

## HENRY THE SIXTH, PART 3

The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York  
and the Death of Good King Henry the Sixth.

By William Shakespeare

### CAST

House of Lancaster	KING HENRY the Sixth QUEEN MARGARET, wife to King Henry, daughter to Reigner of France PRINCE EDWARD, Prince of Wales, their son  SOMERSET, Duke of Somerset EXETER, Duke of Exeter OXFORD, Earl of Oxford NORTHUMBERLAND, Earl of Northumberland WESTMORELAND, Earl of Westmoreland CLIFFORD, Lord Clifford SOMERVILLE, Sir John Somerville
House of York	DUKE OF YORK, Richard Plantagenet afterwards KING EDWARD IV
York's sons	EDWARD, Earl of March, RUTLAND Edmund, Earl of Rutland GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester
York's, uncles	SIR JOHN, Sir John Mortimer SIR HUGH Sir Hugh Mortimer  NORFOLK Duke of Norfolk MONTAGUE Marquess of Montague WARWICK Earl of Warwick PEMBROKE Earl of Pembroke HASTINGS Lord Hastings STAFFORD Lord Stafford  LADY GREY, afterwards Queen Elizabeth to Edward I RIVERS, Earl Rivers, her brother TUTOR to Edmund Earl of Rutland  HENRY Earl of Richmond, a youth  STANLEY Sir William Stanley MONTGOMERY Sir John Montgomery  SOLDIER. MAYOR and Aldermen of York MAYOR of Coventry. LIEUTENANT of the Tower NOBLEMAN KEEPER, 1st, 2nd WATCHMAN, 1st, 2nd 3rd HUNTSMAN SON that has killed his Father FATHER that has killed his Son NURSE MESSENGERS, POSTS
The French	KING LEWIS the Eleventh of France BONA, Lady Bona, sister to the French Queen ADMIRAL BOURBON  Yorkish, Lancastrian, and French Soldiers, Attendants, Lords, Drummers, Standard Bearers

Scene: England and France.

# ACT 1.

## Scene 1. London. The Parliament House.

Alarum.  
Enter, with white roses in their hats, DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and SOLDIERS.

Warwick I wonder how the king escaped our hands?

Duke of York While we pursued the horsemen of the north,  
He slyly stole away and left his men;  
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,  
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,  
Cheered up the drooping army; and himself,  
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,  
Charged our main battle's front, and, breaking in,  
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edward Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,  
Is either slain or wounded dangerous.  
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow.  
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Montague And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,  
Whom I encountered as the battles joined.

Richard Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.  
[Holds up the Duke of Somerset's head]

Duke of York Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.  
[To head] But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norfolk Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt.

Richard Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

Warwick And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,  
Before I see thee seated in that throne  
Which now the House of Lancaster usurps,  
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.  
This is the palace of the fearful king,  
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;  
For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs'.

Duke of York Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;  
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norfolk We'll all assist you: - he that flies shall die.

Duke of York Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by me, my lords;  
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.  
[They go up]

Warwick And when the king comes, offer him no violence,  
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.  
[SOLDIERS stand apart]

Duke of 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.

Richard Armed as we are, let's stay within this house.

Warwick The bloody parliament shall this be called,  
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,  
And bashful Henry be deposed, whose cowardice  
Hath made us bywords to our enemies.

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Duke of York            Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;  
I mean to take possession of my right.

Warwick                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.  
[YORK mounts the throne]

[Flourish]

Enter, with red roses in their hats, KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBER-  
LAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and SOLDIERS.

King Henry            My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,  
Even in the chair of state! Belike he means,  
Backed by the power of Warwick, that false peer,  
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.  
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,  
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vowed revenge  
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

Northumberland      If I be not, heavens be revenged on me.

Clifford                The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

Westmoreland        What, shall we suffer this? Let's pluck him down.  
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.

King Henry            Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clifford                Patience is for poltroons, such as he;  
He durst not sit there had your father lived.  
My gracious lord, here in the parliament  
Let us assail the family of York.

Northumberland      Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

King Henry            Ah, know you not the city favours them,  
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exeter                 But when the duke is slain they'll quickly fly.

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

Duke of York           I am thine.

Exeter                 For shame, come down - he made thee Duke of York.

Duke of York           It was my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exeter                 Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

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

Clifford                Whom should he follow but his natural king?

Warwick                True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke of York.

King Henry            And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

Duke of York           It must and shall be so; content thyself.

Warwick                Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

Westmoreland        He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;  
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

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Warwick And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget  
That we are those which chased you from the field  
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread  
Marched through the city to the palace gates.

Northumberland Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;  
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

Westmoreland 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.

Clifford Urge it no more; lest that instead of words  
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger  
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

Warwick Poor Clifford, how I scorn his worthless threats!

Duke of York Will you we show our title to the crown?  
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

King Henry 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 the Fifth,  
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,  
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

Warwick Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

King Henry The Lord Protector lost it, and not I.  
When I was crowned I was but nine months old.

Richard You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.  
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edward Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Montague Good brother, as thou lov'st and honourest arms,  
Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

Richard Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

Duke of York Sons, peace!

Northumberland Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speak.

Warwick Plantagenet shall speak first. Hear him, lords;  
And be you silent and attentive too,  
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

King Henry Plantagenet, why seek'st thou to depose me?  
Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,  
And from two brothers lineally descent?  
Suppose by right and equity thou be king,  
Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,  
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?  
No; first shall war unpeople this my realm;  
Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,  
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,  
Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?  
My title's good, and better far than his.

Warwick Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

King Henry Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

Duke of York 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

King Henry [Aside] I know not what to say; my title's weak.  
[Aloud] Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

Duke of York What then?

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King Henry           And if he may, then am I lawful king;  
For Richard, in the view of many lords,  
Resigned the crown to Henry the Fourth,  
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

Duke of York           He rose against him, being his sovereign,  
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

Warwick               Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrained,  
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exeter                 No; for he could not so resign his crown  
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

King Henry           Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exeter                 His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

Duke of York           Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exeter                 My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

King Henry           [Aside] All will revolt from me and turn to him.

