1, p. 86) gives a full account of that system of the universe.

68. Line 9: To dew her orbs upon the green—i.e. to keep fresh the "faery rings," as those green circles, found on hilly sides and in meadows, were called. They were of two kinds; one, a green circle surrounded by a bare circumference; but these were formed by the bad fairies. Titania and her subjects were responsible for those bright green circles which we may see, even nowadays, where there is any stretch of grass land. They are said to be caused by some fungus that grows in a circle, and, dying down, makes the grass come up richer and greener than that on either side of it. I have examined many of these fairy rings, but never could find any trace of the fungus.

69. Line 10: The cowslips tell her pensioners be.—Queen Elizabeth had a body of pensioners which corresponded to our Queen's gentlemen-at-arms. They were a body chosen from young men of rank, and selected for their physical rather than their intellectual advantages.

67. Line 13: In those freckles live their savours.—Compare Henry V, v. 2, 40:  

The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover.

Shakespeare evidently loved the cowslip—as nearly all children and poets do—and had observed the spots inside themodest bells. Compare Cymbeline, ii. 2, 37–39, where Iachimo, in describing the marks on Imogen's bosom, notes:

On her left breast  

A mole cinque- spotted, like the crimson drops  

I' the bottom of a cowslip.

68. Line 15: And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.—This line was imitated in the anonymous play called The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll (III. 5), printed in 1600, but acted some time before that:

When the light Fairies daunst upon the flowers,  

Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl.  


The resemblance can hardly be accidental.

70. Line 16: Farewell, thou lob of spirits.—Lob is a singular term applied to Puck. I am inclined to suspect some corruption in the text; for lob is given as synonymous with lobbook—a "clumsy stupid fellow;" and certainly Puck was neither. The Fairy may mean the word in the sense of "urchin," "mischievous lad;" or she may use it as a term of contempt, Puck being of more clumsy make than the other Fairies, and being looked down upon by the Queen Titania's attendants as a clownish fellow. In Grim the Collier of Croydon, Robin Goodfellow uses this word (iv. 1):

Well, here in Croydon will I first begin  

To frolic among the country folks.  


In all the passages but one, in which I have found the word, it evidently means a country lout. In Peele's Old Wives' Tale it seems used as a term of contempt, in the following passage. "Lob be your comfort, and cuckold be your destiny" (Works, p. 455).

70. Line 23: She never had to meet a changeling.—The superstition about fairies and elves stealing children seems to have been widely distributed in all European countries; but in the Scandinavian and the Scottish fairy mythology it was an article of belief, which survived up to a comparatively recent period. The child was stolen before baptism; and an elf of hideous weaved appearance, and a malignant disposition, put in its place. If anyone had the courage to put the elfin-child on the fire, previously shutting up all outlets such as doors, windows, and even the chimney, the fairies would come to the rescue of their burning brat; and, if called on in God's name, restore the stolen child (see Drake's Shakespeare and his Times, vol. ii. pp. 325, 326). In the German folklore it is generally the devil who seeks to buy, or to obtain children. Changing is used here in its first sense of "a child changed for another;" it is generally applied to the substituted fairy-child, but here it is used of the stolen human child.

71. Line 25: to track the forest with wild.—Compare Milton's Comus (lines 422, 423):

And, like a quer'd Nymph with arrows keen,  

May trace huge forests, and unhabour'd heaths.

Spenser uses trace as equivalent to "travel." See Fairy Queen, book iv. c. viii. st. 34:

How all the way the Prince on footpace traced.

Chaucer uses the noun trace—a path; (Canterbury Tales, Prologue, line 176):

And held after the newe world the tracer.

72. Line 30: But they do square.—Sherwood (1550) gives "To square (or disagree) Desaccorder, rieter." Richardson explains it: "to set out broadly, in a position or attitude of offence or defence. (as quarrell), of defiance," still used in French as to strut, look bold. Richardson quotes: "And when he gave me the bishoprick of Winchester, he said he had often squared with me, but he loved me never the worse" (State Trials, Gardiner, 5 Edw. VI. an. 1551). We still use, colloquially, the expression "to square up to a man," especially in boxing.

73. Line 35: the maidens of the villager.—Q. 1 has  

villagrees: Q. 2, F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 villagrees: F. 4 villagrees.  

It is the only instance known of the word's occurrence. It is generally held to mean, as Johnson defines it: "a district of villages," or simply "a village and its outlyings."
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76. Lines 40, 41:

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.

This seems to refer to the superstition, which forms the groundwork of many fairy and folk-lore stories, that elves do work for those whom they favour. Even the more malignant elves seem to have been industrious. Puck seems originally to have meant a fiend or devil; so that the epithet sweet was a compliment.

78. Line 42: I am, thou speak'st a right. — I had inserted the words I am before seeing Dr. Johnson's note in the Variorum Edn. The line is very incomplete without some such words being inserted.

78. Line 47: A gossip's bowl. — Originally a christening cup; gossip meant primarily nothing more than a godfather or godmother; being derived from god-with (relationship). In the Roman Catholic Church when the banns are read out in church, among the impediments mentioned is "spiritual relationship," or the relationship between a godchild and its sponsor. As christenings were made occasions for social gatherings and friendly chats, gossip came to mean people, either men or women, but more especially the latter, who meet together to talk about the local news, &c. So in French communaire has come to mean "trivial or idle talk," "gossip," from communaire, godmother; which, as Trench says (English Past and Present, pp. 204, 206, 4th ed.), "has run through exactly the same stages as its English equivalent."

77. Line 50: Her withered dewlap. — Qq. and Ff. have develop; properly used only of cattle, meaning the loose skin which hangs from their throats, and "which lops or licks the dew in grazing" (Imperial Dict.). Theseus describes his hounds (V. 1. 127):

Crook-kneed, and dewn-tree'd like Thessalian bulls.

78. Line 51: The uisest aunt. — Aunt is not here used, as it is frequently in the old comedies, in a bad sense — a bawd. Mr. Grant White says that, in New England villages, good-natured old people are still called "aunt" and "uncle" by the whole community. Among the negroes in the Southern states the words are commonly so used, as everyone will remember who has made the acquaintance of the immortal "Uncle Remus" and "Aunt Dinah." Occasionally in England, one hears the word "aunt" applied to some old lady, a great friend of the family but no relation.

79. Lines 54, 55:

And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loppit.

This is a very vivid description. Johnson says: "The custom of crying tailor at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair, falls as a tailor squats upon his board." (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 208). This explanation must be taken for what it is worth; and no commentator gives any other. I have not been able to find any mention of such a custom elsewhere. Perhaps Halliwell is right in thinking the expression "one of contempt, equivalent to thief;" he quotes Pasquill's Night-Cap (1612):

Thieving is now an occupation made,
Though men the name of tailor do it give.
Qq. and Ff. have cote and lopp at the end of these lines. The pronunciation of laugh seems always to have been very uncertain. Compare Marston's Paraclausas or The Fawne (act iv.): "another has vowed to get the consumption of the languor, or to live to posterity the true orthography and pronunciation of laughing" (Works, vol. ii. p. 71).

80. Line 55: And waken in their mirth. — Farmer conjectured yezzen or yezzen = "to hiccup;" but no change is necessary; waken is the old plural, and makes very good sense.

81. Line 58: But, room, room, fairy! — Qq. and Ff. But room, fairy, making a very awkward and defective line. Johnson would read fairy as a tri syllable, but that does not improve matters. We have preferred to repeat the word room as being the most probable and the simplest emendation. Room is only used elliptically in four other passages: three times in Julius Cesar (iii. 2. 170-172, and v. 4. 16); and once in Love's Labour's Lost (v. 2. 796). "Room for the incensed worthies!" Compare the Disobedient Child:

Room, I say; room, let me be gone.


82. Line 60. — Oberon, more properly Auberon, said to be derived from "Faube du jour" (see Drake, vol. ii. p. 387, note). Titania was a name given to Diana by Ovid (Metamorphoses, lib. 173) as sister of Sol, the son. For the source whence Shakespeare took the name Titania, see Introduction (p. 422).

83. Lines 66-68. —Shakespeare does not seem to have had any legendary authority for Oberon's flirtations. Do not these lines rather militate against the idea of Oberon and Titania being such diminutive people? Could a man think to impress them? Again, Oberon's retort on Titania seems to imply that she was capable of inspiring a passion in that prototype of all Don Juans, Theseus. Perhaps these fairies were supposed to possess the power of assuming the human shape and size; or, what is more likely, to Shakespeare they were so entirely creatures of the imagination that they never assumed to his mind's eye any concrete form.

84. Line 69. — the farthest steep of India. — Q. 1 reads steppe: Q. 2 and Ff. all read steep. Steppe certainly seems to be a blunder of Q. 1. What did Shakespeare know of steppes, and why should India represent to him nothing but the plains of Central Asia? Surely to Shakespeare, as to Milton, India was the land of mountains more than of plains. The Ynde of Manudevle, like the India of the Greeks and Romans, included all the Islands of the Indian Archipelago. Steppe never occurs in Shakespeare, nor in any contemporary writer; indeed it is doubtful if the word were known at that time. Yet some editors retain this word, simply because it is found in the first Quarto, in face of the fact that sleep in II. 2. 86 is printed steppe. Compare Milton's Comus, lines 188-140:

Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The noise moan, on the Indian steep.
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep.

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58. Line 75: GLANCE at MY CREDIT.—Compare Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 323, 324: 
wherein obscurely  
Cæsar’s ambition shall be glanced at.

59. Line 78: FROM PERIGOUNA, whom he ravished.— 
Shakespeare doubtless got this name, as well as those in the two following lines, from North’s Plutarch, where this young woman is called Perigonous. She was the daughter of Sinna. She fled from Theseus into a grove of ruhuses and “wild Sperage” (sapphrophic), entreating them to hide her. She afterwards bore to Theseus a son, called Menallippus (see North’s Plutarch, edn. 1676, p. 4). Ravished in F. 1 is printed ravish’d; but it is better to retain the final ed here, for the sake of the metre.

67. Line 79: fair EAGLE.—Qu. and Fl. have Eagles in North’s Plutarch it is Egle: “And they blame him much also, for that he so lightly forsook his Wife Ariadne, for the love of Egle the Daughter of Panopeus” (Edn. 1676, p. 12).

68. Line 82: the middle summer’s spring — i.e. the commencement of midsummer, “when trees put forth their second, or, as they are frequently called, their middle summer shoots” (Henley, Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 211).

69. Line 84: By PAVED FOUNTAIN or by rushy brook.— 
The Clarendon Press Edd. say that paved fountain here means: “a fountain with pebbly bottom; not artificially paved, for a fountain of this kind would scarcely be frequented by fairies.” But were not springs, in retired spots, often paved with small bricks in order to prevent the water soaking away?

90. Line 85: Or in the beached margent of the sea.— 
Compare Timon of Athens, v. 1. 219:

Upon the beached verge of the salt flood.

Beached means “formed by a beach,” “consisting of a beach.” Milton uses the form margent in Comus, line 232: 

By slow Meander’s margent green.

Compare Rom. and Jul. i. 8. 85, 86:

And what obscur’d in this fair volume lies,  
Find written in the margent of his eyes.

1. Lines 89, 90:

As in revenge, have sucked up from the sea  
Contagious fogs.

Compare Lear, II. 4. 168, 169:

Infect her beauty,  
You sea-sucked fogs, drawn by the powerful sun.

92. Lines 94, 95: 

and the green corn  
Hath rotted ere his youth attain’d a beard.

Compare Sonnet xii. 7, 8:

And summer’s green all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard.

93. Lines 98, 99:

The nine men’s morris is fill’d up with mud,  
And the quant lines in the wanton green.

Nine men’s morris, or merelles, also called fivepenny morris, is a game thus described by Cotgrave: “The boyish game called Merils, or five-penny Morris; played here most commonly with stones, but in France with pawns,
or men made of purpose, and learned Merilles.” A full description of this game will be found in Strutt’s Sports and Pastimes, book iv. chap. ii. pp. 317, 318. The board consisted of three concentric squares, each square having nine places or dots for the men, one at each corner, and one in the middle of each side. Lines connected the three corresponding holes in each square. “The manner of playing is briefly this: two persons, having each of them nine pieces, or men, lay them down alternately, one by one, upon the spots; and the business of either party is to prevent his antagonist from placing three of his pieces so as to form a row of three, without the intervention of an opponent piece.” . . . “The rustics, when they have not materials at hand to make a table, cut the lines in the same form upon the ground, and make a small hole for every dot. They then collect, . . . stones of different forms or colours for the pieces, and play the game by depositing them in the holes in the same manner that they are set over the dots upon the table.” In a note given in the Var. Ed. (vol. v. p. 213) James says: “These figures are by the country people called Nine Men’s Morris, or Merrills; and are so called because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the grass at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be choked up with mud.” The game is still played in some parts of the country. Douce says, on the authority of Dr. Hyde, that the game was “likewise called nine-penny, or nine-pins miracle, three-penny morris, five-penny morris, nine-penny morris, or three-pin and nine-pin morris, all corruptions of three-pins, &c. meralls. Hyde Hist. Nondulidii, p. 202” (Douce’s Illustrations of Shakespeare, p. 114).

The quaint mazes, Stevens says, “alludes to a sport still followed by boys; i.e. what is now called running the figure of eight” (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 214). The Clarendon Press Ed. (p. 91) quote: “But I have seen very much more complicated figures upon village greens, and such as might strictly be called mazes or labyrinths. On St. Catherine’s Hill, Winchester, near the top of it, on the north-east side, is the form of a labyrinth, impressed upon the turf, which is always kept entire by the courting of the sportive youth through its meanderings” (Milner, History of Winchester, ii. 155).

94. Line 101: The human mortals want their winter here.—The expression, human mortals, has given rise to an interesting inquiry as to whether Oberon and Titania, and all their fairy subjects, were supposed to be immortal or not. Some commentators have thought that the qualification of mortals by the adjective human implies that Titania belonged herself to a race of mortals; that is to say, beings subject to death, and so she distinguished men and women by calling them human mortals; but in line 135 below, in speaking of her friend the mother of the changeling boy, she says:

But she, being mortal, of that boy did die.

This would certainly seem to imply that Titania held herself to be immortal. That some fairies were held to be mortal is clear from the well-known story, given in the Fairy Tales of All Nations, in which the fairy king is murdered by a band of conspirators, the scene of the murder
having been beautifully illustrated by the late Richard Doyle. In the Quip modest, by Ritson (1788), there is a long note on this subject, in the course of which he maintains, quite rightly, that Shakespeare’s fairies were immortal; and he says (page 13) that the fairies of Shake- speare and the common people are immortal, and were never esteemed otherwise. That this was certainly not the case as regards the Scottish fairies, is proved by an extract from Craik’s essay on fairies given by Drake, vol. ii. p. 233.

Instead of winter here, Theobald, followed by Hanmer and Mason, proposed to read winter here. Malone says their winter may mean those sports with which country people are wont to beguile a winter’s evening, at the season of Christmas.”

96. Line 104: Pale in her anger, washes all the air.—Compare Rom. and Jul. ii. 2. 4, 5:

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief.

In Hamlet, i. 1. 118, the moon is called “the moist star.” Every one must have seen the moon when she is pale-coloured and blurred with a faintly luminous mist, in which state she is generally called by country people “a wet moon.” This appearance of the moon is one of the most usual precursors of rainy weather.

96. Line 105: That rheumatic diseases do abound.—Malone says: “Rheumatic diseases signified in Shake- speare’s time, not what we now call rheumatism, but distillations from the head, catarrhs, &c.” (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 216). In Holland’s Translation of Pliny’s Natural History, book xix. chap. xxiii. par. C. we find: “And these are supposed to be singular for those fluxes and catarrhs which take a course to the belly and breed fluxes, called by the Greeks Rheumatismus;” and the phrase occurs several times “fluxes of humours which the Greeks call Rheumatismus.”

97. Line 106: And thorough this distemper we see.—Steevens refers distemper to the disturbance of the elements; but Malone, and most commentators, explain it as in our footnote. Compare Pericles, v. 1. 27:

U pon what ground is his distemper?


In I. Henry IV, iii. 1. 28-35 Shakespeare seems to use it figuratively:—a diseased state of the earth:

oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pish’d and vex’d.
. . . .
At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemper,
In passion shook.
So that Steevens may be right after all; but the context of the whole speech seems to show that Titania refers all the unusual and disagreeable phenomena to the dissenions between her and Oberon.

98. Line 109: And on old Hiems’ thin and icy crown.—Qq. and Ff. read (substantially) chin. Grey conjectured chill; but Tyrwhitt’s emendation thin is usually adopted by all editors. For a similar use of thin compare Richard II. iii. 2. 112, 113:

White-beards have arm’d their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty.

But the strongest argument in favour of thin is that you could not well hang a chaplet on a man’s chin or beard.

99. Line 112: The chiding autumn.—Pope substituted chiding; but the text is right. Compare Heywood’s Golden Age, iii. 1:

I chided in a cave remote and silent.

—Works, vol. iii. p. 44.

Holt White says: “Chiding is an old term in botany, when a small flower grows out of a large one: the chiding autumn,” therefore means the autumn which unseasonably produces flowers on those of Summer. Florists have also a chiding daisy, and a chiding scabious” (See Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 220).

100. Line 114: By their increase.—Compare Sonnet xcvi. lines 6, 7:

The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime.

101. Line 121: To be my henchman.—The derivation of this word is uncertain. Skeat explains it as from A. Sax. hensga, a horse, and man. The derivation from hounch and man, because the pages stood by their lords’ hounch, or side, is ridiculously fanciful. Sherwood explains “A henchman, or hench-boy. Page d’honneur; qui marche devant quelque Seigneur de grand autorité.”

102. Line 123: Votress.—In Qq. and Ff. printed votress both here and below (line 103). We have retained this form of the word, as it suits the metre best, in preference to the later form votress usually printed by modern editors.

103. Line 127: or embarked traders on the flood.—For this position of the participle compare Timon of Athens, iv. 2. 18:

A dedicated beggar to the air.

Shakespeare uses the flood as the sea, in Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 10:

Like signiors and rich burgheurs on the flood.

104. Line 129: And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind.—Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 6. 15, 16:

The scarfed bark puts from her native bay.
Hogg’d and embraced by the strongest wind.

105. Line 138: How long within this wood intend you stay?—i.e. to stay. For the omission of the to before the infinitive, compare Lear iv. 5. 35:

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.

106. Line 140: Dance in our round.—A round was what we call a country-dance, in which all took hands in one figure at least, and danced in a circle. Stellenger’s Round, or St. Leger’s Round, was a favourite country-dance. Compare Spenser’s Fairy Queen, book i. c. vi. st. 7:

A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dancing in a round.

107. Line 144: Not for thy kingdom. Fairies, away!—Qq. and Ff. read: Not for thy fairy kingdom. Steevens
proposed to omit fairy, which is redundant and spoils the metre. Pope substituted Elves for Fairies, which is a very plausible emendation, except that there is no other instance in the play of Oberon or Titania addressing their attendant subjects as elves; though Titania alludes to them as such. With regard to Fairies being pronounced as a triallable, in line 122 Q. 1 has The Fairiery land, &c.

108. Line 164: thou shalt not from this grove.—For a similar elliptical construction compare Hamlet, II. 2. 521: "It shall to the barber’s, with your beard."

109. Line 165: And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin’s back.—Warburton’s rhapsody on this passage is well known, in which he identifies Mary Queen of Scots with the mermaid. The beautiful passage below (lines 157-168) undoubtedly refers to Queen Elizabeth; but the mermaid and dolphin were probably a recollection of the entertainment given at Kenilworth in 1575, which Lanseham thus describes in his letter to "his good friend, Master Humphrey Martin;" at this fête the display of fireworks was grand; "teams of stars coruscant, streams and hall of fiery sparks" (p. 17); then there was The Lady of the Lake "with her two Nymphs floating upon her moveable Islands, Triton, on her mermaid skimming by;" and Arion "riding aloft upon his old friend the dolphin," &c. "began a delectable ditty of a song well apted to a melodious noise," &c. (pp. 45, 46, Reprint, 1821).

110. Line 151: harmonious breath.—For the use of breath, as the singing voice, compare Twelfth Night, II. 3. 20, 22: "I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has."

111. Lines 160-168:

It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love’s wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

The pansy or heart’s ease seems to have been called by many names. Gerard, in his Herbal (edn. 1577, p. 785), says it is called "in English Harts ease, Pansies, Live in Idleness, Cull me to you, and three faces in a hood." The name Love-in-Idleness seems to have been a corruption of Live-in-Idleness. The idea of its being purple with love’s wound seems to be Shakespeare’s invention. Milton, in Lycidas (line 144), describes it as "the pansy freak’d with jet." Compare Taming of the Shrew, l. 1. 156, 156:

But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness.

118. Line 175: I’ll put a girdle round about the earth.
—This seems to have been a common expression. It occurs in Chapman’s Bussy D’Ambra (l. 1):

And as great Seamen use their wealth
And skils in Neptunes deep insusible pathes,
In tall ships richly built and ribd with brase,
To put a Girdle round about the world.

118. Line 100: The one I’l slay, the other slayeth me.
—Qu. and Y. read stay and stayeth. The emendation is a conjecture of Dr. Thirlby’s, adopted by Theobald, and by nearly all subsequent editors.

114. Line 192: And here am I, and wood within this

WOOD.—It is probable that a wretched pun is intended here. The word wood = mad, frantic, here and elsewhere in Shakespeare, is spelt wode by some editors; but Chaucer has both wode and wood; and Spenser only the latter; while all the old editions, except Q. 1 have wood. The word is from the A. Sax. wod, and is akin to Woden or Odin, the German and Scandinavian war-god.

115. Lines 196-197:

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, though my heart
Is true as steel.

This passage presents many difficulties, though the commentators have passed it over, except for some remarks on adamant. We have adopted Lettsom’s conjecture though, in line 196; the reading of Qu. and Y. being for, of which it is difficult to make any sense. We must take adamant here to mean "loadstone," but what sense is it for Helena to say "You draw me, you hard-hearted loadstone, yet you do not draw iron, for my heart is true as steel?" If for = "because," the passage is nonsense; for the loadstone would draw steel if it would draw iron. What she means to say is "You draw (attract) me to you as the loadstone does iron, but I am not iron, though my heart is true as steel;" i.e. as the context shows us, "I am not hard and resolute as iron, for if you cease to attract me I shall cease to follow you. If we retain for we must take it as = for all, i.e. "in spite of all."

As to adamant, the Imperial Dict. in giving the second sense of the word as "Loadstone or magnet," justly remarks, "it is not easy to see why the word should have assumed this meaning." There is no doubt it has this meaning. The quotations given in Nares, especially the one from Du Bartas, leave no doubt on that point. But the way in which the confusion arose was probably thus: adamant was originally the diamond, from the Greek ἀδαμάς, a name first given to the hardest metal, probably steel; and then used for the hardest stone, the diamond. In Robert Chester’s Love’s Martyr (New Shak. Soc. Publications, Series VIII. No. 2, p. 101), we find:

The Adamant, a hard obdurate stone,
Insensible, and not for to be broken,
Being placed neare a great bigge barre of Iron.
This vertue hath it, as a speciall token,
The Loadstone hath no power to draw away
The Iron barre, but in one place doth stay.

In Holland’s Translation of Pliny’s Natural History (book xxvii. chap. iv. par. 3) is the following: "Moreover, there is such a natural enmity between Diamants and Loadstones, that if it (i.e. diamant or adamant) be laid near to a peecie of yron, it will not suffer it to be drawn away by the loadstone: say, if the said loadstone be brought so near a peecie of yron, that it have caught hold thereof, the Diamant, if it come in place, will cause it to leave the hold and let it go."

But above (par. 2), he says: "for this unamiable vertue that it hath, the Greeces have given it the name Adamants." Is not it possible that, what between the great hardness of the loadstone, which made the name adamant appropriate to it, and the fact that the diamond, or adamant, had such a singular influence over iron, the exact sense of the word became confused between the two substances, and it
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came to be applied, indifferently, both to the lodestone and to the diamond; and perhaps ofteren to the former than to the latter!

118. Line 202: And *ex for that do I love you the more.
—Q. and F. have the unelided form even; but the rhythm demands that it should be pronounced as a monosyllable, and it is better to print it so for the guidance of the reader. That even was often intended to be pronounced as a monosyllable, though not elided, is clear. Compare Milton's Comus (line 173): In unsuperfluous even proportion.

117. Line 208: What woful place. —Shakespeare is fond of the double comparative. Compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 157:
0, throw away the worst part of it.

118. Line 220: Your virtue is my privilege for that. —
Q. and F. read:
Your virtue is my privilege: for that.
It is, &c.
in which case for that must be taken to mean "inasmuch as," or "because." But surely the punctuation given in our text makes better sense and rhythm. The correction was first made by Tyrwhitt, and is adopted by nearly all editors. It is incredible that in so early a play we should find such a weak ending as would be necessitated by the punctuation of Q. and F. for that. Helena means to say: "Your virtue is my justification for exposing my virginity to such risk." Compare Two Gent. of Verona, iii. 1. 150, 100.

119. Lines 231-236. —The idea, in the first three lines, certainly seems as if amplified from the two lines quoted by Johnson from Tibullus: Tu noce vel ara
Lumen, et in solis tu nihil turbine locis;
which may be translated:
E'en in black night
Those giv'st me light
And solitary wastes thou peopliest with a crowd.

With the latter four lines compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2.
300-302:
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself.

120. Line 244: To die upon the hand I love so well. —This is a curious idiom to which an exact parallel cannot be found in Shakespeare. We may compare Much Ado, iv. 1. 125:
When he shall hear she died upon his words.

But there the sense of upon may be "immediately after." The passage most nearly resembling that in our text, as far as construction goes, is found in Beaumont and Fletcher's Chances, i. 9:
Give me dying,
As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy.

There upon has decidedly the sense of by.

121. Lines 247, 248:
Hast thou the flower there, welcome wanderer?
Puck. Ay, here it is.
Obe. I pray thee, give it me.

We have adopted here, Lettsom's proposed emendation as given in Dyce's notes. Q. and F. read:
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
Puck. Ay, there it is.
Obe. I pray thee, give it me.

It is obvious that, according to that reading, Oberon welcomes Puck after he has addressed him a question; and that Puck seems to give the flower before Oberon asks for it. The very slight alteration makes better sense of both lines.

122. Line 249: I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows.—Q. and F. read where, for which Pope substituted whereon. Malone says where is a disyllable in this passage. It is much more likely that thyme, or time as Q. and F. spell it, was pronounced as a disyllable. I can find no instance of where being used as a disyllable; but whether is often used as a monosyllable = where. It seems a pity to spoil the rhythm of this well-known line by pedantic adherence to an original text which contains many obvious blunders.

123. Line 250: aulis—i.e. the Primula elatior, better known as a cottage-garden flower than as a wild one. Shakespeare mentions it once again only, in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 125, 126:
bold aulis and
The crown imperial.
Aulis are comparatively rare now in England, at least in a wild state. The only time I ever found them growing in any abundance was on a bank in Woodchester Park, in Gloucestershire, among violets; they prefer thickets, unlike the cowslips, which are most abundant in meadows.

124. Line 251: Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine.
—Q. and F. read "luxuriant woodbine." Pope omitted quite, for the sake of the metre, but Theobald's emendation luscious is the most satisfactory solution of the difficulty; it being a word used by Shakespeare in Tempest, ii. 1. 52: "How luscious and lusty the grass looks!" If we retain luscious we must read the line as an Alexandrine. For woodbine see below note 223, iv. 1. 47.

125. Line 252: eglantine. —The sweet-brier. See Cymbeline, iv. 2. 223, 224:
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetned't not thy breath.

The only other passage in which it is mentioned by Shakespeare. Milton apparently took the sweet-brier and the eglantine to be different plants. See L'Allegro (lines 47, 48):
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.

Colgrave gives: "Aiglantier: m. An Eglantine, or sweet-brier tree."

126. Line 255: And there the snake throws her enamelled skin. —The epithet enamelled is very well chosen, as descriptive of the skin of the common snake (Natrix torquata), which resembles old enamel work in colour and texture. The cast skins are often found in such spots as that here described by Shakespeare.

127. Line 257: I'll streak her eyes. —The verb streak very aptly describes the action of applying any liquid to
the eye, which is generally done in a thin streak as it were.

128. Line 286: *More fond on her.*—Compare Sonnet lxxxiv. 14:
   
   *Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.*

**ACT II. Scene 2.**

129. Line 1: *Come, now a roundel.*—A *roundel* means here probably the same as *round* in ii. 1. 140 (see note 106 above). It generally means a *roundelay* or *song in which the first strain is repeated.* Ben Jonson uses the word *roundel*, apparently, for the *ring* or *round place* made by such fairy dances in the grass. See Tale of a Tub, ii. 1:

   To show your pomp, you'd have your daughters and maids
   Dance o'er the fields like fairies to church, this frost.
   I'll have no roundels, I, in the queen's patha. —Vol. vi. p. 154.

130. Line 3: *Some to kill CANKEERS in the musk-rose buds.*

   —Canker here are "canker-worms," a kind of grub which infects roses, and destroys them by eating into the bud. Compare Milton's Lycidas, line 45:
   
   *As killing as the canker to the rose.*

131. Line 4: *rare-mice.*—The use of *rare-mouse*, as the name for a bat, still survives in the West of England. It is derived from the A. Sax, *hwerin,* "to agitate," and therefore has much the same meaning as *flutter-mouse*, a common name for a bat in various parts of the country.

132. Line 7: *At our quaint spirits.*—The adjective *quaint* has many meanings. It is derived from the Latin *cognitus* through the old French word *oint*, which Cotgrave thus explains: "Quaint, compt, neat, fine, spruce," &c. It is difficult to assign to the word its exact meaning here. Shakespeare applies it to Ariel in the Tempest, i. 2. 317: "My quaint Ariel." Perhaps the word "smart," in its various senses, comes nearest the synonym for it here. In Feste's Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay quaint seems to be used as *awkward*:
   
   A farmer's son, that never was so quaint,
   But that he could do courteous to such dames.
   

And a little further on, in the same piece, it is used as *neat, pretty:*

   Not whilst I may have such quaint girls as you.
   
   —Works, p. 158.

133. Line 11: *NEWTS, and BLIND-WORMS, do no wrong.*—It is impossible to imagine two animals more harmless than the two here named. The newt, of which there are four British species, is entirely devoid of any means of hurting man; and the most formidable looking animal, the common warty newt, is only dangerous to tadpoles and the smaller species of its own family. The *blind-worm* or *slow-worm* (*Anguis fragilis*) is thus described by Bell in his British Reptiles (p. 44): "Its habits are extremely gentle and inoffensive. Even when handled roughly, it rarely attempts to bite; and when it is irritated so as to induce it to seize upon the finger, the teeth are so small as scarcely to make an impression." This ridiculous belief that the *blind-worm* is venomous still survives among the country people in most parts of England.

134. Line 13: *Philomel, with melody.*—The legend of Philomela, the daughter of Pandion, being transformed into a nightingale, and lamenting in song her sad change, is well known. Her sister Procne became a swallow. It is a misfortune that the pathetic story of Philomela perpetuates the erroneous notion that the *female* nightingale sings. See note 138, Rom. and Jul.

135. Lines 30, 31:

   *Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,*
   *Fard, or boar with bristled hair.*

Of the quadrupeds mentioned in these two lines the *ounce* (*Felis uncia*), and the *pard* (*Felis pardus* (the panther), or *Felis leo pardus* (the leopard)), were neither of them natives of Europe, at least, during the historic period. Pliny speaks of the *ounce* or *once* as a foreign animal: "The *Onces* be likewise taken for strange and forrein, and of all four-footed beasts they have the quickest eye and see best" (book xxviii. chap. viii. p. 516). But Shakespeare's fairies were citizens of the world; and though neither the *ounce* nor the *pard* were ever seen near Athens, he did not think it necessary to be particular about the geographical distribution of the animals he introduced in connection with his fairies.

136. Line 49: *Two bosoms interchanged with an oath.*

   —Pt. read interchanged, a reading which most editors reject, though it may possibly be the right one. But the considerations which have induced us to adopt interchanged (the reading of Q.) are these: (1) It is more consonant in sense with line 47:
   
   "—my heart unto yours is knitt;"

   and (2) bosoms, though used as "desire" (see Measure for Measure, iv. 3. 139), or as "immost thoughts" (see Othello, iii. 1. 58), seems never to be used for "the affections" themselves. Shakespeare would scarcely have said "We have interchange bosoms." The objection to interchanged is, that it occurs only in this passage, but that it is not to be found in any other writer ancient or modern, as far as I can discover.

137. Line 54: *Now much BRUSHREW.*—*i.e.* "much mischief come to." *Brushrew* is generally used as a mild and, sometimes, as a playful form of imprecation. *Shrew* and *brushrew* are both derived from the shrew-mouse (through the A. Sax. *scredus*). This harmless animal was credited by our forefathers with most malignant qualities. Bell, in his British Quadrupeds (Edn. 1874, p. 145), quotes the following description of the *shrew-mouse* from Edward Phillips's New World of Words (1668): "a kind of Field Mouse of the bigness of a Rat and colour of a Weasel, very mischievous to cattel; which going over a beast's back, will make it lame in the chine; and the bite of it causes the beast to swell at the heart and die." Gilbert White, in his Natural History of Selbourne, part ii. letter xxviii., gives an interesting description of how a *shrewash* was made: that is, an ash whose twigs or branches were held to remedy the injuries inflicted by a *shrew-mouse* (see Bell's Edn. vol. i. pp. 191, 192).

138. Line 77: *Nearer this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.*

   —Qq. and Pp. read (substantially):
   
   *Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesie.*
Q. 1 has kil-curtesse. Many attempts have been made to amend the rhythm and metre, which are certainly both very faulty in the original text, unless we read the line:

Near this lack-love, this kill-curther.

But the spelling of kil-curtesse forbids the idea of reading curtess as a dissyllable. The emendation in our text is Walker’s, and is adopted by Dyce. It gives a line of ten syllables, but a rhythmical line; and is preferable to omitting the second this. Nearer has much more force than near, considering lines 57-60 above, in Hermia’s speech.

139. Lines 80, 81:

let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.

Compare Macbeth, I. 3. 19, 20:

Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid.

140. Line 86: O, wilt thou DARKLING leave me!—Compare The Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599, “we’ll run away with the torch, and leave them to fight darkling” (Dodgson, vol. vii. p. 365); and Lear, I. 4. 237: “So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.”

141. Line 104: Nature here shews art.—Qu. read: Nature shews art; F. 1 “Nature her shews art;” F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: “Nature here shews art,” which seems much the most sensible reading: it is better than Malone’s emendation: “Nature shews her art,” which, at first, we were inclined to adopt, as most editors have done. But Nature has no arts strictly speaking: the two are generally spoken of as opposites, at any rate as very different things; and therefore the reading of the text seems the most probable, since for Nature to show art is an exceptional circumstance.

142. Line 119: And touching now the point of human skill.—This line is explained by Steevens: “my senses being now at the utmost height of perfection.” Lyonsander is talking in the exasperatingly affected style, so often found in Shakespeare’s early work, the style which aims at “conceits;” probably he means that his love has so ripened his mind that he now has attained the point, or complete development of human intelligence, inasmuch as his reason is now master of his will.

143. Line 154: Speak, of all loves!—Compare Merry Wives, II. 2. 118, 119: “But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves.”

ACT III. SCENE 1.

144. Line 8: BULLY Bottom.—Bully was used as a familiar term of address, and meant little more than “jolly companion.” In fact, it seems to have been originally used among boon companions; and afterwards to have acquired its present meaning of an overbearing hectoring fellow; then by a process of degradation, common in many words, it came to be applied to a coarse and cruel coward. The derivation is very uncertain; some connect it with “bull,” “bellow;” others with Middle High German buoke, “brother;” “dear friend;” others with Dutch bulderen, “to bluster.” Halliwell (Dict. Archaic and Provincial Words) says bully-bottom meant a courtezan.

Shakespeare never uses it in an offensive sense. Compare Henry V. iv. 1. 48: “I love the lovely bully,” where Pistol uses it of the king; recalling his qualities as a boon companion before he put on virtue and the crown together. As an instance of its use simply in the sense of “companion,” or “comrade,” compare Dicke of Devonshire, ii. 1. “Captain: ‘Twas well done of all sides, Bullyes” (Bullen’s Old Plays, vol. ii. p. 28).

145. Line 14: By’r lakin.—With this corrupted form of “by our Lady” compare yakin“ in “faith” or “by my faith.” The Rev. C. H. Kennard informs me that at Atherstone, in Warwickshire, the country people still commonly use another corruption of the oath “by our Lady,” by’r Lady, which they pronounce birliddy.

146. Line 16: when all is done—i.e. after all. Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 30, 31: “Excellent! why this is the best fooling, when all is done.”

147. Line 21: and, for the more better assurance.—The double comparative is used by Shakespeare commonly enough, and was not considered a vulgarity in his time. Compare Tempest, i. 2. 19, 20:

not that I am more better
Than Prospero.

148. Line 25: Will not the ladies be AFRAID of the lion!—The form afraid for afraid is generally used by Shakespeare as a provincialism, or at least as a colloquialism, as it is here. But it is also used in poetic passages; e.g. in Julius Cesar, ii. 2. 66, 67:

Have I in conquest stretch’d mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?

149. Line 33: a lion among ladies, &c.—Malone says: “There is an odd coincidence between what our author has here written for Bottom, and a real occurrence at the Scotch court in the year 1594. Prince Henry the eldest son of James the First was christened in August in that year. While the king and queen, &c., were at dinner, a triumphant chariot (the frame of which, we are told, was ten feet long and seven broad) with several allegorical personages on it, was drawn in by a black-horse. This chariot should have been drawn in by a lyon, but because his presence might have brought some fear to the nearest, or that the sight of the lighted torches might have moved his tameness, it was thought meet to that the Moore should supply that room. —A true account of the most triumphant and royal accomplishment of the baptism of the most excellent, right high, and mighty prince, Henry Frederick, &c., as it was solemnized the 30th day of August, 1594. Svo. 1603” (Var. Ed. vol. v. pp. 246, 246).