Northumberland       Plantagenet, for all the claim thou layst,  
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.

Warwick               Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

Northumberland       Thou art deceived; '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.

Clifford               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!

King Henry           O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

Duke of York           Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.  
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

Warwick               Do right unto this princely Duke of York,  
Or I will fill the house with armed men,  
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,  
Write up his title with usurping blood.  
[He stamps with his foot, and the SOLDIERS show themselves]

King Henry           My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:  
Let me for this my lifetime reign as king.

Duke of York           Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,  
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

King Henry           Convey the soldiers hence, and then I will.

Warwick               Captain, conduct them into Tuthill Fields.

**Exeunt SOLDIERS.**

King Henry           I am content. Richard Plantagenet,  
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clifford               What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

Warwick               What good is this to England and himself!

Westmoreland         Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clifford               How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

Westmoreland         I cannot stay to hear these articles.

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Northumberland      Nor I.

Clifford                Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

Westmoreland        Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,  
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

**Exit**

Northumberland      Be thou a prey unto the House of York,  
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

**Exit**

Clifford                In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,  
Or live in peace abandoned and despised!

**Exit**

Warwick                Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exeter                 They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

King Henry            Ah, Exeter!

Warwick                Why should you sigh, my lord?

King Henry            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.

Duke of York         This oath I willingly take and will perform.

Warwick                Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.

King Henry            And long live thou and these thy forward sons!

Duke of York         Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

Exeter                 Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!  
[Sennet. Here they come down]

Duke of York         Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

**Exeunt** YORK, EDWARD and RICHARD.

Warwick                And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

**Exit**

Norfolk                And I to Norfolk with my followers.

**Exit**

Montague             And I unto the sea from whence I came.

**Exit**

King Henry            And I with grief and sorrow to the court.

**Enter** QUEEN MARGARET and PRINCE EDWARD.

Exeter                 Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:  
I'll steal away.

King Henry            Exeter, so will I.

Queen Margaret      Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

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King Henry            Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Queen Margaret      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 proved so unnatural a father.  
 Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?  
 Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,  
 Or felt that pain which I did for him once,  
 Or nourished him as I did with my blood,  
 Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,  
 Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,  
 And disinherited thine only son.

Prince Edward        Father, you cannot disinherit me.  
 If you be king, why should not I succeed?

King Henry            Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son;  
 The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

Queen Margaret      Enforced thee! Art thou king, and wilt be forced?  
 I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!  
 Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;  
 And given unto the House of York such head  
 As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.  
 To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,  
 What is it but to make thy sepulchre,  
 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,  
 The soldiers should have tossed me on their pikes  
 Before I would have granted to that act;  
 But thou preferrest 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 repealed  
 Whereby my son is disinherited.  
 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 is ready; come, we'll after them.

King Henry            Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Queen Margaret      Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

King Henry            Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Queen Margaret      Ay, to be murdered by his enemies.

Prince Edward        When I return with victory from the field  
 I'll see your grace; till then I'll follow her.

Queen Margaret      Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

**Exeunt** MARGARET and PRINCE EDWARD.

King Henry            Poor queen! How love to me and to her son  
 Hath made her break out into terms of rage!  
 Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,  
 Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,  
 Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle  
 Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!  
 The loss of those three lords torments my heart:  
 I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exeter                   And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.  
[Flourish]

**Exeunt**

## Scene 2. Sandal Castle, near Wakefield in Yorkshire.

**Enter** RICHARD, EDWARD, and MONTAGUE.

Richard                Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edward                No, I can better play the orator.

Montague             But I have reasons strong and forcible.

**Enter** the DUKE OF YORK.

Duke of York         Why, how now, sons and brother! At a strife?  
What is your quarrel? How began it first?

Edward                No quarrel, but a slight contention.

Duke of York         About what?

Richard                About that which concerns your grace and us;  
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

Duke of York         Mine, boy? Not till King Henry be dead.

Richard                Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edward                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.

Duke of York         I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edward                But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:  
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Richard                No, God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

Duke of York         I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Richard                I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

Duke of York         Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Richard                An oath is of no moment being not took  
Before a true and lawful magistrate  
That hath authority over him that swears:  
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;  
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,  
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.  
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think  
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,  
Within whose circuit is Elysium,  
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.  
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest  
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed  
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

Duke of York         Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.  
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,  
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.  
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,  
And tell him privily of our intent.

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You, Edward, shall to Edmund Brook Lord Cobham,  
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:  
In them I trust, for they are soldiers,  
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.  
While you are thus employed, what resteth more  
But that I seek occasion how to rise,  
And yet the king not privy to my drift,  
Nor any of the House of Lancaster?

**Enter** a MESSENGER.

But stay, what news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Messenger           The queen with all the northern earls and lords  
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.  
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;  
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

Duke of 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.

Montague            Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:  
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

**Exit**

Enter MORTIMER and his BROTHER.

Duke of York        Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,  
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour:  
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John             She shall not need; we'll meet her in the field.

Duke of York        What, with five thousand men?

Richard             Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.  
A woman's general - what should we fear?  
[A march afar off]

Edward             I hear their drums. Let's set our men in order,  
And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

Duke of 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  
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:  
Why should I not now have the like success?

**Exeunt**

### **Scene 3. Field of battle between Sandal Castle and Wakefield.**

Alarum. Enter RUTLAND and his TUTOR.

Rutland             Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?  
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

**Enter** CLIFFORD and SOLDIERS.

Clifford             Chaplain, away! - thy priesthood saves thy life.  
As for the brat of this accursed duke,

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Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clifford Soldiers, away with him!

Tutor Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,  
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

**Exit**, forced off by SOLDIERS.

Clifford How now, is he dead already? Or is it fear  
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

Rutland 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,  
And not with such a cruel threatening look.  
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:  
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;  
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Clifford In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's blood  
Hath stopped the passage where thy words should enter.

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

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

Rutland O, let me pray before I take my death.  
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me.

Clifford Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rutland I never did thee harm. Why wilt thou slay me?

Clifford Thy father hath.

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

Clifford No cause?  
Thy father slew my father; therefore die.  
[Stabs him]

Rutland Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuae!  
[Dies]

Clifford Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet;  
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade  
Shall rust upon my weapon till thy blood  
Congealed with this do make me wipe off both.

**Exit**

**Scene 4. Another Part of the Field.**

Alarum. Enter Richard DUKE OF YORK.

Duke of York       The army of the queen hath got the field;  
 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 pursued by hunger-starved wolves.  
 My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:  
 But this I know, they have demeaned 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 falchion, painted to the hilt  
 In blood of those that had encountered 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 charged again; but, out alas,  
 We budged again, as I have seen a swan  
 With bootless labour swim against the tide  
 And spend her strength with overmatching waves.  
 [A short alarum within]  
 Ah, hark! The fatal followers do pursue,  
 And I am faint and cannot fly their fury;  
 And were I strong I would not shun their fury.  
 The sands are numbered that make up my life;  
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

**Enter** QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, young PRINCE EDWARD, and SOLDIERS.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,  
 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:  
 I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

Northumberland    Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clifford            Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm  
 With downright payment showed unto my father.  
 Now Phaethon hath tumbled from his car,  
 And made an evening at the noontide prick.

Duke of York       My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth  
 A bird that will revenge upon you all;  
 And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,  
 Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.  
 Why come you not? What, multitudes, and fear?

Clifford            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 'gainst the officers.

Duke of York       O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,  
 And in thy thought o'errun 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.

Clifford            I will not bandy with thee word for word,  
 But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.  
 [Draws]

Queen Margaret    Hold, valiant Clifford! For a thousand causes  
 I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.

HENRY VI, PART 3 BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Wrath makes him deaf. Speak thou, Northumberland.

Northumberland 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 fight. YORK is taken, and struggles]

Clifford Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

Northumberland So doth the cony struggle in the net.

Duke of York So triumph thieves upon their conquered booty;  
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatched.

Northumberland What would your grace have done unto him now?

Queen Margaret Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,  
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,  
That raught 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 revelled in our parliament  
And made a preachment of your high descent?  
Where are your mess of sons to back you now;  
The wanton Edward and the lusty George?  
And where's that valiant crookback prodigy,  
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice  
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?  
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?  
Look, York: I stained 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.  
What, hath thy fiery heart so parched 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.  
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.  
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.  
[Puts a paper crown on his head]  
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.  
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,  
And this is he was his adopted heir.  
But how is it that great Plantagenet  
Is crowned so soon, and broke his solemn oath?  
As I bethink me, you should not be king  
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.  
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,  
And rob his temples of the diadem,  
Now in his life, against your holy oath?  
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!  
Off with the crown, and, with the crown, his head;  
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

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

Queen Margaret Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

Duke of York She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,  
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!

HENRY VI, PART 3 BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex  
 To triumph like an Amazonian trull,  
 Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!  
 But that thy face is vizard-like, unchanging,  
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,  
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.  
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom derived,  
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.  
 Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,  
 Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,  
 Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.  
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?  
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,  
 Unless the adage must be verified,  
 That beggars mounted run their horse to death.  
 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud,  
 But God he knows thy share thereof is small:  
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired,  
 The contrary doth make thee wondered at:  
 '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 wrapped in a woman's hide!  
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,  
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?  
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;  
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, 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 allays, the rain begins.  
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,  
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death,  
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

- |                |   |
|----------------|---|
| Northumberland | Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so<br>As hardly can I check my eyes from tears.  |
| Duke of York   | That face of his the hungry cannibals<br>Would not have touched, would not have stained with blood;<br>But you are more inhuman, more inexorable<br>- O, ten times more - than tigers of Hyrcania.<br>See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears.<br>This cloth thou dipped'st in blood of my sweet boy,<br>And I with tears do wash the blood away.<br>Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;<br>And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,<br>Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;<br>Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,<br>And say "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"<br>There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse,<br>And in thy need such comfort come to thee<br>As now I reap at thy too cruel hand.<br>Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;<br>My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads! |
| Northumberland | Had he been slaughterman to all my kin,<br>I should not for my life but weep with him,<br>To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.   |
| Queen Margaret | What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?<br>Think but upon the wrong he did us all,<br>And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.  |
| Clifford       | Here's for my oath; here's for my father's death.<br>[Stabs him]  |

HENRY VI, PART 3 BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Queen Margaret      And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.  
   [Stabs him]

Duke of York            Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God!  
   My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.  
   [Dies]

Queen Margaret      Off with his head, and set it on York gates;  
   So York may overlook the town of York.  
   [Flourish]

**Exeunt**

## ACT 2.

### Scene 1. A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and their POWER.

Edward            I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,  
Or whether he be 'scaped 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 'scaped, methinks we should have heard  
The happy tidings of his good escape.  
How fares my brother? Why is he so sad?

Richard            I cannot joy until I be resolved  
Where our right valiant father is become.  
I saw him in the battle range about,  
And watched him how he singled Clifford forth.  
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop  
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;  
Or as a bear, encompassed round with dogs,  
Who having pinched a few and made them cry,  
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.  
So fared our father with his enemies;  
So fled his enemies my warlike father:  
Methinks 'tis prize 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,  
Trimmed like a younker prancing to his love!

Edward            Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

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

Edward            'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.  
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,  
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,  
Each one already blazing by our meeds,  
Should notwithstanding join our lights together,  
And overshine the earth, as this the world.  
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear  
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Richard            Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it,  
You love the breeder better than the male.

**Enter** a MESSENGER, blowing.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell  
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Messenger        Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on,  
When as the noble Duke of York was slain,  
Your princely father and my loving lord!

Edward            O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.

Richard            Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

HENRY VI, PART 3 BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Messenger      Environed he was with many foes,  
 And stood against them, as the hope of Troy  
 Against the Greeks that would have entered Troy.  
 But Hercules himself must yield to odds;  
 And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
 Hews down and fells the hardest-timbered oak.  
 By many hands your father was subdued;  
 But only slaughtered by the ireful arm  
 Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen,  
 Who crowned the gracious duke in high despite,  
 Laughed 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 viewed.