150. Line 44: it were pity of my life—i.e. “it were a sad thing for my life.” We have the same expression in Measure for Measure, ii. 1. 77: “it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house;” and compare Othello, iv. 1. 206, 207: “but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!”

151. Line 78: according to his CUE.—This technical word, still in common use in the theatre, whatever its derivation, was first jocularly applied, no doubt, by some actor to the last words of the speech which are the signal for
the next player to begin to speak. It must have passed into general use on the stage, in this sense, by Shakespeare's time, for he uses it very frequently. Some authorities derive it from French queue, a tail; but, independently of the fact that queue was never used, in this sense, in French, and that Latin was the language invariably used in all stage directions in plays before Shakespeare's time, it is much more probable that the derivation quoted by Wedgwood is the right one: "Q. a note of entrance for actors, because it is the first letter of quando, when, showing when to enter and speak. — C. Butler, Eng. Gram. 1634, in N. and Q. Aug. 5, 1685." Minshew explains it: 'A qu, a term used among stage-players, & Lat. qualis, i.e. at what manner of word the actors are to begin to speak, one after another hath done his speech." In a passage in Richard III. iii. 4. 27. 28:

Had not you come upon your cue, my lord, William Lord Hastings had pronounce'd your part,

the Folio print the word Q., the Quartos cue. When parts are copied out in MS. and given to actors, they only contain the cues for the speeches, and no more of the dialogue except the actor's own part.

188. Line 81: a play toward. — Compare As You Like It, v. 4. 35. 36: "There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark."

188. Line 77: Most briskly Juvenal. — Compare Love's Labour's Lost, i. 2. 8: "my tender Juvenal." The only other passage in which Shakespeare uses it is in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 22: "the Juvenal, the prince your master." It is an affected word, the use of which Shakespeare evidently intends to ridicule.

184. Line 105: if I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine. — Malone would punctuate this line:

If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine,

which, undoubtedly, makes better sense; but Bottom was probably intended to blunder in his delivery of the line.

185. Line 110: Through bog, through brook, through bush, through brack, through brier. — We have adopted Lettsom's proposal to add through brook, on the ground that it might easily have been omitted from the likeness of brook to brake. Without some such emendation the line is defective.

186. Lines 111-114. — Compare the Ballad of Robin Goodfellow already mentioned:

Sometimes I meet them like a man;
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can;
To trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride,
My backe they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
Ore hedge and landis,
Thro' pools and ponds
I whisper, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

187. Line 120: you see an ass's head of your own, do you! — Bottom here uses a common phrase of the day, all unconscious of the fact that he has himself an ass's head on his shoulders. Johnson proposed to add to Snout's speech: an ass-head; but that is quite unnecessary, and would destroy the humour of the situation. 

188. Line 138: The ouzel cock. — By this Shakespeare, undoubtedly, means the blackbird, the male being distinguished by his yellow beak, "gamboge yellow" according to Darrell. The name ouzel is now only applied to the ring-ouzel (Turdus torquatus), and the water-ouzel, or dipper (Cinclus aquaticus). The Qu. have woosel, the Fr. woosel.

189. Line 138: The woven with little quill. — Compare Milton's Lycidas, line 188:

He touch'd the tender stops of various quills.

The meaning of the word, given in our foot-note, is more probably right than that given by Schmidt, viz. "wing-feather." For so small a bird the wren has rather a loud song. Shakespeare mentions this little bird very often.

190. Line 138: The plain-song cuckoo grey. — Plain-song in music means the plain-chant in which parts of the mass are sung by the priest at high mass. It also means plain melody without any variation or accompaniment: "The cuckoo, as long ago remarked by John Heywood (Epigrams, Black Letter, 1587), begins to sing early in the season with the interval of a minor third; the bird then proceeds to a major third, next to a fourth, then a fifth, after which its voice breaks, without attaining a minor sixth. It may, therefore, be said to have done much for musical science, because from this bird has been derived the minor scale, the origin of which has puzzled so many; the cuckoo's couplet being the minor third sung downwards" (Harting's Ornithology of Shakespeare, pp. 150, 151). Chaucer in The Cuckoo and Nightingale (line 118) makes the cuckoo say:

<For my song is both true and pleasant.>

Yarrell describes the colour of the cuckoo: "the head, neck, back, and upper tail-coverts bluish grey . . . Chin, neck and upper part of the breast, ash grey." Grey is decidedly the prevailing colour; but the long white-tipped tail, and the lower part of the white breast and belly "barred transversely with lead grey," are perhaps the most conspicuous points in the bird's plumage. (See Yarrell's British Birds, vol. ii. p. 188.)

191. Line 137: who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? — Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 1. 94:

Will you set your wit to a fool's? 

192. Line 150: I can gleeke upon occasion. — There is no doubt that the word gleeke implies an element of satire, and means something more than a simple jest. Shakespeare uses the verb only here, and in Henry V. v. i. 78, 79: "I have seen you gleekeing and galing at this gentleman." The substantive occurs twice; in I. Henry VI. i. 3. 123:

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeke? 

and in Romeo and Juliet, v. 5. 116 (see note 195 of that play). In Coggrave under Queene we find "Regarder de la queue de l'oie. To leer, gleeke, or look sakew." This serves to point the connection between this word and plane.
168. Line 173: *And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes.*—This is of course wrong, as far as natural history is concerned; the light being situate in the tail of the female insect, one of the two wingless females among the Coleoptera, and the only one that has no elytra or wingcases. The glow-worm can extinguish her light at pleasure, and, in appearance, an insignificant grub-like insect of a deep red or russet. The male, which is a dull-looking beetle, can also at pleasure emit a light, but much fainter.

169. Line 174: *To have my love to bed and to arise.*—See note 15, Taming of the Shrew.

165. Line 182 et seq.—With this dialogue between Bottom and the fairies compare the Maydes Metamorphosis (attributed to Lily), act ii., 3. Feb. You shall have most delectable instruments, sir.

166. Line 185: *I shall desire you of more acquaintance.*—For this somewhat unusual construction, compare Chapman's *An Humerous Dayes Mirth*:

167. Lines 186, 187: *If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.*—The practice of putting a cobweb on a cut finger still finds favour among country people. It is doubtful whether the remedy is a very efficacious one; as the amount of dirt introduced into the wound does more harm than the styptic power of the cobweb does good.

168. Lines 190, 191: *commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother.*—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 165-167:

169. Line 200: *Tie up my love's tongue.*—Qu. and Pl. have *loves:* the emendation is Pope's.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

170. Line 5: *night-rule.*—Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 130-132: "Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule." The word *night-rule* has been supposed to be a contraction of *night-rovel,* or, as it would be written in those days, *night-reuel.* Halliwell quotes the Old Statutes of London given by Stowe: "No man shall, after the hour of nine at the night, keep any rule whereby any such sudden outcry be made in the still of the night, as making any affray," &c.

171. Line 13: *Thick-skin of that barren sort.*—Shakespeare uses the word *thick-skin* only in one other passage, in Merry Wives, iv. 5. 1. 2: "What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick skin?" Nares quotes from Warner's "Ablons England," vi. 50:

173. Line 21: *Rsset-pated chothes.*—The jackdaw, and not the Cornish choough or red-legged crow, is the bird referred to here. The head of the jackdaw about the ear-coverts and neck is grey; and *russet* meant not red, but grey or brown, the colour of undyed wool, in most cases; although sometimes it was loosely applied. In Notes and Queries, 6th Series, vol. vi. Nos. 227 and 235, will be found two long notes by me on this subject; and in No. 290 a note by Professor Newton; and in 6th Series, vol. x. No. 290 a most generous acknowledgment by Mr. W. Aldis Wright that I am right in my contention that the jackdaw, and not the Cornish choough, is here referred to. Of the passages proving that *russet = grey,* it will be sufficient to quote Cotgrave, who gives under: "Gris: Grey, light-russet, grizzle, ash-coloured," &c.

174. Line 25: *And, at our stamp.*—Johnson proposed to read, in accordance with Theobald's conjecture, "And,
ACT III. Scene 2. NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM. ACT III. Scene 2.

at a stump," quoting a passage from Drayton's Nymphidia (edn. 1631, p. 184):

A stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case,
Amongst the briers and brambles.


But the objection that Fuck was too small to stamp is not a valid one; we have, iv. 1. 90, 91:

Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Ritson quotes from Reginald Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584, p. 85: “Our grandams maldes were wont to set a boll of milke before incubus, and his cousin Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweep- ing the house at midnight: and—that he would chafe ex- ceedingly, if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion of his nakedness, laid ane clothes for him besides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith, What have we here? Hamton, hamten, here will I never more tread nor stampen.” That a diminutive being could stamp to some purpose, will be admitted by those who have not forgotten their fairy lore, in the instance of Rumpelstiltskin.

178. Line 36: yet LATCH'D.—Shakespeare uses the word latch in the same sense = catch in Macbeth, iv. 3. 193-195:

But I have words
That would be how'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

And we find in Holland's Pliny (book viii. chap. 24, p. 206), in a description of the ichneumon: “In sight he sets up his talie, and whips about, turning his talle to the enemie, & therein latcheth and receiveth all the strokes of the Aspik.” Latching is given by Grose = “inflicting” in Northern dialects.

178. Line 45: Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep.—Compare Two Gent. of Verona, i. 1. 24:

For he was more than over shoes in love,
where it means “moderately deep,” being contrasted with over boots in the following line. Compare also Heywood's A Woman kill'd with Kindness:

Come, come, let's in,
Once are shoes, we are straight are head in sinne.


Coleridge proposed to read knee deep, a suggestion adopted, quite unnecessarily, by Dyce and other editors.

177. Lines 53-55:

and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so DISPLEASE
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.

These lines are not very intelligible. It is pretty certain displeases is a corruption of the text. I had noted as a conjecture dis-ease, i.e. “render uneasy” (used by Shakespeare in Coriolanus, i. 3. 117) before I knew that Hamlet had proposed the same emendation. I cannot make any sense of displeases; displease would seem a more natural word to use; but it does not rhyme with Antipodes.

Dr. Annandale suggests, very ingeniously, disease = “to deprive of,” “to displease;” a word used by Spenser and Drayton. For this use of with, compare Richard II. iii. 2. 40:

Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes.

178. Line 57: So should a murderer look,—so DEAD, so grim.—Compare II. Henry IV. i. 1. 70-72:

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so wan-begone,
Drew Pram's curtain in the dead of night.

178. Lines 72, 73:

for with double tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

See above, note 183.

180. Line 74: on a mispris'd mood.—Steevens thought this meant “in a mistaken manner.” But mood is used for “anger” frequently by Shakespeare, e.g. in The Two Gent. of Verona, iv. 1. 51:

Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

181. Lines 80, 81:

And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

These lines are printed in Qr. and F. (substantially) thus:

And from thy hated presence part I; see me no more,
Whether he be dead or no.

The emendation, which is a necessary one, was first made by Pope, and has been adopted by all subsequent editors.

183. Lines 84-87: —It must be confessed there is an incongruous, prosaic and legal character about these lines which smells of an attorney's office. Note especially the word tender used, in its legal sense, of the offer, to be made by sleep, to visit the weary eyelids of Demetrius.

183. Lines 92, 93:

Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding truth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

The meaning of these lines is somewhat obscure. What Pope intends to say is “that fate o'er-rules chance here; for the chance is that, for one man true to his oath in love, one finds a million who are false to it.” That may possibly be a corruption of the text for some other words; or, perhaps = “in that,” or “seeing that.”

190. Line 97: With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear.—The use of the singular verb here is quite in Shakespeare's style; and editors should not substitute the plural, only because of the apparent grammatical error. Compare Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 69, 70:

The venom clainmous of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

The idea that sighs cost the sigher so much of his blood was prevalent in Shakespeare's time. Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 61:

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life;
and again just below in same play, line 63:

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs.

190. Line 113: Pleading for a lover's fee.—According to Halliwell the lover's fee was a specific reward of three kisses. He quotes an old M3. ballad:

How many saies Bart?
Why, three, saies Matt,
For that's a maiden's fee.

190. Line 127: Bearing the BAGGER of faith.—Steevens says: “This is said in allusion to the bagges (i.e. family
crests) anciently worn on the sleeves of servants and retainers” (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 299). He quotes from The Tempest:

Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true.
—v. 626, 628.

187. Line 144: This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss! — Hamner altered princess to pureness, while Collier’s Old Corrector, misled by seal, coolly substituted impress. Lettsom proposes purest. Perhaps the most likely emendation, were any needed, would be Empress; but no change is necessary. Steevens quotes Sir Walter Raleigh’s Discovery of Guiana, where the pine-apple is called “The princess of fruits.” In Grimm’s Household Tales, No. 146, The Turnip; I find a similar use of princess: “one turnip grew there which ... seemed as if it would never stop growing so that it might have been called the princess of turnips, for never was such an one seen before.”

188. Line 150: But you must join in souls to mock me too. — There would not seem to be any difficulty about this phrase, which is explained in the foot-note; yet there have been various emendations made, of which Hamner’s in fonts is perhaps the most ingenious, and Warburton’s insolence the most improbable.


190. Line 171. My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn’d. — This is Johnson’s emendation. Q. and F. read fo. The instances of the peculiar use of fo by Shakespeare, quoted in the Clarendon Press Series Edn. (p. 117), do not satisfy me that it was ever used in the sense of “remaining with,” which sojourn implies; besides, it is highly probable that, in this case, the fo of the next line caught the transcriber’s eye.

191. Line 175: thou aby it dear. — Aby is the reading of Q. 1, and is worth preserving as an old word, which is not a form of abide but a different word altogether; being derived from the “A lax. abize, to buy back, to pay for,” sometimes written aby (see Imperial Dict. sub voc). Q. and F. read abide here. Two instances of the occurrence of this word in old plays may be given. In Therinae:

They shall aby the coming of such a guest.

And in Solliman and Perseda (act v.):
Thou shalt aby for both your treasures.

192. Line 188: Than all you fiery oes and eyes of light. — By oes are meant “circles.” Shakespeare uses the word O for a circle in Henry V. i. Prologue, 12-14:

—or we may cram

Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt.

Steevens quotes from Davies’ Microcosmos, 1605, p. 232: Which silver oes and spangles overran.

Halliwell says (on the somewhat insufficient authority of a Ms. Bodl. 160) that the eyes were sometimes called oes. Be this as it may, there is little doubt a pun is intended here on o’s and ő’s.

193. Line 201: O, is all forgot? — Q. and F. 1 read: O, is all: F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 O, and is all. We were at first inclined to adopt Spedding’s conjecture “O, is it all,” which seems the most probable one for supplying the deficiency in the metre; but on mature consideration, the attempt to make the line metrically complete weakens the sense of it. The O is here a prolonged exclamation, and the hiatus in the metre is filled by the emotion of the actress. (See Richard II. note 152.)

194. Line 202: All school-days’ friendship, CHILDMONG. — For a similar use of the word childhood, compare Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 144: “I urge this childhood proof.” As a parallel use to the beautiful passage which follows, descriptive of the friendship of two school-girls, it is interesting to compare the following passage in The Two Noble Kinsmen (i. 3), a play attributed to Shakespeare and Fletcher; but in which, with due respect to the positive opinion expressed by many able critics, I believe Shakespeare had little or no share. At any rate the following lines are much more in Fletcher’s style than in that of Shakespeare:

but I

And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,
Loved for we did, and like the elements
That know not nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance; our souls
Did so to one another: What she liked,
Was then of me approved; what not, condemn’d,
No more arrangement; the flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts, (oh then but beginning
To swell about the blossom) she would long
Till she had such another, and comfit it
To the like innocent cradle, where, phoenix-like,
They died in perfume; on my head no toy
But was her pattern; her affection (pretty,
Though happily her careless wear) I follow’d
For my most serious decking; had mine ear
Sto’n some new air, or at adventure hum’d on
From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn, (rather dwell on)
And sing it her slumbers.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 357

195. Lines 212-214:

So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.

Douce’s explanation of this passage is probably the best: “It may be doubted whether this passage has been rightly explained, and whether the commentators have not given Shakespeare credit for more skill in heraldry than he really possessed, or at least than he intended to exhibit on the present occasion. Helen says, ‘we had two seeming bodies, but only one heart.’ She then exemplifies her position by a simile — ‘we had two of the first, i.e. bodies, like the double coats in heraldry that belong to man and wife as one person, but which, like our single heart, have but one crest.’” (Illustrations, p. 120.)

196. Line 237: Ay, do, persuade. — Q. 1 reads I doe. Persuade, — which reading Hunter defends, explaining thus: “Hermia says,

I understand not what you mean by this:

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to which Helena replies in a grave and serious tone, I do!” (New Illustrations, vol. 1, p. 250).

Persia is always used by Shakespeare with the accent on the second syllable; the modern form persian, with the accent on the last syllable, does not occur.

197. Line 257: Arey, you ETHIOPIE! — Hermia was a brunette, and therefore she calls her an Ethiopian; brownets being at a discount in Queen Elizabeth’s reign. See Love’s Labour’s Lost, note 132; and compare iv. 2. 299 of that play:

And Ethiopiers of their sweet complexion crack,
in which the king compares the brunette Rosaline to an Ethiopier.

198. Lines 257, 258:

No, no; he’ll—sir,

Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow.

Q. 1 has:

No, no; hee.

Seem to break loose;

Q. 2 “No, no, hee’ll seem to break loose” (as one line); while Folio reads: “No, no, sir, seem to break loose” (as one line). We have adopted Malone’s arrangement. Demetrius is going to say to Hermia: “No, no; he’ll not let you leave hold of him;” when he stops suddenly and, turning to Lysander, says ironically: “Sir, seem to break loose,” &c. Jackson’s conjecture: “he’ll not stir” is much the most probable; and before seeing it I had noted that as a suggested emendation. But, possibly, the Cambridge editors are right; a line, or two, may have dropped out of the text.

199. Line 272: O me! what MEANS my love!—We have adopted, as Staunton and Singer have, the very sensible emendation of the Collier MS. Qq. and F. all read: “what means my love.” Q. 1 has the sentence printed thus: “O me, what means, my love!” But none of the other old copies, as far as I am aware, have any stop after means. Any one acquainted with MSS. of Shakespeare’s time will admit how easily means, or means might be mistaken for means or means. The Clarendon Press Ed. explains what means, “what has happened? what is the matter?” and compare i. 1. 21, where Theseus addresses Egeus, who has just entered: “what’s the news with thee?” and Hamlet, i. 2. 42, where the King, after addressing the Lords of the Council as it were, turns to Laertes and says:

And now, Laertes, what’s the news with you?

After examining these and the many other passages in which the phrase What news! or What other news with you? occurs, I cannot find a single instance in which it is not addressed to some person who has only just appeared on the scene, and who may be expected by the speaker to have some message or matter of importance to communicate. In many cases it exactly corresponds to our modern phrase, so common in everybody’s mouth when greeting a friend whom one has not seen for some little time: “Well, what’s the news with you?” But Hermia, in this speech, is under the influence of strong emotion. She is shocked at Lysander saying that he hates her. Is it likely, under such circumstances, that she would employ such a colloquial phrase as What means! Were she less in earnest, less deeply wounded, and playing the part of an indignant coquette, whose philanderings had been discovered, she might say: “What new-fangled notion is this of your hating me!” But she is too much in earnest to play with words. The exclamation O me! is not one of skittish and affected suspense; it is a cry of real mental anguish; and I cannot think anyone with a due sense of dramatic fitness would admit the reading what news! in the sense accepted by all the commentators. Even if a note of exclamation be substituted for that of interrogation, it does not get rid of the objection urged above.

200. Line 282: you CANKER-BLOSSOM! — There can be no doubt that canker-blossom here means, not the blossom eaten by the canker, or caterpillar, but the canker, or caterpillar, which eats the blossom. Hermia means, not that Helena is the blossom which looks fair without, but is within the ravages of the canker; she means to denounce her as the canker that has secretly destroyed the blossom of Lysander’s love for her.

201. Line 292: And with her personage, her tall personage.-This line has a peculiar rhythm; it must be read thus:

And with her personage, her tall personage,
the second, with a slight pause, being on tail. Read by the ordinary rules of metre the accent would fall on the second syllable of the second personage thus:

And with her personage, her tall personage.

202. Line 321: Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, HELEN.—Qq. and F. read Helena. We have the form Helen more than once in this scene, e.g. lines 187, 251. The triallable ending is not found in Shakespeare’s earlier plays; and, for that reason, we read with Walker, Helen.

203. Line 329: of hindering knot-grass made.—It is doubtful whether there is intended here any reference to the traditional property of knot-grass (Polygonum aviculare), alluded to in the following passage from Beaumont and Fletcher’s Knight of the Burning Pestle (II. 2), “and say they should put him into a strait pair of gaskins, ’t were worse than knot-grass; he would never grow after it.” (Works, vol. ii. p. 80). As Eiiacombe points out in his Plant Lore of Shakespeare (p. 101) the epithet hindering may be otherwise explained: “Johnstone tells us that in the north, being difficult to cut in the harvest time, or to pull in the process of weeding, it has obtained the sobriquet of the ‘Dell’s lingela.’ From this it may well be called hindering, just as the Omosis, from the same habit of catching the plough and harrow, has obtained the prettier name of Rest-harrow.”

204. Line 335: Thou shalt ABE it.—See above, note 191. There is no reason to think that the word here is an abbreviated form of abide.

205. Line 376: For night’s swift DRAGONS.—Compare Cymbeline, ii. 2. 48: “Swift, swift, you dragons of the night.” According to Drayton (The Man in the Moon, 431) Phoebe (Diana) had a chariot drawn by dragons; he represents her as calling down “the Dragons that her
ACT III. Scene 2. NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. ACT IV. Scene 1.

chariot drawn;" and compare Milton's II Parnaso.
(line 56): While Cynthia draws her dragon yoke.

206. Lines 381, 382:
At whose approach, ghosts, wand'rering here and there, troop home to churchyards.
Compare Milton's Hymn to the Nativity, stanza xxvi.:
So, when the sun in bed,
Curtains'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fester'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted Fays
Fly after the night-steeeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

207. Line 383: That in crosseways and foulds have burial.
— Suicide were, as is well known, formerly buried at cross-roads with a stake through the heart. Steevens has the following obscurely worded note on this passage:
"The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads: and of those who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had not been regularly bestowed on their bodies. That the waters were sometimes the place of residence for dammed spirits, we learn from the ancient bl. l. romance of Syl Eglamoure of Artya, no date:
"Let some preest a gospel saye,
For doubt of saveles in the foule;"

208. Line 384: Already to their wormy beds are gone.
— Compare Milton's poem On the Death of a Fair Infant (line 31):
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed.

209. Line 387: black-brow'd night.—Compare Rom. and Jul. iii. 2. 20: "come, loving, black-brow'd night."

210. Line 389: I with the morning's love have oft made sport.—Probably Oberon means by the morning's love Cephalus, the lover of Aurora. He claims here to be exempt from the rule which compelled all spirits and ghosts to retire to their homes at dawn, for he had made sport, or hunted with Cephalus. Milton, therefore, was wrong in making his fairies disappear with the ghosts (see above, the quotation in note 206).

211. Line 391: Even till the eastern gate, all fery-red.—Compare Milton again, L'Allegro (lines 50, 60):
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state.
Milton seems to have been thoroughly imbued with the language of this play, which must have been a great favourite of his, at any rate in his youth.

212. Lines 418, 419:
Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy gray light.
Compare Hamlet, i. 1. 160:
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
where russet, as has been pointed out above, no 173, means grey.

213. Line 428: Thou shalt buy this dear.—Compare II. Henry VI, ii. 1. 100:
Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

There is no need to read 'by' for aby as Johnson proposed to do.

214. Line 461: Jack shall have Jill.—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 884, 885.
Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

215. Line 2: While I thy amiable cheeks do coy.—Amiable, which is now only used of persons, and referred to moral beauty, formerly was used of beauty in inanimate objects. In its modern use it rather means lovable than beautiful. Compare Milton's Paradise Lost, book iv. lines 250, 251:

Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable.

For coy used in the sense of "to careen," compare Peele's Arrangement of Paris, iii. 1:
Lo, yonder comes the lovely nymph, that in these lida vales
Plays with Amyntas' lusty boy, and coy's him in the dales!
—Works, p. 330.

216. Lines 11-14: and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, goodmouseaur, bring me the honey-bag.—What Shakespeare meant by the epithet red-hipped is doubtful; many of the humble-bees (of the genus Bombus) have the lower half of the abdomen bright-coloured; one of the commonest species (Bombus lapidarius) has the three last abdominal segments bright red. One of the Apis, a genus of bees much resembling the Bombi, but parasitical on various members of that race, has the upper part of the leg red. As few people, who are not entomologists, know exactly what the honey-bag is, it may be as well to quote from Kirby and Spence's Entomology the description of that receptacle. "The tongue of a bee is not a tube through which the honey passes, nor a pump acting by suction, but a real tongue which laps or licks the honey, and passes it down on its upper surface, as we do, to the mouth, which is at its base concealed by the mandibles. It is conveyed by this orifice through the oesophagus into the first stomach, which we call the honey-bag, and which, from being very small, is swelled when full of it to a considerable size" (vol. ii. p. 177). Shuckard in his British Bees (p. 316) says, speaking of humble-bees: "Foxes, weasels, field-mice, all prey upon them, and, like schoolboys, often destroy the bee for the sake of its honey-bag."

217. Line 25: Causerly Peaseblossom.—Q. and F. read Cobweb, an evident mistake, as Cobweb has already been despatched on his errand. The emendation was Grey's suggestion. Q. and F. 1 have Causerly; P. 2, P. 3, P. 4 print Causero.

218. Line 31: I have a reasonable good ear in music.
—Bottom was a weaver, and weavers were supposed to be musical, and given to singing. Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 145, 146: "I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing."

219. Line 32: Let's have the tonses and the bones.—F. have here a stage-direction Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.
The tongues were played by a key; the bones were played in the same manner as they are by negro minstrels nowadays.

230. Line 33: Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat—This line is printed as prose in Globe edn. though all Titania’s speeches are in verse. Desirést is not elided in F. 1; but it is almost certain this line was intended for verse, the non elision of desirest being accidental.

231. Line 36: a bottle of hay.—In the north a bundle, or truss of hay, is still called a bottle; the use of the word is preserved in the proverb: “to look for a needle in a bottle of hay.” Cotgrave gives: “Boteler. To bottle, or bundle up; to make into bottles, or bundles.” Chaucer uses the word in the Prologue to the Manciple’s Tale (line 16683):

> Although it be not worth a botel key.

A curious use of the word is found in Therites (the knight referred to) an ass.

232. Line 40: The squirrel’s hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.—Q. and F. omit thence, which probably was overlooked by the transcriber, or by the printer, on account of its likeness to thee. The emendation is Hamner’s.

233. Lines 47, 48:

**So doth the woodedne the sweet honeysuckle**

**Gently entwist.**

On this passage much has been written by commentators. The chief difficulty is in the word woodbine, which is used by Shakespeare only in two other passages; viz. in II. 1. 251:

> Quite over-canop’d with luscious woodbine,
>
> Where it evidently means honeysuckle; and in Much Ado, II. 1. 30, speaking of Beatrice:
>
> Is couched in the woodbine coverture,
>
> which, from lines 8, 9 above, we learn was:
>
> Where honeysuckles, ripen’d by the sun,
>
> Forbid the sun to enter.

We must either suppose, with Steevens, that the sweet honeysuckle is in opposition to woodbine, and that entwist, as well as enring, governs the barksy fingers of the elin in line 49; or that it stands alone, the object being understood; or we must take woodbine here to be a different plant to honeysuckle. There is no doubt that woodbine was and is commonly used, in some parts of the country, for the Convallaria arvensis or the Convallaria septima, both common plants in our hedge-banks, and both climbing plants much lighter than the honeysuckle, which is a shrub and often has a thick woody stem. A passage from Ben Jonson’s Vision of Delight (a Masque presented at court in 1617) is quoted as explaining the difficulty:

> Behold! How the blue bindweed doth itself infold
>
> With honey-sucklie.
>

Bindweeds being taken to be the same as woodbine in this passage; and Gifford, in his note on this passage, dogmatically says: “The woodbine of Shakespeare is the blue bindweed of Jonson: in many of our counties the woodbine is still the name for the great convolvulus (sic)” (Works, vol. vii. p. 305). Now, in the first case, there is no convolvulus, native to Great Britain, which has blue flowers. There are only three indigenous species, and they are all white or pink; the great Convallaria or Convallaria septima being white. Undoubtedly *bindweed* is the common popular name for *convolvulus*; but it was and is also used of other plants, e.g. in Holland's Translation of Pliny's Natural History (bk. xxvii chap. ix. vol. ii. p. 281) we find a description of the qualities of “Running Bucklehead or Bindweed,” a common weed, the Latin name of which is Polygonum Convallaria, known as black bindweed. It is also used, vol. i. p. 481, of the plant called in Latin *smilax*, the chapter (bk. xvi chap. xxxv.) being headed: “Of the Bindweeds, or Weeds called Smilax;” and again, book xxv. chap. x.: “Furthermore, the Bindweed *Smilax* knowne also by the name of Nicephorus, resembles Iris, but that it hath smaller leaves” (vol. ii. p. 190). In Prior's Popular Names of British Plants (p. 21) we find the blue bindweed of Jonson explained as *Solana Docolosione* or bitter-sweet (the woody Nightshade), a very common plant in all our hedgerows. But that plant is not a climbing one, and I doubt if Prior’s explanation is correct. If we examine the passage in the Vision of Delight, we shall find that the lines, quoted above, are part of a description of the Bower of Zephyrus, in which all kinds of flowers are supposed to be collected; the whole passage reads thus:

> Behold!
>
> How the blue bindweed doth itself infold
>
> With honey-sucklie, and both these entwine
>
> Themselves with bryony and jessamine,
>
> To cast a kind and odoriferous shade.
>

Now the jessamine is certainly not a native of Great Britain; and we may justly conclude that by the blue bindweed Jonson meant the beautiful purple convolvulus, so common in all our gardens, which is a creeping plant, and will grow almost anywhere. On the whole, considering the lax use of the word woodbine, we must take it to mean some other plant than the honeysuckle, probably the Convallaria septima.

234. Lines 48, 49:

**The female ivy so**

**Enrings the barksy fingers of the elin.**

The ivy is called female because it always requires support, and weds itself, as it were, to its husband tree. *Ennings* may have, as Steevens suggests, some reference to the interchange of rings which took place in old times, always at the betrothal of two lovers. Compare Twelfth Night, v. i. 150–162:

> A contract of eternal bond of love,
>
> Strengthen’d by interchangement of your rings.

For the simile, more implied than expressed here, of a parasite plant being married to the tree which supports it, compare Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, b. v. lines 215–217:

> or they led the vine
>
> To wed her elm; she, *spouse’d*; about him twines
>
> Her marriageable arms.
ACT IV. Scene 1.

NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

228. Line 54: Seeking sweet favours.—So Q. 1 and F. 4. In Q. 2, F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 the reading is favours. For favours in the sense of love-tokens, compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 134: “And change you favours too;” and again line 130. Titania was evidently seeking flowers. Dyce quotes: “These [fair women] with syren-like allurement so enticed those quaint squires, that they bestowed all their flowers upon them for favours (Greene's Quip for an Yeastart Courtei, sig. B 2, ed. 1620).”

229. Line 59: round and orient pearls.—Mr. Aldis Wright says, in his note on this passage (Clarendon Press Series, p. 129): “The epithet appears to be originally applied to the pearl and other gems as coming from the orient or east, and to have acquired the general sense of bright and shining from the objects which it most commonly describes. Compare Milton, Paradise Lost, l. 546:

Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving.”

But he also quotes from The Passionate Pilgrim, line 133:

Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!

where it certainly seems to have only the sense of “coming from the east.”

230. Line 78: Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower.—Dian's bud here is supposed to refer to the Vitis Avena castrata (Linn.), a plant belonging to the order Verbenaceae, which is thus described by Pliny, book xxiv. chap. ix.: “There is a kind of tree named Vitis, not much different from the Willow, in regard of the use that the twigs bee put unto, as also of the leaves which resemble those of the Willow in outward shew, but that their smell be more pleasant and odoriferous: the Greeks, some call it Lygos others Agnos, CHAST; for that the dames of Athens, during the feasts of the goddess Ceris, which were named Theosophoria, made their pallets and beds with the leaves thereof, to cooe the heat of lust, and to keep themselves chast for the time” (Holland's Translation, vol. II. p. 187). It is mentioned by Chaucer in the Flower and the Leaf (lines 471-477):

“See ye now how that crownd is?” (quoit shee)

“All in white?” “Madam” (quoit 1) “yes:

That is Diane, goddesse of chastite,

And for because she a maiden is,

In her hond the braunch she beareth this,

That avena castrata men call properly;

And all the ladies in her company.”


Cupid's flower is the paunsy (Viola tricolor). See note 111.

231. Line 87: Than common sleep of all these FIVE the sense.—Q. F. 1, F. 2 read “sleepe; of all these, fine;” F. 3, F. 4 “sleap; of all these find.” The emendation is Theobald's; but was also suggested by Dr. Thirlby. The sleeppers are, of course, Helena, Hermia, Lysander, Demetrius, and Bottom.

232. Line 90: Sound, music!—After line 86 the Ff. have Musicst still; which is equivalent to still or soft music, and does not mean, as Collier supposed, that the music was to continue playing till Puck spoke, and then not to sound again till Oberon spoke. Titania calls for music, and the stage-direction is put immediately after her line, in order that the musicians might be ready. Their cue to begin playing would be Oberon's words: Sound, music! In: all the old MS. plays, as in our modern ones, the entrance of a new character, or of any number of supernumeraries, is always marked before their actual cue for coming on, in order that the prompter, or stage-manager, may see that they are ready to come on. In the same way, if any “property” is required, it will always be found marked, in the margin, a little time before it is wanted. Many of these stage-directions will be found, in the printed Quartos of the old plays, to have been introduced into the text by the blunders of the copyist or the printer. The instruments used for still music would be, probably, recorders, or flutes, and perhaps some stringed instruments; while, for military or hunting music, drums and trumpets, or horns, would be used. Dyce is undoubtedly right in supposing that, at this point, a dance of some kind was introduced.

233. Line 107.—After this line in the Ff. is a stage-direction: Sleepers Lye still.

234. Line 110: the yaward of the day.—This word (a form of sawward = vanguard) is used by Shakespeare, in its literal sense, in Henry V. iv. 3. 120. 120:

“My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg

The leading of the yaward.”

And, metaphorically as here, in II. Henry IV. I. 2. 199. 200: “and we that are in the yaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.”

235. Line 112: Uncouple in the valley; let them go.—Q. and Ff. read:

Uncouple in the western valley; let them go,

making a very awkward and unrhythmical line; an Alexandrine being quite out of place here. We have preferred to omit western, instead of let them, as Pope does. There seems to be no particular meaning in “the western valley.” The mountain, in line 114 below, is not particularized.

236. Line 117: I was with Hercules and Cadmus once.—Rather a strange mixture, Hippolyta, Hercules, and Cadmus; but Shakespeare did not trouble himself about chronology much, mythical or historical.

237. Lines 118, 119: they bay’d the bear

With hounds of Sparta.

Hamner, whom Dyce follows, substituted boar for bear, quite unnecessarily. Shakespeare mentions the bear, among the objects of the chase, in Venus and Adonis (line 884); and In The Winter's Tale (iii. 3) Antigonus is killed by a bear, which is being hunted. Shakespeare uses the verb to bay, which properly signifies “to bark,” as a “to bring to bay.” Compare Julius Caesar, iii. 1. 204: “Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart.” For hounds of Sparta, were considered of most excellent breed, compare Ben Jonson, Entertainment at Althorp (The Satyr):

Better not Actaeon had;

The dog of Sparta breed, and good,

As can ring within a wood.


For the last line, compare below, line 123; ring being evidently an allusion to the bell-like sound of the hound's cry.

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ACT IV. Scene 1. NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. ACT IV. Scene 2.

225. Lines 181, 182:
The skies, the MOUNTAINS, every region near
Seem'd all one mutualcry.
Qu. and F. read "fountains." How fountains could be
supposed to echo a cry, I do not know. The obvious cor-
rection "mountains" was inserted by Theobald from an
anonymous source. Crete is a very mountainous island.

226. Line 196: With ears that sweep away the morning
dew.—Compare Heywood's Brazen Age, ii. 2:
the sere Thessalian bounds
With their sedge ears, ready to sweep the dew
From the moist earth.
The credit of giving this quotation correctly (it having
been wrongly transcribed by Steevens) belongs to Mr.
Aldis Wright.

237. Line 125: match'd in mouth like bella.—Compare
Day's II of Gullus, ii. 2: "Dametas, were thine eares ever
at a more musicall banquet? How the hounds mountes,
lie bella, are tuned one under another." [Works, p. 38 (of
play), and The Martyr's Candle, iii. 1: "A packe of the
bravest Spartan Dogges in the world; if they do but once
open and spend there gabble, gabble, gabbie it will make
the Forest echoes as if a Ring of Bells were in it; admirably
flew, by their eares you would take 'em to be singing
boyes" (Bullen's Old Plays, vol. i. p. 285).] 28

233. Lines 157, 158:
Be without peril of the Athenian law.
Q. reads:
where we might
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Q. 2, F. read:
Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might &
Without the peril of the Athenian law.
The emendation in our text is Hamner's, by which the
violent ellipses of Q. 1, and the unrhymatical line of the
other old copies, are both avoided.

239. Line 178: But, like in sickness.—Qu. Ff. read "a
sickness;" the emendation is Farmer's conjecture.

241. Lines 196, 197:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Hermia says above (lines 194, 195):
Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.
To which Helena answers:
So methinks:
And I have found, &c.
Meaning that Demetrius, to her eye, partakes of this
double nature, being like a jewel which is now her own,
but lately seemed not to be her own. Compare Merchant
of Venice, Ill. 2, 26:
And so, though yours, not yours.

243. Lines 213-215.—Is the forgetfulness of Bottom here
genuine; or is he ashamed to confess, even to himself, a
thing so humiliating to his self-conceit as that he had
thought himself, for a time, an ass with a real ass's head?
I am inclined to believe that his unwillingness to mention
the exact nature of his dream is due to the latter cause.