Edward            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;  
 And treacherously hast thou vanquished him,  
 For hand to hand he would have vanquished 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.

Richard           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 fires 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.

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

Richard           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, MARQUESS MONTAGUE, and their ARMY.

Warwick           How now, fair lords! What fare? What news abroad?

Richard           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.

Edward           O Warwick, Warwick, that Plantagenet  
 Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption  
 Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

Warwick           Ten days ago I drowned these news in tears,  
 And now, to add more measure to your woes,  
 I come to tell you things sith then befallen.  
 After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,  
 Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,  
 Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,  
 Were brought me of your loss and his depart.

HENRY VI, PART 3 BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

I, then in London, keeper of the king,  
Mustered my soldiers, gathered flocks of friends,  
And very well appointed, as I thought,  
Marched toward St Albans to intercept the queen,  
Bearing the king in my behalf along;  
For by my scouts I was advertised  
That she was coming with a full intent  
To dash our late decree in Parliament,  
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.  
Short tale to make, we at St Albans met,  
Our battles joined, and both sides fiercely fought:  
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,  
Who looked full gently on his warlike queen,  
That robbed my soldiers of their heated spleen;  
Or whether 'twas 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 thresher with a flail,  
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.  
I cheered 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, posthaste, are come to join with you;  
For in the Marches here we heard you were,  
Making another head to fight again.

- Edward                   Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?  
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
- Warwick                   Some six miles off the Duke is with the soldiers;  
And for your brother, he was lately sent  
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,  
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.
- Richard                   'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:  
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,  
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.
- Warwick                   Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;  
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine  
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,  
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,  
Were he as famous and as bold in war,  
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.
- Richard                   I know it well, Lord Warwick, blame me not;  
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.  
But in this troublous time what's to be done?  
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,  
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,  
Numbering 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.
- Warwick                   Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,  
And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,  
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,  
And of their feather many more 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,  
 Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,  
 Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,  
 Why, Via! to London will we march amain,  
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,  
 And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes!'  
 But never once again turn back and fly.

Richard            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.

Edward            Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;  
 And when thou fall'st - as God forbid the hour! -  
 Must Edward fall - which peril heaven forbend!

Warwick           No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:  
 The next degree 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,  
 But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Richard           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.

Edward            Then strike up, drums! God and Saint George for us!

**Enter** a MESSENGER.

Warwick            How now, what news?

2nd Messenger    The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,  
 The queen is coming with a puissant host;  
 And craves your company for speedy counsel.

Warwick            Why then it sorts; brave warriors, let's away.

**Exeunt**

## Scene 2. Before York.

[Flourish]

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND,  
 and young PRINCE EDWARD, with DRUM and TRUMPETS.

Queen Margaret    Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.  
 Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy  
 That sought to be encompassed with your crown.  
 Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

King Henry            Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack:  
 To see this sight, it irks my very soul.  
 Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,  
 Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

Clifford            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.  
 Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
 Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
 The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,  
 And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.  
 Ambitious York did level at thy crown,  
 Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:  
 He, but a duke, would have his son a king,  
 And raise his issue like a loving sire;  
 Thou, being a king, blessed with a goodly son,  
 Didst yield consent to disinherit him,  
 Which argued thee a most unloving father.  
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young;  
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,  
 Who hath not seen them, even with those wings  
 Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,  
 Make war with him that climbed 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 grandsire got,  
 My careless father fondly gave away'?  
 Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;  
 And let his manly face, which promiseth  
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
 To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.

King Henry Full well hath Clifford played 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 thousandfold 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!

Queen Margaret My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,  
 And this soft courage makes your followers faint.  
 You promised knighthood to our forward son:  
 Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.  
 Edward, kneel down.

King Henry Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;  
 And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince Edward 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.

Clifford Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

**Enter** a MESSENGER.

Messenger Royal commanders, be in readiness,  
 For with a band of thirty thousand men  
 Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;  
 And in the towns, as they do march along,  
 Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.  
 Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clifford I would your highness would depart the field:

HENRY VI, PART 3 BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Queen Margaret Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

King Henry Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

Northumberland Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince Edward 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, WARWICK, RICHARD, GEORGE, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and SOLDIERS.

Edward Now, perjured Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,  
And set thy diadem upon my head;  
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Queen Margaret Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!  
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms  
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

Edward 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,  
Have caused him by new act of Parliament,  
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clifford And reason too:  
Who should succeed the father but the son?

Richard Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!

Clifford Ay, crookback, here I stand to answer thee,  
Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.

Richard 'Twas you that killed young Rutland, was it not?

Clifford Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Richard For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

Warwick What sayst thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Queen Margaret Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?  
When you and I met at St Albans last,  
Your legs did better service than your hands.

Warwick Then 'twas my turn to flee, and now 'tis thine.

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

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

Northumberland No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Richard Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.  
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain  
The execution of my big-swoll'n heart  
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clifford I slew thy father - call'st thou him a child?

Richard Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,  
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;  
But ere sun set I'll make thee curse the deed.

King Henry Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Queen Margaret Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King Henry I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:

HENRY VI, PART 3 BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

I am a king, and privileged to speak.

Clifford My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here  
Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

Richard Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.  
By Him that made us all, I am resolved  
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

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

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

Prince Edward If that be right which Warwick says is right,  
There is no wrong, but everything is right.

Richard Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;  
For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Queen Margaret But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,  
But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,  
Marked by the destinies to be avoided,  
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Richard Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,  
Whose father bears the title of a king,  
As if a channel should be called the sea,  
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,  
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edward A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns  
To make this shameless callet know herself.  
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,  
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;  
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wronged  
By that false woman as this king by thee.  
His father revelled in the heart of France,  
And tamed the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;  
And had he matched according to his state,  
He might have kept that glory to this day;  
But when he took a beggar to his bed,  
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal day,  
Even then that sunshine brewed a shower for him,  
That washed his father's fortunes forth of France,  
And heaped sedition on his crown at home.  
For what hath broached this tumult but thy pride?  
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,  
And we, in pity of the gentle king,  
Had slipped our claim until another age.