248. Line 225: I shall sing if at her death.—Theobald
very ingeniously proposed "after death," i.e. Bottom,
having been killed in Pyramus, would come to life again
and sing the ballad. But, as his mind is fall of "The
most lamentable Comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe," he
means, most probably, after Thisbe's death.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

248. Line 14: a thing of naught.—Qu. and F. 1 have of
nought; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 of naught. There is no doubt that
Flute understands the word "parenseur" in its worst sense,
and therefore since, as Mr. Aldis Wright points out, naught
naught and naught are etymologically the same, the two
different senses of the word being distinguished by the
spelling, it is better to adopt the spelling which indicates
the sense intended. Compare Richard III. I. 1. 97-99:

Brat. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.
Glen. Naught. to do with Mistress Shore: I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, &c.
The humour of these few sentences of dialogue (lines 14-
14) is excellent. Note the genuine high opinion the
speakers have of Bottom's talents; there is no jealousy of
his admitted superiority. The touch of Flute's correcting
the mistake of Quince, who has hitberto exercised a
kind of managerial authority over the company, is very
good.

261. Lines 19, 20: Thus hath he lost sixpence a day
during his life.—This speech evidently refers to some real
case of an actor having been pensioned, for a good per-
formance, by Queen Elizabeth. Steevens says that Thomas
Preston, the title-page of whose Cambises Shakespeare
has already ridiculed in the title of "The most Lament-
able Comedy," &c. "acted a part in John Ritwicke's play
of Dido before Queen Elizabeth at Cambridge, in 1564; and
the Queen was so well pleased, that she bestowed on him a
pension of twenty pounds a year, which is little more than a
shilling a day" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 307).

265. Line 29: I am to discourse wonders.—Compare Two
Gent. of Verona, Ill. 1. 50:
I am to break with thee of some affairs.

266. Line 30: our play is preferred.—Generally ex-
plained by the commentators as meaning "is preferred,
or offered for acceptance;" as we talk of "preferring a
request." But it has not more probably the sense of
"preferred to the dignity (of being acted before the
Duke)"? Compare Richard III. IV. 2. 52:

And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

ACT V. Scene 1.

267. Line 4: such soothing brains.—Compare Winter's
Tale, Ill. 3. 64, 65: "Would any but these boiled brains
of nineteen and two, and twenty hunt this weather?" In
that passage "boiled" means overheated; but in the pas-
sage quoted by Malone from the Tempest, v. 1. 68, it has
a different signification, and means "sodden" (with the
ACT V. Scene 1.

NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

355. Line 59: That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.—The proposed emendations of this passage are as numerous and ingenious as they are unnecessary. Almost every commentator seems to have thought it his duty to propose some alteration in the text; but not one appears to have noticed that the expression wondrous strange is used by Shakespeare in two other passages, in Hamlet, i. 5. 104: 'O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!'

And in III. Henry VI. ii. 1. 33:

'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of:

and that, as the text stands, it makes sufficiently good sense. It is quite true that hot ice presents a perfect antithesis, and that wondrous strange snow does not; but what are the two corresponding phrases in the former line?

Merry and tragical! tedious and brief:

Now merry and tragical are absolutely opposed; but tedious and brief, though, as a rule, opposites, are not necessarily so. For it is quite possible to be brief and yet to be tedious, in the sense of being wearisome. We all remember the story of the clergyman, who, having preached a short sermon before Canning, asked the great statesman his opinion of it afterwards: 'What did you think of my sermon?' 'Well, it was not long.' 'No,' the clergyman answered, 'I was afraid of being tedious.' 'But,' answered Canning, 'you were tedious.'

The word strange has many meanings; and one of them is that which is contrary to the nature of the person or thing to which it applies. One of the synonyms for strange, given in Cotgrave, is reveres; and surely we get from that word, very nearly, the meaning of 'that which is contrary to itself.'

366. Line 69: Made mine eyes water.—Supply It before made.

For examples of a similar elliptical construction, compare As You Like It, i. 1. 2: 'beguished me by will;' i.e. (he) bequeathed, &c.; and Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 90:

If they should speak, would almost damn those ears, where would=they (would).

367. Line 70: The passion of loud laughter.—See note 175, Love's Labour's Lost.

368. Line 74: Their unbreath'd memories.—See note 212, Love's Labour's Lost.

359. Lines 81–83.—It may be noted that, although Shakespeare ridicules those entertainments and interludes, which were presented by the rustic amateurs before great people, yet he, at the same time, furnishes the best and most generous defence of them; and teaches us how such simple-minded, if ridiculous, efforts should be treated by all persons of good breeding. Compare with this passage and the subsequent one (lines 39–92) the speech of the Princess in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 516–521. Indeed, the whole of this scene may be compared with the portion of that scene which relates to the performance of the Interlude of The Nine Worthies, and the comments of the spectators.

360. Lines 91, 92:

And what poor duty was, but cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.

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ACT V. Scene 1.  

NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.  

Q3. and F1. read:

And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.

Various emendations have been suggested. I am responsible for the reading in our text, which differs but little from Coleridge's conjecture:

And what poor duty cannot do, yet would.

There is no necessity for altering the second sentence; "the sense being," as Mr. Aldis Wright explains it, "noble respect or consideration accepts the effort to please without regard to the merit of the performance"


361. Lines 93-99.—These lines may have been suggested by some of the addresses received by Queen Elizabeth in her various "progresses." They contain an excellent hint to princes who suffer under a plethora of such addresses nowadays, and to the various officials who have to make such addresses.

362. Line 107: (Flourish of trumpets.—Compare Dekker's Gull's Hornbook for an illustration of the custom of ushering in the Prologue with a Flourish of Trumpets: Present not yourself on the stage, especially at a new play, until the quaking Prologue hath by rubbing got colour into his cheeks, and is ready to give the trumpets their cue that he is upon point to enter; for then it is time, as though you were one of the properties, or that you dropped out of the hangings, to creep from behind the arras, with your tripods or three-footed stool in one hand, &c." [Reprint (Bristol, 1812), pp. 142, 143].

363. Lines 108-117.—For a similar instance of a comical perversion of sense by misplacing stopes, compare Ralph Boaster Dolster, III. 4:

M. Merry [reads:]

Sweet Mistress, where as I love you nothing at all,
Regarding your substance and riches chief of all;
For your person, beauty, demeanour and wit,
I commend me unto you never a whit.

Sorry to hear report of your good welfare,
For, (as I hear say) such your conditions are,
That ye be worthy favour of no living man;
To be abhorred of every honest man.

—Dodd's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 117.

It is a letter which Ralph has written to Mistress Cusstance from a copy furnished him by a Scrivener, and which Matthew Merrygreek reads out for him, making the mistakes purposely. The Prologue in the text ought to be stopped thus:

If we offend, it is with our good will
That you should think we come not to offend;
But with good will to show our simple skill:
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then: we come; but in despite
We do not come: as minding to content you,
Our true intent is all for your delight;
We are not here that you should here repent you.—
The actors are at hand; and by their show
You shall know all that you are like to know.

364. Lines 124, 125: like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government. — Compare what Hamlet says, speaking with a recorder in his hand: “Govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb” (III. 2. 372, 373). The recorder was an instrument having six holes, like a small flageolet. It is mentioned in Ralph Boaster Dolster (1660), ii. 1:

Then to our recorder with toodlesoo doop.

—Dodd's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 87.

365. Line 131: This beauteous lady Thesby is certain.

—Steevens is no doubt right in supposing that Shakespeare intended to ridicule the frequent use of certain, accented on the last syllable, as a rhyme in old English poetry. He gives several instances from Wynkyn de Worde (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 518).

366. Lines 147, 148:

Whereat, with blade, with bloody shameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.

In ridicule of the alliteration, so common an affectation in the English poetry of the seventeenth century, of which almost any number of instances might be given.

367. Line 164. And this the cranry is.—So in Golding’s Ovid (1567), Metamorphoses, book iv.:

The wall that parted house from house had risen therein a cranry
Which shroseke at making of the wall. This fault not markes of any
Of many hundred yeares before (what doth not lose espie)
These louners first of all found out, and made a way thereby
To talk to gather secretly, &c.

In the original the passage is:

Fissus erat tenum rima, quam duxerat olim,
Quam seeret paries domul comminus utrique:
Id vicit nulli per secula longa notarium,
Quid non sentit amor? primum sensitiam amantem;
Et vocis fecisti iter.

—Metam. iv. 66-69.

368. Lines 168, 169: It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.—Farmer proposed to read “in discourse,” supposing the reference to be to the many partitions into which argumentative writings and sermons were divided. The sense of partition in French = score (in music) does not seem to have existed in Shakespeare’s time.

369. Line 168.—This speech of Bottom’s, in which he forgets all about his assumed character, and answers directly the critical observation of Theseus, is a very humorous touch; his intense self-consciousness will not let him be quiet.

370. Lines 208, 209: Now is the wall down between the two neighbours.—Q3. read: “Now is the Moon used between;” F1. “Now is the morall downe between.” Mr. Aldis Wright suggests that the reading of Q3. which is evidently nonsense, arose from some stage-direction having got into the text; and it is quite possible that the word moonshine was written here, in the margin, to indicate that the actor, who represented Moonshine, was to be ready to come on. The reading of F1. is, undoubtedly, a corruption; and although the somewhat extravagant emulation of Pope, “the mural” = the wall, has been generally accepted, we have preferred the much simpler one in the text, which was given in the Collier MS. It is a very obvious one, as mural might easily be a blunder for wall; and below we have (line 356), “the wall is down that parted their fathers.” It is possible that there was a proverbial expression “The wall is down between the neighbours” = “The cause of difference between them is
ACT V. Scene 1.

NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

at an end. We know that, from time immemorial, neighbours have not always been the best friends.

27. Lines 214–216.—This speech of Theseus should serve as a motto, and as a philosophical consolation, to those who, in search of amusement, are induced to witness a more or less inadequate performance. So little scope is left in our theatres nowadays to the imagination of an audience, that they must not complain if, to keep that quality from rusting, they have to exercise it in imagining the acting.

27. Line 277: No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam.—Q. F. read “A lion fell.” Some editors retain the old reading, and give instances, such as the following from Sonnet 9. 10:

But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissemble one foolish heart from serving thee.

where nor, which applies to both members of the sentence, is omitted before the first. But the no before lion's dam seems to point to no, and not a, as the right reading before lion; for which reason we have adopted Rowe's emendation.

27. Line 299: 't were pity on my life.—See above, note 150.

27. Line 243: This lantern doth the horned moon present.—Douce thinks horned “refers to the material of which the lantern was made” (p. 121). Very possibly; but, from Theseus' speech below (lines 246, 247), it is evident the reference was also to the horns of the new or crescent moon, which, of course, when it is half moon or more, are hidden within the circumference.

27. Line 249: Myself the man I the moon do seem to be.—Rolfe says: “Grimm (Deutsche Mythologie, p. 412) informs us that there are three legends connected with the Man in the Moon: the first, that this personage was Issac carrying a bundle of sticks for his own sacrifice; the second, that he was Cain; and the third, taken from the history of the Sabbath-breaker in the Book of Numbers” (xv. 23). The man was stoned to death for his offence.

27. Line 254: it is already in snuff.—See Love's Labour’s Lost, note 166.

27. Lines 283, 284: this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.—Ben Jonson's Masque, “News from the New World,” two Heralds are relating to Factor how Poetry has sent “a servant of hers in search of truth” to the Moon, to which Factor answers: “Where? which is he? I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bush of thorns at his back, ere I believe it;” and, in the next speech but one, the second Herald answers: “These are stake ensigns of the stage's man in the moon, delivered down to you by musty antiquity” (Works, vol. vii. p. 255). Possibly there was a reference intended to this scene.

27. Lines 275, 276:

Lys. And so the lion vanisht.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Arranged according to Spedding's suggestion. In Q. and F. the order is reversed. Steevens, quite unnecessarily, adopts Farmer's conjecture.

Dem. And so COMES Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vanishes.

27. Line 279: For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams.—Q. and F. read beams, which is most probably a mistake. F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 streams; but gleams is Knight's proposed emendation, adopted by Staunton and others. It suits the alliterative character of the line better than streams.

27. Line 291: Cut thread and thrum.—Nares explains thrum: “The tufted part beyond the tie, at the end of the warp, in weaving; or any collection or tuft of short thread.” Compare Merry Wives, iv. 2. 90: “her thrummed hat,” i.e. a hat made of weavers' tufts or thrums.

27. Line 298: Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame.—Bottom would seem to have forgotten some part of this line; for the metre is not complete without the interpolated correction, and all the other lines of this “most lamentable comedy,” whatever their poetic merit, do at least scan. This line would read without the correction:

Which is the fairest dame,

a line grievously deficient in syllables. But, probably, the line was meant to stand as it does in the text of the “most lamentable comedy;” the touch of Pyramus forgetting, for the moment, that his love, believed to be dead, must be spoken of in the past, and not in the present tense, was taken to be one of the supposed poet's great points.

27. Lines 316–318: he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.—Omitted in F., perhaps on account of the statute of James I. prohibiting the use of the name of God on the stage.

27. Line 330: And thus she moans, videlicet.—Q. F. read means. The emendation is Theobald's. Ritson maintained that means here = menes; to menes or means, is a word still used in Scotch as = to moan or lament.

27. Line 330: a Bergomask dance.—Hammer explains that this “is a dance after the manner of the peasants of Bergomase, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people; and from thence it became also a custom to imitate them in a dance of dancing” (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 333). He means Bergano, the people of which appear to have been sometimes called Bergamaschi. Cotgrave gives “Bergamaques;” and Florio gives “Bergamo, a Zane in a Comedy.” I think Mr. Aldis Wright is not quite correct in saying that “The Italian Zanni (our ‘zany’) is a contraction for Giovanni in the dialect of Bergano, and is the nickname for a peasant of that place” (Clarendon Press Ed. p. 144). Zane is given by Florio as “the name of John in some parts of Lombardy, but commonly used for a silly John,” &c. Zanni Florio gives as = “Atteldni . . . Canting Cunny-catchers;” and I believe the use of Zane (in the above sense) is by no means confined to Bergano and its neighbourhood.

27. Lines 387–388.—Compare the following speech in Marston’s Second Part of Antonio and Mellida (ill. 3), obviously imitated from the passage in our text:

Now barks the wolfe against the fuller cheekt moon;
Now lyons half-clam’d entrails roar for food;
NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT V. Scene 1.

Now croakes the toad, and night crows screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departed souls;
Now gapes the graves, and through their yawnes let loose
Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth.

—Works, vol. i. p. 111.

386. Line 391: By the triple Hecate's team.—Hecate is called triple because of her threefold sovereignty in heaven, on earth, and in hell. Compare Drayton, The Man in the Moon, 476-478:

So the great three most powerfull of the rest,
Phoebe, Diana, Hecate, do tell,
Her dominion in heauen, in earth and hell.

387. Lines 410, 411:

To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall be blessed be.

Steevens gives from "Articles ordained by King Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Household" the regulations to be observed at the ceremony of blessing the nuptual bed at the marriage of a princess: "All men at her coming in to bee voided, except woemen, till shee bee brought to her bed; and the man both; he sitting in his bed in his shirt, with a gowne cast about him. Then the Bishoppe, with the Chaplaines, to come in, and bless the bed; that everie man to avoide without any drinke save the two estates, if they list, priviliege.(p. 129)."

(Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 333). Douce gives the form, to be used on this occasion, from the Sarum Missal. Owing to the festivities on the wedding night being unduly prolonged, in 1577, according to Douce, the Archbishop of Paris ordained "that the ceremony of blessing the nuptial bed should for the future be performed in the day time, or at least before supper, and in the presence only of the bride and bridegroom, and of their nearest relations" (p. 124).

388. Line 419: Nor mark prodigious.—Compare King John, iii. 1. 45-47:

Full of upspringing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, stately, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks.

389. Line 422: With this field-dew consecrate.—Compare, for this form of "consecrat," Sonnet lxxiv. 6:

The very part was consecrat to thee.

390. Lines 424, 425:

And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace.

The ceremony of blessing all the rooms in an "apartment," or house, is still preserved in some Roman Catholic countries. At Rome, the ceremony was used to come round to all the houses with holy water and an aspergillus, and bless the several rooms. Chaucer gives a form of this blessing of a house (not the canonical one) in The Miller's Tale, 3480-3486:

On fourbe halves of the houe aboue,
And on threestowhere of the dorre without.
Jesse Crist, and Sainct Benedight.
Blisse this hous from every wicked wight,
Fro the rightes mare, the wite Fater-noster.

391. Lines 426, 427:

And the owner of it bless
Ever shall in safety rest.

In Qq. and Ff. these lines are transposed. We have followed Staunton's arrangement.

392. Line 440: Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue.—Steevens quotes J. Markham's English Arcadia, 1607:

"But the nymph, after the custom of distrest tragedians, whose first act is entertained with a study satiation, &c."


ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note
75. ii. 1. 42: I am, thou speakest aight. So Dr. Johnson.
222. iv. 1. 112: Uncouple in the valley; let them go.

Note
290. v. 1. 91, 92:

And what poor duty would, but cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note
177. iii. 2. 53-55:

and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so dis-ease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.

So Hanmer.

Note
188. iii. 2. 257, 258:

No, no; he'll not stir;
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow.

So Jackson.
WORDS PECULIAR TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed in F. 1 as two separate words.

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<td>Murrion</td>
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<td>800</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Grim-looked</em></td>
<td>v. 1</td>
<td>171</td>
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<td>iv. 1</td>
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<td>Purple-in-grain</td>
<td>i. 2</td>
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<td>Coy* (verb)</td>
<td>iv. 1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Lily-white</em> *8</td>
<td>i. 1</td>
<td>95</td>
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<td>Quern</td>
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<td>Crannied</td>
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<td>Crescent (sub.)</td>
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<td>Lob</td>
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<td>Rere-mice</td>
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decide | i. 1 | 27      |      |                    | |
| Dewberries | iii. 1 | 109    |      | Love
decide | i. 2 | 89      |      |                    | |
| Dewlap  | i. 1 | 50     |      | Love-shaft | ii. 1 | 150     |      |                    | |
| Engilda  | iii. 2 | 187    |      | Love-tokens | i. 1 | 29      |      |                    | |
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| Entwist  | i. 1 | 48     |      |                    |            |        |                    | |

1 Occurs four times in v. 1, lines 134, 139, 178, 194. Ciesz-money, occurs in Rom. and Jul. i. 2. 114. 9 It is the sense of "to cause. This verb occurs in Coriolanus, v. 1. 6 — "to consent with reluctance."
KING RICHARD II.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

F. A. MARSHALL.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.
JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster, \{ uncles to the King.
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York, \{ uncles to the King.
HENRY, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt;
    afterwards King Henry IV.
DUKE OF AUERLE, son to the Duke of York.
THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.
DUKE OF SURREY.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
LORD BERKLEY.
SIR JOHN BUSKY.
SIR WILLIAM BAGOT, \} servants to King Richard.
SIR HENRY GREEN, \} Earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son.
LORD ROSS.
LORD WILLOUGHBY.
LORD FITZWATER.
BISHOP OF CARLISLE.
ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.
LORD MARSHAL.
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
SIR PIERS OF EXTON.
CAPTAIN of a band of Welshmen.

QUEEN to King Richard.
DUCHESS of YORK.
DUCHESS of GLOSTER.
LADY attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom,
and other Attendants.

SCENE AND HISTORIC PERIOD.

The Scene is laid in England and Wales; and the Historic Period is from 29th April, 1398,
to the beginning of March, 1400.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of this play, according to Daniel, comprises fourteen daya.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 2: Act I. Scene 2.—Interval.
Day 3: Act I. Scene 3.—Interval.
Day 4: Act I. Scene 4; Act II. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 5: Act II. Scene 2.—Interval.
Day 6: Act II. Scene 3.—Interval.
Day 7: Act II. Scene 4; Act III. Scene 1.

Day 8: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval.
Day 9: Act III. Scene 3.—Interval.
Day 10: Act III. Scene 4.—Interval.
Day 11: Act IV. Scene 1; Act V. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 12: Act V. Scenes 2, 3, and 4.—Interval.
Day 13: Act V. Scene 5.—Interval.
Day 14: Act V. Scene 6.

1 We have adopted the arrangement of the characters,
as to precedence, given in the Cambridge Edition, in

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KING RICHARD II.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

Four editions in Quarto of this play were published before the date of the first Folio, 1633. It appears that the Tragedy of Richard II. was entered on the Stationers' Register by Andrew Wise on 29th August, 1597; the full title-page of this edition (Quarto) being:

The Tragedie of King Ri- | chard the Se- | cond. | As it hath beene publi- | cally acted | by the right Honourable the | Lorde Chamber- | laine his Ser- | vant. | LONDON. | Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his Shop in Paules church yard at the signe of the Angel. | 1597 | (Q. 1).

The next edition (Q. 2) was published in 1598, when the author's name was first added: “By William Shake-speare.” The third edition (Q. 3) was published in 1608:

Printed by W. W. for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe. | 1608 | (Q. 3).

Of this edition there was a second issue in the same year with the following title-page:

The Tragedie of King Richard the Se- | cond: | with new additions of the Parlia- | ment Scene, and the depopling | of King Richard, | As it hath been lately acted by the Kings | Maiesties Servantes, at the Globe. | by William Shake-speare. | At London, | Printed by W. W. for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the Signe of the Foxe. | 1608 |

A fifth edition (Q. 4) was published in 1615: the title-page was substantially the same as that of the second issue of the last edition, except that it is stated to be “Printed for Mathew Law.”

The Cambridge Editors say: “Each of these quartos was printed from its immediate predecessor. The third however contains an important addition, found in all the extant copies of Q. 3, amounting to 165 lines, viz. act iv. sc. 1, lines 154–318. This is what is meant by ‘the new additions of the Parliament Scene’ mentioned in the title-pages of some copies of Q. 3, and in that of Q. 4. These ‘new additions’ are found also in the first and following Folios, and in Q. 5. The play, as given in the first Folio, was no doubt printed from a copy of Q. 4, corrected with some care, and prepared for stage representation. Several passages have been left out with a view of shortening the performance. In the ‘new additions of the Parliament scene’ it would appear that the defective text of the Quarto had been corrected from the author’s MS. For this part therefore the first Folio is our highest authority: for all the rest of the play the first Quarto affords the best text.” (Cambridge Edn. vol. iv. page ix.)

The fifth edition (Q. 5), 1634, was printed from the Second Folio; but, as the Cambridge Editors remark: “its readings sometimes agree with one or other of the earlier quartos, and in a few cases are entirely independent of previous editions.” The title-page is substantially the same as that of the two last editions except that it was “Printed by John Norton.”

Shakespeare seems to have taken his material chiefly from Holinshed’s Chronicles, which he follows indeed very closely; for some touches he may have been indebted to Hall. Messrs. Clark and Wright, in their preface to this play (Clarendon Press Series), say that it is evident that Shakespeare “used the second edition of Holinshed, published in 1586–7, from the fact that the withering of the bay-trees (ii. 4. 8) is recorded in that edition alone, and not in the first of 1577.”

It seems to be the opinion of most editors that there were at least two other plays on
KING RICHARD II.

the same subject, besides Shakespeare's. Mr. Stokes in his work on the Chronological order of Shakespeare's plays mentions a third entitled: "The Tragedy of Richard II., concluding with the murder of the Duke of Gloster at Calais," which was reprinted in 1870. The first of these two plays is thought to have been the one acted in 1601, on the afternoon preceding the day of the rebellion of Essex, in the presence of Sir Gilly Merrick and others of the followers of Essex. In the State Paper Office the following document is preserved:

"The exam of Augustyne Phillyppe, servvant unto the L. Chamberleyne, and one of his players, taken the xviiijth of Februarij, 1600[-1], upon hyss othe.

"He sayeth that on Fryday last was sennycht, or Thursday, S' Charles Pryce, or Joystyne Pryce, and the L. Montege, with some thre more, spake to some of the players, in the presens of thys exam to have the playe of the depoyng and kyllynge of Kyng Rychard the Second to be played the Saterday next, promysing to geve them xi more then their ordnyary to play yt; when this exam and hys fellowes were determyned to have played some other play, holdeynge that play of Kyng Rychard to be so old, and so long out of yous (use), that they should have small or no company at yt. But at theire request, this exam and his fellowes were content to play it the Saterday, and have theise xi more then theire ordnyary for yt, and so played yt accordynge.

Augustine Phillipps.

Ex per Jo. Popham.
Edw. Anderson.
Edw. Fenner."

I confess, that, from the last document quoted, I cannot see why the play alluded to should not have been that of Shakespeare, which is supposed to have been written about 1594; and at any rate to have been acted some time before it was first published. Surely, in 1601, to actors who were in the habit of playing three or four different pieces every week, this play might have seemed "old and long out of use;" and, however high may be the opinion held by some critics of Richard II., it must be confessed that it is one which from its deficiency in dramatic interest was likely to be shelved when it had ceased to have any particular political application.2

Messrs. Clark and Wright maintain that "it is certain the play represented at Merrick's instigation was not Shakespeare's play." [Preface to Richard II. (Clarendon Press Series), page 5.] They add: "And it would be difficult to conceive any play less likely to serve the ends of the conspirators than this of Shakespeare even with the deposition scene, in which the sympathies of the audience during the later acts are powerfully attracted to the unfortunate King. And besides, the conspirators were most anxious to disclaim any attempt upon their Sovereign's life." But that Queen Elizabeth was often compared with Richard II. is quite clear; and the displeasure which she showed at Sir John Hayward's publication of his History of the First Year of the Reign of Henry IV., for which he was censured by the Star Chamber, and committed to prison, proves how touchy she was upon this subject.3 It is also highly probable that the lines, iv. 1. 154-318, which are said in the second issue of the

2 For the special political application which Richard II. must have had when first written, see the paper by the late Richard Simpson on the Politics of Shakespeare's Historical Plays. (New Shakespeare Society's Transactions, 1874, Pt. 2, pp. 406-11.)

3 Stanton says in his introduction to this play that Queen Elizabeth "in a conversation with the accomplished William Lambard, twelve months afterwards, on the occasion of his presenting her with his pandect of her Rolls in the Tower, when, looking through the records, she came to the reign of Richard II. she remarked: 'I am Richard II. know ye not that?' Lambarde replied, in allusion to the Essex attempt, 'Such a wicked imagination was determined and attempted by a most unkind gent, the most adored creature that ever your Majesty made;' to which her Majesty rejoined: 'He that will forget God, will also forget his benefactors: this tragedy was played 40th times in open streets and houses.'" The authority for this quotation in Collier's edition (vol. III, p. 212) is Thorpe's Costumale Roffense (p. 98). I failed to find the passage in Thorpe's Works at the British Museum; but, granting that Elizabeth was accurate, the statement that this tragedy had been played 40 times "in open streets and houses" might be considered by Messrs. Clark and Wright, and those who agree with them, as tending to prove the tragedy could not have been Shakespeare's Richard II.
INTRODUCTION.

Third Quarto to have been new additions, were part of the original play of Shakespeare; but were suppressed in the former editions on account of their being likely to give offence to Queen Elizabeth. It seems to me that the purposes of the co-conspirators of Essex would have been sufficiently served by the representation of Shakespeare's play, even though it did not exactly foreshadow their scheme; and the more so, perhaps, because the sympathies of the audience were invited in favour of the deposed and murdered king, since that very fact would seem to acquit them of any disloyal intention; while the references in the earlier portions of the play to fiscal oppressions, and the evil influences of favourites, would recall to the audience those grievances which the people of England had suffered, and were then suffering, under Queen Elizabeth's rule. In the State Trials, vol. vii. page 50, according to Tyrwhitt (see Var. Ed. Preface to Richard II. vol. xvi. p. 5), occurs the following passage: "The story of Henry IV. being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage; the Friday before, Sir Gilly Merrick and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have the play of Henry IV. The players told them that was stale; they should get nothing by playing that; but no play else would serve: and Sir Gilly Merrick gives forty shillings to Phillips, the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get." 

Surely Shakespeare's play of King Richard II. answers quite closely enough to this description; while the mistake of calling it "the play of Henry IV." is one that might be easily made, considering that Bolingbroke is the real hero of the play; that it was a mistake is evident from the fact that Bacon, in his "Declaration of the Practices and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert late Earl of Essex and his complices against her Majesty and her Kingdoms," calls it "the play of deposing King Richard the Second;" and Augustine Phillipps, in his Declaration (quoted above), calls it "the play of the depoeyng and kyllyng of Kyng Rychard the Second." The only fact therefore that really militates against the theory that the play represented was Shakespeare's Richard II. is the fact that Phillipps describes it as "so old and so long out of use." But is it not likely that a fellow-player of Shakespeare might be guilty of a little exaggeration on such a subject, and might not be sorry to take the opportunity of depreciating his fellow-actor's play? On the whole, then, I confess I cannot see any proof that the play represented at Merrick's instigation was not Shakespeare's; while, from the description given of it, there is every reason to suppose that it was.

With regard to the second play on the subject of Richard II. its existence appears only to be known from the Diary of Dr. Simon Forman, who witnessed at the Globe Theatre, 1611, a play called Richard II. which he says began with Wat Tyler's rebellion. From the points in the play noted by Forman, and the names of the characters which he gives, it is evident that this play could not have been Shakespeare's. In some respects it seems to have been based upon the old play of The Life and Death of Jack Straw, 1593 (see Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. v.); but a great many of the incidents mentioned are not found in that play; and it does not seem to have treated of the deposition and death of Richard II. but of the events in the earlier part of his reign.

A brief account of the Play "The Tragedy of Richard II." referred to in the Notes as the "Egerton MS. Play."—This play, which is contained in a volume of MS. plays, originally in the Egerton Library and now in the British Museum, deserves some special notice. It is evidently a copy which was used in the playhouse, and contains many stage directions in the margin. Eleven copies of it were printed by Mr. Halliwell; but it is almost impossible to obtain one; and I am indebted to his kindness for the use of his own copy. It is printed verbatim and literatim from the MS.: and therefore, as the very defective punctuation and spelling are religiously preserved, it is difficult, even from the printed copy, to form a fair idea of the merit of the play. But that it does

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1 This seems to be part of the Attorney General Bacon's speech at the trial.
KING RICHARD II.

possess considerable merit in the variety of its incidents and characters, and in its humour and satire, will be plain to anyone who will take the trouble to read it through. There is nothing, as far as I can ascertain at present, to indicate its authorship. The events treated of are, principally, those which occurred in what may be called the middle portion of King Richard's reign; and, as it ends with the murder of Gloucester at Calais, it does not embrace any portion of the period of Shakespeare's play. The hero is "plain Thomas" of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, whose character is represented in a far more favourable light than that in which it is regarded by most historians. The sequence of historical events is utterly disregarded; but, as a vivid picture of some of the abuses—especially those relating to fiscal matters—which distinguished the reign of Richard II. the play has, perhaps, even some historical value. It commences with an unsuccessful attempt to poison the king's uncles at a banquet. This is followed by a scene between Tressilian, Green, and Bagot. It is somewhat remarkable that both of the latter, and Bushy, are very prominent characters in this play; although, at that period of his reign, they do not seem to have exercised any very particular influence over the king; nor are they mentioned by any of the chroniclers until after the successful conspiracy which resulted in the removal of Gloucester. The coronation of Queen Anne follows; then we have the scene in which the king claims the right to rule alone, as having attained his majority. In the third act the king takes his queen, Anne, to see his sumptuous hall at Westminster; then we have a very amusing scene descriptive of the mode of collecting those blank charters to which Shakespeare alludes more than once. The fourth act contains the arrangement for the farming of the kingdom to Green, Bagot, Bushy, and Scroop; and the plot, successfully carried out by the king and his minions, for seizing Gloucester and conveying him to Calais. The fifth act contains the murder of Gloucester; and a scene, in which some liberties are taken with history, representing the death of Green, among other incidents, in a battle between the king and his followers on the one side, and his uncles on the other. The last act is not quite complete; but the missing portion must be very small and, probably, unimportant. For a more detailed account of this very interesting play, I must refer to my paper read before the New Shakspere Society, April 10th, 1885. The result of the discussion which followed was an unanimous agreement, on the part of those who had examined the MS., that the play was undoubtedly later than Shakespeare's, and probably as late as 1630.

As for its literary merits, it will suffice to say here that the blank verse contains many spirited passages; and that, although it never rises to any high level of poetry, there is much vigorous writing, and no little dignity and rough pathos, in some of the speeches assigned to Woodstock. The prose portions of the play are distinguished by more pregnant wit than is generally found in anonymous plays of this period.

STAGE HISTORY.

Richard II. never seems to have been popular upon the stage. It always laboured under the disadvantage of being too exclusively political a play; and this disadvantage seems to have interfered with its production at the theatre, long after the time when one would have thought that its political allusions could have had any personal application. Meres mentions it (in Palladia Tamia) amongst Shakespeare's tragedies which had made his name famous before 1598. It was one of the plays which Captain Peeling allowed to be acted before him on board his ship The Dragon, on September 30th, 1607 (see Ingleby's Centuries of Prayse, p. 79). Sir Henry Herbert mentions it as having been acted on June 12th, 1631; it was one of the plays presented for his half-yearly benefit. The following is the extract, quoted by Malone, referring to this circumstance: "Received of Mr. Shanke, in the name of the kings company, for the benefit of their summer day, upon ye second day of Richard ye Second, at the Globe, this 12 of June, 1631,—5l. 6s. 6d."

Dryden in his preface to Troilus and Cressida, or Truth Found Too Late, 1679, praises
very highly the speech describing Bolingbroke’s entry into London (act v. sc. 1. lines 23–36); but it does not appear whether Dryden had ever seen the play acted.

The first record we have of any attempt to revive it after the Restoration, was at the Theatre Royal, in 1681, when Nahum Tate brought out a very free adaptation of this play, which he called the Sicilian Usurper; the names of the characters were all changed; but in spite of this precaution, and the numberless alterations, omissions, and additions, made chiefly with the object of inculcating in the play lessons of loyalty, we learn that “it was silenced on the third day;” the authority at court, answering to our Lord Chamberlain, having suppressed it without taking the trouble to read it, according to Tate’s plaintive account: “I confess I expected it would have found protection from whence it received prohibition; and so questionless it would, could I have obtained my petition to have it perused, and dealt with according as the contents deserved, but a positive doom of suppression, without examination, was all that I could procure—for the two days in which it was acted, the change of the scene, names of persons, &c., was a great disadvantage—I called my persons Sicilians, but might as well have made them inhabitants of the World in the Moon.” [See Genest (vol. i. p. 294), where a very interesting account of the alterations, &c., made by Tate is given.] For forty years this play seems to have been unacted, till Theobald tried his hand at mutilating it. Its version was produced on December 10th, 1719, at Lincoln’s Inn Fields. It was acted seven times; Richard II. being played by Ryan, Bolingbroke by Leigh, and the Queen by Mrs. Bullock. Genest says, “With the exception of some speeches which he has judiciously transposed, he omits the 1st and 2d acts of the original play—he lays the scene the whole time at, or before, the Tower.” Theobald, like Tate, seems to have tried his hand at converting York into a consistently loyal character, but with a very poor success. As a specimen of Theobald’s additions, Bolingbroke, finding Richard dying, says in a burst of poetical remorse:—

Ha! Richard! how came this?

to which the King replies:

Question it not;
Content, that all thy fears with me lie bury’d:
Unrival’d, wear the crown.—O Isabella! (dies.)

On February 6th, 1738, “by desire of several ladies of quality” Shakespeare’s play of Richard II. was produced at Covent Garden; Delane playing the part of the King, Ryan that of Bolingbroke, Mrs. Horton the Queen. On this occasion the scene of the lists at Coventry seems to have been represented with some attempt at historical accuracy. According to Genest: “this revival was acted 10 times, and about 4 times in the next season.”

No great actor seems to have thought of again reviving this play, until, in 1815, Edmund Kean appeared (on March 9th) at Drury Lane, in a version by Wroughton, announced as “with considerable alterations and additions from the writings of Shakespeare.” On this memorable occasion Richard II. was played by Kean, Bolingbroke by Elliston, the Queen by Mrs. Bartley; and we find an addition to the Dramatis Personae in the shape of “Blanche (with a song),” in which character Miss Poole appeared. If I mistake not, Wroughton was the prompter of the theatre; and a wonderful otta podrida he seems to have succeeded in making. Amongst the plays he laid under contribution were Henry VI. Parts II. and III., Titus Andronicus, King Lear, Antony and Cleopatra, Troilus and Cressida, and I know not what others. To students of Shakespeare this wonderful piece of mosaic tragedy must have been a real treat; especially the scene in which “the Queen is discovered reclined on a sofa, and one of her ladies sings an air—the Queen in her last speech speaks 5 lines from Titus Andronicus.” (Genest, vol. viii. p. 453.) I wonder that Kean could have consented to appear in such a part as Blanche, where he was daily obliged to be seen drunk.

1 Genest says (vol. iii. p. 554): “Garrick had once resolved on its revival; but his good sense at last overpowered his ambition to raise it to the dignity of the acting list—Garrick’s chief expectations from it, as he himself confessed, would have been founded on scenery displaying the magnificence of our ancient barrières.”

I do not know what authority Genest had for this statement. I can find no reference to such an intention in Davies’ or Fitzgerald’s Life of Garrick.
a dreadful mutilation of Shakespeare; but he does not seem to have achieved any great success in the character although the play was acted thirteen times. In the same year Macready appeared as Richard II. at Bath (on January 28th), in what appears to have been Shakespeare’s own play slightly abbreviated. Genest says: “the play was gotten up at some expense and was well acted—it was however performed but twice, and that to bad houses.”

The last important revival of this play was that produced by the late Charles Kean, at the Princess’s Theatre, on March 12th, 1857. The play was magnificently put upon the stage and, on the whole, very well acted; but the great attraction was the so-called “historical episode” interpolated between act iii. and act iv. in which the entry of Bolingbroke and Richard II. into London, as described by the Duke of York in act v. was represented in action. A “dance of itinerant fools,” introduced into this scene, was a great success. I am afraid many more people went to see the “historical episode” and the “dance of itinerant fools”—most of them very pretty—than would have been attracted by Shakespeare’s play without such gorgeous additions.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

This play has been very much praised by some critics. Coleridge, indeed, would assign to it the first place among Shakespeare’s historical plays. It seems to me that, from whatever point of view we regard it, it is one of his weakest plays. Certainly it contains some fine speeches, but it contains also many tedious and weak passages written in rhyme—the work, as I believe, of a very inferior hand to Shakespeare’s. As a play for the stage, Richard II. is deficient in plot and in character. There is scarcely any female interest, for the Queen is little more than a shadow. If Bolingbroke was intended to be the hero, his gross hypocrisy alienates from us all the sympathy which his gallantry might otherwise excite.

Richard himself is a weak, inconsistent character, as he is presented to us in the first two acts. Both from what he says and from what he does, no less than what other characters tell us about him, we cannot but hold him to be at once mean and profligate. In act i. sec. 7 he affects a tenderness for his uncle John of Gaunt’s feelings, and professes to remit four years of the son’s banishment in deference to the father’s sorrow; but in act ii. sec. 1 his conduct towards the same John of Gaunt when he is dying is simply brutal. (He displays a petty vindictiveness which is thoroughly feminine, and a gross selfishness which seems the only masculine thing about him.) One might forgive him some lack of affection for his uncle; but one can scarcely forgive the indecent haste with which, before the breath is almost out of the noble old man’s body, this epicene king seizes his “plate, coin, revenues and moveables.” It is true that when King Richard finds himself deserted by most of his professsed adherents, and betrayed by others, he gives vent to some very fine sentiments, which might fittingly come from the mouth of a king who, although guilty of misgovernment, was making a brave stand against his enemies; but Richard is doing nothing of the sort. Certainly luck is against him; the Welsh army, on whose support he relied with, perhaps, too much confidence, is hastily broken up under a misunderstanding. That arch-hypocrite York, after talking a great deal about his loyalty, betrays, in the most dastardly manner, the solemn charge which had been placed in his hands as regent. The laborious professions of tenderness for Richard’s feelings and respect for his person which Bolingbroke utters, could scarcely have deceived him even in his weakest moments; but, in spite of the beautiful speeches that he makes, Richard does nothing either brave, or noble, or dignified, in the presence of his misfortunes. He vacillates between picturesque despair and spasmodic self-assertion: his sorrow is more that of a discarded mistress than of a dejected king. At the very end, when he is weakly resigning his undoubted rights as sovereign, he is full of fine sentiments, which he utters in eloquent language; but of the true dignity, which Charles I., for instance, showed in the face of his enemies, he has none. The spirit of his father flares up in him, for a mo-
INTRODUCTION.

ment, when he is attacked by Exton and his small band of assassins; indeed, it may be said of Richard of Bordeaux, as has been said of many more weak-natured persons placed by fate in high positions:

"Nothing in his life
    Became him like the leaving it.

Sympathy with such a character is surely insufficient to sustain the interest of a play so weak as this. It might have been better for dramatic purposes, but less true to nature, if Shakespeare had either ignored Richard's faults entirely, or had unscrupulously blackened Bolingbroke's character. That the latter ever intended anything else, in spite of his protestations and oaths, than seizing the kingdom for himself, no one can doubt, judging at least from what he says and does in this play; but one might have forgiven him that, if he had not thought fit to assume, with such ostentatious hypocrisy, consideration and respect for his lawful sovereign whom he was resolved to depose. Nor does one like Henry Bolingbroke any the better, because he plays that very old trick of ambitious men who hate their rivals, and yet have neither the courage nor the shamelessness—if one may call it so—openly to murder them, but drop cunning hints in the presence of those whom they know will execute their intentions; and then, when the deed is done, and their enemy is out of their way, with a nauseous assumption of outraged virtue, they endeavour to wash their hands of blood-guiltiness.

Of the other characters in the play little need be said. Except the time-serving, plausible York, they are all more or less commonplace. Not a gleam of humour—no, not even in the character of the Gardener—serves to relieve the picture. To compare such a play as this with King John or Henry IV. or, indeed, with any of the other historical plays, except the first part of Henry VI., is an idle task. What is there in Richard II. that can touch the wonderful pathos of Constance; the admirable wit and audacity of the Bastard; the sardonic strength and titanic villainy of Richard III.; to say nothing of that masterpiece, Henry V., every page of which abounds in touches of genius which we look for in vain in this play?

Much emphasis has already been laid upon the political character of this play; and, perhaps, in estimating it as a dramatic work it is only fair to consider that Shakespeare, when compiling it from Holinshed, with or without the aid of an older play on the same subject, had in his mind more the writing of a political satire in a dramatic form, than the construction of a strong play from historical material. Although we have no letters, nor essays, nor journals of Shakespeare's—nothing but his poems and dramatic works, by which to read the history of his intellectual growth—yet we know that he must have been not only a close observer of human nature and life, but a patient gatherer of all materials at his command for the study of human character. The history of the reigns of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth must have been tolerably familiar to him, at least from oral tradition; and it is probable that, in writing Richard II. he was thinking of those spasmodic conversions and convulsive attacks of loyalty, to which many statesmen and courtiers fell victims in those two reigns.

The character of York, certainly, when studied closely, excites our contempt and detestation; but it may be that, in the very gross inconsistencies which he displays—at one moment rebuking his sovereign with dignified courage for his many faults, the next accepting from that sovereign the very greatest position of trust as regent of the kingdom; betraying that trust shortly afterwards, at the same time that he launches stern rebukes against the rebel Bolingbroke; lost in admiration at the majestic appearance of his lawful sovereign in the midst of his misfortunes (iii. 3. 66–71), while making himself, shortly after, the complaisant bearer of that sovereign's unwilling resignation, and urging him, it would almost seem, to that dishonourable course; finally, throwing himself into a paroxysm of virtuous indignation because he finds his son has been plotting against the successful usurper; clamouring for the blood of that son, unmoved by the sight of the weeping mother who pleads for his life, though that mother was his own
KING RICHARD II.

wife:—it may be that, in this revolting monster of inconsistency, Shakespeare deliberately designed to draw a man whose moral character was so weakened by old age, or by inherent blemishes, that he was unable to make up his mind to be either a loyal subject, or an honest rebel. If we accept York as a political satire, and not as a dramatic character with whom we are supposed in any way to sympathize, we must admit that he is a very masterly creation, and one to whom it would be easy to find a parallel in more modern history. Certain it is that every one who has attempted to deal with Richard II. as a work for the stage, has felt it absolutely necessary to modify the character of York; because his inconsistencies, however true to nature, present most insuperable difficulties in actual representation on the stage.

If, therefore, we accept Richard II. as a political satire cast in a dramatic shape, we can give it very high praise; but, as a drama appealing to human sympathies and human passions, it can never take any high rank among its great author's works.
KING RICHARD II.

ACT I.

Scene I. A room in Windsor Castle.

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,¹
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boist'rous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou
sounded him,
If he appeal² the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthy, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
On some apparent³ danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence:
face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
Th' accusing and the accused freely speak:
[Execut some Attendants.

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants with Bolingbroke and Norfolk.

Boling. May many years of happy days
beful
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Nor. Each day still better other's⁴ happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both; yet one but
flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;⁵
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object

¹ Band, bond.
² Appeal, impeach.
³ Apparent, manifest.
⁴ Other's, the other's.
⁵ Come, come on.

VOL. II.
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First,—heaven be the record to my speech!—

In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;

Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;

And wish,—so please my sovereign,—ere I move,

What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me

From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;

Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,—
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,—
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:

And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.

Mean time let this defend my loyalty,—

By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.]

Boling. [Throwing down his glove] Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king,

And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.

If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop:

By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,

What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. [Taking up the glove] I take it up; and by that sword I swear,

Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,

I'll answer thee in any fair degree,

Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:

And when I mount, alive may I not light,

If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?

It must be great that can inherit us

So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true;—

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,

In name of lendings for your highness's soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,

Like a false traitor and injurious villain.

Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—

[Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest verge]

That ever was survey'd by English eye,—

That all the treasons, for these eighteen years

Complotted and contrived in this land,

Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.

Further I say,—and further will maintain

Upon his bad life to make all this good,—

[That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death,

Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,

And consequently, like a traitor coward,

Slovi'd out his innocent soul through streams

of blood:

4 Pawn, i.e. his gage, or glove which he had thrown down.
5 Light, dismount.
6 Inherit us, make us possess.
7 Lendings, loans.
8 Lewd, wicked.
9 Suggest, prompt, set on.
ACT I. Scene 1.

KING RICHARD II.

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries, 104
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;]
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

[K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!

Thomas of Norfolk, what sayest thou to this?—

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,

And bid his ears a little while be deaf,

Till I have told this slander of his blood,

How God and good men hate so foul a liar!

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,—

As he is but my father's brother's son,—

Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,

Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood

Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize.

The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:

He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;

Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.]

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,

Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais

Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers;

The other part reserv'd I by consent,

For that my sovereign liege was in my debt

Upon remainder of a dear account,

Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:

Now swallow down that lie. For Gloster's death,—

I slew him not; but to my own disgrace

Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—

[For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,

The honourable father to my foe,

Once did I lay an ambush for your life,

A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;

But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,

I did confess it; and exactly begg'd

Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.]

This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,

It issues from the rancour of a villain,

A recreant and most degenerate traitor:

Which in myself I boldly will defend;

And interchangeably hurl down my gage

Upon this overweening traitor's foot,

[Throws down his glove, which Bolingbroke picks up.

To prove myself a loyal gentleman

Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.

In haste whereof, most heartily I pray

Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;

Let's purge this cholera without letting blood:

[This we prescribe, though no physician;

Deep malice makes too deep incision;]

Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;

Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.—

Good uncle, let this end where it begun;

We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become

my age:

Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

[Gaunt. When, Harry, when?]

Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:

[The one my duty owes; but my fair name,

That lives, despite of death, upon my grave,

To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have;]

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffl'd here,

Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,

[The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood

Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:—

Give me his gage:—lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear lord,]
ACT I. Scene 2.

KING RICHARD II.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is—spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
[ A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast. ]
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do
you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such
foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard! Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with such feeble
wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive¹ of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mow-
bray's face.

[Exit Gaunt.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to
command;
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon St. Lambert's day: 199
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
[ Since we can not atone² you, we shall see
Justice design³ the victor's chivalry. ]
Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. London. A room in the Duke of
Lancaster's palace of the Savoy.

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT with the DUCHESS
OF GLOSTER.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's⁴
blood⁵
Doth more solicit me than your exclama-
tions,⁶
To stir against the butchers of his life!

But since correction lieth in those hands 4
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper
spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire? 10
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one
root:
Some of those seven are dri'd by nature's
course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Glo-
ter, ¹
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal
root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all
faded, 20
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that
womb,
That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd
thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'rt and
breath'st,²
Yet art thou slain in him; thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model³ of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair: 29
In suff'ring thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we intitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own
life,
The best way is—to venge my Gloster's death.¹

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's sub-
stitute,
His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrong-
fully,

¹ Motive, the tongue. ² Alone, reconcile.
³ Design, show by a sign or token.
⁴ Woodstock, Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester.
⁵ The part I had, &c., i.e. the relationship I bore to
Gloster.
⁶ Exclamns, exclamations.
⁷ Model, image.
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift 40
An angry arm against His minister.

_Duch._ Where then, alas, may I complain
myself? 1

_Gaunt._ To God, the widow's champion and
defence.

_Duch._ Why, then, I will. Farewell, old
Gaunt.

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's
spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom, 50
That they may break his foaming courser's
back,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's
wife
With her companion grief must end her
life.

_Gaunt._ Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee as go with
me!

_Duch._ [Yet one word more; grief boundeth
where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight.]
I take my leave before I have begun, 60
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?—
With all good speed at Flashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there
see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my
groans?
70
Therefore commend me; let him not come
there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die:
The last leaf of thee takes my weeping eye.

[Exeunt.

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1 Complain myself, a French idiom—me plaindre.

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Scene III. Gosford Green, near Coventry.
Lists set out, and a throne. Heralds, Attendants, dr.

Enter the Lord Marshal and the Duke of
Aumerle.

_Mar._ My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford
arm'd?

_Aum._ Yea, at all points; and longs to enter
in.

_Mar._ The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and
bold, 2
Stays but the summons of the appellant's
trumpet.

_Aum._ Why, then, the champions are pre-
par'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter King Richard,
who takes his seat on the throne; Gaunt,
Busby, Bagot, Green, and others, who take
their places. Then enter Norfolk, defendant,
in armour, preceded by a Herald.

_K. Rich._ Marshal, demand of yonder cham-
pion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause. 10

_Mar._ In God's name and the king's, say
who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in
arms,
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy
quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!

_Nor._ My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke
of Norfolk;
Who hither come, engaged by my oath,—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue, 20
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
[And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me; ]
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

[He takes his seat.

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2 Bold is here an adverb = boldly.
The trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, appellant, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated\(^1\) in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him\(^2\) in the justice of his cause. 30

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,\(^3\)
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous, 39
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

[He takes his seat.]

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave 50
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.

[Flourish of trumpets. Bolingbroke rises, and kneels to the King.]

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!

[Farewell, my blood:\(^3\) which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear:] 60
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—

[To Lord Marshall] My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
[Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerily drawing breath.—
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret\(^4\)
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:]

[To Gaunt] O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

[Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, 70
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—]
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
[That it may enter Mowbray's waxen\(^6\) coat,
And furnish new the name of John o' Gaunt,
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.]

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!

[Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,\(^5\)
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:]
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant, live!

Boling. Mine innocence and Saint George to thrive! 79

[He takes his seat.]

Nor. [Kneeling to the King] However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
[Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontrol'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—]
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—

---

\(^1\) Plated, clad in plated armour.
\(^2\) Depose him, take his evidence or deposition.
\(^3\) My blood, my blood-relations.
\(^4\) Regret, salute.
\(^5\) Redoubled, pronounced redoubled, as a quadrasyllable.
\(^6\) Waxen, penetrable as wax.
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

_K. Rich._ Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couch'd in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[FLOURISH of trumpets. _The King and
the Lords return to their seats, and
the Combatants mount their horses._

_Mar._ Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby, 100
Receiveth thy lance; and God defend the right!
_Boling._ Strong as a tower in hope, I cry
amen.

_Mar._ [To an Officer] Go bear this lance to
Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

_First Her._ Harry of Hereford, Lancaster,
and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

_Sec. Her._ Here standeth Thomas Mowbray,
Duke of Norfolk, 110
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.]

_Mar._ Sound, trumpets; and set forward,
combatants. [A charge sounded.

Stay, stay, the king hath thrown his warden down.

_K. Rich._ Let them lay by their helmets and
their spears, 119
And both return back to their chairs again:
[To the Lords] Withdraw with us: and let the
trumpets sound
While we return these dukes what we decree.

[A long flourish. _The Combatants dismount,
and resume their chairs._

_DRAW near, [To the Combatants

---

1 Securely, certainly, surely.
2 Approve, prove.
3 Attending, awaiting.
4 Warden, the truncheon carried by the king.
5 While, until.
6 Return, report to.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego: 160
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstrung viol or a harp,
[Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull unfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse, 170
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
[ K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate: 2
After our sentence plaining comes too late.
Nor.] Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[Going.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.  [Norfolk returns to King.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God,— 180
Our part therein we banish with yourselves,—
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall,—so help you truth and
God!—
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regret, 4 nor reconcile
This louring tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised 5 purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or compolt any ill 189
Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. [Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,

Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh in banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul. 200

Nor. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blasted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[Exit.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieve heart: thy sad aspect 209
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away.  [To Bolingbroke] Six
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dri'd lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;

My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
ACT I. Scene 3.

KING RICHARD II.

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict\(^1\) gave:
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?

[Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather You would have bid me argue like a father.

O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth\(^2\) his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander\(^3\) sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away;

\[\text{Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hold thy words, That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?—(Act 3. 263, 264.)}\]

But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[FLOURISH. Exeunt King Richard and train.
Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence\(^4\) must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.

\[\text{Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,}\]
As far as land will let me, by your side.

[Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hold thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.

[Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time; Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

\(^1\) Party-verdict, a verdict in which he took part.
\(^2\) To smooth, to palliate.
\(^3\) A partial slander, i.e. a reproach of partiality.
\(^4\) Presence, personal interviews.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel\(^1\) that thou tak′st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem as foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world\(^3\)
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?]

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king: woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceiveth it is but faintly borne.

Go, say,—I sent thee forth to purchase\(^3\)
honour,
And not—the king exil′d thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go′st, not whence thou com′st:
Suppose the singing-birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread′st the presence\(^4\)
strew′d,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling\(^6\) sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.\(^6\)

---

\(^1\) A travel, i.e. a journey: there is probably some pun intended on the words travel and travel.
\(^2\) What a deal of world, i.e. what a long distance.
\(^3\) Purchase, acquire.
\(^4\) Presence, presence-chamber.
\(^5\) Gnarling, growling.
\(^6\) Sets it light, makes light of it.

---

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucæus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or swallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer′s heat?
O, no! the apprehension\(^8\) of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow′s tooth doth never rankle more
Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I′ll bring\(^9\) thee
on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England′s ground, farewell;
sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where′er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish′d, yet a true-born Englishman.

[Exeunt.

---

[Scene IV. Coventry. A room in the King′s castle.

Enter from one side King Richard, Bagot,
and Green; from the other the Duke of Aumerle.

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. Faith, none for me;\(^10\) except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak′d the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him?

Aum. "Farewell."
And, for\(^11\) my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem′d buried in my sorrow′s grave.

---

\(^7\) Fantastic, i.e. that exists only in fancy.
\(^8\) Apprehension, imagination.
\(^9\) Bring, accompany.
\(^10\) For me, on my part.
\(^11\) For, because.
KING RICHARD II.

\[ ACT I. Scene 4. \]

Marry, would the word "farewell" have
lengthen'd hours
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of "farewells;"
But since it would not, he had none of me.

\[ K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis
doubt. \]

When time shall call him home from banish-
ment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observe'd his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of
smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving
friends;"
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

\[ Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go
these thoughts.\]

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ire-
land,—

Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss. 41

\[ ACT II. Scene 1. \]

\[ K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this
war: \]

And, for our coffers, with too great a court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: if that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank chart-
ers;
Whereeto, when they shall know what men are
rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of
gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

\[ Enter Bushy. \]

Bushy, what news?

\[ Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick,
my lord, \]

Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

\[ K. Rich. Where lies he? \]

\[ Bushy. At Ely House. \]

\[ K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's
mind \]

To help him to his grave immediately!

\[ York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with
your breath; \]

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

\[ Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying
men \]

Enforce attention like deep harmony:

\[ Where words are scarce, they are seldom
spent in vain, \]

For they breathe truth that breathe their
words in pain.

\[ Unstaid, fickle. \]

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He that no more must say is listen’d more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught
to close; 1
More are men’s ends mark’d than their lives
before:
The setting sun, and music at the close. 2
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long
past:]
Though Richard my life’s counsel would not
hear,
My death’s sad tale may yet undeaf his ear. 3
York. No; it is stopp’d with other flatt’ring
sounds,
[As, 4 praises of his state; then there are found
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen; 20
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,—
So be it new, there’s no respect 5 how vile,—
That is not quickly buzz’d 6 into his ears:]
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit’s regard. 7
[Direct not him whose way himself will choose:
’Tis breath thou lack’st, and that breath wilt
thou lose.]
Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new
inspir’d,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
[Small showers last long, but sudden storms
are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:]
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter’d isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, 41
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy 8 of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England,
[This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fare’rd by 9 their breed and famous by 9 their
birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
For Christian service and true chivalry,—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world’s ransom, blessed Mary’s Son;—
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear
land,]
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now less’d out—I die pronouncing it—
Like to a tenement, or pelting 10 farm:
[England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious
sieve
Of watery Neptune, ’s now bound in with
shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:]
That England, that was wont to conquer
others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!
Enter King Richard and Queen, Aumerle,
Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.
York. The king is come: deal mildly with
his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag’d, 11 do rage the
more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lan-
caster?
K. Rich. What, comfort, man? how is’t with
aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. [O, how that name befits my compo-
sition! 12
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt;
For sleeping England long time have I watch’d;

1 To close, to flatter.
2 Close, cadence.
3 Undeaf his ear, make his ear no longer deaf.
4 As = namely. 5 There’s no respect, i.e. no one cares.
6 Buzz’d, whispered.
7 Wit’s regard, the view of the intellect.
8 Envy = malice.
9 By = on account of.
10 Pelting, pauly.
11 Rag’d, aggravated, provoked.
12 Composition, bodily state.
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law; 114
And thou—

K. Rich. [Pointing at Gaunt] A lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chas'g the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty, 120
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son, 6
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;—
[That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,—
Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls!—
May be a precedent and witness good 130
That thou respect'st not" spilling Edward's blood:
]
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!

These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live that love and honour have.

[Gaunt is borne off on couch by Attendants,
followed by Northumberland.

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sul-
lens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. Beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

* State of law, legal status or condition.
* Great Edward's son, i.e. the Black Prince, Richard's father.
* Roundly, without check.
* Respect'st not, hecest not.
* Love they, i.e. let them love.

413
Re-enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty. 147

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said: His tongue is now a stringless instrument; Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so! Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he; His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be. So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:

Gaunt. Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:

Love they to live that love and honour have.—(Act II. 1. 137, 138.)

We must supplant those rough rug-headed 2 kerns, 3 Which live like venom, where no venom else, But only they have privilege to live.

And for 4 these great affairs do ask some charge, Towards our assistance we do seize to us 180 The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables, Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

[York. How long shall I be patient? ab, how long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?

Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke

About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,

Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,

1 Must be, is yet to come.
2 Rug-headed, rough-headed.
3 Kerns, light-armed foot-soldiers
4 For, because.

Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—

I am the last of noble Edward's sons, 171

Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first: In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,

In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,

Than was that young and princely gentleman. His face thou hast, for even so look'd he, Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;

But when he frown'd, it was against the French,

And not against his friends; his noble hand 179

Did win what he did spend, and spent not that Which his triumphant father's hand had won;

His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,

But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,

Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?]

York. O my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd

Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
KING RICHARD II.

ACT II. Scene 1.

Seek you to seize and grip into your hands 189
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from
Time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow, then, ensue\(^1\) to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession? 199
Now, afore God—God forbid I say true!—]
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
[Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,]
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick\(^2\) my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.
K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into
our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York. I'll not be by the while: my liege,
farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
[But by\(^3\) bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good.]

[Exit.

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see\(^4\) this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself, 219
Our uncle York lord governor of England;
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[Flourish. Exit King, Queen, Aumerle,
Bushy, Green, and Bagot.

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster
is dead.
Ross. And living too; for now his son is
duke.

Willo. Barely\(^5\) in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her
right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break
with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal\(^6\) tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him
ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak to the
Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards
him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such
wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our
heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd\(^7\) with
grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he
fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their
hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As blanks,\(^8\) benevolences,—I wot not what: 250
But what, 'O God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd
he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in
wars.
Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm
in farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a
broken man.

\(^1\) Ensue, follow.  \(^2\) Prick, spur, incite.  \(^3\) By, concerning.  \(^4\) To see, to look to.
\(^5\) Barely, only.  \(^6\) Liberal, free, unfettered.  \(^7\) Pill'd, pillaged.  \(^8\) Blanks, promises to pay certain contributions, the
amount being left in blank.

415
NORTH. Reproach and dissolution hangeth o'er him.

ROSS. He hath not money for these Irish wars,

His burthenous taxation notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

NORTH. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!

But, [lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike1 not, but securely2 perish.

ROSS. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoidable3 is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

NORTH. Not so; I even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

WILLO. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

ROSS. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

NORTH. Then thus: I have from Port Le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, [Rainold Lord Cobham,
[The son of Richard, Earl of Arundel] 230
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Thomas Ramston,
John Norbury, Robert Waterton, and Francis Coint,
All these [well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedition,4
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:

[Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay5
The first departing of the king for Ireland.] 239
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
[Imp out6 our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from breaking pawn7 the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's girt,
And make high majesty look like itself,] 246
Away with me in post to Ravensburg;
But if you faint,8 as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go
ROSS. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

WILLO. Hold out my horse,9 and I will first be there.

[Exeunt. 250

SCENE II. A room in Windsor Castle.

ENTER QUEEN, BUSHY, AND BAGOT.

BUSHY. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain10 a cheerful disposition.11
QUEEN. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves,

More than with parting from my lord the king.

BUSHY. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which12 shows13 like grief itself, but is not so;
[For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;]

1 Strike, i.e. strike or lower our sails.
2 Securely, i.e. in our false security.
3 Unavoided, unavoidable.
4 Expedition, expedition.
5 Stay, await.
6 Imp out, repair.
7 Brooking pawn, the pawnbroker.
8 Faint, are faint-hearted.
9 Hold out my horse, If my horse hold out.
10 Entertain, maintain.
11 Disposition, mood.
12 Which = each of which.
13 Shows, looks.
Like perspectives, which rightly gaze'd upon
Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty, 20
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wall;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not.] Then, thrice-gracious queen,

More than your lord's departure weep not:
more's not seen; 25
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.
Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As,—though, on thinking, on no thought I think,—

Queen. I cannot but be sad.—(Act ii. 2. 30.)

Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, 2 my gracious lady.
Queen. 'Tis nothing less; 3 conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 't is nameless woe, I wot. 40

Enter Green.

Green. God save your majesty! and well met, gentlemen:
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.
Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 't is better hope he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?
Green. [That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,

1 Rightly, from the front. 2 Conceit, fancy.
3 Tis nothing less, i.e. It is anything but (that).
4 Retir'd, withdrawn.
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals\(^1\) himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspur.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!
Green. Ah, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,—
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Wilmouth,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all the rest revolted faction, traitors?
Green. We have: whereon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
Queen.  So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers\(^2\) in extremity.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.
Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck:
O, full of careful\(^3\) business are his looks!

Enter York.

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,

\(^{1}\) Repeals, recalls.  \(^{2}\) Lingers, causes to linger.  \(^{3}\) Careful, anxious.

Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!—
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
[To the Servant] Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot
To tell your lordship; I came by to-day, and call'd there;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is 't, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes!
Come rushing on this woeful land at once!
[ I know not what to do: I would to God,—
So my untruth\(^4\) had not provok'd him to it,—
The king had cut off my head with my brother's\(^5\) —
What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray,
pardon me.—]
[To the Servant] Go, fellow, get thee home,
provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.

[Exit Servant.

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?—If I know how or which way to order these affairs, thus disorderly thrust into my hands, never

\(^{4}\) So my untruth, &c., i.e. provided that my disloyalty, &c.  \(^{5}\) My brother's, i.e. Gloster's.
believe me. Both are my kinsmen:—the one is my sovereign, whom both my oath and duty bids defend; the other, again, is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd, whom conscience and my kindred bids to right: well, somewhat we must do. [To the Queen] Come, cousin, I'll dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go muster up your men, and meet me presently at Berkley.—I should to Flashy too: 120 But time will not permit; all is uneven, And every thing is left at six and seven.1

[Exeunt York and Queen.]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power Proportional to the enemy
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons:
For their love
Lies in their purses; whose empties them 130 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well,
I will for refuge straight to Bristol castle:
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office²
The hateful commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.

Will you go 'long with us? 140

Bagot. No;
I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry:

Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once,—for once, for all, and ever.
Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.]

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Wilds in Gloucestershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now? 

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire:
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways Draws out our miles, and makes them weari-some;
And yet your fair discourse hath [been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and déjectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way From Ravenspurg to Cotewold will be found In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd The tediousness and process³ of my travel:
[But theirs is sweet'en'd with the hope to have The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy⁴ is little less in joy Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.] Boling. Of much less value is my company Than your good words.—But who comes here?

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy, 21 Sent from my brother Worcester, whenceso-ever.⁵

Enter Henry Percy.

Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

---

¹ At six and seven, in confusion. ² Office, service.
³ Process, long course. ⁴ To joy, to enjoy.
⁵ Whencesoever, i.e. from whatever place he may come.
Enter Ross and Willoughby.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.
Boling. Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years, Stands for my bounty.—But who comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my Lord of Berkley, as I guess.
Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is To you—
Boling. [Interrupting angrily] My answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England; And I must find that title in your tongue, Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 't is not my meaning To raze one title of your honour out:
To you, my lord, I come,—what lord you will,—
From the most gracious regent of this land, The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on To take advantage of the absent time, And fright our native peace with self-born arms.  
Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you; Here comes his grace in person.

Enter York attended.

My noble uncle!  
North. York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee, Whose duty is deceivable and false. 
Boling. My gracious uncle—
York. Tut, tut! grace me no grace, nor uncle me:

\begin{enumerate}
  \item Which, i.e. my treasury.
  \item Pricks, spurs.
  \item The absent time, i.e. the time of the king's absence.
  \item Deceivable, deceptive.
\end{enumerate}
I am no traitor's uncle; that word—"grace"
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dard once to touch a dust\(^1\) of England's ground? 91
But then, more "why?"—why have they dar'd
to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,

Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war 94
And ostentation of despised arms? 95
Com'st thou because th' anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,

---

\(^1\) A dust, i.e. a particle of dust.

Thou art a banish'd man; and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time, 111
In braving\(^2\) arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd
Hereford;
But as I come, I come for\(^3\) Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent\(^4\) eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd

---

\(^2\) Braving, defiant.
\(^3\) For = as.
\(^4\) Indifferent, impartial.
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts! Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
[ You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay. ]
I am deni'd to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave: My father's goods are all distraint'd and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are deni'd me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:—
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left:

But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known to you.
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices.
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you—but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are.
Things past redress are now with me past care.

[Exeunt.

[ Scene IV. A camp in Wales.]

Enter Salisbury and a Welsh Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war;
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead.

Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
ACT III. Scene 1.

KING RICHARD II.

To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death.—See them delivered
To execution and the hand of death.
Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

[Exeunt Northumberland and others, with the prisoners.

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated. Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, my lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [Exeunt.]

Scene II. The coast of Wales—a castle in view.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, and Soldiers, with colours.

K. Rich. Barkleoughly castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my good lord. How brooks your grace the air,

ACT III. Scene 2.

Fall to the base earth from the firmament! 20
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing\(^1\) storms to come, woe and unrest:

Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly\(^2\) to thy good all fortune goes.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

[Scene I. Bolingbroke's camp at Bristol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy, Willoughby, with Bushy, and Green, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.—Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—Since presently your souls must part\(^3\) your bodies—
With too much urging\(^4\) your pernicious lives,
For 't were no charity; yet, to wash your blood From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths. You have mislaid a prince, a royal king,
A happy\(^5\) gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied\(^6\) and disfigur'd clean:
You have, in manner,\(^8\) with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself—a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispair'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods,
From my own windows torn my household coat;
Raz'd out my impress\(^11\) leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,

\(^1\) Witnessing, foretelling. \(^2\) Crossly, adversely.
\(^3\) Part, quit. \(^4\) Urging, dwelling upon.
\(^5\) Happy, fortunate.
\(^6\) Unhappied, made unfortunate, ruined.
\(^7\) Clean, completely. \(^8\) In manner, i.e. in a manner.
\(^9\) Signories, manors.
\(^10\) Household coat, the coat of arms emblazoned on the windows.
\(^11\) Imprese, a device with motto. 

423
After late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy.

To stand upon my kingdom once again.—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting.

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favours with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee:
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies. —

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord: that Power that made you king

Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

[And not neglected; else, if heaven would, 30
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,]
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

1 Mortal, deadly.
2 My senseless conjuration, i.e. my adjuration addressed to a senseless thing (the earth).

Aum. How breaks your grace the air,
After late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy.
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—(Act III. 2. 9-11.)

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! knowest thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage bloody here;

But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through ev'ry guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,

3 Security, carelessness.
4 Discomfortable, giving no comfort; discouraging.
The cloak of night being pluck’d from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revel’d in the night,
Whilst we were wand’ring with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press’d.
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O’erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state:
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers’d and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side; 80

1 The balm, i.e. the consecrated oil.
2 Press’d, i.e. impressed (for military service).
3 Shrewd, sharp.
4 Near = nearer.

For time hath set a blot upon my pride.
Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king’s name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn.—
But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tun’d tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart prepar’d:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.5
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, ’t was my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We’ll serve Him too and be his fellow so: 99
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm’d
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv’d to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm’d their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women’s voices,
Strive to speak big and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows

6 The worst, &c. the worst (that) thou canst unfold is worldly loss.
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands; those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, gravi'd in the hollow ground.

As. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Scroop. Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

As. Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own.—
Say, Scoop, where lies our uncle with his power?

[Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.]

Scoop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.]
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
[To Aumerle] Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more—
To Flint castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none:—let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.

---

1 Where, whereas.
2 Fearing dying, dying in a state of fear.
3 Small and small, i.e. by little and little.
4 Of = out of.
5 To ear, to till.
SCENE III. Wales—before Flint Castle.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBRAJD, Attendants, and Forces.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York. It would beseeem the Lord Northumber-
land
To say "King Richard:"—ack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been, 10
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For, taking so the head, 1 your whole head's
length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle, and dare not oppose
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

What, Harry! welcome: will not this castle yield? 20

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,

---

1 Taking so the head, i.e. so taking away Richard's chief title of king.

---

It doth contain a king; King Richard lies within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lords,

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:

Henry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use th' advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

[Northumberland and others advance to the castle with trumpets.
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.

Methinks King Richard and myself should meet

With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.

---

4 Belike, probably.
5 Deliver, proclaim.
6 Tatter'd, broken.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

Parle without, and answer within. Then a flourish. Enter on the walls, King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.

Percy. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.¹

York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. [To Northumberland] We are amazed; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can grip the sacred handle of our sceptre, so
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends;
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke—for yond methinks he stands—
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons

Shall ill become the flower of England's face,²
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. [The king of heaven forbid our lord to the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! No, thy thrice noble cousin]
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,—

Currents that spring from one most gracious head,—
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—

His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend³ to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.]   120

K. Rich. Northumberland, say, thus the king returns:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.⁴—

[Northumberland and suit return to Bolingbroke.

[To Aumerle] We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,

¹ Occident, west.
² The flower of England's face, i.e. the flowery surface of England.
³ Command, give up.
⁴ Commends, greetings, compliments.
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!

[Swell'at thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.]

Amen. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

[Northumberland and suit again approach the castle walls.

K. Rich. What must the king do now?

must he submit
The king shall do it: must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,

[My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,]

My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?—

[Almerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!

We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our signs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolving land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves

Within the earth; and, therein laid,—"There lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes."

Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see.

I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.—

[To Northumberland] Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may it please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glis-t'ring Phaethon,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,

To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!

For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.

[Exeunt from above.

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart;
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.]

Enter King Richard and Attendants below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.

[He kneels down.

My gracious lord,—

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up;—your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least [Touching his own head],
although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

---

1 Sooth, flattering.
2 Some way of common trade, i.e. some road of much traffic.
3 Lodge, lay; beat down flat (as the wind does).
4 Fretted us, worn us.
5 Digg'd = who digged.
6 Make a leg, i.e. make a bow, or curtsy.
7 Manage of, control of.
8 Fondly, foolishly.
9 Me rather had, i.e. I had rather.
K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—they well deserve to have,
 That know the strongest and surest way to get.

Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.—(Act iii. 3. 196, 197.)

For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on towards London;—cousin, is it so?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then I must not say no.
[FLOURISH. EXEUNT.

SCENE IV. Langley. The Duke of York's garden.

Enter the Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. It will make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?

Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me\(^1\) the more of sorrow; 14
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.\(^2\)

---

**Lady.** Madam, I'll sing.

**Queen.** 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.

**Lady.** I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

**Queen.** And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But, ladies, stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto\(^3\) a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change; woe is forerun with\(^4\) woe.

---

**Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.**

**Queen and ladies retire.**

---

**Gard.** Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:

- Give some supportance\(^5\) to the bending twigs.
- Go thou, and like an executioner,
- Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays;
- That look too lofty in our commonwealth:

- All must be even in our government.—

You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

**Serv.** Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm state,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots\(^6\) disorder'd and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

---

1. Remember me, remind me.
2. To complain, to lament.
3. Unto, against, i.e. (I'll wager) my wretchedness against a row of pins.
4. With, by.
5. Supportance, support.

---

1. 'Tis doubt, i.e. no doubt.
KING RICHARD II.

Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe this news; yet what I say is true.

King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,

Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.
Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?

Gardener, for telling me these news of woe, 100
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might
be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, e'en for ruth, 1 here shortly shall be
seen
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[Exeunt.

1 Ruth, pity.
ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. Westminster Hall.

The Parliament assembled. On the right side of the throne (which is empty) are the Lords Spiritual; on the left, the Lords Temporal; the Commons below.

Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, another Lord, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with Bagot.

[Bagot. Call forth Bagot.
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death,
Who wrought it with the king, and who performed
The bloody office of his timelessly\(^1\) end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon
that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your

daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was
plotted,

I heard you say, "Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?"

Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;\(^2\)

Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,\(^2\)
On equal terms to give him chastisement?

Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainer of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, [Throwing down his glove]
the manual seal of death,

That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest;
And will maintain what thou hast said is false.
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.

Percy. If that thy valour stand on\(^3\) sympathy,\(^6\)
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:

[Throws down his glove.

By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deni'est it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Percy. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,

[Throwing down his glove.

To prove it on thee to th' extremest point
Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. An if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Another Lord. I task thee to the like, forsworn Aumerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;

[Throwing down his glove.

Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me\(^4\) else? by heaven, I'll throw at all: [Throws down his other glove.

---

\(^1\) Wrought it with the king, i.e. worked upon the king's mind to bring it about.
\(^2\) Timeless, untimely.
\(^3\) England, pronounced here as a triazyllable.

* Stand on, insist on.
+ Sympathy, equality (of rank).
° Sets me, challenges me.
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull:
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;

[Throws down his glove.
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,

[Throwing down his hood.
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and signories: when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen,
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought

For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field, streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself to Italy; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As surely as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him;
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

[ Takes his place on the throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy-elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forfend it,

God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd

1 In presence, in the presence-chamber.
2 Fondly, foolishly.
3 Repeal'd, recalled from banishment.
4 Retired himself, withdrew.
5 Learn, teach.
6 Judg'd, condemned.
7 Climate, region.
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed! I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks, Stir’d up by God, thus boldly for his king. My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king, Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford’s king; And if you crown him, let me prophesy: The blood of English shall manure the ground, And future ages groan for this foul act; Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels, And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound; Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny Shall here inhabit, and this land be call’d The field of Golgotha and dead men’s skulls. O, if you raise this house against this house, It will the woefullest division prove That ever fell upon this cursed earth. Prevent, resist it, let it not be so, Lest child, child’s children, cry against you "woc!"