George 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 till we have hewn thee down,  
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edward And in this resolution I defy thee;  
Not willing any longer conference,  
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.  
Sound trumpets! Let our bloody colours wave!  
And either victory, or else a grave.

Queen Margaret Stay, Edward.

Edward No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay.  
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

**Exeunt**

**Scene 3. A Field of Battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.**

Alarum. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

Warwick                Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,  
I lay me down a little while to breathe;  
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,  
Have robbed my strong-knit sinews of their strength,  
And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

**Enter** EDWARD running.

Edward                Smile, gentle heaven, or strike, ungentle death!  
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

Warwick                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 withdrawn thyself?  
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
Broached with the steely point of Clifford's lance;  
And, in the very pangs of death he cried,  
Like to a dismal clangour heard from far,  
'Warwick, revenge! Brother, revenge my death!'  
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,  
That stained their fetlocks in his smoking blood,  
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

Warwick                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 played 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 closed 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 doth rise from earth's cold face,  
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,  
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,  
Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands,  
That to my foes this body must be prey,  
Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,  
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!  
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,  
Where'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 springtime so.

Warwick                    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 4. Another Part of the Field.**

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

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 environed with a brazen wall.

Clifford                    Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.  
This is the hand that stabbed thy father York,  
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;  
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death  
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,  
To execute the like upon thyself;  
And so, have at thee!

They fight. Enter WARWICK. CLIFFORD flies.

Richard                    Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;  
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

**Exeunt**

### **Scene 5. Another Part of the Field.**

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY alone.

King Henry                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  
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;  
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea  
Forced 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.

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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 makes the hour full complete,  
How many hours brings 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;  
So many hours must I sport myself;  
So many days my ewes have been with young;  
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;  
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:  
So minutes, hours, days, 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 silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy  
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?  
O yes, it doth; a thousandfold it doth.  
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,  
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
His body couched in a curious bed,  
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a SON that hath killed his father, with the body in his arms, at one door.

Son                    Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.  
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
May be possessed with some store of crowns;  
And I, that haply 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 unwares have killed.  
O heavy times, begetting such events!  
From London by the king was I pressed forth;  
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,  
Came on the part of York, pressed by his master;  
And I, who at his hands received 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 flowed their fill.

King Henry            O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!  
Whilst lions war and battle for their dens,  
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.  
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'ercharged with grief.

**Enter** a FATHER who has killed his son, with the body in his arms, at another door.

Father                Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,  
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,  
For I have bought it with a hundred blows.

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But let me see - is this our foeman's face?  
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!  
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,  
Throw up thine eye. See, see, what showers arise,  
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart  
Upon thy wounds, that kills mine eye and heart.  
O, pity, God, this miserable age!  
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,  
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!  
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,  
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King Henry      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 cheeks, methinks, presenteth.  
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!  
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son                How will my mother for a father's death  
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!

Father            How will my wife for slaughter of my son  
Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!

King Henry      How will the country for these woeful chances  
Misthink the king and not be satisfied!

Son                Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Father            Was ever father so bemoaned his son?

King Henry      Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?  
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son                I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

**Exit** with the body.

Father            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.  
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,  
For I have murdered where I should not kill.

**Exit** with the body.

King Henry      Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,  
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums. Excursions.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, and EXETER.

Prince Edward    Fly, father, fly; for all your friends are fled,  
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.  
Away, for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen Margaret    Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick 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 grasped in their ireful hands,  
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exeter                   Away, for vengeance comes along with them.  
Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed,  
Or else come after. I'll away before.

King Henry            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 6. Another Part of the Field.

A loud alarum.

Enter CLIFFORD wounded.

Clifford               Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,  
Which whiles it lasted gave King Henry light.  
Oh, Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow  
More than my body's parting with my soul.  
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;  
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,  
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud 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 Phaethon should check thy fiery steeds,  
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth.  
And, Henry, hadst thou swayed as kings should do,  
Or as thy father and his father did,  
Giving no ground unto the House of York,  
They never then had sprung like summer flies;  
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm  
Had left no mourning widows for our death,  
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 complaints, and cureless are my wounds;  
No way to fly, nor strength to hold our flight;  
The foe is merciless and will not pity,  
For at their hands I have deserved 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 stabbed your fathers' bosoms; split my breast.  
[He faints.]

Alarum and retreat.

**Enter** EDWARD, WARWICK, RICHARD, and SOLDIERS, MONTAGUE and GEORGE.

Edward                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, filled with a fretting gust,  
Command an argosy to stem the waves.  
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

Warwick              No, 'tis impossible he should escape;  
For, though before his face I speak the words,  
Your brother Richard marked him for the grave;  
And, wheresoe'er he be, he's surely dead.  
[CLIFFORD groans and dies]

Edward                Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

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Richard A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edward See who it is; and, now the battle's ended,  
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Richard Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford,  
Who, not contented that he lopped the branch  
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,  
But set his murdering knife unto the root  
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,  
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

Warwick 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.

Edward Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,  
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:  
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,  
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

Warwick I think his understanding is bereft.  
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?  
Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life,  
And he nor sees, nor hears us, what we say.

Richard O, would he did! And so perhaps he doth:  
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,  
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts  
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

George If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Richard Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.

Edward Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

Warwick Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

George While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Richard Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edward Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

George Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

Warwick They mock thee, Clifford; swear as thou wast wont.

Richard 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 but two hours' life,  
That I in all despite might rail at him,  
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood  
Stifle the villain whose unstanched thirst  
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

Warwick Ay, but he's dead. 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 whence 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 scattered foe that hopes to rise again;  
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,

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To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edward

Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;  
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,  
And never will I undertake the thing  
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.  
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester;  
And George, of Clarence; Warwick, as ourself,  
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Richard

Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester,  
For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

Warwick

Tut, that's a foolish observation:  
Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,  
To see these honours in possession.

**Exeunt**

**ACT 3.****Scene 1. A Chase in the North of England.**

**Enter** TWO KEEPERS with crossbows in their hands.

1st Keeper            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,  
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2nd Keeper            I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1st Keeper            That cannot be; the noise of thy crossbow  
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 befell me on a day  
In this self place where now we mean to stand.