North. Well have you argu’d, sir; and, for your pains, Of capital treason we arrest you here.— My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge To keep him safely till his day of trial.— May it please you, lords, to grant the commons’ suit.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view He may surrender; so we shall proceed Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [Exit.]

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest, Procure your sureties for your days of answer.—

[To Carlisle] Little are we beholding to your love, And little look’d for at your helping hands.]

Re-enter York, with Richard, and Officers bearing the crown and sceptre.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king, Before I have shook off the regal thoughts

Wherewith I reign’d? I hardly yet have learn’d To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee: Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me To this submission. Yet I well remember The favours of these men: were they not mine? Did they not sometime cry “all hail!” to me?

[So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve, Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none. God save the king!—Will no man say amen? Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen. God save the king! although I be not he; And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—]

To do what service am I sent for hither? York. To do that office of thine own good will Which tired majesty did make thee offer,— The resignation of thy state and crown To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown. [The crown is brought to Richard, who takes it in his hand, turning it upside down.] Here, cousin, seize the crown; On this side my hand, and on that side yours Now is this golden crown like a deep well That owes two buckets, filling one another, The emptier ever dancing in the air, The other down, unseen and full of water: That bucket down and full of tears am I, Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine: You may my glories and my state depose, But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.


[My care is loss of care, by old care done; Your care is gain of care, by new care won: They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

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1 Obscene, foul.  2 Conduct = conductor.  3 Beholding = beholden.

4 Favours, faces.  5 Owns, owns.  6 Tend, attend.
Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?  

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay; for I must nothing be;  

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.  

Now mark me, how I will undo myself:—  

I give this heavy weight from off my head,  

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;  

With mine own tears I wash away my balm;  

With mine own hands I give away my crown,  

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  

With mine own breath release all duty's rites:  

All pomp and majesty I do forswear;  

My manors, rents, revenues I forgo;  

My acts, decrees, and statutes I detest:

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!  

God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!  

[Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,  

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!"

Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  

And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!  

God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says,  

And send him many years of sunshine days!—  

What more remains?  

North. No more, but that you read  

These accusations, and these grievous crimes  

[Offering a paper.  

Committed by your person, and your followers,  

Against the state and profit of this land;  

That, by confessing them, the souls of men  

May deem that you are worthily depos'd.  

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out  

My weav'd-up folly? Gentle Northumberland,  

If thy offences were upon record,  

Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop  

To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,  

There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—  

Containing the deposing of a king,  

And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—  

1 Balm, the holy oil of consecration.  

2 If thou wouldest, i.e. wouldst read over a list of thy own deeds.
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:
[Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates [240
Have here deliver'd me to my sour 1 cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.]

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort 2 of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
'T undueck the pompos 3 body of a king; [250
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught 4 insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis usurp'd:—slack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O that I were a mockery king of snow, [260
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

[Exit an Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell! [270

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have?
Boling. You shall.
K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sight.
Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. O, good! convey? conveyers\(^1\) are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.
Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves. 320

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. A street leading to the Tower.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected\(^2\) tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.—
But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pitty may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.

Enter Richard and Guard.

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,

\(^1\) Conveyers, "to convey" often meant "to steal;" so by conveyers he means thieves.
\(^2\) Ill-erected, i.e. erected under evil auspices.

Why should hard-favour'd\(^3\) grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?
K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death. [Hee thee to France
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.
]
Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage

\(^3\) Hard-favour'd, ugly.
439
To be o'er-power'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like, 
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod, And fawn on rage with base humility, 
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

As from my death-bed, thy last living leave. 
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire With good old folks and let them tell thee tales Of woeful ages long ago betid; And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grieves, Tell thou the lamentable tale of me, And send the hearers weeping to their beds: 
[For why, the senseless brands will sympathize. 
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue, 
And in compassion weep the fire out; 
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black, 
For the deposing of a rightful king.]

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND and others.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd; You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.— And, madam, there is order ta'en for you; With all swift speed you must away to France. 
K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne, The time shall not be many hours of age More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think, Though he divide the realm and give thee half, It is too little, helping him to all; And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again, Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.

[The love of wicked men converts to fear; That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both, To worthy danger and deserved death.]

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end. Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith. 
K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd!—Bad men, you violate

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1 To be o'er-power'd, at being overpowered.
2 To quit their grievances, i.e. to requite their grievous tales.
3 For why, because.
4 Sympathize, used here transitively.
5 Helping him to all, i.e. seeing that you have helped him to all.
6 Worthy, merited.
A twofold marriage,—'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unskis 1 the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.—
[ Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines 2 the clime;
My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.]
_Queen._ And must we be divided? must we part?
_K. Rich._ Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

_Queen._ Banish us both, and send the king with me.
_North._ That were some love, but little policy.
_Queen._ Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
_K. Rich._ So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
[ Better far off than, near, be ne'er the near.] 3
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.
_Queen._ So longest way shall have the longest moans.
_K. Rich._ Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.]

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, 4 and thus take I thy heart.

_Queen._ Give me mine own again; 't were no good part
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.
_They kiss again._
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan. 100
_K. Rich._ We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

[Exeunt.]
His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience,3—  
That had not God, for some strong purpose,  
steal'd  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have  
melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.  
But heaven hath a hand in these events,  
To whose high will we bound our calm con-  
tena.  

To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.  

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.  

York. Aumerle that was;  
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,  
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now;  
I am in parliament pledge for his truth  
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.  

Enter Aumerle.  

Duch. Welcome, my son: who are the vio-  
lets now  
That strew the green lap of the new-come  
spring?  

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly  
care not:  
God knows I had as lief 6 be none as one.  

York. Well, bear you well 6 in this new  
spring of time,  

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.  
What news from Oxford? hold those justs  
and triumphs??  

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.  
York. You will be there, I know.  

Aum. If God prevent not, ay; I suppose so.  
York. What seal is that, that hangs without  
thy bosom?  

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.  
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.  
York. No matter, then, who see it:  
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.  
Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me:  
It is a matter of small consequence,  

Which for some reasons I would not have  
seen.  

8 Patience, pronounced as a tripeable.  
4 Contents, plural for the singular content.  
6 Had as lief = would as soon.  
6 Bear you well, i.e. conduct yourself with prudence.  
7 Triumphs, tournaments.

1 Leave, leave off.  
3 Idly, carelessly.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. Beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.—(Act V. 2. 71.)

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[He plucks the document out of Aumerle's bosom, and reads it.

Treason! foul treason!—Villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy, what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.—

[Exit Servant.

Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What is the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace.—What is the matter, son? Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer!

York. Bring me my boots;—I will unto the king.

Re-enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.

[To Servant] Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

[Exit Servant.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

1 Appeach, inform against.

2 Peace, i.e. keep peace. 3 Him, i.e. the servant.
ACT V. Scene 2.

KING RICHARD II.

ACT V. Scene 3.

Have we more sons? or are we like to have? 90
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
[Striking the document with his hand.
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none; 99
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty
times my son,
I would appease him.
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou would'st be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that
mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman! 110
[Exit.

Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon
his horse;
Spur post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away,
be gone!
[Exeunt.

Scene III. Windsor. A room in the castle.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty
son?

'Tis full three months since I did see him
last:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw
the prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at
Oxford.
Boling. And what said the gallant?
Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the
stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a
glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet
through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder years may happily bring forth.—
But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle hastily.

Aum. Where is the king?
Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?
Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech
your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace
alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us
here alone. [Exeunt Percy and Lords.
What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the
earth,
My tongue cleave to the roof within my
mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.
Boling. Intended or committed was this
fault?

1 Teeming date, i.e. period of child-bearing.
2 Approach, inform against.
3 Frequent, used intransitively (only in this passage).
4 Held, to be held.
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

_Aum._ Then give me leave that I may turn
The key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

_Boling._ Have thy desire.

_[Aumerle rises, and locks the door._

_York._ [Within] My liege, beware: look to
thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

_Boling._ Villain, I'll make thee safe.

_[Drawing._

_Aum._ Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast
no cause to fear.

_York._ [Within] Open the door, secure, fool-
hardy king:
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

_[Bolingbroke unlocks the door, and after-
wards locks it again._

_Enter York._

_Boling._ What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

_York._ Peruse this writing here, and thou
shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

_Aum._ Remember, as thou read'st, thy prom-
ise pass'd:
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

_York._ 'T was, villain, ere thy hand did set it
down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

_Boling._ O heinous, strong, and bold con-
sspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver foun-
tain,
From whence this stream through muddy pas-
sages
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

_York._ So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his
shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.

Enter YORK.

_York._ For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to the roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.—(_Act v. 2. 30-32._)

_Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death._

_Duch._ [Within] What ho, my liege! for
God's sake, let me in.
Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes
this eager cry?

Duch. [Within] A woman, and thy aunt,
great king; 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begged before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious
thing,
And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the
King."

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

[Aumerle unlocks the door.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound. 1

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted
man!

Love loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou
make here? 89

Shall thy old dogs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient.—Hear me,
gentle liege.

[Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto 2 my mother's prayers I bend my
knee.

York. Against them both my true joints
bended be.

I'll mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his
face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from
our breast:
He prays but faintly and would be denied;

We pray with heart and soul, and all beside:

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they
grow:

1 Confound, destroy.  2 Unto, in addition to.

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them
have

That mercy which true prayers ought to
have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say, "stand up;"
Say "pardon" first, and afterwards "stand
up."

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
"Pardon" should be the first word of thy
speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say "pardon," king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like "pardon" for kings' mouths so
meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, "par-
don-ne moy." 3

Duch. [To York] Dost thou teach pardon par-
don to destroy?

Ah, my sour 4 husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word! —

[To Bolingbroke] Speak "pardon" as t is cur-
rent in our land;
The chopping 5 French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue
there;

Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do
pierce,

Pity may move thee "pardon" to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand;

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand. 120

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon
me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;

Twice saying "pardon" doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart

I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,

and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew, 
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers 
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell:—and, cousin mine, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new. 
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Another room in the same.

Enter Sir Piers of Exton and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake,
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?
Serv. These were his very words.
Exton. "Have I no friend?" quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together,—did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say, "I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;"
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. 
[Exeunt.

SCENE V. Pomfret Castle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer 't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father; and these two beget

A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is content. [The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd

K. Rich. how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the finny ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls.—(Act v. s. 19-21.)

With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus, "Come, little ones," and then again,
"It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye."
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails

\[ {1} To order, to marshal. \]
\[ {2} Will, i.e. who will. \]
\[ {3} Urg'd it, laid stress on it. \]
\[ {4} Wistly, earnestly. \]
\[ {5} Rid, remove. \]

\[ {6} Still-breeding, constantly breeding. \]
\[ {7} Humours, dispositions. \]
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs 20
Of this hard world, my ragged 3 prison walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter them-
selves
That they are not the first of fortune’s slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge 4 their shame,
That 3 many have, 4 and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur’d the like. ] 30
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king’d again: and by and by
Think that I am unking’d by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing: 5 but whate’er I
am,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is 39
With nothing shall be pleas’d, till he be eas’d
With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [Music.
Ha, ha! keep time:—how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men’s lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check 5 time broke in a disorder’d string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering
clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they
jar 6
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward
watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial’s point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my
heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and
groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Ruins posting on in Bolingbroke’s proud joy,

While I stand fooling here, his Jack o’ the
clock.
This music made me; let it sound no more;
For though it have holp madmen to their
wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me;
For ’tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch 7 in this all-hating world.] 91

Enter a Groom of the Stable.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear;
What art thou? and how com’st thou hither,
Where no man ever comes, but that sad 8 dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable,
king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards
York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes 9 master’s face.
O, how it yearn’d 10 my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress’d: 11 so
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Groom. So proud as if he had disdain’d the
ground.
K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on
his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping
him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall
down,
Since pride must have a fall,—and break the
neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee, so
Since thou, created to be aw’d by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,

1 Ragged, rough.
2 Refuge, find a refuge for.
3 That, i.e. in the thought that.
4 Have, i.e. have sat.
5 Check, rebuke.
6 Jar, tick.
7 Brooch, an ornamental buckle worn in the hat.
8 Sad, grave.
9 Sometimes, formerly.
10 It yearned, it grieved.
KING RICHARD II.

Spurr'd, gall'd, and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke. 94

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keeper. [To the Groom] Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [Exit.

Keeper. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keeper. My lord, I dare not: Sir Piers of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. Extōn, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.—(Act v. s110, 111.)

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee! 103

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[Beats the Keeper.

Keeper. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching an axe from a Servant, and killing him.

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another Servant. Then Extōn strikes him down.

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person.—Extōn, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.—

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [Dies.

[Extōn. As full of valour as of royal blood;
Both have I spill'd;—O, would the deed were good! 449 51
ACT V. Scene 6.                        KING RICHARD II.                        ACT V. Scene 6.

For now the devil, that told me I did well,  117
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.  
This dead king to the living king I'll bear:—  
Take hence the rest, and give them burial  
here. ] Exeunt.

SCENE VI. A room in Windsor Castle.

Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke, York, with  
other Lords, and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news  
we hear
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire  
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;  
But whether they be taken or slain we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all  
happiness.

The next news is,—I have to London sent  
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and  
Kent:

The manner of their taking may appear  
At large discoursed in this paper here.  
Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for  
thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to  
London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely,  
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors  
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be  
forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

[ Enter Percy, and the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of  
Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;  
But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—  
Choose out some secret place, some reverend  
room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;  
So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife;
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen. ]

Enter Exton, with persons bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I pre-  
sent
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,  
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou  
hast wrought  
A deed of slander, 1 with thy fatal hand,  
Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did  
I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison  
need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,  
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word nor princely favour:  
With Cain go wander through the shades of  
night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.—  
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,  
That blood should sprinkle me to make me  
grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,  
And put on sullen 2 black incontinency.  
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—  
March sadly after; grace my mourning here;  
In weeping over this untimely bier. [Exeunt.

1 A deed of slander, i.e. a deed which will give ground  
for slander against me.  
2 Sullen, gloomy.  
3 Incontinent, immediately.
NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. Richard II. was the second son of Edward, commonly called the Black Prince, the eldest son of Edward III. and Philippa or Philippine, daughter of William, Count of Hainault. Edward the Black Prince married Joan, known as the Fair Maid of Kent, widow of Sir Thomas Holland, one of the original Twenty-five Knights of the Garter, and only daughter and heiress of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent (who was beheaded in 1320), the youngest son of Edward I., by his second wife, Margaret, the daughter of Philip III. and sister of Philip IV. of France. Holinshed says that Joan "was also wife unto the earl of Salisbury, and divorced from him" (vol. ii. p. 676). She bore her husband two sons, Edward, who died at Bordeaux, when only seven years old, in 1372; and Richard, born at Bordeaux, January 6th, 1368. On the "eight of June, being Trinity Sunday" (according to Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 703), the Black Prince died. Edward III. immediately made young Richard, then in his tenth year, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester and Cornwall. The king survived his eldest son little more than a year, dying on June 21st, 1377. He had previously made the ambitious John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, governor of
NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

the kingdom. The people were very jealous of the influence of this nobleman, and not without reason; for there is little doubt that he tried all he could to induce the king to pass over the daughter of his elder brother, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and to make him the next heir after Richard.

The young king was crowned on July 16th, 1377; but it was not till twelve years afterwards, on May 8th, 1388, that he can be said to have begun to reign. In the interim his two uncles, the Duke of Lancaster, and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, practically governed; though a Council of Twelve had been appointed by the Lords to hold the supreme power during the king’s minority. There is no doubt that much of the evil reputation which attaches to the reign of Richard II. is due to the grasping ambition and vindictive cruelty of his uncles. This play treats only of the events of the last two years of Richard’s unhappy reign. The year before the play opens, 1397, the Duke of Gloucester had been murdered (see note 37); and, as Mr. Russell French remarks in his Shakspearean Genealogics, it was this “deed of crime which in a great measure led the way to the complications, and final catastrophe, recorded in the drama” (p. 24).

Richard was twice married; first, on January 14th, 1382, to Anne of Bohemia, known as The Good Queen Anne, daughter of Charles IV., Emperor of Germany. She died without issue on June 7th, 1394. In November, 1396, he married Isabel, who was then in her tenth year. The date of King Richard’s death is generally fixed on the 14th February, 1400, St. Valentine’s day; but the exact date, and the manner of it, are both uncertain (see note 371).

3. John of Gaunt (or Ghent), so called from the town in which he was born, in 1340, Duke of Lancaster, was the fourth son of Edward III. The first mention we find of him in history is as accompanying his father-in-law, Henry, Duke of Lancaster, and his brother Lionel, in the fleet which was prepared for the purpose of attacking the coast of Normandy in 1355. Next we find him, as Earl of Richmond, accompanying his father to Calais in the Michaelmas of the same year. Hollinshed (vol. ii. p. 656) says: “This year also, about Michaelmas, the king having summoned an armie to be ready at Sandwich, passed ouer to Calais with the same. There went ouer with him his two sones, Lionell of Antwerp earle of ViSTER, and John of Gant earle of Richmond.” In May, 1359, he married his cousin, the Lady Blanch, daughter of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, at Reading, having obtained a dispensation from the pope. In the same year he distinguished himself, in the company of his father and his brothers, Lionel and Edmund, at some “solemne lustra enterprised at London” (Hollinshed, vol. ii. p. 671). At this time he was still known as Earl of Richmond; but on the death of his father-in-law Henry, Duke of Lancaster, in 1361, he succeeded to his titles of Earl of Derby and Duke of Lancaster. He accompanied the Black Prince in his expedition into Spain in 1369, and commanded the first division of his army. He was sent by his father in 1369 in command of an army into France to oppose the Duke of Burgundy. In 1370 his wife Blanch died. In the same year he took part in the siege of Limoges; and was left Governor of Aquitaine by the Black Prince during his visit to England. In 1372 he married Constance, eldest daughter of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile; his brother Edmund, Earl of Cambridge, marrying her sister Isabel about the same time. Shortly after this marriage he returned to England, and assumed the title of King of Castile in right of his wife. In July, 1373, he was again sent over to Calais with an army. He reached Bordeaux at Christmas in the same year, when peace was concluded; and in July, the following year, he returned to England. He was one of the commissioners appointed to arrange a treaty of peace with France on behalf of the King of England at Bruges, 1375. In 1376 the House of Commons made a complaint against the Duke of Lancaster, Lord Latimer, Alice Perrers, and others; and they all appear to have been banished the court; but, after the death of the Black Prince, in June of the same year, they were recalled to court; and the Duke of Lancaster being appointed Governor of the Realm, continued so till the end of his father’s reign. Having taken Wycliff under his protection, he supported him in his trial before the Archbishop of Canterbury in the next year, 1377. In the course of the trial he addressed a rude speech to Courtenay, Bishop of London; the people took the bishop’s part, attacked the duke’s palace in the Savoy, reversed his arms, as if he had been a traitor, and would have killed him if they could have caught him. John of Gaunt did not forget this insult; and for some time there was ill blood between him and the citizens of London. The dispute between them was put an end to by the young king Richard, in 1377. In 1394, Constance, the second wife of John of Gaunt, died about the same time that the Good Queen Anne died, and also the wife of Henry Bolingbroke. In 1396 the duke married Catherine Swynford, “widow of Sir Otes Swynford, and eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir Payn Roet, Knight, Guinne King at Arms” (French, p. 25). The marriage gave great offence, as she had lived with him as his mistress. The children he had by her before his marriage were legitimized under the name of Beaufort, one of the duke’s castles in Anjou, where they were born. “Time-honoured.” John of Gaunt seems to have maintained the chief power in the kingdom for the first twenty years of his nephew’s reign. In 1399 he had been made Duke of Aquitaine. After the death of the Duke of Gloucester, in 1397, the Duke of Lancaster and his brother, the Duke of York, assembled an army of their dependants with the intention of revenging their brother’s death; but they were reconciled to the king before any collision could take place. The banishment of Bolingbroke in 1398 showed that the king did not forget his grudge against his uncle; and how little good feeling he bore him was further manifested by the unjustifiable seizure of his goods immediately after his death, which took place at the Bishop of Ely’s place in Holborn early in the following year, 1399. John of Gaunt was the friend and patron of Chaucer, whose wife was a sister of Catherine Swynford.

3. Edmund of Langley (so called from his birthplace, Langley, near St. Albans), Duke of York, the fifth son of Edward III., was born in 1341. He “married first Isabel,
NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

youngest daughter of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon, by whom he had one daughter, Constance, married to Thomas le Despencer, Earl of Gloucester, who is the ‘Spencer’ mentioned in act iv. sc. 6, beheaded for his adherence to King Richard; the two sons of Edmund of Langley’s first marriage were, Edward, who is the ‘Aumerle’ of this play, and Richard of Coningsburg, who is the ‘Earl of Cambridge’ in King Henry V., and who married Anne Mortimer’ (French, p. 22). She was the sister of Edmund Mortimer, the rightful heir to the crown after the death of Richard I. Edmund of Langley was known in early youth as the Earl of Cambridge, and was created Duke of York in 1385. In history, his character is generally represented as that of a man of indolent nature, fond of the chase, and of an easy disposition. Malone quotes Hardyng’s Chronicle (MS. Harleian, No. 681, Fol. 147):

That Edmund, knight of Langley, of good chere
Giele and mery, and of his owne ay lived
Withoutyn wronge, as chronicles have bered.
When al lorde went to counsells and parlament,
He wolde to hunte and also to hawkynge.


Daniel thus describes him:

Langley, whose mild Temperanen
did tend unto a calmer Quieteness.

—Civil War, bk. I. m. xxv.

In the Egerton MS. play (act ii.). Richard first calls him (Reprint, p. 22):

The counterfeit relenting duke of York.

But shortly afterwards (p. 25) he speaks of him thus:

But Yorke is gentile, myld and generous.

Bearing in mind the development of York’s character in Shakespeare’s play, the inconsistence of the two passages just quoted is worth noticing. At the accession of Henry IV. he retired to his palace at King’s Langley, and died in 1422.

4. HENRY BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford. Henry of Bolingbroke (so called from his birthplace, Bolingbroke Castle in Lincolnshire), son of John of Gaunt by Blanche, daughter of Henry, Duke of Lancaster. He was born in 1366, and was therefore of the same age as King Richard. It appears that they were rivals in childhood as through life. French says (p. 26) “Richard accused his cousin of having drawn sword upon him even in his queen’s chamber, and Bolingbroke told the king that the people believed him to be the son of a priest, and not of the Black Prince.” (See note 275.) He was created Earl of Derby by Richard II., in 1385, and Duke of Hereford in 1397. He married, in 1385, Mary, daughter and co-heiress of Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford. He was one of the five lords appellant in 1387.

5. EDWARD PLANTAGENET, eldest son of the Duke of York, was created Earl of Rutland in 1396, and Duke of Aumerle (Albemarle) in 1397. He appears to have been always plotting and intriguing against some one or other. He took a very prominent part in the overthrow of the Duke of Gloucester in 1397, and was, indeed, suspected of being implicated in the murder of that nobleman. He accompanied King Richard in his unfortunate expedition to Ireland in 1399; and it was owing to his urgent persuasions that the king delayed crossing over to England immediately he received the news of Bolingbroke’s landing at Ravenspur. The consequence of this delay was that, after waiting a fortnight, the army collected at Conway for the king disbanded, when all hopes of Richard saving his crown were destroyed (see note 187). Aumerle was, however, soon plotting against Bolingbroke. He was degraded by Henry IV. to his former rank of Earl of Rutland; but was subsequently restored to favour and succeeded his father as Duke of York, under which name he will be found among the Dramatis Personae of Henry V. He was killed at the battle of Agincourt in 1415. On the occasion of the lists held at Coventry for the decision of the appeal between Bolingbroke and Norfolk, Aumerle was acting as Lord High Constable.

6. THOMAS MOWBRAY, created Earl of Nottingham, 1383, and Duke of Norfolk, 1397, in virtue of his descent from Edward the First’s youngest son, Thomas of Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England. His grandfather, John de Mowbray, married the Lady Joan Plantagenet, daughter of Henry, Earl of Lancaster, and sister of the first wife of John of Gaunt. His father, the fourth Lord Mowbray, married Elizabeth Segrave, only daughter and heir of John, Lord Segrave, by his wife, Margaret Plantagenet, Duchess of Norfolk, the eldest daughter of Thomas of Brotherton; so that Thomas Mowbray was doubly connected with the Plantagenet family. He was one of the five lords, who, in conjunction with the Duke of Gloucester, accused Robert Vere, Duke of Ireland, and other favourites of the king, of treason; in the same year, 1388, Richard in a proclamation acquitted them of treason, and took both parties, accusers and accused, under his protection. The five lords, who were called lords appellant, of whom Bolingbroke was one, ultimately gained the day, and their enemies were attainted of treason by what was known as the Wonderful Parliament in 1388; and Tresilian, chief-justice, and others were executed. At the instance of the Dukes of Lancaster and York, the king and the five lords were reconciled in 1390; but Mowbray seems to have separated himself from the Duke of Gloucester’s faction, for he was sent as Earl Marshal by the king to Calais, after the arrest of the Duke of Gloucester, as Holinsheds says (vol. ii. p. 837), “to make the duke secretely awake.” It is doubtful, however, whether Mowbray really had any share in the death of Gloucester, although there was some question as to attempting to punish the earl marshal for his supposed complicity in that mysteriuous crime. In 1398, at the Parliament held at Shrewsbury, Henry Bolingbroke accused Mowbray of treason. It is at this point that the play commences. Norfolk died in 1398 (see note 292). By his second wife, Elizabeth Fitzalan, daughter of the Earl of Arundel, who was executed in 1397, he had two sons, Thomas, the Lord Mowbray of the Second Part of King Henry IV., and John Mowbray, who was restored to his father’s dignity as Duke of Norfolk, and who is grandfather of the Duke of Norfolk in the Third Part of King Henry VI. His eldest daughter, Margaret, married Sir Robert Howard. Their son is the “Jockey of Norfolk” in Richard III.

7. THOMAS HOLLAND, Earl of Kent. He was the “third Earl of Kent, son of Thomas, second earl, by his wife,
Alice Fitzalan, eldest daughter of Richard, ninth Earl of Arundel, and grandson of Sir Thomas Holland, K.O., and Joan, 'Fair Maid of Kent'" (French, p. 30). He was therefore nephew of King Richard II., and brother to the second wife of Edmund, Duke of York. Lingard, by a mistake (vol. iii. p. 369), calls him the king's uterine brother, coupling him with the Earl of Huntingdon; the latter was the king's uterine brother, and uncle to this Thomas Holland, who was created Duke of Surrey, September 29th, 1397. He was the only one who ever bore this title. Hollinshead, in giving an account of the execution of the Earl of Arundel in 1397, mentions among the six great lords who were present: "Nottingham (that had married his daughter), Kent (that was his daughter's son)" (vol. ii. p. 841). He was degraded by Henry IV., at his accession, to the rank of earl; and joining in the plot against that king with the Earl of Salisbury, he was executed by the people of the town of Cirencester about the beginning of the year 1400 (see note 329).

8. EARL OF SALISBURY. Sir John de Montacute, third Earl of Salisbury of that surname, the son of Sir John de Montacute, one of the heroes of Cressy, was descended from Edward I. through his maternal grandfather, Ralph de Monthermer, who married the Princess Joan of Acres, daughter of that monarch. He was a supporter of the Lollards and Wicliffites. He was charged by Lord Morley (October 29th, 1399) with having betrayed the secrets of the Duke of Gloucester to King Richard; gages were interchanged between the appellant and defendant, but nothing came of it. Salisbury joined in the rebellion of some of the lords against Henry IV., and was executed by the populace at Cirencester, in January, 1400. His son Thomas, who was restored to the honours forfeited by his father's rebellion, was the valiant Earl of Salisbury in Henry V. and in the First Part of Henry VI. From this Earl of Salisbury's younger brother, Sir Simon de Montacute, the present ducal house of Manchester is descended.

9. LORD BERKELEY. Wrongly called by some editors Earl of Berkeley; the rank of earl not having been granted to the family till the reign of Charles II. This Lord Berkeley was Thomas, the fifth baron, descended from the feudal lords of Berkeley Castle, county of Gloucester. He married Margaret de Lisle, only daughter of the last Lord de Lisle. They had one daughter, Elizabeth, who married Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. Lord Berkeley was one of the four sureties for Lord Morley when he accused Lord Salisbury in the Parliament of 1399. See above, note 8.

10. BUSKY. Sir John Bushy, or, as he is sometimes called, Busie, was speaker of the House of Commons in 1397. He was one of the twelve commissioners to whom the power of both Houses of Parliament was delegated in 1386. It was mainly owing to his instigation that the Earl of Arundel was condemned to death, and the Archbishop of Canterbury exiled in 1397. Hollinshead thus describes him: "Sir John Buske, a knight of Lincolnshire, accomplished to be an exceeding cruel man, ambitious and couteous beyond measure" (vol. ii. p. 839). He was executed in August, 1399.

11. BAGOT was Sir William Bagot, and was sheriff of the county of Leicester in 1382-1383. French says: "He escaped from Bristol Castle, and joined the king in Ireland, but on his return was committed by Henry IV. to the Tower, whence he was released November 12, 1400, and being received into favour, served again in Parliament." . . . "Bolingbroke, the night before his intended combat with Mowbray, lodged at Sir William Bagot's manor-house at Baginton, a short distance from Gosford-green, near Coventry" (p. 33).

12. GREEN was Sir Henry Green, son of Sir Henry Green, Justice of the King's Bench, in the reign of Edward III. He first mentioned in connection with the horrible death of the Carmelite friar who, in 1388, accused the Duke of Lancaster of treason. This friar was committed to the charge of Lord John Holland, the king's half-brother, and was by him, and Sir Henry Green, brutally murdered in prison before any judicial inquiry into the truth of his statements (see Hollinshead, vol. ii. p. 763). Green, Bagot, and Bushy were the three prophets who called forth the king's grievances" (Hollinshead, vol. ii. p. 839). Hollinshead says (p. 848) they were all three "kings of the Bath, against whom the commons undoubtedly bare great and prude hatred." In the Egerton MS. play, Green is killed by the Earl of Arundel and Sir Thomas Cheney after the murder of Gloucester. He was, in reality, executed with Bushy at Berkeley Castle in 1399.

13. EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND. He was the son of Henry Percy, who was the son of the third Baron Percy of Alnwick, one of the heroes of Cressy. He married Mary Plantagenet, youngest daughter of Henry, Earl of Lancaster. He was created Earl of Northumberland at Richard's coronation in 1377. He took a prominent part in Bolingbroke's rebellion; but afterwards, with his son Hotapour and others, rebelled against Bolingbroke who had then become Henry IV. After the death of his son at the sanguinary battle of Shrewsbury on July 21st, 1403, by a submission not very honourable to himself, he obtained pardon, and was restored to his estates. But in May, 1405, in conjunction with Archbishop Scrope, Thomas Mowbray, Earl Marshal (son of the Duke of Norfolk mentioned in this play), Northumberland again raised the standard of rebellion. This time the attempt was quite abortive, and in conjunction with Lord Bardolf he escaped to Scotland, where he led a precarious life, till on February 10th, 1406, having again appeared in arms, he was killed at the battle of Bramham Moor, near Tadcaster.

14. HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotapour. This is the Henry Percy who is so important a character in I. Henry IV. It will be better to deal with his history when we come to that play.

15. LORD ROSS. William de Ros succeeded his brother John, who was the sixth Baron. He was the son of Thomas de Ros, the fifth Baron, who married Beatrice Stafford, eldest daughter of Ralph, Earl of Stafford, K.G. French says (p. 36): "He was summoned to Parliament from 1394 to 1413. Henry IV. rewarded his services by appointing him Lord Treasurer of England, and a K.G. He stood very high in that monarch's favour, and died at
Belvoir in 1414. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir John Arundell, and his male line ended in his grandson, Edmund de Ros, who died unmarried in 1506.

16. LORD WILLOUGHBY. William de Willoughby, fifth Baron Willoughby de Eresby, was summoned to Parliament from 1386 to 1409, in which year he died.

17. LORD FITZWATER. Walter Fitzwater, or Fitzwalter, fifth Baron Fitzwalter, was descended from Robert Fitzwalter, the general of the Barons confederated against King John, and styled by them “Marshall of the Army of God and the Church.” This Baron Fitzwalter died in 1407. He married Joan, daughter of Sir John Devereux, the elder and heir of John, second Baron Devereux, uniting by that alliance the two families of Fitzwalter and Devereux. Hollinshed, speaking of the accusation of treason against the Duke of Aumerle, says (vol. iii. p. 5): “The lord Fitzwalter herewith rose up, and said to the king, that where the duke of Aumerle excuseth himselfe of the duke of Gloucesters death, I say (quoth he) that he was the vertue cause of his death, and so he appealed him of treason, offering by throwing downe his hood as a gage to prowe it with his bodie.”

18. BISHOP OF CARLISLE. This was “Thomas Merke, or Merkes, who was a Benedictine monk at Westminster, and was appointed to the see of Carlisle in 1397. He was much employed in secular matters both at home and abroad. He was the only dissentient voice raised in Parliament against the deposed Richard being sentenced to secret and close imprisonment; and he was deprived of his bishopric, and sent to the Tower for his attachment to his ill-fated master” (French, p. 38). “He was committed to the Tower, but was liberated on the 22d of June, 1400, and delivered into the custody of the Abbot of Westminster. He was pardoned and allowed to go at large on 25th Nov. 1400. On 13th Aug. 1404, he was presented by the Abbot of Westminster to the rectory of Todenham in Gloucestershire, and probably died about the end of the year 1409, as his successor in the living ‘was instituted 13th Jan. 1409-10 per mortem Thomas Merks’” (Le Neve’s Fasti, ed. Hardy, vol. iii. p. 237 (Clarendon Press Edn. p. 156)). According to Bishop Kennet, it was to the vicarage of Sturminster-Marshall, in Dorsetshire, that Thomas Merke was appointed by King Henry IV. He enjoyed a very high reputation; and, according to French (p. 38): “It is expressly stated in the writ for his enlargement, dated at Westminster, November 23, 1400 (Rymer’s Foederarum, that Thomas Merke, late Bishop of Carlisle, was pardoned on account of the excellence of his character.”

19. ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER. This ecclesiastic has generally been supposed to have been William of Colchester; but French (p. 39) thinks that “the abbot who took part in the latter scenes of this play was his successor, Richard Harwood, or Harwenden.” D’Art in his History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster, after speaking of the date of the death of William of Colchester, which he states was uncertain, says: “Richard Harwooden is next nam’d, of whom we know nothing certain, but during this interval of Darkness I find the year before the Deposition of Richard II. the Abbat of Westminster attending Richard II. into Ireland, and after his Return appointed with others to go to him in the Tower, concerning his Resignation; and soon after concern’d at his Usage, join’d with the Dukes of Exeter, Surrey, and Aumare, &c. the Bishop of Carlisle, and principally the Abbat of Westminster, had an uncommon aversion to Henry IV., for that when the Earl of Darby, he had declared the Clergy had too much, and the King too little; but I rather think out of a true Loyalty to release their captiv’d Sovereign, but this being discover’d and several executed the Abbat fled from his Monastery, and dying of an Apoplexy, escap’d publick Execution. This Harwooden I take to be the Man whom the Monks privately buried without Tomb or Inscription; nor do we know in what part of the Church they laid him probably, for Fear; but as I am not certain, I leave it doubtful” (vol. ii. p. xxii, ed. 1742). This passage is quoted by French but with many inaccuracies. I have transcribed it from Dart’s work. As French gives it, it makes perfect nonsense; and it must be confessed that, even when correctly quoted, it is far from intelligible. The writer apparently means to say that this Richard Harwooden joined in Aumerle’s conspiracy, not so much out of hatred to Henry IV. as from a feeling of loyal sympathy for the deposed and imprisoned Richard. When the conspiracy was discovered, the abbot fled; and afterwards died a natural death from apoplexy. This tallies to a certain extent with Shakespeare’s account (v. 6. 19-21):

The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With drog of conscience and poison anchyloly,
Hath yield’d up his body to the grave.

It would appear that there is a great discrepancy between the different authorities as to the date of William of Colchester’s death; and, on the whole, it seems most probable that the Abbot, mentioned in this play, was Richard Harwooden. Both Grafton and Raphin agree that this Abbot of Westminster, who played such an important part in Aumerle’s conspiracy, died suddenly of a fit; and this corresponds both with Shakespeare’s account, and with that given by Dart, of Harwooden’s death. If the Abbot of this play was William of Colchester, it is, as French points out, very unlikely that he would have been allowed to escape unpunished, and to continue in the enjoyment of his high office for fourteen years after having taken part in such a conspiracy. It is also remarkable that none of the historians mention that William of Colchester died either a violent, or a sudden death.

20. LORD MARSHAL. As Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, was Earl Marshal, the Duke of Surrey (see above, note 48) acted as Lord Marshal in the lists at Gosford Green, near Coventry.

21. SIR STEPHEN SCROOP. He was the son of Henry de Scrope, first Baron Scroope or Scrope of Masham. He had been distinguished as a soldier, and served in France and Flanders. He was strongly attached to King Richard II.; but after that monarch’s unhappy death he was taken into favour by Henry IV., who appointed him Deputy-Lieutenant of Ireland under the young Prince Thomas of Lancaster. He “defeated the Irish on several occasions,
and died Feb. 10, 1403, at Tristel-Dermot, where the Irish parliament was sometimes held” (French, p. 45). His eldest son Henry is the Lord Scroop of Henry V.

23. SIR PIER A OF EXTON. Of Sir Pier A of Exton little seems to be known. Hollinshed speaks of him as “one called Sir Pier A of Exton” (vol. iii. p. 14). In the description of the death of Richard, part of which we have quoted in note 226, he thus relates Sir Pier’s share in that tragedy: After Richard had slain four of his assailants, “Sir Pier being halfe disarmed herewith, leapt into the chaire where king Richard was wont to sit, while the other foure persons fought with him, and chased him about the chaber. And in conclusion, as king Richard trauersed his ground, from one side of the chamber to an other, comming by the chaire, where sir Pier stood, he was felled with a stroke of a pollaw which sir Pier gave him upon the head, and therewith he put him out of life, without giving him respite once to call to God for remission of his passed offenss. It is said, that Sir Pier of Exton, after he had thus slaine him, wept right bitterlie, as one struck with the pricke of a gittle conscience, for murtheringe him, whome he had so long time obeyed as king.”

He was probably a near relation of Sir Nicholas Exton, Sheriff of London in 1388, who opposed Richard II. in Parliament, and succeeded Sir Nicholas Brembre as mayor in 1386 (see French, p. 45).

23. QUEEN. This was Richard’s second wife (see above, note 1). French (p. 46): “Isabel of Valois was the eldest daughter of Charles VI., and was crowned Queen of England, January 7, 1397. After the death of Richard, Henry IV. endeavoured to obtain her hand for his son, the Prince of Wales, but her family declined the alliance, and she became in 1408 the wife of her cousin, Charles D’Augeulme, afterwards Duke of Orleans; she died Sept. 13, 1410, soon after giving birth to a daughter, Joan, who married John II., Duke of Alencon, son of the prince who was slain at Agincourt, after his encounter with Henry V.”

24. DUCHESS OF YORK. The Duchess of York was not the mother of Aumerle, but the second wife of Edmund Langley, Duke of York (see above, note 3). She was Joan Holland, third daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Kent, and granddaughter of Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent. French (p. 47) says: “This duchess, surviving her husband, by whom she had no issue, married secondly the ‘Lord Willoughby’ in this play,” (being) “his second wife; thirdly Henry, the ‘Lord Scroop’ in King Henry V.; and fourthly Sir Henry Bromflete, Lord de Vescy, whose daughter, Margaret Bromflete, married the ‘Young Clifford’ in the Third Part of King Henry VI.”

25. DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER. She was the widow of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Edward III., of whom there has been so frequent mention. She was the Eleanor de Bohun who was the daughter and co-heiress of Humphrey, Earl of Hereford. She had one son and three daughters. The son died unmarried in 1399. The eldest daughter, Anne Plantagenet, married Edmund Stafford, fifth Earl of Stafford, who was slain at Shrewsbury; and their son Humphrey Stafford was created Duke of Buckingham, and is one of the characters in the Second Part of Henry VI. Shakespeare supposes her to have died at Ashby. She really died at Barking, whither she had retired after the death of her husband, and was buried at Westminster Abbey, where a monumental brass tablet to her memory may still be seen.

26. LADY ATTENDING on the Queen. French (p. 45) says: “The chief lady attached to the young queen’s household was the ‘Lady of Cony.’ Mary, daughter of the Princess Isabel, daughter of Edward III., who married Inglram de Cony, created Earl of Bedford, K.G. After the Lady of Cony was dismissed in disgrace, King Richard placed his young wife in the care of his niece, Eleanor Holland, widow of Roger Mortimer, fourth Earl of March, and she accompanied Queen Isabel on her return to France.”

ACT I. Scene 1.

27. Line 1: time-honour’d. — Not elided in F. 1. The line presents no difficulty in scansion if the final ed be pronounced; but, as it is a well-known and often quoted line, it is better to print it as usually given. As Malone has pointed out in his note, men were called old, at this time, whom we should consider only middle-aged. John of Gaunt was only fifty-eight years old at the time this play commences (1396).

28. Line 2: according to thy oath and band. — The word bond was spelt indifferently bond or band; for instances of the latter in Shakespeare, compare Comedy of Errors, iv. 2. 49, where the spelling of the word is used for the sake of a pun; and I. Henry IV. iii. 2. 157, “the end of life cancels all bands.”

29. Line 3: Henry Hereford thy bold son. — Hereford is written Hereford in all Qq. and Ff. (except Q. 5 and F. 4), so that it was evidently pronounced as a dissyllable. Daniel, in his poem The Civil War, uses the same form of the word (book i. stanzas ix. &c.).

30. Line 4: the boun’rous late appeal. — i.e. the accusation brought by Bolingbroke against the Duke of Norfolk, in the parliament at Shrewsbury, on January 30, 1398.

31. Lines 9–11: If he appeal the duke on ancient malice; Or worthy, as a good subject should, On some known ground of treachery in him?

An Appeal of Battle was, according to Pavine (quoted by Staunton), an accusation wherein “it is the purpose of one party to call another by the name of a villain before the bench of justice.” The “appealer or appellant” had under the old French law of Appeals, to give security for the payment of a fine of three score pounds, and damages to each person whom he appealed to the same amount, in the event of his failing to prove his accusation. The person appealed might either disprove the accusation by evidence, or might support his own denial by single combat, either with the appellant or with some deputy.

32. Line 29: May many years of happy days befall. — Q. Ff. omit May: the emendation is Pope’s.

33. Line 23: Until the heavens envy earth’s good hap. — The Edd. of Clarendon Press Series, and Rolfe say that,
in this line, the accent must be on the second syllable of 
emerging; but surely the rhythm does not require this; 
the usual accent on the first syllable makes a more har-
nomous line.

34. Lines 41-46.—Coleridge says [Lectures upon Shake-
peare, &c. (edn. 1849), vol. i. pp. 170, 171], "the rhymes 
in the last six lines well express the preconcertedness of 
Bolingbroke's scheme, so beautifully contrasted with the 
vehemence and sincere irritation of Mowbray." Surely 
this is very far-fetched. The rhymed lines are, as we 
know, characteristic of Shakespeare's earlier style; cer-
tainly these six are among those which make us suspect 
that Shakespeare worked, partly, from an older and infe-
rior play. It may be well to note that, in the historical 
account, Bolingbroke's conduct in accusing the Duke of 
Norfolk was far from creditable to him. The conversa-
tion took place between them when riding together on 
the road from Brentford to London; and, according to Bol-
ingbroke's own account, the purport of it was that the 
duke did not trust the king's assurances of friendship 
towards either of them; but believed that he intended to 
"destroy them both" for their share in some of the 
previous events of Richard's reign. "Two days before 
the opening of the session (at Shrewsbury) the Duke of 
Hereford had attained a general pardon under the great 
seal for the treasons, misprisions, and offences that he 
had ever committed" (Lingard, vol. iii. p. 374). His con-
duct certainly showed caution, coupled with the grossest 
treachery towards his friend, who had been speaking to 
him in confidence.

35. Lines 58, 59:

Setting aside his high blood's royalty, —

And let him be no kinman to my liege,—

We have printed the latter line as if it were a parenthesis. 
None of the commentators seem to find any difficulty in 
it; but it certainly is not very intelligible as usually prin-
ted. Norfolk is turning towards Bolingbroke in speaking 
the words: "Setting aside," &c.; then he stops, and turns 
with a reverent salutation to Richard:

And let him be no kinman to my liege,

i.e. "and consider him, for the moment, as no kinman of 
yours, my liege." That this is the meaning is proved by 
King Richard's speech below (lines 115-123). No doubt 
the Duke of Norfolk felt a difficulty in accusing a cousin 
of the king's, so roundly, of treason.

36. Line 95: for these eighteen years.—That is since 
1381, the year in which the rising under Wat Tyler, Jack 
Straw, &c. took place. It was also the year when Par-
liament made serious attempts to restrain the royal pre-
grative.

37. Line 100: That he did plot the Duke of Glostier's 
death.—Thomas of Woodstock, Earl of Buckingham, the 
youngest son of Edward III., was created Duke of Glou-
cester in 1385. The manner of his death is uncertain. 
In the Egerton MS. play, Thomas of Woodstock is the 
hero; he is called "plain Thomas," and is represented as 
remarkable for his plainness of speech; he is taken pri-
soner by a stratagem, at his own house, and carried off 
to Calais by Lapoole, the governor of that place. Acting 
on instructions from Richard, Lapoole has Gloucester 
killed in prison by two murderers, who knock him on the 
head, then strangle him, and finally another him with a 
feather-bed; afterwards arranging his body so as to make 
it appear he died a natural death. Richard, meanwhile 
overwhelmed with grief at the death of his queen (Anne 
of Bohemia), is struck with remorse, and wishes to recall 
the orders given to Lapoole, but it is too late. Lingard 
takes an unfavourable view of Gloucester's character, 
and doubts if the evidence of his murder, and especially 
of Richard's complicity in it, is to be relied on. It is 
certain that Norfolk, then Earl of Nottingham and Earl 
Marshal, was at Calais, and that Gloucester was in his 
charge; but whether the confession of John Hall, made 
in the first year of the reign of Henry IV., which is the 
only direct evidence of a murder having been committed, 
is to be relied on, is very doubtful.

38. Line 106: To me for justice.—Bolingbroke here sets 
himself up as the avenger of his uncle Gloucester; he 
seems to have been one of the few members of the royal 
family who did not take any part in the proceedings 
against the duke. His father, the Duke of Lancaster, 
pronounced against Gloucester the judgment of treason. 
But Henry had another right to act as revenger of his 
uncle's death, for his wife was sister of Eleanor, Duchess 
of Gloucester (see above, note 8).

39. Line 131: Since last I went to France to fetch his 
queen.—He had been joined (in 1396) with the Earl of 
Eufland (Anmerie) in an embassy to demand the hand of 
Isabel, eldest daughter of Charles VI., then about eight 
years old. The marriage took place in November, 1396.

40. Line 157: Our doctors say this is no month to blood. 
—PI. Q. 5 read time; but the allusion is to the alanance, 
where particular seasons were pointed out as the most 
proper time for being bled; generally spring and autumn. 
As a fact, the events narrated in this scene took place in 
the month of April.

41. Line 168: That lives, despite of death, upon my grave. 
—Printed by Q. and FY.: 

Despite of death that lives upon my grave.

The transposition of the words is a very slight alteration 
which makes the sense much clearer; it was first suggested 
by Seymour (Remarks, vol. i. p. 249). Bishop Words-
worth seems to think he was the first to venture on it. 
(See Shakespeare's Historical Plays, vol. ii. p. 96.)

42. Line 170: I am disgraced, impeach'd, and baff'd 
here.—According to Tolet (see Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 16), 
Holinshed thus explains baff'd: "Baffling is a great 
disgrace among the Scots, and it is used when a man is 
openly perjured, and then make of him an image painted, 
reversed, with his heels upward, with his name wonder-
ing, crieing, and blowing out of him with horns." Com-
pare I. Henry IV. i. 2. 118: "an I do not, call me a villain 
and baff me."

43. Lines 176-181 — With these lines compare Iago's 
well-known speech, Othello, iii. 3. 155-161: 

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls: &c.

44. Line 180: Cousin, throw down your page.—So FY. 
and Q. 5. The other Quartos all read throw up; a reading
ACT I. Scene 1.

NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. Scene 2.


58. Line 55: to safeguard thine own life. — This verb is used once again by Shakespeare, in Henry V. i. 2. 176:

Since we have locks to safeguard our necessities.

58. Line 55: A caitiff recreant. — Caitiff is, without doubt, derived from the Latin captivus; it is used by Wicliff in his version of the Bible (Eph. iv. 8) "He led the captive captive." The French form of the word is châtif, in Italian cattivo; both originally meaning "captive," and then coming to mean "wretched," "bad," just as caitiff has come to signify "a mean wretch." Recreant is used by Chaucer in the special sense of one who flies from battle: "he that despireth him, is like to the coward champion recreant, that flit among nede" (The Persones Tale, vol. iv. p. 79). It also means one that yields himself to his adversary, which sense it bears here.

54. Lines 58, 59. — This simile is, undoubtedly, taken from the bounding of a tennis-ball.

55. Line 65: at plashy visit me. — Plashy (now spelt Plashy), between Chelmford and Dunmow, in Essex, was the seat of Thomas of Woodstock, in virtue of his office as Lord High Constable. It was here that Richard himself arrested his uncle in July, 1397. In the Egerton MS. play, Plashy is thus described:

—Halliwell's Reprint, p. 43

Plashy is certainly some distance from the Thames.

56. Lines 66, 68:

But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,
Unpeopled offices.

The tapestry was hung on the walls by hooks, so that it was easily taken down when the family were away. The word offices had the same peculiar sense, in Shakespeare's time, that it has now; namely, the pantry, kitchen, cellars, &c., and they were always on the ground-floor. Compare Timon of Athens, ii. 2. 167, 168:

When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders.

57. Line 70: And what hear there? — So all Qq. and Ff. except Q. 1, which reads cheere; a reading defended by Malone, with singular infelicity, as justified by the offices in the preceding line. But surely, as the Camb. Ed. point out, the antithesis between line 67:

Alack, and what shall good old York say for,

and this line, "and what hear there," is too marked to admit of a doubt that Q. 1 is wrong in this instance.

58. Line 73: Desolate, desolate. — Collier's MS. Corrector substituted desperate for the second desolate, which does not remedy the unrhymethical nature of the line. I

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ratified by the Edd. of Clarendon Press Series (p. 89) on the ground that "throw up" means "relinquish" and is more appropriate than the latter, which is specially used for the act of defiance." But surely as above (line 161) Gaunt says:

Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

And King Richard adds (line 162)

And, Norfolk, throw down his.

And again (line 164), "Norfolk, throw down," the meaning is "throw down the gage you have in your hand." Let'som would substitute his for yours, but that is unnecessary.

45. Line 157: from such foul sin.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 read deep: Ff. and Q. 5, substantially, foul; which seems the preferable epithet.

46. Line 159: or with pale beggar-face impeach my height.—So Q. 1, Q. 5, F. 1, F. 2; beggar-face meaning "fear that makes me a beggar or suppliant, for his (Norfolk's) forgiveness." Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 read beggar-face: F. 3, F. 4 beggar'd fear.

Impeach my height means "lessen my dignity:" impeach is derived from the French empêcher, and means, originally, "to hinder," then "to accuse," because, perhaps, the object of an accusation is "to hinder" the accused from committing more crimes. The two senses of the word are here more or less blended.

47. Line 160: upon St. Lambert's day.—i.e. September 17th.

48. Line 204: Marshal, command our officers at arms.—The Duke of Norfolk was Earl Marshal; but, as he was himself to answer Bolingbroke's appeal, a deputy (Thomas Holland, Earl of Surrey) was appointed to act in his place.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

49. Line 1: Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood.—In the Egerton MS. play the Duke of Gloucester is always called Woodstock. But for the context, this line might have a double meaning; for Lancaster was certainly privy to the proceedings against his brother. In the Egerton MS. play, Lancaster assures the Duchess of his determination to avenge his brother in the following passage:

We will revenge our noble brother's wrongs;
And force that wanton tyrant to reveal
The death of his dear uncle, harmless Woodstock,
So trayterously betray'd. —Halliwell's Reprint, p. 81.

50. Line 7: Who, when they see. — Altered by Pope to it see, and by Steevens to he sees, very unnecessarily: heaven is often used as a plural noun. Compare Hamlet, ii. 4. 173-175:

but arrows hath pleas'd it so
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.

51. Line 11: Edward's seven sons. — They were (1) Edward the Black Prince, born 1330, died 1370; (2) William of
would propose _Deolate_, ah! _deolate_; but perhaps the rugged and deficient metre was here intentional.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

53. Line 3: _Spopishly and bold._—For a similar omission of the adverbial termination, compare Richard III. iii. 4. 50:

_His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;
and Othello, iii. 4. 79:_

_Why do you speak so startlingly and rashly?_

60. Line 7: _Marshall, demand of your champion._—Shakespeare seems to have given us most of the ceremonial observed on such occasions as this. Holinshed’s description of the scene is very vivid, and shows that all the accessories were of the most splendid character. Indeed, knowing the passion of Richard II. for dress and show, display of all kinds, one is tempted to think that, though he had made up his mind not to let the appellant and accused really fight, he would not stop the ceremony lest he should miss such an opportunity of indulging his favourite taste. Holinshed tells us the king “entered into the field with great triumph,” and that he had there “above ten thousand men in armour.”

61. Line 20: _To God, my king, and my succeeding issue._—So Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4; F. Q. 5 read his. It is very difficult to decide whether the latter are right or not. Certainly one might, at the first glance, expect “his (i.e. the king’s) succeeding issue;” nor do I think the fact that Richard had no issue, at this time, has anything to do with the question; for he was a young man, and when his child-queen grew up, he might easily have had children. But let us ask what were the three things to which Norfolk had to prove his “loyalty and truth.” To his God, his king, and the king’s lawful successors. Surely not; but to his God, his king, and his own high birth. If to meant “before,” or “to the satisfaction of,” there would be no difficulty. It is quite good sense that a man, in Norfolk’s position, should say “I will be loyal and true to my children, for I will not leave them a dishonoured name, which I should do if I did not defend myself against this accusation.” It seems to me that the reading my is partly justified, if indirectly, by lines 59, 60 below; where Bolding asked says:

_That he’s a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me._

He does not say “to King Richard and his successors.” The emendation of Fl. is, undoubtedly, very plausible; and the my might easily have been caught by the printer from the line above.

62. Line 26: _demand of._—Q. and Fl. read ask; the reading in the text is Eton’s conjecture.

63. Line 28: _Thus plated in habiliments of war._—_Plated_ means clad in plate amour; compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 1. 4, “like plated _Mars._” Chain amour was not used after the reign of Edward III. except in certain parts of the armour.

64. Line 30: _Depose him in the justice of his cause._—This is the only instance, in Shakespeare, of the use of _depose_ in the active sense of “taking a deposition.”

65. Lines 42, 43:

_on pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to TOUCH THE LISTS._

This prohibition shows that the _lists_ were, probably, movable barriers which marked out the ground of the tournament. Strutt says (edn. 1834, p. 131): “It was a considerable time after the establishment of _justa_ and tournaments, before the combatants thought of making either _lists_ or barriers; they contented themselves, says Menestrier, with being stationed at four angles of an open place, whence they run in parties one against another. There were cords stretched before the different companies, previous to the commencement of the tournaments, as we learn from the following passage in an old English romance, among the Harleian manuscripts: All these things done thel they were emblazed with _eche_ against the other, and the corde drawn before eche partie, and whan the tyme was, the corde was cut, and the trumpettes blew up for every man to do his devot, duty._

As these pastimes were accompanied with much danger, they invented in France the double _lists_, where the knights might run from one side to the other, without coming in contact, except with their lances; other nations followed the example of the French, and the usage of _lists_ and barriers soon became universal.”

66. Lines 63, 64.—Here we have two lines of blank verse coming, without any particular reason, in the middle of a passage written in rhyme. I cannot understand how any one, at all acquainted with the Elizabethan drama, can read this speech, and not believe that Shakespeare either had an old play on this subject before him, when he wrote Richard II., or that it was one of his very earliest works which he afterwards partly rewrote. The speech concludes (lines 70-77) with a passage entirely in blank verse, which is quite worthy of Shakespeare at his best, and infinitely superior to most of the rhymed passages which occur so constantly in this play.

67. Lines 67, 68:

_Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet._

The practice of ending dinners and suppers with what was called a _banquet_, that is, a _dessert of sweets_, seems to have been characteristic of English entertainments. The Clarendon Press Series Ed. quote very aptly from Bacon, “Let not this Parliament end like a Dutch feast, in salt meats; but like an English feast, in sweet meats” (Life and Letters, ed. Spedding, vol. iii. p. 215, note).

68. Line 73: _Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers._—_Proof_ was used technically of armour, somewhat as we use it nowadays of spirits. “Armour of proof” was armour tested so as to resist a severe blow. Compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 512:

_On Mars his armour strong’d for proof etern_;

and Macbeth, i. 2. 54: “Bellona’s bridegroom, I app’d in proof.”

69. Line 83: _Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant, line!_—Q. and Fl. all read “be valiant and line!”. The emendation we have printed is, I think, preferable to Capell’s, “the valiant live;” or to Pope’s “be brave and
NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. Scene 3.

line." The and is quite unnecessary; it makes the line hopelessly unrhymed.

79. Line 84: Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive! — i.e. "May my innocence prevail by the aid of St. George!" Qq. and F. read innocency: Capell first suggested innocency, which makes the line perfect; perhaps innocency was sometimes pronounced as a quadrissyllable. The idiom "St. George to thrive!" has been compared with the phrase: "St. George to borrow!" but the latter is quite different; borrow, in that case, is a substantive "pledge," "security," and the meaning of the expression is "St. George be my security!" The phrase occurs in Ralph Roister Dolster (Dodsley, vol. III. pp. 141, 147); a note to the first passage by Cooper wrongly explains "to borrow" as "to protect or guard," quoting, as a parallel idiom, the line in our text.

71. Line 96: As gentle and as found to as jest. — To jest had, in Shakespeare’s time, among other meanings, "to take part in any merry-making," and, especially, "to play in a masque." Farmer quotes from The Spanish Tragedie (act i.):

He promised us, in honour of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.

Schmidt explains as to jest as "as if we were going to a mock-fight."

78. Line 118: the king hath thrown his warden down.

— In II. Henry IV. iv. 1. 125, 126:

O, when the king did throw his warden down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw.

See Daniel’s Civil War (book i. st. 11x.):

The Combat granted, and the Day assign’d,
They both in Order of the Field appear,
Most richly furnish’d in all Martial Kind,
A mart of Paint and Point of Intercomb were;

When lo! the King chang’d suddenly his Mind,
Causes down his Warden, to arrest them there;
As biling advis’d a better Way to take,
Which might for his more certain Safety make.

Daniel says that Richard stopped the combat because he feared Bolingbroke, if victorious, would gain so much popularity as to become a dangerous rival (book i. stanza 11x.).

73. Line 121: Withdraw with us. — Here Richard and the Lords of the Council withdrew to consult together as to the sentence on the two combatants. According to Holinshed the consultation lasted two hours, and the sentence was read by Sir John Bushy, the king’s secretary. It may be stated that historians are not agreed as to the real cause of the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Norfolk; but Daniel (Civil War, book i. stanzas 11x.-1x.) gives the explanation which is the most probable one; namely, that Bolingbroke had spoken freely to Norfolk his feelings against the oppression and misgovernment of Richard, that Norfolk had reported this to the king, and that in self-defence Bolingbroke then "appeas’d" Norfolk of treason. For the other account of the transaction see note 8. If Daniel’s account is the true one, Bolingbroke’s conduct appears in a much more favourable light.

76. Line 128: Of civil wounds. — Q. I has cruel; all the other old copies read civil (or civil). Malone, in a note on this passage (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. pp. 30, 31), supports the reading of Q. 1; but mentions that a copy of the Quarto, 1597 (Q. 1), "now before me" reads civil. The only other copy, besides Capell’s, known to exist was that in the possession of the late George Daniel, which, as he informed the Camb. Ed., reads cruel.

79. Lines 129-133. — These five lines are omitted in F. and Q. 5.

77. Line 140: upon pain of life. — So Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4: "pain of death," F. 1, 5; the meaning is the same. Below (line 158) Qq. and F. all read "upon pain of life." Holinshed has, in both cases, "pain of death."

77. Line 150: The fly-slow hours. — So F. 2: all the QQ. F. 1, F. 3, F. 4 read fly-slow (substantially) without a hyphen. It is with some reluctance that we adopt a reading which has only F. 2 for its authority against all the QQ.; but the mistake between f and l is so common, and so easily made, that the alteration is really a very slight one. Fly-slow seems to be here a more appropriate expression, and a more forcible one than sly-slow. Steevens quotes from Chapman’s Odyssey, II. 164:

But when the fourth year came, and those sly hours
That still surprise at length dares’ craftiest powers.

But, surely, there the epithet has an appropriate significance which it lacks here. Malone compares the expression thievish minutes in All’s Well, II. 1. 168, 169:

Or four and twenty times the pilot’s glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass.

But Helena is, evidently, speaking of an hour-glass there, and thievish is an epithet which suits exactly the movement of the sand in an hour-glass.

78. Line 151: thy dear exile. — A similarly transposed sense of dear is not uncommon in Shakespeare. (See note 223, Love’s Labour’s Lost.) The way in which the word comes to have two contrary meanings is very simple; at first it means "precious"; "a dear thing" = "that for which a high price has been paid;" then it comes to mean "held in great affection," "close to the heart;" and so to be used of anything that stirs the emotions, or touches the heart, whether pleasurably or painfully.

79. Line 159: these forty years. — This is a mistake; Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, was not much more than thirty years old at this time.

80. Line 179: Lay on our royal sword your banish’d hands. — The hilt of the sword, in these times, was made, whether purposely or not, in the shape of a cross; and to swear with one’s hand upon such a sword was equivalent to swearing by the cross. Compare Hamlet, I. 6. 154: "swear by my sword."

81. Line 181: Our part therein we banish with yourselves. — Richard here releases them from their allegiance while in exile. It was a point much disputed, among lawyers, whether a banished subject was released from his allegiance by the very fact of being banished. Shakespeare is here his own lawyer.

82. Line 182: Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy. — Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, F. 1 read fare: F. 2, Q. 5, F. 3 fare. The sentence is rather obscure; but Ritson’s explanation,
NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. Scene 3.

quoted by Dyce, is probably the right one: “Norfolk.—[Do not think that I am speaking to you as a friend]—so far as a man may speak to his enemy.”

83. Lines 294, 295:

But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.

The last line is explained, generally, by commentators “the king will rue his knowledge.” But does not it mean “the king will rue what thou art?” Norfolk means to say, “God, thou, and I know what thou art—a traitor—and the king will soon have cause to rue the existence of such a traitor.”

84. Lines 299-311:

Hath from the number of his banished years
Pluck’d four away.

It was not the silent pleading of the father’s grief, but the popular indignation at the sentence on Bolingbroke which made Richard shorten his time of exile. Daniel says (Civil War, book i. st. lv.):

But yet such Murrining of the Fact he hears,
That he is faint, Four of the Ten forgive,
And Judg’d him Six Years in Exile to live.

85. Line 222: Shall be Extinct with age and endless night.—Shakespeare uses extinct only here, and in Hamlet, i. 3. 117, 118:

these blazes, daughter,

Giving more light than heat, extinct in both.

It is used in its proper sense—“extinguished” in both places.

86. Line 231: Thy word is current with him for my death.—The metaphor here is taken from the coinage, and the meaning is “Thy word is current with time—i.e. is accepted as an authentic equivalent—for my death; i.e. the sentence of my death.”

87. Line 244: I was too strict to make mine own away—i.e. “I was too strict in the performance of my duty in consenting to the banishment of my son.” (See line 224.) There is no historical authority, I believe, for making Lancaster assent to the sentence on his son.

88. Line 255: Esteem as foil.—Referring to the gold or silver leaf set behind a precious stone to enhance its lustre. Compare I. Henry IV. i. 2. 236-239:

And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o’er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

89. Lines 283-298.—These twenty-six lines are omitted in F. Q. 5.

90. Line 278: To foreign passages—i.e. to travelling about in foreign countries. Bolingbroke compares himself to an apprentice serving his time till he becomes free of his craft. He would serve his time, in the profession of an exile; and then be free to nothing else but to his own grief.

91. Line 275: All places that the eye of heaven visits.

The eye of heaven is generally supposed to mean the sun; and Shakespeare, undoubtedly, uses the expression, in that sense, in Lucrece (line 566), “the eye of heaven is out”; but it may mean here merely the eye of the omnipresent God.

92. Lines 275-282.—The whole of this passage seems to have been suggested by one in Lilly’s Euphues (quoted by Malone, Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 41): “Plato would never accompt him banished, that had the sunne, fire, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter’s blast, and the summer’s blaze; where the same sunne and the same moon shined: whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.” When it was cast in Diogenes’ teeth, that the Sinononotes had banished him Pontus, yes, said he, I them of Diogenes.”

93. Line 298: the presence strew’d.—The practice of strewning the floors of chambers, even in palaces, with rushes, continued as late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Shakespeare has several allusions to this custom, e.g. in Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. 36:

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.

Compare, on this subject, note 108, Two Gent. of Verona.

94. Line 299: fantastic summer’s heat.—This expression is very like one in Euphues (also quoted by Malone): “he that is washed in the rayne, drieth himselfe by the fire, not by his fancie” (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 42). Both this passage, and that quoted above in note 92, occur in the chapter where Euphues exhorts Botonio to take his exile patiently.

95. Line 302: Fell sorrow’s tooth doth never rankle more.—Compare Richard III. i. 3. 291:

His venom tooth will ramble to the death.

The word rankle occurs in no other passage in Shakespeare.

ACT I. Scene 4.

96. Line 1: We did observe.—This is addressed to Bagot and Green; and refers to some conversation which had passed between them and the king about Bolingbroke’s popularity and the arts he used to maintain it. (See below, lines 23-36.) Johnson observes, very sensibly, that the second act should commence with this scene; on the stage, it is generally omitted in its entirety.

97. Line 7: Which then blew bitterly against our faces.—F. read grew, and Q. 2, Q. 4, F. F. 5 read face. In this case the first Quartos are, as they generally are in this play, the safest authority to follow.

98. Line 13: This taught me craft.—We have accentuated this here, because, to make sense, the emphasis must be laid on it in reading or speaking the line. This refers to the words above, “for (i.e. because) my heart disstained,” &c. Aumerle seems to have been a born traitor: he conspired against Bolingbroke afterwards; but, on being detected, he betrayed all his accomplices.

99. Lines 23-41.—Daniel in his Civil War (book i. stanzas lxvi. - lxix.) gives a vivid description of Bolingbroke’s popularity, and puts into words the feelings of the people at his departure. Here are some extracts:

At whose Departure hence out of the Land,
How did the open Multitude reveal
NOTES TO KING RICHARD II

ACT I. Scene 4.

The wondrous Love they bare him under-hand;
Which now in this hot Passion of their Zeal
They plainly shew'd, that all might understand
How dear he was unto the Common-Weal.
They fear'd not to exclame against the King,
As one that sought all Good Men's Ruining:

(Book I. st. iv. v. p. 26.)

Unto the Shore, with Tears, with Sighs, with Moan,
They him conduct; cursing the Bounds that stay
Their willing Feet, that would have further gone,
Had not the fearful Ocean stopp'd their Way

(Book I. st. iv. v. p. 27.)

100. Line 88: the tribute of his supple knee.—For the
curtsy—called "making a leg"—as used by men, in
Shakespeare's time, see Taming of the Shrew, note 182.

101. Lines 45-51.—The farming of the realm is described,
with many details, in The Egerton MS. play, lv. 1. (Halliwell's Reprint, pp. 64, 66.) According to the unknown
author, the bargain was as follows: "these gentleman" (sic)
here, Sir Henry Greene, Sir Edward Baggott, Sir William
Bushey, and Sir Thomas Scroope, all joyfully here stand
bound to pay your majesty or your deputer, whereunto you
remayne (700), a mouth, for this your kingdom; for
which your grace by these wrightings, surrenderers to ther
hands all your Crowne lands, lordships, manors, rents,
taxes, subsidies, fines, impostes, forrayne custome,
staples for woole, wyn, lead, and cloath; all fortures of
goods or lands confiscate; and all other duties that is,
shall, or may appertayne to the king or crowne reueneuers:
and for non payment of the same or somes aforesaid,
your majesty to seaze the lands and goods of the sayd
gentlemen aboue named, and ther bodies to be imprisoned
at your graces pleasure." The division of the
different districts of the realm, among the four farmers
thereof, is described with no little humour and satire.
The blank charters play an important part in the same
play. The cruel oppression practised in the collection
of them is represented as having been most odious.
These blank charters were, virtually, promissory notes,
which the wretched subjects of King Richard were com-
pelled to sign before the amount was filled in; that being
added afterwards at the caprice or discretion of the col-
lectors.

103. Line 58: At Ely House.—Ely House stood just off
Holborn, where Ely Place now is. The chapel of Ely
House with the crypt underneath it, which have both
been lately restored, may still be seen; Roman Catholic
services now again take place there.

ACT II. Scene 1.

100. Line 2: to his unstaid youth.—Richard was now in
his thirty-second year, and could hardly be said to be in
his youth. Shakespeare uses unstaid in two other pas-
sages, Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 7. 60, and Twelfth Night,
ii. 4. 18, in both of which the accent is on the last syll.
able. It is a coincidence worth noting that Holinshed
also uses the word of Richard: "which to have con-
celed had tended more to the opinion of virtue, than to
lash out whatsoever his unstaid mind afforded" (vol. ii.
p. 830).

104. Line 12: music at the close.—Steevens "supposes"
close to be a musical term. It certainly is; it is nearly
synonymous with cadence, not to be confused with
cadence, the anglicized form of cadenzas, i.e. a succes-
sion of notes in roulades or arpeggios intended to show off
the vocal execution of the singer, and means simply a return
to the tonic chord or chord of the key-note. There is
also the half-close, which very often divides a tune into
two parts, being a fall or conclusion on the chord of the
dominant—an "imperfect cadence." In Lingua (act i.
sc. 1), in a passage in which many musical terms occur,
we find:

For though (perchance) thy first strains pleasing are,
I dare engage mine ear the close will jar.

105. Line 16: undeaf his ear.—Shakespeare uses deaf as
a verb in King John, ii. 1. 147, 148:
What cracker is this same that deafen ear
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

106. Lines 18, 19:

As, praises of his state: then there are found
Lascivious metres.

So Q. 3, Q. 4, Ft., Q. 5; and, although it is not a satisfactory
reading, we have thought it better to retain it than to
print any emendation of our own or of any one else. Q. 1
reads:

of whose taste the wise are found,
Q. 2:

of whose state the wise are found,
norther of which can be right. The Camb. Edd. adopt
Collier's emendation "of whose taste the wise are fond," a
very slight alteration which makes indifferent sense;
but the passage is either corrupt or was left by Shake-
peare unfinished. The whole speech is very carelessly
written. The recurrence of sounds at end of line 17, and
sound at end of line 19 is very snappish; lines 22 and 23
both end with the syllable ation more accurately accented.
For metres Q. 23. read meter, which was the usual way
of spelling that word even as late as 1770 (see Bailey's
Dict.). Metre occurs in three other passages of Shake-
peare; in Sonnet xvii. 12, where the Quarto has meter;
in 1. Henry IV. iii. 1. 130, where the first seven Quarts
have meter, the Folio metre, and Q. 8 meter; in Measure
for Measure, i. 2. 22, where F. 1. has metre. (Of that play
there is no quarto edition.) That metre here means "a
person who meets or encounters you," is scarcely tenable,
unless some better authority for the word can be found
than is afforded by this passage.

107. Lines 21-29: Report of fashions in proud Italy, &c.—
Compare with this and the next lines the following pas-
sage from Cheney's speech (at end of act ii.) in Egerton
MS. play (Reprint, p. 90):

They sit in council to devise strong fashions;
And suite themselves in wyrd and anticke habits,
Such as this kingdom never yet beheld;
Frenche hose, Italian cloakes, and Spanish hats,
Polonian shoes, with pickets 1 handfull longe
Tyde to ther knees with chynenes of pearls and gold;
Ther plummed topes fly wawing in the aere
A cubit high aboe ther wanton heads.

Shakespeare, perhaps, intended to refer to other fashions
than those of dress.

1Pickets, long pointed toes curling up at the end.
NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

108. Line 28: Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard. —A difficult sentence; it means "where will does rebel against the view of the intellect," or "what the understanding sees to be right."

109. Line 44: infection. —Johnson would have read incession, but supposes "Shakespeare means to say that islanders are secured by their situation both from war and pestilence." Singer suggests that the infection meant here may be moral, "of vicious manners and customs;" but is this sense consistent with lines 22, 23 above? It is certain that, although there were periodical outbursts in Shakespeare's time of an indigenous plague, our insular position has always kept us, in some degree, exempt from the worst forms of pestilence which have at times devastated the Continent. In Allot's England's Parnassus (1850), lines 40-55, with the exception of line 56, are quoted with some variations; and are wrongly attributed to M. Dr. Michael Drayton. Infection is the reading there, and Farmer suggested that infection—infection might be the word intended by Shakespeare; a suggestion which Malone adopted. In his text, instancing infection is a good example, used by Bishop Hall, as a similarly abbreviated word. Infection is used by Bacon; but no instance of infection can be found.

110. Line 60: Like to a tenement, or Within the farm. —In the Egerton MS. play, Richard, in a speech in which he has a twinge of remorse, says (act iv.):

  And we, his sons, to ease our wanton youth,
  Become a landlord to this warlike realm,
  Rent out our kingdom like a pleasy farme.

—Reprint, p. 63.

The similarity of expression is worth noticing.

111. Lines 61-63. —Compare with these lines the following passage in Daniel's Civil War (book i. stanzas lvii. lviii.):

Why, Neptune, Haste thou made us stand alone,
Divided from the World, for this, say they:
Hemmed in to be a Spoli to Tyranny,
Leaving Affliction hence no way to fly.

Are we lock'd up, poor Souls, here to abide
Within the watry Prison of thy Waves.
As in a Fold, where subject to the Pride
And lust of Rulers, we remain as Slaves.

There are so many points of resemblance between Daniel's poem and this play, that it seems highly probable either that Shakespeare had seen Daniel's poem in MS. or that Daniel had taken some ideas from the play. "The First Fowre Booke of the civile wars betweene the houses of Lancaster and Yorke" was first published in 1566.

118. Line 64: With racy roots.—Steevens wanted to alter roots to bolts; but the words racy roots are, as Boswell pointed out, merely a contemptuous expression for writings.

119. Line 70: For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more. —Several conjectures have been made, such as resit'd, sha'd, cur'd, &c., but they are unnecessary, as rag'd, i.e. "being aggravated by violent opposition," or "provoked by severe punishment," surely makes good sense enough.

120. Line 71. —Shakespeare has shown his dramatic common sense in not making the Queen Isabel, what she really was at this time, a child of nine years old. There is little enough female interest in Richard II. now; there would have been none if he had adhered to history.