2nd Keeper            Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

**Enter** KING HENRY disguised, with a prayer-book.

King Henry            From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,  
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.  
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;  
Thy place is filled, thy sceptre wrung from thee,  
Thy balm washed off wherewith thou wast anointed:  
No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,  
No humble suitors press to speak for right,  
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;  
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1st Keeper            Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:  
This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

King Henry            Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,  
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

2nd Keeper            Why linger we? Let us lay hands upon him.

1st Keeper            Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

King Henry            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 Lewis 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 brinish tears.  
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 deposed;  
He smiles, and says his Edward is installed;  
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:  
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,  
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,

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And in conclusion wins the king from her  
With promise of his sister, and what else,  
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.  
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,  
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2nd Keeper Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

King Henry 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?

2nd Keeper Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

King Henry Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

2nd Keeper But if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

King Henry My crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,  
Nor to be seen: my crown is called content;  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

2nd Keeper Well, if you be a king crowned 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 deposed;  
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,  
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

King Henry But did you never swear, and break an oath?

2nd Keeper No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

King Henry Where did you dwell when I was king of England?

2nd Keeper Here in this country, where we now remain.

King Henry 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?

1st Keeper No, for we were subjects but while you were king.

King Henry 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 wind when I do blow,  
And yielding to another when it blows,  
Commanded always by the greater gust;  
Such is the lightness of you common men.  
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.

1st Keeper We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

King Henry So would you be again to Henry,  
If he were seated as King Edward is.

1st Keeper We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,  
To go with us unto the officers.

King Henry In God's name, lead; your king's name be obeyed;  
And what God will, that let your king perform;  
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

**Exeunt**

**Scene 2. London. A Room in the Palace.**

**Enter** KING EDWARD, RICHARD Duke of Gloucester, GEORGE Duke of Clarence, and LADY GREY.

King Edward      Brother of Gloucester, at St Albans field  
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,  
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:  
His suit is now to repossess those lands,  
Which we in justice cannot well deny,  
Because in quarrel of the House of York  
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Richard            Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;  
It were dishonour to deny it her.

King Edward      It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Richard            [Aside to GEORGE] Yea, is it so?  
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,  
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

George            [Aside to RICHARD]  
He knows the game: - how true he keeps the wind!

Richard            [Aside to GEORGE] Silence!

King Edward      Widow, we will consider of your suit;  
And come some other time to know our mind.

Lady 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.

Richard            [Aside to GEORGE]  
Ay, widow? Then I'll warrant you all your lands,  
And if what pleases him shall please you,  
Fight closer or, good faith, you'll catch a clap.

George            [Aside to RICHARD]  
I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Richard            [Aside to GEORGE]  
God forbid that! For he'll take vantages.

King Edward      How many children hast thou, widow, tell me?

George            [Aside to RICHARD]  
I think he means to beg a child of her.

Richard            [Aside to GEORGE]  
Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.

Lady Grey        Three, my most gracious lord.

Richard            [Aside] You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him.

King Edward      'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

Lady Grey        Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

King Edward      Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Richard            [Aside] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave  
Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.  
[RICHARD and GEORGE stand apart]

King Edward      Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

Lady Grey        Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

King Edward      And would you not do much to do them good?

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Lady Grey To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

King Edward Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

Lady Grey Therefore I came unto your majesty.

King Edward I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

Lady Grey So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

King Edward What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

Lady Grey What you command, that rests in me to do.

King Edward But you will take exceptions to my boon.

Lady Grey No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

King Edward Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

Lady Grey Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Richard [Aside to GEORGE]  
He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

George [Aside to RICHARD]  
As red as fire! Nay, then her wax must melt.

Lady Grey Why stops my lord? Shall I not hear my task?

King Edward An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

Lady Grey That's soon performed, because I am a subject.

King Edward Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

Lady Grey I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Richard [Aside to GEORGE]  
The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.

King Edward But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

Lady Grey The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

King Edward Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.  
What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?

Lady Grey My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers:  
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

King Edward No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

Lady Grey Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

King Edward But now you partly may perceive my mind.

Lady Grey My mind will never grant what I perceive  
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

King Edward To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

Lady Grey To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

King Edward Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

Lady Grey Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;  
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

King Edward Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

Lady 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.

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King Edward      Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;  
No, if thou dost say no to my demand.

Lady Grey        Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Richard          [Aside to GEORGE]  
The widow likes him not; she knits her brows.

George          [Aside to RICHARD]  
He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

King Edward     [Aside] Her looks doth argue her replete with modesty;  
Her words doth 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.  
[Aloud] Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

Lady Grey        'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord.  
I am a subject fit to jest withal,  
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

King Edward     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.

Lady 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.

King Edward     You cavil, widow, I did mean my queen.

Lady Grey        'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you father.

King Edward     No more than when my daughters call thee mother.  
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;  
And by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,  
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing  
To be the father unto many sons.  
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Richard         [Aside to GEORGE]  
The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

George          [Aside to RICHARD]  
When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

King Edward     Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Richard         [Advancing with GEORGE]  
The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

King Edward     You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

George          To who, my lord?

King Edward     Why, Clarence, to myself.

Richard         That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

George          That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Richard         By so much is the wonder in extremes.

King Edward     Well, jest on, brothers. I can tell you both  
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

**Enter** a NOBLEMAN.

Nobleman        My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

King Edward     See that he be conveyed 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**

Manet RICHARD.

Richard            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 unlooked-for issue of their bodies,  
                      To take their rooms ere I can plant 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,  
                      Flattering me with impossibilities.  
                      My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens 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, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
                      She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,  
                      To shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub,  
                      To make an envious mountain on my back,  
                      Where sits deformity to mock my body,  
                      To shape my legs of an unequal size,  
                      To disproportion me in every part,  
                      Like to a chaos, or unlicked bear-whelp  
                      That carries no impression like the dam.  
                      And am I then a man to be beloved?  
                      O monstrous fault to harbour such a thought!  
                      Then, since this earth affords no joy to me  
                      But to command, to check, to o'erbear such  
                      As are of better person than myself,  
                      I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;  
                      And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,  
                      Until my misshaped trunk that bears this head  
                      Be round impaled 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 whiles I smile,  
                      And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,  
                      And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
                      And frame my face to all occasions.