115. Line 73-93. —These lines are omitted by Pope as unworthy of Shakespeare; but, however tedious may be this string of wretched puns which the dying Gaunt makes, such playing with words was considered witty in Shakespeare's time. The eloquent defence of this passage by Coleridge (Lectures upon Shakespeare, &c. vol. i. pp. 175, 176) is a very beautiful piece of writing, but not much to the point. Grim jests have often been made on their death-beds by men who, in their lifetime, were serious enough; but such a silly jingle of puns as Gaunt strings together on his own name is but one of those defects of taste common enough in all Shakespeare's works, but especially in his earlier ones; defects which only serve to bring out more prominently the many beauties of his language; beauties that shine more brightly by contrast with such blemishes.

116. Line 86: Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me—i.e. "to leave me without an inheritor of my name by banishing (and disinheriting) my son." —So this passage is generally explained, with the exception of the words put in brackets, which seem necessary: for the mere banishment would not prevent Bolingbroke's succeeding his father, especially as Richard had given both the banished dukes "a permission by patent to appoint attorneys to take possession of such inheritances as might fall to them in their absence, though they could not actually perform homage or swear fealty" (Lingard, vol. iii. p. 379). Holinshed also mentions these patents which, immediately on John of Gaunt's death, Richard coolly ignored, and took possession of all his uncle's property. We must suppose that Gaunt on his death-bed anticipates the king's treachery, and divines that Richard's real object was to deprive his son and heir of all his property and titles.

117. Line 88: flatter with those that live. —Compare Two Gent. of Verona, iv. 4. 189:

  Unless I flatter with myself too much.

All Qs. (but Q. 1) and F. omit with.

118. Lines 85, 94:

Now he that made me know I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Steevens suggested the omission of the words to see in the second line, a suggestion which Seymour approved. They are certainly unnecessary, but are found in all Qs. and F., so we must consider the verse as an Alexandrine. The sense of the passage is: "God knows I see thee ill (in the double sense of seeing dimly, and of seeing Richard morally unwell) being myself ill to see (i.e. to look on) and seeing ill (ill-doing) in thee." Seymour explains: "ill in myself to see," &c., "I am sick or ill to think I see at all, or am alive, under the burden of my age and vexations, and especially as I discover illness in you" (Remarks, vol. i. p. 256). But the simple explanation seems preferable.

ACT II. Scene 1.

NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

2. 141) "too flattering sweet;" but patient is here a substantive used in the ordinary sense. Compare Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 294:

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

120. Lines 102, 103:

And yet, inveased in so small a verse,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

Shakespeare uses two legal terms here: verse means the compass of the king's court within the jurisdiction of the lord steward of the king's household, which extended for twelve miles round. Waste is the legal term for the destruction of any houses, woods, fences, &c., done by the tenant for life to the prejudice of the heir, or of the holder of the reversion. It refers here to the waste made by Richard's favourites.

121. Line 118: landlord of England art thou now, not king.—This expression occurs more than once in the Egerton MS. play. See passage quoted in note 110. When Gloucester is in prison the ghost of Edward III. appears to him, and speaks of his grandson (act v.):

(y) warlike sons I left, yett being gone,
No one succeed in my kingly throne;
Richard of Burges, my accursed grandchild,
Cust of your titles to the kingly state;
And now your lives and all would ruin,
Murders his grandsons sons, his fathers brothers,
Becomes a landlord to my kingly tythes,
Rents out my crowns revenues, &c.

—Reprint, p. 83.

Again Lancaster says to the king (act v.):

And thou no king, but a landlord now become
To this great state that terrourd christendome.

—Reprint, p. 94.

122. Lines 133, 134:

And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long witherd flower.

Johnson proposed a very ingenious reading in the first line:

And thy unkindness be time's crooked edge,
i.e. time's scythe. But Malone has produced many instances of the use of the expression crooked age; one in Locrine (i. 1. 15):

Now yield to death, o'erweld with crooked age.

No doubt the word crooked suggested Time's scythe or sickle. Compare Sonnet c. Lines 13, 14:

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

123. Line 139: that age and sullens have.—This word sullen, used only here by Shakespeare, is found in Lilly's Sapho and Phæon (ill. 1): "like you Pandion, who being sickle of the sullenis, will seekes no friend" (Works, vol. I. p. 184).

124. Line 145: Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his.—Richard wilfully mistakes York, and answers him as if he had spoken of Hereford's (Bolingbroke's) love for him (Richard), not of Gaunt's love for his son. Of course, in the preceding line, Harry, Duke of Hereford, is in the objective, not in the nominative case.

125. Line 145:

K. Rich. What says he?

Nay, nothing; all is said.

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There is a syllable deficient in this line, but it is supplied by the pause between the two speeches. Malone is quite wrong in calling What says he? "one of those short additions in prose." Pope coolly printed, "What says o'ld Gaunt?"

126. Line 153: The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he.—Compare Merchant of Venice (v. 1. 115, 116):

the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me.

157. Line 156: rug-headed kerns.—Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 367:

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

"Rug was rough coarse frieze, and also a cloak or coverlet made of it" (Clarendon Press Ed.). These rugs were worn by the Irish, and their resemblance to the rough thick bushy hair of the kerns, or light-armed soldiers, suggested the epithet.

158. Lines 157, 158:

Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they have privilege to live.

Referring to the legend that St. Patrick drove all reptiles out of Ireland, which accounts for the absence of snakes in that favour'd country.

159. Lines 167, 168:

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace.

When Bolingbroke went to France he was received by the king, Charles VI., in the most friendly manner; his first wife, Mary de Bohun, having died in 1394, he proposed for the hand of Marie, one of the daughters of the Duke of Berry, uncle to Charles VI., and was accepted. But Richard, on hearing of the engagement, sent the Earl of Salisbury, at once, on an express mission to Charles to tell him that Bolingbroke was a traitor, &c. &c. and that he must not suffer his cousin to marry him on any account; so the match was broken off.

157. Line 177:

Acomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
i.e. "when he had reached thy age."

161. Line 185: he never would compare between—i.e. "make comparisons between Richard and his father, the Black Prince: the use of "to compare between" is obsolete.

162. Lines 203, 204:

By his ATTORNEYS-GENERAL to sue
HIS LIVERY.

An attorney-general is he that has a general authority to act in another person's affairs and suits for him. To sue his livery is a legal expression thus fully explained by Malone: "On the death of every person who held by knight's service, the escheator of the court in which he died summoned a jury, who inquired what estate he died seized of, and of what age his next heir was. If he was under age, he became a ward of the king's; but if he was found to be of full age, he then had a right to sue out a writ of oyster to main, that is, his livery, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land delivered to him" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 61).
ACT II. Scene i.

NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

118. Line 223: My heart is great; but it must break with silence.—Compare the well-known line in Hamlet’s first soliloquy (i. 2. 160):

But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

119. Line 225: Tends thou dat speak to the Duke of Hereford—I.e. “Is that which thou wouldst speak concerning the Duke of Hereford?”—Our reading is that of Ff. Q. 5. The other Qq. read that thou wouldst, which Dyce prefers, accentuating wouldst.

120. Line 246: The common hath he pil’d with grievous taxes.—In the Egerton MS. play (act i.) Woodstock, speaking of Richard’s favourites, says:

did some beare weare that fashion (i.e. plain hose).

They would not tax and pry the commons so.

—Reprint, p. 15.

121. Line 247: And lost their hearts.—Qq. and Ff. “And quite lost their hearts.” Pope omitted quite, which word spoils the verse, and was probably intended for the line below. It is very possible that the first and quite lost their hearts was put by the transcriber in place of some different words.

122. Line 250: benevolence.—According to Holinshed, the name benevolence was first given to a semi-voluntary contribution to the king’s exchequer by Edward IV. In the year 1473: “But because he wanted monie, and could not well charge his commons with a new subsidy, for that he had received the last yeare great summes of monie granted to him by parlement, he deuised this shift, to call afor him a great number of the wealthiest sort of people in his realme; and to them declaring his need, and the requisite causes thereof, he demanded of errie of them some portion of monie, which they sticked not to give. And therefore the king willing to shew that this their liberallitie was verie acceptable to him, he called this grant of monie, a benevolence: notwithstanding that manie with grudge gave great sums toward that found aid which of them might be called, a Malevolence” (Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 380). So that the use of the word here is an anachronism; perhaps Shakespeare should have used pleasure, which according to Holinshed was a name given to certain fines so called “as it were to please the king withall” (See Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 934 (marginal note)).

123. Lines 253, 254:

But basely yielded upon compulsion
That which his ancestors achiev’d with blows.

The allusion is to the treaty made by Richard with Charles VI. of France in 1388, and renewed on his marriage with his child-queen Isabel in 1396; and more especially perhaps because he was accused of over-partiality for France in the yielding up of Breteche to the Duke of Brittany for a sum of money in 1307. (See Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 384.) In the Egerton MS. play (act v.) Lancastor says of Richard:

His native country, why is that finance, my lords, At Burdeaux was he borne, which place allures And tyes his depe affections still to France.

—Reprint, p. 94.

124. Line 268: But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest

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SING.—Compare Tempest, ii. 2. 20: “another storm brewing; I hear it sing i’ the wind.”

140. Line 296: And unavoi’d is the danger now.—Compare I. Henry VI. iv. 5. 8:

A terrible and unavoi’d danger.

So unvalued for invaluable, Richard III. i. 4. 27:

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.

141. Lines 275, 276:

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts.

These lines are explained by a writer in Blackwood’s Magazine for September, 1853 (p. 306 (quoted by Dyce)): “We three are but yourself, and, in these circumstances, your words are but as thoughts—that is, you are as safe in uttering them as if you uttered them not, insomuch as you will be merely speaking to yourself.”

142. Lines 277, 278:

I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany.

According to Holinshed (vol. H. p. 662) “there were certaine ships rigged, and made ready for him, at a place in base Brittany, called Le port blanc, as we find in the chronicles of Britaine.” The Clarendon Press Ed. say that Holinshed copied from “Les grâdes chroniques de Bretagne” (Paris, 1614). They add that Le Port Blanc is a small port in the department of Côtes du Nord near Tréguier. But Lingard says: “To elude the suspicions of the French ministers, Henry procured permission to visit the Duke of Bretagne; and, on his arrival at Nantes, hired three small vessels, with which he sailed from Vannes to seek his fortune in England” (vol. iii. p. 385). Vannes is on the bay of Morbihan, a well-known bay in Brittany; and I believe Holinshed, and the chroniclers from whom he copied, were equally mistaken; and that it should be Morbihan, and not Port le Blanc, which is an insignificant place not marked on any map. Tréguier and Vannes were both in Basse Bretagne (see Notes and Queries for April 5, 1884, No. 222, p. 267, where I have given my reasons for this belief at greater length).

143. Lines 279–284:

Rainold Lord Cobham,

[The son of Richard, Earl of Arundel]

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter, &c.

The line inserted between brackets, which Malone first introduced, is absolutely necessary to the sense. Rainold (Reginald) Lord Cobham certainly never broke from the Duke of Exeter; but Thomas Arundel, son of Richard Earl of Arundel (who was beheaded in 1387, at the same time that the Duke of Gloucester was arrested) did, as Holinshed narrates (vol. ii. p. 849): “About the same time, the earle of Arundell’s sonne, named Thomas, which was kept in the duke of Exeters house, escaped out of the realme, by means of William Scot, mercer, and went to his uncle, Thomas Arundell late archbishop of Canturburie, as then soulowming at Cullen” (Cologne). Lord Cobham was condemned to exile in Jersey, in January, 1398, for complicity in Gloucester’s supposed conspiracy; the Archbishop of Canterbury was deprived of his see on the same ground, and took refuge in France.
ACT II. Scene 1.

NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

144. Lines 238, 234:
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Thomas Ramston, John Norbury, Robert Waterton, and Francis Count.
Qu and Fs. read "Sir John Ramston;" but it was really Sir Thomas (see Hollishad, vol. ii. p. 322). Fs. and Qu have:
Sir John Norbury, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quaint,
but Hollishad gives them as "John Norbury, Robert Waterton, Francis Colet Esquires;" and we have followed Hollishad, as Shakespeare probably intended to do.

145. Line 290: Ravenspury—otherwise Ravenspurn, or Ravensper, near Spurn Head, was, in the time of Edward I., the most considerable port on the Humber. It ceased to exist in the sixteenth century, having been swept away by the encroachments of the German Ocean. It was situated near Kilness. It was here that Edward IV. landed in 1471, when he came to regain his kingdom after the temporary restoration of Henry VI. by Warwick.

ACT II. Scene 2.

146. Line 1. — Bushy, Bagot, and Green all figure conspicuously in the Egerton MS. play; although, at the period of the events represented in that play, they do not appear to have been in any way prominent characters; nor are they mentioned in history, as favourites of Richard, before 1397. This scene is represented as taking place at Windsor, because Hollishad mentions that Richard left the Queen there when he went to Ireland:
"leaving the queene with hir trains still at Windsor" (vol. ii. p. 850). Lingard thus describes their parting:
"Having appointed his uncle, the Duke of York, regent during his absence, the king assisted at a solemn mass at Windsor, chant'd a collect himself, and made his offering. At the door of the church he took wine and spices with his young queen; and lifting her up in his arms, repeatedly kissed her, saying, 'Adieu, madam, adieu, till we meet again'" (vol. iii. p. 381).

147. Line 3. — life-harming. — So Q. 1. Q. 2; Q. 3. Q. 4 have half-life-harming, which in F. 1 was changed to self-harming.

148. Line 4: And ENTERTAIN a cheerful DISPOSITION.—Compare Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 90:
And do as willing stillness ENTERTAIN.
Disposition is used in the same sense in Hamlet, i. 5. 172:
To put an antic disposition on.

149. Lines 11, 12:
and my INWARD SOUL
With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves.

This passage appears to have troubled tedious commentators: Bishop Warburton transposed nothing and some thing; while Bishop Wordsworth prints noting for nothing. I think both changes are unnecessary. The meaning is: "my inward soul is so agitated, it trembles or is frightened by nothing, i.e. no tangible or visible thing: its grief is for something more than the mere separation from the king:" what that something is she does not know.

150. Lines 18-20:
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Show nothing but confusion—'tis not a Distinguish form.

Commentators differ as to what perspectives were. Stuaiton quotes from Dr. Plot's Natural History of Staffordshire (Fol. Oxford, 1696, p. 891): "At the right Honourable the Lord Gerards at Gerards Bromley, there are the pictures of Henry the great of France and his queen, both upon the same indented board, which he held directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but if obliquely, of one side you see the king's and on the other the queen's picture, which I am told (and not unlikely), were made thus. The board being indented according to the number of the Pictures, the prints or paintings were cut into parallel pieces, equal to the depth and number of the indents on the board; which being nicely done, the parallel pieces of the king's picture, were pasted on the glass that strike the eye beholding it obliquely, on one side of the board; and those of the queen's on the other; so that the edges of the parallel pieces of the prints or paintings exactly joyning on the edges of the indents, the work was done." Singer quotes the following from Hobbes in his Answer to Davenant's Preface to Gondibert: "You have seen a curious kind of perspective, where he that looks through a short hollow pipe upon a picture containing divers figures, sees none of those that are painted, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glass." Some seem to think it was a figure drawn in inverted perspective; others that it refers, not to any picture, but to convex glasses "cut into faces, like those of the rose-diamond; the concave left uniformly smooth." (Henley, Var. Ed., vol. xvi. p. 70). The fact is, the word perspectives was used in different senses: in a passage which occurs in All's Well (v. 3. 48, 49) it means a glass which produces an optical illusion:
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour.

Beaumont and Fletcher use it for a telescope in The Lover's Progress (iii. 6):
Lies hid our sins like nets; like perspectives,
They draw offences nearer still, and greater.
(Works, vol. ii. p. 449.)

In this passage the sense is rightly explained by the quotation from Dr. Plot, given by Staunton.

151. Line 81: At,—though, on thinking, on no thought I think.—Capell altered on to in; but the sense, or nonsense, is the same. If Shakespeare did not avail himself of some older play, it must be confessed that he is at his worst in this and some other passages of Richard II. Such a detestable jingle of verbal affectations, wantonly obscure and involved, is foreign to the purposes of true poetry. It was not so he wrote when he wanted to touch our hearts.

152. Line 84: 'Tis nothing less.—The Clarendon Press Egd. quote, very appropriately, from Bacon's Advancement of Learning, ii. 1, § 3: "The use of this work, honoured with a precedent in Aristotle, is nothing less than to give contentment to the appetite of curious and vain wits." So rien moins is used in French.
138. Lines 36–38:
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'T is in resourvo that I do possess.

One has scarcely the patience to try and explain this involved gibberish; and one feels tempted to believe Shakespeare was really bursaing some of his contemporaries. The meaning, if any was intended, probably is: "My grief is begot of nothing; or else, groundless as it seems, it has some basis of reality; it is only in resourvo that I possess this grief, as the event which I grieve for has not yet happened." The best manner, perhaps, in which to treat such passages as the above, is to pass them over as melancholy examples of the corrupting influence of fashion on a master mind. Silly courtiers wrote their words as if they were half in the right.

154. Line 54: The Lords of Rosse, Beaumond, and Wolloughby. —See Hollinshed (vol. ii. p. 853): "The first that came to him, were the lords of Lincolnshire, and other countries adorning, as the lords Wolloughby, Ros, Darke, and Beaumond."

155. Line 57: And all the rest resolvo faction, traitors.
—This is the reading of Q. 1; the other Qs. and F. 1, F. 2 read "rest of the resolvo faction," which makes an unnecessary cumbersome line. Capell ended the line at faction (adopting the latter reading), and printed Traitors as the beginning of the next line. There are two considerations which make us prefer the reading of Q. 1 to that of the later copies, and to Capell's arrangement. In all the old copies, Quarto and Folio, Worcester is printed in full, and is evidently meant to be pronounced as a triallably; triallably endings are scarcely admissible in so early a play. Secondly, Shakespeare uses remainder as an adjective, precisely in the same elliptical manner as rest is used here. See As You Like It (II. 7. 30, 40):
Which as is dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage.

156. Lines 58, 59:
We have: whereas the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship.
Hollinshed's account of this incident is as follows: "Sir Thomas Piers, earle of Worcester, lord steward of the kings house, either being so commanded by the king, or else vpon displeasure (as some write) for that the king had proclaimed his brother the earle of Northumberland traitor, brake his white staffe, which is the representing signe and token of his office, and without delaise went to duke Henrie" (vol. ii. p. 855).

157. Lines 62, 63:
So, Gent, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbrooke my sorrow's damask heir.

This refers to lines 10, 11:
Some unbound sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me.
Compare with this passage and the three following lines:
I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
—Pericles (v. 1. 107).

158. Line 74: With sigmas of war about his aged neck.—This means that he had got his armour on, including the gorget, which protected the neck and shoulders.

159. Line 88: The nobles they are fled, the commons cold. —QF. and F. read "the commons they are cold." The correction is Pope's.

160. Lines 92, 93: —We have arranged these lines as in F. and Q. 5, with the exception that we have transposed to-day and came by, in order to make the line scan. In the four Quartos they are arranged thus:
Hold take my ring
Serv. My lord I had forgot to tell your lordship
To-day as I came by I called thee;

except that, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 all omit as and insert and before I called. In F. 1 called is printed called'd.

161. Line 105: Come, sister, —cousin, I would say, —
pray, pardon me. —This, as Steevens observes, is one of Shakespeare's touches of nature. York's mind is full of the death of his sister, and he calls the Queen sister, instead of cousin. Strictly speaking, Queen Isabella was his niece by marriage; but cousin is used of various degrees of relationship. The Duchess of Gloucester, according to Hollinshed, died in this year, 1399; but he does not mention what month; the cause of her death being "thorough sorrow (as was thought) which she conceived for the loss of her sonne and heir the lord Humfris, who being sent for forth of Ireland (as before ye have heard) was taken with the pestilence, and died by the wyre" (vol. iii. p. 9).

162. Lines 106–120: —We have printed this passage as prose; the attempt to turn it into verse only results in a number of unrhymed lines, which, allowing for the agitation of York, still jar upon one's ear.

163. Line 119: meet me presently at Berkley. —F. and Q. 5 have Barkley and Barkley Castle. The first four Quartos omit castle. Berkley Castle is on the south-east side of the town of Berkley, on the Bristol Channel, about half-way between Gloucester and Bristol. It is in good preservation. Here Edward II. was murdered, September 21st, 1327.

164. Line 122: six and seven. —The older form of the phrase, in common use nowadays, at sixes and sevens. The derivation is uncertain; but, most probably, it was taken from some game. Nares says, "The plural form, which is now exclusively used, suggests the idea that it might be taken from the game of tables, or backgammon, in which to leave single men exposed to the throws of six and seven, is to leave them negligently, and under the greatest hazard: since there are more chances for throwing those numbers than any other."

165. Line 143: presages. —In King John this word is used in two passages (I, 1. 28):
And sullen presage of your own decay,
and (III. 4. 158):
Abortives, presages and tongues of heaven,
in both of which the accent is on the first syllable.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

166. Line 5: Draws out our smiles, and makes them wearisome. —Many editors substitute draw and make; but this use of a singular verb with a plural nominative

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occurs so often in Shakespeare, that we are not justified in altering his characteristic phraseology in order to bring it into accordance with our views of grammar. The poet writes as if the wild hills and rough uneven ways assumed, in the speaker's mind, the idea of unity, as one opposing force to the projects of himself and companions. The construction is well known in Greek.

157. Line 7: *dectable.*—For the accent on the first syllable in a similar word, compare the well-known line in King John (iii. 4. 29):

    And I will kiss thy dectable bones.

160. Line 9: *Cotswold.*—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 print Cotshald; F. and Q. 5 have Cotshold. In Merry Wives (l. 1. 92) there is an allusion to the Cotswolds being a favourite place for coursing matches: "I heard say he (i.e. a greyhound) was out on Cotswall." F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 have Cotseal in that passage; but the present spelling seems nearer the older. In A new Entertainer called Theriotes, printed in Black Letter by John Tyndale, about 1662, but acted as early as 1537, the word Cotswold occurs:

    Now have at the Lyons on Cotswoled.1

    —Doddsley, vol. i. p. 400.

It occurs again in Ralph Rolster Doistier, printed about 1569 (act iv. ac. 5):

    Then will he look as fierce as a Cotswold lion.

    —Doddsley, vol. iii. p 137.

It is evident from this passage that Cotswall is a later corruption of the word.

160. Lines 11, 12:

    Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
    The tediousness and process of my travel.

The word *process,* the Clarendon Press Edd. say, "seems always to be used as connoting tediousness and weariness, an idea perhaps suggested by its legal signification." But this statement is hardly confirmed by reference to the passages in which the word occurs in this sense, e.g. in Queen Katherine's speech in Henry VIII. (ii. 4. 34-35):

    Sir, call to mind
    That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
    Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
    With many children by you: if, in the course
    And process of this time, you can report,
    And prove it too, against mine honour aught &c.

170. Line 20: *Than your good words.*—But who comes here!—Seymour proposed to read:

    Than your good words, my Lord. —But who comes here!

There are so many lines in Shakespeare, even in passages which have evidently been carefully and not carelessly written, where the place of one or two syllables is supplied by a pause, similar to the rests which occur in music, that it would be idle to try and supply the deficient syllables in every instance. In this case, as in many others, the ear is not offended by the deficient scanon; the necessary pause, on the part of the speaker, is quite sufficient.

171. Lines 21, 22:

    It is my son, young Harry Percy,
    Sent from my brother Worcester, whomsoever.

These two lines almost seem as if they were meant for prose; if we suppose Worcester to be pronounced Wor- st or, as Gloucester is pronounced Glotser, the second line will scan. But Worcester is always written in full in the old copies, while Gloucester is always written Glotser. The two words Worcester, whomsoever, occurring close together are cacophonous. We might venture to read:

    It is my son, young Harry Percy, sent
    From Worcester, my brother, whomsoever, pronouncing Worcester as a tri-syllable.

172. Lines 25-30.—See note 156.

173. Lines 57-59.—There is a tone of self-assertion and haughtiness in these three lines which foreshadows the Hotspur of Henry IV.

174. Line 55: And in it are the Lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour.—This line is cacophonous; and would read better thus:

    And in it are the Lords York, Berkley, Seymour.

    But perhaps, as in lines 57, 68, 69, the word of occurs, in each case, before the title of the Lords mentioned, it is better to leave it as it stands in all the old copies. Halman says: "With the duke of York were the bishops of Norwich, the lord Berkeley, the lord Seimus, and other." (vol. ii. p. 853.) Lord Seymour was Richard de St. Maur, fifth son of that surname, born 1535, died 1601.

175. Line 61: Is yet but unfelt thanks. —He means: "Is yet but thanks not expressed substantially, but only in words."

176. Line 67.—See note 170. Various additions to this line have been made by different editors to complete the metre; but, for the reasons mentioned in the note referred to, we have not adopted them.

177. Lines 66, 70:

    Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is
    To you—
    Boling. [Interrupting angrily] My answer is—to Law-
    caster.

    In Q. and F. the lines stand thus:

    My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
    Boling. My Lord, my answer is—to Lancaster.

For the arrangement of the text we are responsible; some editors omit To you in line 66; but it seems that the words My Lord, in line 70, might have easily been caught by the transcriber from the line above; and the dramatic force of the passage is increased by the omission of these words.

178. Line 85: *deceivable.*—Compare Twelfth Night (fr. 3. 90, 21):

    There's something in't
    That is deceitful.

179. Line 87: *Tut, tut! grace me no grace, nor uncle me.*

    —Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 read "uncle me no uncle." F. Q. 5 omit no uncle, much to the benefit of the line. Compare Rom. and Jul. (iii. 5. 153):

    Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.

180. Line 91: *a dust.*—Compare King John (iii. 4. 125):

    "Shall blow each dust, each straw," &c.; again (fr. 1. 60):
    "a dust, a gust, a wandering hair."
ACT II. Scene 3.

NOTES TO KING RICHARD II

181. Line 92: But then, more "why?"—So Q. 1. Q. 2, Q. 3 read "But more than why?" Q. 4: "But more then why?" F. 1, F. 2, Q. 5, F. 3: "But more then why." There have been various emendations proposed; but the meaning of the text seems simple enough, though awkwardly expressed. York means to say, "But then there are more questions remain to be asked."

183. Line 95: dispeased arme—i.e. "despicable," or "to be despised," because employed in a bad cause; and also because they were an ostentatious display of force against people unresisting and almost defenceless. For similar uses of the past participle, in this play, compare line 109 of this scene, detested for detestable, and (1. 1. 268) unavoidable for unavoidable.

183 Lines 100-102. —The Clarendon Press Edd. say: "It does not appear that Shakespeare had any historical authority for this statement. No such incident is recorded of the battle of Navarretta, at which the Black Prince and John of Gaunt were present in 1357. John of Gaunt was not with the Prince at Poictiers in 1356, nor did the Prince accompany him in his expedition to France in 1352; and there is no mention of the Duke of York on any of these occasions." It may be added that "these be brave words" which York utters; but he does nothing to carry them into effect, except faithlessly abandoning the charge he had undertaken.

184. Line 129: To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay. —These are terms of the chase used in hunting the stag. To rouse the deer is to put him up from cover; to the bay means till he stands at bay and turns on the hounds.

185. Lines 129, 130.—See note 132.

186. Line 186: The caterpills of the commonwealth.—Compare the Egerton MS. play (act 1.):

Woodstock. Shall cankors eate the fruitre
That planting and good husbandry hath nourish?
Grene: Bugget: Cankors!

—Reprint, p. 17.

ACT II. Scene 4.

187. Line 4: Therefore we will dispersse ourselves. —According to Hollinshed, Salisbury succeeded in assembling 40,000 men at Conway. Of their subsequent dispersion, which may be said to have decided Richard's fate, Hollinshed gives the following account: "But when they missed the king, there was a brute spread amongst them, that the king was sureli dead, which wrought such an impression, and euill disposition in the minds of the Welshmen and others, that for anie persuasion which the earle of Salsbury might vs, they would not go forth with him, till they saw the king: onelle they were contented to stale foureteene dales to see if he should come or not; but when he came not within that terme, they would no longer abide, but scaled and departed awaie" (vol. ii. p. 854).

188. Line 8: The Bay-trees in our country are all witherre'. —Hollinshed mentions this circumstance: "In this yeares in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old bale trees withered, and afterwards, contrary to all mens thinking, grew greene againe, a strange sight, and supposed to import some unknowne event" (vol. ii. p. 850). Evelyn says in Sylva (Edn. 1776, p. 399): "Amongst other things, it has of old been observed that the Bay is ominous of some funest accident, if that be so accounted which Scutonius (in Galba) affirms to have happened before the death of the monster Nero, when these trees generally withered to the very roots in a very mild winter: and much later; that in the year 1629, when at Padua, preceding a great pestilence, almost all the Bay trees about that famous University grew sick and perished."

ACT III. Scene 1.

190. Lines 11, 12: You have, in manner, with your sinful hours, Made a divorc betwixt his queen and him. There is not the slightest historical authority for this statement. Richard II. was deeply attached to his first wife, Anne of Bohemia, called "the good Queen Anne;" and there does not seem to be any evidence in history of his having committed adultery. His second queen, Isabel, was still a child at this time. The real cause of complaint against Richard was his great extravagance in pageants, in dress, and in entertaining large numbers of persons in Westminster Hall and elsewhere. This extravagance and waste led to his exacting enormous sums of money from the people in taxes, which were made more oppressive than they need have been, owing to the collection of them being placed in the hands of greedy and unscrupulous favourites. Richard's character had much of the feminine element in it; he was always forming vehement attachments to men, more like the sentimental friendships, which exist between school-girls, than the many and dignified relations which should exist between a king and his ministers.

191. Lines 20, 21: And sign'd my English breath in foreign clouds, Eating the bitter bread of banishment.

Compare Rom. and Jul. (l. 1. 138, 139):

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sight.

The second line occurs, word for word, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Lovers' Progress, v. 1:

and shall I decline
Eating the bitter bread of banishment.


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ACT III. Scene 1.

188. Line 23: DISPARK'D my parks.—The best explanation of this legal term is given by Malone, who says: "To dispark is a legal term, and signifies to divest a park, constituted by royal grant or prescription, of its name and character, by destroying the enclosures of such a park, and also the vert (or whatever bears green leaves, whether wood or underwood,) and the beasts of chase therein; and laying it open" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 89).

188. Lines 24, 25: From my own windows torn my household coat, Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign. Ferne, in his Blazon of Gentry, 1586 (quoted by Steevens), says "that the arms, &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, wheresoever they are fixed, or set." (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 89). Compare Spenser, in his description of the punishment of Braggadocio, the false knight:

Then from him stff his shield, and it reveres, And folded out his armes with falsehood blent.

—Faery Queen, bk. v. can. st. xxvii.

Imprese, sometimes spelt impress, imprese, or imprase, is from the Italian impressa; it means not only a motto, but a device with a motto. The Italian form of the word is generally found in old plays, e.g. in Pasquill and Katherine (act i.): "What is't, a May-pole? Troth, 't were a good body for a courtiers impresa, if it had but this life, Frustra florescit." (Simpson's School of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 137). Bolingbroke's motto was "Souveraine."

194. Line 29: See them delivered.—Qu. and Ff. read "See them delivered over," but the fact that F. as well as the four earlier quartos print delivered and not delver'd points to the omission of over, which spoils the metre, and was very justly omitted by Pope, whom we have followed.


196. Line 42: Come, my lords, away.—Qu. and Ff. Come, lords, away. Pope inserted my, which improves the metre, and does away with a very awkward line.

197. Line 45: To fight with Glendower and his complices.—This seems to be a slip on Shakespeare's part. As lines 42-44 rhyme, this looks like an interpolation. The Clarendon Edd. have the following note: "Owen Glendower, of Conway, the same who appears in I. Henry IV. was in attendance upon Richard 'as his beloved squire and minstrel.' He escaped from Flint when Richard was taken. The expedition against the said Owen and his unruly complices (words used by Holinshed, p. 1132) was really not undertaken by Henry till the second year of his reign. Holinshed speaks of 'the Welshmen and their Captain,' meaning Glendower." (Clarendon Press Series, p. 119).

ACT III. Scene 2.

198. Line 1: Barkloightly castle call you this.—Holinshed says that Richard and his companions landed "near the castell of Barkloistle in Wales, about the feast of saint James the apostle, and staid a while in the same castell" (vol. ii. p. 854). There is no such castle known, and it was probably an error for Herbert (the form in which it appears in Hearne's edition of the Life of Richard II. by a monk of Evesham) which was perhaps identical with Harlech in North Wales. "Fabian and Slowew say that Richard landed at Milford Haven, and according to the French chronicler it was at Pembroke; but as his object was to join Salisbury at Conway, he would naturally have made for a more northern port." (Clarendon Press Series, p. 120).

198. Lines 2, 3: Yea, my good lord. How brooks your grace the air After late toasting on the breaking seas? In Q. and Ff. the lines are printed thus:

Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air, After your late toasting on the breaking seas?

Pope first inserted good in line 2, and omitted late in line 3, a slight alteration which very much improves the rhythm.

200. Lines 8, 9:

As a long-parted mother with her child Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting.

Capell proposed to read "in weeping." Steevens thought the next line, "So weeping smiling," &c. plainly pointed to such an emendation; but surely it is unnecessary. Smiles is a substantive, not a verb; and as the line is printed in the text, it is perfectly intelligible.

201. Line 13: Nor with thy sweets comfort his reverous sense.—We have placed the accent on the second syllable in comfort, because we thus avoid the two consecutive dactyls, comfort his and rideonota.

202. Lines 14-16:

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom, And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way, Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet.

Shakespeare's natural history is not here so much at fault as at first sight might appear. Spiders, in this country at least, do not ever attack human beings, though there are, in tropical countries, some species whose bite is very venomous. But that the Jule of spiders is believed to be venomous, the following instance narrated by Kirby and Spence in their Entomology, of a woman (who was in the habit, when she went into the cellar with a candle, of burning the spiders and their webs) will show. One day "she met with the following accident: The legs of one of these unhappy spiders happened to stick in the candle, so that it could not disengage itself, and the body at length bursting, the venom was ejaculated into the eyes and upon the lips of its persecutor. In consequence of this one of the former became inflamed, the latter swelled excessively, even the tongue and gums were slightly affected, and a continual vomiting attended these symptoms" (vol. i. p. 132). Toads are most aptly described as heavy-gaited; but that they are perfectly harmless is now well known, except that they secrete, in the fowthicles of the skin on the back and sides, an acid and poisonous liquid; but inoculation with this secretion, in the case of a chicken, produced no injurious result. It is, however, poisonous in its effects on dogs, when it comes in contact with their tongue or lips.
ACT III. Scene 2.

NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

210. Line 64: Nor near nor farther off. — Compare below (v. 1. 85):
Better far off then, near, be not' er the near.
So, far is used for farther in Winter's Tale (iv. 4. 442):
"Far from Deucalion off."

211. Line 65: DISCOMFORT guides my tongue. — Compare above, line 30: "Discomfortable cousin."

212. Line 70: Have I not reason to look pale and dead? — Compare II. Henry IV. I. 1. 70-72:
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so won-begone,
Drew Prian's curtain in the dead of night.

213. Lines 89, 90:
Hath power enough to serve our turn. —
But who comes here!
Printed as one line in Q. 1. Q. 2. Q. 3. Q. 4: we follow the arrangement of Ff. and Q. 5.

214. Line 112: WHITE-BEARDS have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps. — In Ff. and Q. 5 is found the ridiculous misprint White Bears.

215. Line 114: and CLAP their FEMALE joints. — Pope changed clap, unnecessarily, to clap: and Risdon proposed clip; but no change is necessary. Clap conveys the sense of suddenly putting on. Compare Henry VIII. I. 4. 8. 9:
The very thought of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

"Their female joints" means "their joints weak as women's."

216. Line 117: Of DOUBLE-FATAL YEW. — The epithet refers to the fact that the leaves (not the berries) of the yew are very poisonous to cattle; and that bows were made from the wood of that tree. Steevens suggests that yews were planted in churchyards "on account of their use in making bows; while by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 98).

217. Line 122: where is Bagot? — It seems to be an oversight that Richard should ask where Bagot is at this point; as below, at line 132. he only speaks of "Three Judases;" and again (line 141) Aumerle asks:
Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?
Bagot had made his way to Chester, and thence to Ireland (see ii. 2. 141). Theobald proposed to read: "where is he got?" i.e. "where is the Earl of Wiltshire got to?" but no alteration is necessary. Shakespeare made a similar mistake in ii. 3. 155, where Bolingbroke says that Bristol Castle is held
By Bushy, Bagot and their complices.

218. Lines 153, 154:
And that small MODEL of the barren earth
Which serves as PASTE and COVER to our bones.
The sense given to model in the foot-note is the one usually accepted, although Douce suggests that it here means quantity. But putting aside the fact that I can find no instance of the use of model in that sense, in any writer, it is evident that the reference is to the rounded, oblong mound which is raised over graves, and which may be
NOTES TO KING RICHARD II

310. Lines 157, 158:

hower some have been depos'd; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd.

Pope proposed dispossessed; and Walker conjectures deprived, in place of depos'd in the second line, in order to avoid the tautology. We have not altered the text as printed by all Qq. and Ft.; because the repetition of depos'd was, perhaps, intentional.

220. Lines 160-163:

for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.

Douce (Illustrations, pp. 259, 253) says: “Some part of this fine description might have been suggested from the seventh print in the Imagines mortis, a celebrated series of wooden cuts which have been improperly attributed to Holbein. It is probable that Shakespeare might have seen some spurious edition of this work; for the great scarcity of the original in this country in former times is apparent, when Hollar could not procure the use of it for his copy of the Dance of Death.” This is highly probable, as the description certainly seems to have been suggested by some picture; but it may have been taken from some old Book of Emblems, though there is no allusion to this passage in Green’s “Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers.” It may be observed that the picture referred to, in the Imagines Mortis, or Dance of Death, represents a king on his throne with courtiers about him, while a grinning skeleton stands behind in the act of removing the crown from his head. As Rolfe justly remarks in regard to this picture: “Death is not sitting in the crown, as S. expresses it, and as the commentators also state it . . . The skeleton, being directly behind the king, appears at first glance to be rising from the crown.”

221. Lines 166, 169:

humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, &c.

The construction, in this passage, is very obscure; the Clarendon Press Eds. seem to be the only commentators who have drawn attention to it. Is it a king, or Death, that is humour’d thus? Probably the meaning is “the king having been humour’d in being allowed

To monarchize, be fear’d, and kill with looks;

Death comes at the last, &c. The construction is a kind of ablative absolute with the substantive left out. Or, possibly, it means that Death, having thus enjoyed his humour of allowing the king some respite, comes at the last, &c.

222. Lines 175-177:

I live with bread like you, like you feel want,
Like you taste grief; need friends; subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

These lines stand thus in the Qq. and Ft.:

I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends; subjected thus, &c.

The very halting rhythm points to some omission; the emendation, by which we have ventured to supply the deficient syllables, seems as probable as any, and does no unnecessary violence to the text.

ACT III. Scene 3.

323. Line 1.—According to Holinshed’s account the Castle of Flint was surrendered to Northumberland (vol. ii. p. 535); and King Richard, who was in Conway Castle, leaving that for Flint, fell into an ambush laid by Northumberland, and was taken by him to Flint Castle.

324. Line 9: Your grace mistakes me.—Qq. and Ft. omit me: it was added by Rowe.

325. Lines 17-19:

Last you mistake: the heavens are o’er your head.
Boiling. I know it, uncle, and dare not oppose
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

The text is evidently corrupt in this passage. In line 17 Q. 1, Q. 2 read “over our heads;” Q. 3, Q. 4 “over your heads;” the reading in our text being that of Ft. and Q. 5. The next two lines Qq. and Ft. read thus (substantially):

I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

The emendation printed in our text (for which I am responsible) seems a probable one; for the are of line 17 might easily have led the transcript to overlook the dare in line 18. It is far too important a passage to be left in the miserably unrhymical condition, in which the Qq. and Ft. have left it.

326. Line 20: WHAT, Harry! welcome.—Qq. and Ft. have Welcome Harry, what. The transposition of the words restores the rhythm of the line.

327. Line 32: Go to the rude rim of that ancient castle.

—Compare King John (l. 1. 384):

The flinty rim of this contemptuous city.

328. Line 52: Tatter’d battlements.—So (substantially) Q. 3, Q. 4, Ft. Q. 5; but Q. 1, Q. 2 have toter’d. The word is the same, only the spelling is different. Compare I. Henry IV. iv. 2. 37: “a hundred and little toter’d Prodigalls” (in F. 1). So in the Noble Soldier, by S. R. (1634) (ll. 1) “tetter’d rascals fought poll moll” (Bullen’s Old English Plays, vol. i. p. 279).

329. Line 61.—What was known as “the upper stage” was supposed to represent Flint Castle. On “the upper stage” Richard appeared: Bolingbroke and his forces marching past in front of “the lower stage.”

330. Line 63: Percy. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear.—We follow Dyce in giving this speech to Percy. Qq. and Ft. give it absurdly to Bolingbroke.hammer gave it to York, and Charles Kean to Northumberland; but Northumberland has not spoken with respect of King Richard, while Percy has.

331. Line 83: Have torn their souls by turning them from us.—Dyce suggests lorn, but does not adopt it. The
NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

ACT III. Scene 3.

sense seems to be "have perjured themselves;" and Rolfe's explanation that "the metaphor seems to be taken from the act of tearing a legal document" seems a very probable one. Lorn, the past participle of the verb "to lose," is used by Chaucer and Spenser, but not by Shakespeare. It may be that lorn is merely intended to convey here the act of violently tearing up, as it were, their allegiance by the roots; or it may mean tortured, as in the following passage from Beaumont and Fletcher's King and No King, ii. 1:

Nay, should I join with you, Should we not both be lorn. —Works, vol. i. p. 56.

233. Line 94: The purple testament of bleeding war. —Purple here = bloodstained, as in Julius Caesar (iii. 1. 158):

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke.

233. Line 100: the buried hand of Warlike Gaunt. —Warburton wanted to read: "the warlike hand of buried Gaunt," which is undoubtedly the sense. But Ritson, in his note (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 110), has collected so many instances of a similar misplacement of epithets in Shakespeare that we cannot hold any alteration of the text necessary. Take, as one instance, II. Henry VI. (iv. 7. 106):

These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding,

instead of:

These guiltless hands are free from bloodshedding.

234. Lines 112-114. —The value to be placed on Bolingbroke's oaths may be estimated from what he did, better than from what he said. Richard promptly granted these demands; but that did not prevent the truthful and honourable Harry Bolingbroke from proceeding to do what he probably intended to do from the first, viz. to imprison Richard, and to seize the crown himself. Northumberland, who was destined to give the successful usurper a great deal of trouble, probably knew from the first what Bolingbroke's intentions were.

235. Line 149: My gay apparel for an almsman's gown. —Richard's extravagance in dress, not only in his own person, but in the liveries of his courtiers and attendants of all kinds, is frequently alluded to in the Egerton MS. play, and is thus noticed by Holinshed: "And in gorgeous and costive apparel they exceeded all measure, not one of them that kept within the bounds of his degree. Yeomen and grooms were clothed in silks, with cloth of graine and skarlet, ouer sumptuous ye may be sure for their estates. And this vaine was not onelie used in the court in those daies, but also other people abroad in the towns and countries, had their garments cut far otherwise than had beene accustomed before his daies, with imbroderies, rich furres, and goldsmiths worke, and euerie daie there was deuising of newe fashions, to the great hinderance and decacle of the commonwelth" (vol. ii. p. 886).

236. Line 162: Our rights and they shall lodge the summer corn. —Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 176:

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodge'd.

237. Line 176: in the base court. —Derived from French, base court, the outer court of the castle, surrounded by stables and servants' offices; generally on a lower level than the inner court, which was surrounded by the dwell-

ACT III. Scene 4.

238. Lines 104, 105: your heart is up, I know.

Thus high at least [Touching his own head].

This is always a great point with the actor of Richard II. Charles Kean, copying his father, produced much effect in this speech. The meaning is, of course, that Bolingbroke is aiming at the crown.

239. Lines 204, 205:

Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,

Though you, &c.

Bolingbroke and Richard were both born in the year 1366; they were now both thirty-three years old.

240. Line 200: Then I must not say no.—Stowe gives the following account of their setting out from Flint:

"The duke with a high sharpe voyce bade bring forth the kings horses, and then two little nagges, not worth forty francs, were brought forth; the king was set on the one, and the earle of Salisburle on the other: and thus the duke brought the king from Chester, where he was delivered to the duke of Gloucesters sonne and to the earle of Arundel's sonne, (that loved him but little, for he had put their fathers to death,) who led him straight to the castle" (see Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 115).

ACT III. Scene 4.

241. Line 1. —The scene is laid at Langley (now called King's Langley), the Duke of York's palace, near St. Alban's. In ii. 2. 116, York says to the queen: "Come, cousin, I'll dispose of you;" see also iii. 1. 36. According to the French (anonymous) chronicler, who wrote an account of "The Betrayal and Death of Richard II. King of England," the queen, after Richard's departure, retired to Wallingford. Lingard says that "The Earl of Wiltshire, with Busay and Greene, members of the committee of parliament, had been appointed to wait on the young queen at Wallingford; but they suddenly abandoned their charge, and fled with precipitation to Bristol" (vol. iii. p. 384). This scene, in Charles Kean's arrangement of this play, is the first scene of act iv.

242. Line 4: the world is full of ruffs. —At the game of bowls a cub means when a bowl is stopped in its course by some inequality of the ground. Richardson (sub voc) quotes from Wood's Athenae Oxoniæ. vol. i. the following passage: "He (Elmer) used for recreation to bowl in a garden, and Martin Marprelate thence took this taunting scoff, that the Bishop would cry Rub, rub, rub, to his bowl, and, when twice gone too far, say, the devil go with it, and then, quoth he the bishop would follow."

243. Line 19: Madam, I'll sing. —It was probably this line which suggested the introduction of the song in the revival of this play at Drury Lane in 1815, in which Edmund Kean appeared. (See our Introduction, p. 335.)

244. Lines 22, 23:

And I could weep, would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.
NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

251. Line 1.—Westminster Hall had been rebuilt by Richard; the work was commenced in 1397, and completed in 1399. The first Parliament held in the new building, was summoned for the purpose of dethroning Richard. Shakespeare has, in this scene, mixed up the proceedings of two Parliaments, that which met on September 30th, 1399, the writ for which was issued in King Richard’s name; and that which met on October 6th, having been summoned by Henry immediately on his assuming the crown. It was in the latter Parliament, on October 19th, that the accusations against the Duke of Aumerle (Albemarle) were made.

253. Line 10: In that dead time. — It is doubtful whether dead here means “dark and dreary” as the Clarendon Press Ed. explains it, or “deadly” as Schmidt explains it. In Hamlet (i. 1. 65) we have “jump at this dead hour,” i.e. midnight, the hour when nearly all life is apparently dead (in sleep). In Mids. Night’s Dream (iii. 2. 57):

So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

The word, certainly, seems to mean “deadly;” unless it means, as we say now, “so deadly pale.”

253. Line 12: the restful English court, probably means “quiet,” “peaceful.” Compare Sonn. Ixvi. 1:

’Tis with all these, for restful death I cry.

Some explain it as “stationary;” while the Clarendon Press Ed. give the sense as “quiet, reposeful; because it had no need to act, but only to give orders.” The simplest meaning, i.e. “peaceful,” is most likely to be the right one here; as England was, at the time alluded to, at peace with all foreign powers.

254. Line 21: Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars — This, undoubtedly, means “Shall I dishonour my birth!” and refers to the common belief that the stars influenced the circumstances of one’s birth. In Holland’s Translation of Pliny’s Natural History (bk ii. chap. viii.) we find: “The Starres which we said were fixed in the heaven, are not (as the common sort thinketh) assigned to every one of us; and appointed to men respectively: namely, the bright and faire for the rich; the lesser for the poor: the dimme for the weak, the aged and feeble: neither shine they out more or less, according to the lot and fortune of every one, nor arise they each one together with that person unto whom they are appropriate; and die likewise with the same: ne yet as they set and fall, do they signify that any bode is dead.” Compare All’s Well (i. 1. 196, 197):

we the poorer born

Whose hazier stars do shut us up in wishes.

255. Line 29: To stain the temper of my knightly sword. — Compare I. Henry IV. (v. 2. 94):

A sword, whose temper I intend to stain

With the best blood that I can meet within.

The Clarendon Press Ed. say: “The harder the steel the brighter polish would it take, hence the polish may be taken as a measure of the temper.”

256. Line 35: If thou deniest it twenty times, thou liest. — Printed deniest in F. 1. The elision of e is not attended to so carefully, in the first Folio, with regard to
those words ending in *isst, isst*, as with regard to others in which such elision is necessary for the metre. The reader who has a sensitive ear will notice that this line is singularly cacophonous, owing to the letter *t* occurring so often in close succession.

257. Line 52: *I task thee to the like.*—This is Capell’s reading. Q. 1 reads “I task the earth to the like:” Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 “take the earth.”

258. Line 55: *From sun to sun*— *i.e.* from sunrise to sunset. Compare Cymbeline (iii. 2, 60-71):

How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?
*Pis* One score 'twixt sun and sun, Madam's enough for you.

It may mean from sunrise on one day to sunrise on the next; but the former is the more probable meaning. Malone quotes: “The time appointed for the duello (says Savillo) hath alwaies been ’twixt the rising and the setting sun; and whoever in that time doth not prove his intent, can never after be admitted the combat upon that quarrel.” On Honour and honourable Quarrels, 4to, 1596. Qr. not from *sin to sin*, which Henley explains as meaning “one from denial to another” (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 125).

259. Line 65: *Dishonourable boy!*—Fitzwater was, at this time, thirty-one years old; so that the word *boy* is applied contemptuously. Compare Coriolanus (v. 6, 101):

Name not the god, thou boy of tears!
and subsequent lines 104, 113, 117, where Coriolanus resents the term *boy* with the greatest indignation.

260. Line 67: *Vengeance and revenge.*—This tautology was not unusual where it was sought to express intensity. Instances of it occur frequently in the Liturgy of the Church of England.

261. Line 74: *I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness.*—Johnson thus explains this line: “I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him.” Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, Lover’s Progress (v. 2):

Maintain thy treason with thy sword? With what
Contempt I hear it; in a wilderness
I durst encounter it.

262. Lines 97, 98:

*and there at Venice gave*

*His body to that pleasant country’s end.*

Holinshed says: “The Duke of Norfolk departed sorrowfully out of the realm into Almanie, and at the last came to Venice, where he for thought and melancholly deceased” (vol. ii. p. 546). Holinshed subsequently alludes to his death (vol. iii. p. 9) as taking place some time in this year (1399). According to Lingard: “Norfolk, after a short residence in Germany, visited Jerusalem, and in his return died of a broken heart at Venice” (vol. iii. p. 379). He gives the date in the margin, apparently on the authority of Rymer, as September 29th, 1399. Richard’s deposition took place on September 30th, and therefore Norfolk’s death could not then have been known in England.

263. Lines 103, 104:

*Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom*

*Of good old Abraham!*

Compare Richard III. (iv. 3, 38):

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham’s bosom.

264. Line 112: *of that name the fourth.*—So Ff.: Q. read fourth of that name.

265. Line 116: *Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.*

—i.e. “Yet I speak as best befitting me (being a bishop) to speak the truth.” Johnson suggests:

Yet best beseeches it me to speak the truth.

But the construction is not more lax than many which occur in Shakespeare.

266. Line 141: *Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound.*—*Kin* refers to blood-relationship; *kind* to our common human nature. Compare Hamlet (i. 2, 65):

A little more than *kin*, and less than *kind*.

267. Line 149: *Least child, child’s children.*—So all the old copies. Pope, quite unnecessarily, reads “*children’s children,*” which Dyce and other editors adopt.

268. Lines 155-318.—These lines (165 in all) are not found in Q. 1, Q. 2; but Q. 3, Q. 4 both give them, though not so carefully printed as in F. 1. Whether the lines were added by Shakespeare after 1608 (the date of Q. 2), or whether they formed part of the original play, but were omitted out of respect for the susceptibility of Queen Elizabeth, is not certain. Looking at them from a dramatist’s point of view, as they do not in the least advance the action of the piece, they bear the appearance of having been inserted in order “to write up” the part of Richard, for the sake of the actor.

269. Lines 158-157.—With these lines compare the following passage in Day’s Isle of Gulls (ii. 3): “I can compare my lord and his friend to nothing in the world so fitly as to a couple of water-buckets; for whilst hope winds the one up, despair ploughs the other downe” [Works, p. 40 (of play)].

270. Lines 196, 197:

*My care is loss of care, by old care done;*

*Your care is gain of care, by new care won.*

The meaning of this tiresome jingle is: “My sorrow is loss of the care attending the office of king, by the cessation of that office; your trouble is the gain of care by having won that office with all the anxieties attending on it.”

271. Line 210: *all duty’s rites.*—Q. 3, Q. 4 have duties rites: Ff. Q. 5 (substantially) duteous oaths. The reading in our text seems the preferable one, the meaning being “the ceremonial observances due from subjects to their sovereign.”

272. Line 215: *God keep all your unhurt are made to thee!—So Ff. Q. 5; it is a common elliptical construction w. “(that) are made.”* Q. 3, Q. 4 read that swear to thee, a reading which seems to be little better than nonsense; but some editors prefer it. I do not understand why the Camb. Ed., after saying in their preface that F 1 is our
NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

highest authority for this scene, deliberately adopt the faulty reading of Q. 3, Q. 4.

772. Line 255: Against the state and profy of this land.—Hunter explains these words "the constitution and prosperity," which is probably the right explanation.

774. Line 252: To read a lecture of them—i.e. to read them aloud. Compare As You Like It (iii. 2. 365): "I have heard him read many lectures against it." Lecture properly means nothing more than "the act of reading."

775. Lines 255-257:

I have no name, no title.—

But 'tis usurp'd.

It may be asked how could Richard's baptismal name be said to be usurp'd? The general explanation given is that, in resigning his crown, he had resigned all the privileges of his birth. But may not Richard allude to the accusation of bastardy, brought against him by some of the people, when he was being sent from Westminster to the Tower (on August 31st, 1399). "The king... as he went along, was greeted with curses, and the appellation of 'the bastard,' a word of ominous import, and prophetic of his approaching degradation." This alluded (adds Lingard in a note) "to a report which had been spread that he was not the son of the Black Prince, but of a canon of Bordeaux" (see Lingard, vol. iii. p. 392).

787. Lines 282, 283:

That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men?

Richard is said to have entertained daily 10,000 men in Westminster Hall. This circumstance is referred to in the Egerton MS. play (act II.):

Grevyn. What cheer shall we have to dinner, King Richard? Kind. No matter what to day, wele meat it shortly.
The hall at Westminster shalbe intayled, And only serve vs for a dyncingrome, Wher in Ie dayly feast 10000 men. —Reprint, p. 32.

But it is scarcely fair to say that he kept ten thousand men under his household roof.

777. Line 317: O, good! convey! conveyers are you all.—Compare Merry Wives (i. 3. 30-32):

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Fest. "Convey," the wise it call.

786. Lines 319, 320:

On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation. lords, prepare yourselves.

Henry was crowned on Monday, October 13th (St. Edward's day). Q. 1, Q. 2, which omit the parliament scene, read:

Let it be so, and loe on wednesday next,
We solemnly proclaine our Coronation,
Lords be ready all.

ACT V. Scene 1.

789. Line 2: To Julius Cesar's ill-erected toweer.—Compare Richard III. (iii. 1. 66-74):

Prince. Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?

Rut. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Princes. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he build it?

Rut. Upon record, my gracious lord.

In that passage Shakespeare gives what is, probably, the correct version of the historical tradition as to the share of Julius Caesar in the building of the Tower of London.

380. Line 3: To whose flint bowen.—Compare v. 5.

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls.

381. Lines 11, 12:

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,

Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb.

Malone says: "Model, it has already been observed, is used by our author, for a thing made after a pattern. He is, I believe, singular in this use of the word. Thou ruined majesty, says the queen, that resemblest the desolated waste where Troy once stood" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 140). The Clarendon Press Ed. explain it thus: "the groundplan of the ruined city, to be traced only by the foundations of the walls. So Richard is only the ruin of his former self."

Map of honour seems to mean not the mere outline, but the lifeless picture of honour. In ii. Henry VI. (iii. 1. 292, 293) we have the same expression in a different sense:

In thy face I see

The map of honour.

And in Lucrece (line 402) sleep is called "the map of death." The whole of this scene is full of affectations, especially the queen's speeches.

388. Lines 13-15:

thou most beauteous INN,

Why should hard favour'd grief be loy'd in thee,

When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

Richard is contrasted with Bolingbroke as an inn compared to an alehouse, just as we might contrast an hotel with a pousset. The very same expression, beauteous inn, used in the same metaphorical sense, occurs in the following passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's Lovers' Progress (v. 5):

't and is my wonder,
If such mishapen guests as Lust and Murder,
At any price, should ever find a lodging
In such a beauteous inn!


383. Lines 20, 21:

I am sworn brother, sweet,

To grim Necessity.

Alluding to the fraterus jurati, or sworn brothers, who, in the age of chivalry, swore to share their fortunes together. Compare Much Ado (i. 1. 72, 73): "He hath every month a new sworn brother."

384. Line 23: And cloister thee in some religious house.—A religious house is, of course, a monastery. Compare As You Like It (v. 4. 187):

The duke hath put on a religious life.

385. Line 25: Which our profane hours here have

stricken down.—As referring to the child-queen Isabel,
this line is nonsense; and Richard’s first queen was without a stain of scandal. She was always called “The good Queen Anne.” Stricken is used in Julius Caesar (ii. 1. 192): “The clock hath stricken three.”

206. Line 34: WHICH art a lion and a king of beasts.—For this use of the neuter relative for the masculine, compare the Anglican version of the Lord’s Prayer: “Our Father which art in heaven.” The Roman Catholic version has who.

207. Lines 46, 47: 
the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue.
Compare, for the transitive use of sympathize, Love’s Labour’s Lost (iii. 1. 52, 53): “A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.”

208. Lines 65–68.—The prophecy contained in this speech was fulfilled; Northumberland proving afterwards to Henry IV. one of the most troublesome of his rebellious subjects. See above, note 13.

209. Lines 74, 75:
Let me UNKISS the oath ’twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss ’twas made.
This refers to the kiss of betrothal. See Two Gentlemen of Verona, note 39; Taming of the Shrew, note 120.

210. Line 80: Sent back like Hallowmas or short day of dat.—Hallowmas was All Souls Day, the 2nd of November, not the 1st, which is All Saints, the eve of All Souls (see Two Gentlemen of Verona, note 24). It certainly was not the shortest day, even in Shakespeare’s time, when it was ten days nearer the winter solstice; nor do I believe the proper sense of the passage requires us to take Hallowmas and the shortest day to be identical. Richard says his wife “set forth in pomp,” and “came adorned hither like sweet May;” now she is sent back like the sad season, when the souls of the dead are prayed for, and all the world recalls its losses by death, or the shortest day, when there is little or no sunshine as there is in May. For the expression shortest day = shortest day, compare Macbeth (iii. 1. 118); “my nearest life” = “my nearest life.”

211. Line 88: Better far off than, near, be ne’er the near.
The meaning is “Better you should be far off than, being near me, be ne’er the nearer to me;” for she would be ne’er the nearer to him, if he were imprisoned, and she not allowed to visit him.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

222. Line 1.—It is doubtful where this scene is intended to take place. Capell places it in London; but line 3, where the Duchess says:

Of our two cousins coming into London
“would seem to show that she was not in London” (Clarendon Press Edn. p. 144). The words coming into are quite consistent with the fact that the speaker was then in London, though she had not seen the entry of Richard and Bolingbroke. However, it is more probable that the scene is meant to be at the Duke of York’s palace at Langley, for Holinshed says: “this earle of Rutland departing before from Westminster to see his father the duke of York,” &c. (vol. iii. p. 10), which makes it clear the Duke of York was not then in London. Langley, or King’s Langley, is nearer Windsor (where the king now was) than London is.

223. Lines 15–17:
and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
“Jesus preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!”
Shakespeare does not say that the walls were hung with painted imagery, but that “you would have thought they were.” No doubt, as Mialone suggests, he was thinking of the painted cloths that were hung in the streets, in the pageants that were exhibited in his own time; in which the figures sometimes had labels issuing from their mouths containing sentences of gratulation (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 147).

224. Line 28: Did scowl on Richard; no man cried “God save him!”—Qq. print “gentle Richard;” Ff. omit gentle. As the epithet gentle occurs below (line 81), we have followed the Ff. in omitting it here, the omission being a great improvement to the metre.

225. Line 37.—The beautiful description comprised in lines 7–36 was, as far as we know, derived from no historical or traditionary source. No one can fail to notice the sudden descent into bald commonplace which characterizes lines 37–45. The contrast is so great, that it is impossible not to suspect that Shakespeare had an older and inferior play before him when he was at work on this tragedy.

226. Lines 42, 43:
But that is lost for being Richard’s friend.
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.
Holinshed says, speaking of the transactions of the first parliament of Henry IV.: “Finalle, to avoid further inconuenience, and to quallifie the minds of the enious, it was finallie enacted, that such as were appellannts in the last parlement against the duke of Gloucester and other, should in this wise following be ordred. The dukes of Aumarie, Surrie, and Excester there present, were lused to loose their names of dukes, together with the honors, titles and dignities thereunto belonging” (vol. iii. p. 7).

227. Lines 46, 47:
Welcome, my son: who are the Violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-sown spring?
The spring is the reign of Bolingbroke; the violets, his earliest courtiers. Compare Milton, Song on May Morning, lines 3, 4:
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

228. Line 52: What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?—Holinshed thus describes the plan of the conspirators: “at length by the aduise of the earle of Huntington it was devised, that they should take upon them a solemn justs to be enterprised between him and 20 on his part, and the earle of Salisbury and 20 with him at Oxford, to the which triumph k. Henrie should be
NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

ACT V. Scene 2.

desired, and when he should be most busied marking the martell pastime, he suddenlie should be slaine and destroyed" (vol. iii. p. 10).

299. Line 58: What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?—See Romeo and Juliet, note 164. The circumstance of the seal was Shakespeare's invention. Hollinshed says that as Rutland (Aumerle) sat at dinner he "had his counterpane of the ludenture of the confederacy in his bosome," and that "The father espeying it, would needs see what it was: and though the sonne humbly demised to shew it, the father being more earnest to see it, by force toke it out of his bosome" (vol. iii. p. 10).

300. Line 81: I will not peace.—Compare ii. 8. 87: "groce me no grace." The duchess makes a verb out of peace, in the same way as York, in the line quoted, makes a verb out of grace.

301. Line 90: Have we more sons?—York had one more son at least, Richard Earl of Cambridge, who figures among the dramatis personae of Henry V.

302. Line 98: And interchangably set down their hands.—Compare i. Henry IV. iii. 1. 60, 81: And our indire-times tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangably.
Hollinshed says: "Herpyon was an indurete sexptpartite made, sealed with their scales, and signed with their hands, in which each stand bound to other, to do their whole indeavour for the accomplishing of their purposed exploit" (vol. iii. p. 10). The have t'a'en the sacrament of the line above means nothing more but that they had taken a solemn oath; Hollinshed says, "on the hollie euangelista."

303. Lines 102, 103:

Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.

These lines are printed in the Qu. and Fp. thus:
Hadst thou groan'd for him as I have done,
Thou wouldst be more pitiful.

except that the Qu. read wouldest, which we have retained, arranging the line as usually arranged by modern editors, who nearly all retain wouldst, so making the line (103) a very clumsy verse. The reading of the Folio makes it at least a good Alexandrine.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

304. Line 1: Can no man tell me of my unthrifti
son?—This speech is interesting as being the first mention of Prince Henry, Shakespeare's favourite royal hero. As the unthrifti son was only twelve years old at this time, he could scarcely have begun his career of dissipation. But Shakespeare, wisely, had no fear of anachronisms.

305. Line 10: While he, young wanton and effemi
nate boy.—While is Pope's emendation for which, the reading of all the old copies. Wanton is here a substantive. Compare King John, v. 1. 60, 70:

Shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields?

306. Line 34: If on the first.—Malone explains this phrase: "If your fault stands only on intention." We have preferred to keep the reading of the old copies here, rather than adopt any one of the various proposed emendations; as is undoubtedly equivalent to of.

307. Line 35: Then give me leave that I may turn the key.—Hollinshed (copying from Hall) says: "The earle of Rutland seeing in what danger he stood, tooke his horse and rode another waie to Windsor in post, so that he got thither before his father, and when he was alighted at the castell gate, he caused the gates to be shut, saileing that he must needs deliver the keys to the king" (vol. iii. p. 10).

308. Line 61: sheere.—Compare Spenser's Fairy Queen, bk. iii. canto 2, st. 44:

Who having viewed in a fountain shere
Her face.

We still call thin transparent muslin sheeer musalin.

309. Line 80: And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King."—Referring to the ballad of King Cophetua. See Love's Labour's Lost, note 24. In Johnson's Garland of Roses, 1612, the ballad is called simply A Song of a Beggar and a King; and in Cynthia's Revenge by J. S. It is alluded to as:

The story of a Beggar and the King

310. Lines 87-146.—I believe that the whole of the latter part of this scene is taken, almost entirely, from some old play, and contains scarcely a line written by Shakespeare; or, if his, it must be some of his very earliest work.

311. Line 93: For ever will I walk upon my knees.—Fp. and Q. 5 read kneele, which is very weak; all the four earlier Quartos have walk. At the Santa Scotia, outside the Basilica of the Lateran, may be seen the marks of the pilgrim's knees which have worn away the stone; and at Canterbury Cathedral, on a lesser scale, may be seen the same proof of how the pious of old literally walked upon their knees; so that the expression is quite intelligible.

312. Line 101: His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest.—Qu. and Fp. have:

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest.

Following Capell, we have omitted in.

313. Lines 109, 110.—Both these lines end in have; but probably it was an oversight. The substitution of crase, in either case, as has been proposed by Pope and Walker, seems to weaken the sense.

314. Line 119: say, "pardon-no moy"—i.e. excuse me, a polite way of saying "No." The whole speech is wretched stuff. That moy was pronounced moy, as it is written in all the old copies, is evident from this passage. Compare Henry V. iv. 4. 14:

Moy shall not serve; I will have forty meys.

315. Line 137: But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot.—The brother-in-law was John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, uterine brother of Richard II., created
NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

ACT V. Scene 5.

318. Line 144: Uncle, farewell: — and, cousin MINE, adieu. — All Q.; but Q. 5 and Ff. print the line:
Uncle farewell: and cousin adieu.

The Camb. Edd. suggest that the line may be amended thus: —

Uncle, farewell; farewell, aunt; cousin, adieu.

They say: "It seems only consonant with good manners that the king should take leave of his aunt as well as of the others. There is a propriety too in his using a colder form of leave-taking to his guilty cousin than to his uncle and aunt."  (p. 230). But "cousin mine," like "trust brother-in-law" (above, line 137), may be said in an ironical tone. I had inserted mine in the margin of the text before I found that it was the reading of Collier's MS. Corrector.

ACT V. Scene 4.

317. Line 1: — The account of Richard's death, adopted by Shakespeare, rests on very doubtful authority. Hollingshead copied it from Hall, and Hall from Fabyan. According to Rolfe, it was related by Caxton in his addition to Hydgen's Polychronicon; according to Staunton, Hollingshead's authority was Abraham Fleming. According to the account in Hollingshead, the words of Henry were overheard when he was "sitting on a dale at his table."

ACT V. Scene 5.

318. Lines 13, 14: and do set the word itself
Against the word.

The meaning of the phrase is "set one passage of the Bible against another." If Q. 5 substitute faith for word, probably with a fear of James the First's edict against blasphemy before their eyes. The passages from the New Testament referred to in the following lines are from St. Matthew xiv. 14; xvi. 28; xix. 24.

319. Line 17: To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
— Q. 1. Q. 2 read:
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye;
while Q. 2. Q. 4 read:
To thread the small postern of a small needle's eye.

The discrepancy seems to show that the poet had written the word small and afterwards struck it out. Dyce reads "small need's eye;" there is no doubt needle was often written need, and pronounced as a monosyllable; but the reading adopted in the text is that of Ff. Q. 5, and certainly furnishes the most harmonious line. "A postern is the back-gate of a fortress, and generally therefore low and narrow. It has been said by some commentators that the 'needle's eye,' in the above-quoted passage from the Gospel, is intended the narrow gate of an eastern town so called, which was only wide enough to admit foot passengers. This interpretation Shakespeare had probably heard of, and combined it with the more common and obvious one which explains the phrase as hyperbolical and expressive of anything which is impossible" (Clarendon Press Edn. pp. 152, 153).

330. Lines 50–54:
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
Their watches unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

His numbering clock, according to the Clarendon Press Edn. means: "the clock by which he counts hours and minutes, which he could not do with his hour-glass" (p. 153). For jar — tick, compare Winter's Tale, l. 2. 43, 44:

I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.

The outward watch, Steevens explains, was "the movable figure of a man habited like a watchman, with a pole and lantern in his hand. The figure had the word watch written on its forehead, and was placed above the dial-plate" (Var. Ed. p. 164), and he quotes from Churchyard's Charite, 1566:

The clocke will strike in haste, I hear the watch
That sounds the bell.

The passage, which is a very difficult one to understand, is best explained by Henley's note (quoted by nearly all editors): "there appears to be no reason for supposing with Dr. Johnson that this passage is corrupt. It should be recollected that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time, viz. by the vibration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these the king in his comparison severally alludes, his sighs corresponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial or outward watch, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or (to use an expression of Milton) minute drops; his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial's point: his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour. In King Henry IV. part ii. tears are used in a similar manner:

But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.


331. Line 60: His Jack o' the clock. — Alluding to one of those little mechanical figures, in iron or bronze, which, in old clocks, struck the bell at every quarter of the hour. These figures were called Jacks o' the clock, or Jacks o' th' Clock-house. Probably the name Jack was suggested by the Jacks, or keys, of the virginals.

332. Lines 67, 68:
Groom. Hall, ROYAL prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, NOBLE peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

This very poor pun was borrowed from a pun by Queen Elizabeth: "Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her majesty, first said: 'My royal Queen,' and a little after: 'My noble Queen.' Upon which says the Queen: 'What, am I ten groats worse than I was'" (Clarendon Press Edn. p. 155). A royal or real was worth ten shillings, a
ACT V.  Scene 5.

NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.  ACT V.  Scene 6.

323. Line 78: roan Barbery.—The horse is, apparently, an invention of Shakespeare's. No mention is made of it in any of the chronicles. But Froissart (chap. xili.) has a story of a favourite greyhound which deserted its master, Richard, and leaped on his rival.

324. Lines 81-84.—The idea of sympathy between horse and rider may have been suggested to Shakespeare by the following passage in the Egerton MS. play (act 1.), if the latter really was written before Shakespeare's:

King,
but, noble vace,
I did obserue, what I have wonderd att,
As we to day rodd on to Westminster;
We thought your horse, that went to tread the ground,
And pace as if he kickt it sconefull,
Mount and curvett, like strong Busepholus;
To day he trod as slowe and melanchole
As if his legs had fayld to beare his load.

Woodstock. And can ye blame the beast? Afore my god, he was not wont to beare such loads indeed;
A hundred oakes vppone these shoulders hange
To make me brave vppone your wedding day.

-Reprint, p. 15.

325. Line 94: Sper'd, Gall'd, and tir'd by JAUNTING Bolingbroke.—FF. Q. 5 read spuer'd gall'd. The reading in the text is that (substantially) of Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4. It is very probable that, in this case, the Folios are right. Cotgrave explains: "Jancer en cheval. To stirre a horse in the stable till he be swart with all; or (as our) to jaunt; (an old word)." Jaunting occurs in Rom. and Jul. ii. 5. 58:

To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

There Q. 3, Q. 4 have jaunising, and it is evidently the same word. In this passage all the Qq. and FF. have jaunxing. The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. It might appear that tir'd (tirde in Q. 1, tyr'd in F. 1) was the same word as that used in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 130 (see note 101 of that play); but tire, whether used in the sense of "to dress," or "to weary," is indifferently spelt tyre in F. 1; and "wared," or "fatigued," makes here the better sense. Compare the following line in Beaumont and Fletcher's Mad Lover (v. 3):

Plague o' your spuer-galled conscience! does it tire now?

-Works, vol. i. p. 397.

326. Lines 99-104.—Holinshed's account of this incident is as follows: "This knight incontinentt departed from the court, with eight strong persons in his company, and came to Pomfret, commanding the esquier, which was accustomed to sew and take the assaye before king Richard, to doo so no more, saleng: 'Let him eat now, for he shall not long eat.' King Richard sat downe to dinner, and was serve without courtesie or assaye, whereupon much maruellng at the sudden change, he demande of the esquier why he did not his dutie; 'Sir (said he) I am otherwise commanded by Sir Fera of Exton, which is newlie come from K. Henrie.' When king Richard heard that word, he tooke the kerrong knife in his hand, and strike the esquier on the head, saleng The diuel take Henrie of Lancaster and thee together" (vol. iii. p. 14).
NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

morning; and as well after the one servitude as the other,
his face discoveryed, was show'd to all that courted to
behold it" (Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 14).

333. Line 43: Through the shades of night.—Q. 1 omits these; the other old copies read through the shade. The Cambridge Edd. print thorough; but Q. 1 has through distinctly. The form thorough occurs in Mid. Night's Dream, ii. 1. 3: "thorough bush, thorough brier."

334. Line 58: In weeping over this untimely bier.—Q. and F. F. all read, "In weeping after;" but it is most probable the after was repeated by mistake from the line above. The emendation is Pope's.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note
35. i. 1. 58, 59:
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,—
And let him be no kinman to my liege,—
09. i. 3. 88: Reuseth thy youthful blood, be valiant, live!
144. ii. 1. 283, 284:
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Thomas Ramston,
John Norsay, Robert Waterton, and Francis Cownt.
160. ii. 2. 95, 96:
My lord, I had forgot
To tell your lordship; I came by to-day, and call'd
there;—
162. ii. 2. 109-120: Printed as prose.
177. ii. 3. 69, 70:
Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is
To you—
Boling. [Interrupting angrily] My answer is—to Lancaster.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note
58. i. 2. 73: Desolate, ah desolate.
142. ii. 1. 277, 278:
I have from Morbihan, a bay
In Brittany.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING RICHARD II.

Note.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed in P. 1 as two separate words.

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1 Lucrce, 130. (Used there without the preposition /on.)
2 = to impeach; the participle appealed = impeached, i. 1. 148.
3 = to impeach; the participle appealed = impeached, i. 1. 148.
4 in fiscal sense. See note 127.
5 Venus and Adonis, 284.
6 Lucrce, 1085.
7 Lucrce, 500, 546.

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9 Lucrece, 1786.
10 In the sense of "to let on lease." 
11 In the expression "in farm."
12 The reading of F. S. All the other old copies (Q, and F. I, F. S, F. P) read (substantially) sky slow.
13 Used transitively, Timon, I. 1. 117; Pericles, IV. 6. 102.
14 Sonn. xxiv. 8; Lover’s Complaint, 296.
15 Venus and Adonis, 487.
16 Venus and Adonis, 416.
17 This passage F. 1 has nearness hyphenated with the preceding word neighbour.
18 As a transitive verb; so used in Venus and Adonis, 601; but nowhere else by Shakespeare.
20 Sonn. livi. 1.
21 Used transitively in the sense of "to make to reed;" used in sense of "to make to hesitate," "to bewilder," Henry VIII. II. 4. 312.
22 Used, in facial sense, only in this passage. The verb occurs frequently.
23 Unbegoten occurs in King John, iv. 3. 34.
24 Venus and Adonis, 104; Lucrce, 648.
25 Sonn. ix. 8; xii. 12.
26 Paid occurs in Julius Caesar, Ill. 1. 138.
27 Not hyphenated in old copies.
28 Venus and Adonis, 34; Lucrce, 136; Pilgrim, 92.
DUE JAN 17 1931
DUE MAY 14 1931
DUE MAY 25 1931
DUE MAY 28 1931
DUE MAY 18 1933
DUE MAY 19 1933
DUE NOV 20 1936
DUE JUN - 8 1937
DUE NOV 4 1938