I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,  
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk,  
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.  
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 farther off, I'll pluck it down.

Exit

### Scene 3. France. A Room in the French King's Palace.

[Flourish]

Enter LEWIS the French King, his sister BONA, his Admiral called BOURBON;  
PRINCE EDWARD, QUEEN MARGARET, and the EARL OF OXFORD.  
LEWIS sits, and riseth up again.

King Lewis            Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,  
Sit down with us. It ill befits thy state  
And birth that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

Queen Margaret     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.

King Lewis            Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Queen Margaret     From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears  
And stops my tongue, while heart is drowned in cares.

King Lewis            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, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;  
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

Queen Margaret     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 banished man,  
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;  
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York,  
Usurps the regal title and the seat  
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.  
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,  
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.  
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;  
Our people and our peers are both misled,  
Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,  
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

King Lewis            Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,

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While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen Margaret The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

King Lewis The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen Margaret O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:  
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

**Enter WARWICK.**

King Lewis What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Queen Margaret Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

King Lewis Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?  
[He descends. She ariseth]

Queen Margaret Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;  
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

Warwick 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.

Queen Margaret [Aside] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

Warwick [Speaking 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 entering at his heedful ears,  
Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Queen Margaret 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  
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?  
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.

Warwick Injurious Margaret!

Prince Edward And why not queen?

Warwick Because thy father Henry did usurp,  
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxford 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.

Warwick Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse  
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost

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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.

- Oxford                   Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,  
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,  
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
- Warwick                   Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,  
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?  
For shame! Leave Henry, and call Edward king.
- Oxford                   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 mellowed 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.
- Warwick                   And I the House of York.
- King Lewis               Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,  
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,  
While I use further conference with Warwick.  
[MARGARET, EDWARD and OXFORD stand aloof]
- Queen Margaret       Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!
- King Lewis               Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,  
Is Edward your true king? For I were loath  
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.
- Warwick                   Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
- King Lewis               But is he gracious in the people's eye?
- Warwick                   The more that Henry was unfortunate.
- King Lewis               Then further, all dissembling set aside,  
Tell me for truth the measure of his love  
Unto our sister Bona.
- Warwick                   Such it seems  
As may beseem a monarch like himself.  
Myself have often heard him say and swear  
That this his love was an eternal plant,  
Whereof the root was fixed in virtue's ground,  
The leaves and fruit maintained with beauty's sun,  
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,  
Unless the Lady Bona quite his pain.
- King Lewis               Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.
- Bona                       Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.  
[Speaks to WARWICK]  
Yet I confess that often ere this day,  
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,  
Mine ear hath tempered judgment to desire.
- King Lewis               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 counterpoised.  
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness  
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.
- Prince Edward           To Edward, but not to the English king.
- Queen Margaret       Deceitful Warwick, it was thy device

By this alliance to make void my suit:  
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

- King Lewis           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 released  
From giving aid which late I promised.  
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand  
That your estate requires and mine can yield.
- Warwick               Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,  
Where, having nothing, nothing can he 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.
- Queen Margaret      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.  
[POST blowing a horn within]
- King Lewis           Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.
- Enter** the POST.
- Post                   [Speaks to WARWICK]  
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 all read their letters]
- Oxford                I like it well that our fair queen and mistress  
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
- Prince Edward       Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled;  
I hope all's for the best.
- King Lewis           Warwick, what are thy news? And yours, fair queen?
- Queen Margaret      Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped joys.
- Warwick              Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
- King Lewis           What, has your king married the Lady Grey?  
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,  
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?  
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?  
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?
- Queen Margaret      I told your majesty as much before:  
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.
- Warwick              King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,  
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,  
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;  
No more my king, for he dishonours me;  
But most himself, if he could see his shame.  
Did I forget that by the House of York  
My father came untimely to his death?  
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?  
Did I impale him with the regal crown?  
Did I put Henry from his native right?  
And am I guerdoned 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.

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My noble queen, let former grudges pass,  
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.  
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,  
And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen Margaret Warwick, these words have turned my hate to love;  
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,  
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

Warwick So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,  
That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us  
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,  
I'll undertake to land them on our coast  
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.  
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:  
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,  
He's very likely now to fall from him,  
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,  
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged  
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Queen Margaret Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live  
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

Warwick And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

King Lewis And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.  
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolved  
You shall have aid.

Queen Margaret Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

King Lewis Then, England's messenger, return in post,  
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers  
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.

Queen Margaret Tell him my mourning weeds are laid aside,  
And I am ready to put armour on.

Warwick Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.  
There's thy reward; be gone.

**Exit POST.**

King Lewis But, Warwick,  
Thou and 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?

Warwick 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.

Queen Margaret Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.  
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,  
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;  
And with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,  
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

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Prince Edward      Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;  
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.  
[He gives his hand to Warwick]

King Lewis          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**

Manet WARWICK.

Warwick              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?  
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.  
I was the chief that raised 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 4.****Scene 1. London. A Room in the Palace.**

**Enter** RICHARD, GEORGE, SOMERSET, and MONTAGUE.

Richard            Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you  
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?  
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

George            Alas, you know 'tis far from hence to France!  
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Somerset           My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

[Flourish]

Enter KING EDWARD attended, LADY GREY as Queen, PEMBROKE,  
STAFFORD, HASTINGS.  
Four stand on one side, and four on the other.

Richard            And his well-chosen bride.

George            I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

King Edward      Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice,  
That you stand pensive and half malcontent?

George            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.

King Edward      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.

Richard            And you shall have your will, because our king:  
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

King Edward      Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Richard            Not I.  
No, God forbid that I should wish them severed  
Whom God hath joined together; ay, and 'twere pity  
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

King Edward      Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,  
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey  
Should not become my wife and England's queen:  
And you too, Somerset and Montague,  
Speak freely what you think.

George            Then this is my opinion: that King Lewis  
Becomes your enemy for mocking him  
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Richard            And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,  
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

King Edward      What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased  
By such invention as I can devise?

Montague          Yet, to have joined with France in such alliance  
Would more have strengthened this our commonwealth  
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

Hastings           Why, knows not Montague that of itself  
England is safe, if true within itself?

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Montague But the safer when 'tis backed with France.

Hastings 'Tis better using France than trusting France.  
Let us be backed 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.

George For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves  
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

King Edward Ay, what of that? It was my will and grant;  
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Richard 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.

George Or else you would not have bestowed the heir  
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,  
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

King Edward Alas, poor Clarence, is it for a wife  
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

George In choosing for yourself, you showed 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.

King Edward Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,  
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Lady Grey My lords, before it pleased 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.

King Edward 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.

Richard [Aside] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

**Enter** a POST.

King Edward Now, messenger, what letters or what news  
From France?

Post My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words,  
But such as I, without your special pardon,  
Dare not relate.

King Edward Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,  
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.  
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Post At my depart these were his very words:  
'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers  
To revel it with him and his new bride'.

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- King Edward Is Lewis so brave? Belike he thinks me Henry.  
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?
- Post These were her words, uttered with mild disdain:  
`Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake'.
- King Edward I blame not her, she could say little less;  
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?  
For I have heard that she was there in place.
- Post `Tell him,' quoth she `my mourning weeds are done,  
And I am ready to put armour on.'
- King Edward Belike she minds to play the Amazon.  
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
- Post 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't be long'.
- King Edward Ha, durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?  
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarned;  
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.  
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
- Post Ay, gracious sovereign, they are so linked in friendship  
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
- George Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.  
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,  
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;  
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage  
I may not prove inferior to yourself.  
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.
- Exit** GEORGE, and SOMERSET follows.
- Richard [Aside] Not I; my thoughts aim at a further matter:  
I stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.
- King Edward Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!  
Yet am I armed against the worst can happen,  
And haste is needful in this desperate case.  
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf  
Go levy men and make prepare for war;  
They are already, or quickly will be, landed:  
Myself in person will straight follow you.
- Exeunt** PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.  
But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,  
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,  
Are nearest 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 to hold your true obedience,  
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,  
That I may never have you in suspect.
- Montague So God help Montague as he proves true!
- Hastings And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!
- King Edward Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
- Richard Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
- King Edward 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 2. A Plain in Warwickshire.**

**Enter** WARWICK and OXFORD in England, with French SOLDIERS.

Warwick                    Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;  
                                  The common people by numbers swarm to us.

**Enter** GEORGE and SOMERSET.

                                  But see where Somerset and Clarence comes!  
                                  Speak suddenly, my lords - are we all friends?

George                    Fear not that, my lord.

Warwick                    Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;  
                                  And welcome Somerset. I hold it cowardice  
                                  To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
                                  Hath pawned 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 come, sweet Clarence, my daughter shall be thine.  
                                  And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,  
                                  Thy brother being carelessly encamped,  
                                  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:  
                                  That, as Ulysses and stout Diomede  
                                  With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,  
                                  And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;  
                                  So we, well covered with the night's black mantle,  
                                  At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,  
                                  And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,  
                                  For I intend but only to surprise him.  
                                  You that will follow me to this attempt,  
                                  Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.  
                                  [They all cry `Henry!']  
                                  Why, then let's on our way in silent sort,  
                                  For Warwick and his friends, God and St George!

**Exeunt**

## **Scene 3. Edward's Camp near Warwick.**

**Enter** three WATCHMEN to guard the king's tent.

1st Watchman            Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;  
                                  The king by this is set him down to sleep.

2nd Watchman            What, will he not to bed?

1st Watchman            Why, no, for he hath made a solemn vow  
                                  Never to lie and take his natural rest  
                                  Till Warwick or himself be quite suppressed.

2nd Watchman            Tomorrow then belike shall be the day,  
                                  If Warwick be so near as men report.

3rd Watchman            But say, I pray, what nobleman is that  
                                  That with the king here resteth in his tent?

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1st Watchman 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

3rd Watchman O, is it so? But why commands the king  
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,  
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2nd Watchman 'Tis the more honour because more dangerous.

3rd Watchman 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.

1st Watchman Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2nd Watchman Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,  
But to defend his person from night-foes?

**Enter** WARWICK, GEORGE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and French SOLDIERS, silent all.

Warwick 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.

1st Watchman Who goes there?

2nd Watchman 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 trumpet sounding,  
Re-enter WARWICK, SOMERSET, and the REST, bringing the KING out in his  
gown, sitting in a chair.

RICHARD and HASTINGS flies over the stage.

Somerset What are they that fly there?

Warwick Richard and Hastings - let them go; here is the duke.

King Edward The duke? Why, Warwick, when we parted  
Thou called'st me king.

Warwick Ay, but the case is altered.  
When you disgraced me in my embassy,  
Then I degraded you from being king,  
And come now to create you Duke of York.  
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom  
That know not how to use ambassadors,  
Nor how to be contented with one wife,  
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,  
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,  
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

King Edward Yea, brother of Clarence, 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 a king.  
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

Warwick 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 conveyed  
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.  
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,  
I'll follow you, and come and tell what answer  
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.

Now, for a while, farewell, good Duke of York.

King Edward      What fates impose, that men must needs abide;  
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.  
[SOLDIERS lead him out forcibly]

Oxford              What now remains, my lords, for us to do,  
But march to London with our soldiers?

Warwick             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 4. London. A Room in the Palace.**

**Enter** RIVERS and LADY GREY.

Rivers                Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Lady Grey            Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn  
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Rivers                What, loss of some pitched battle against Warwick?

Lady Grey            No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Rivers                Then is my sovereign slain?

Lady Grey            Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;  
Either betrayed by falsehood of his guard,  
Or by his foe surprised 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.

Rivers                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.

Lady Grey            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:  
This is it that makes me bridle passion  
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;  
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,  
And stop the rising of bloodsucking sighs,  
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown  
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Rivers                But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Lady Grey            I am informed 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 once hath broken faith -  
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,  
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:  
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.  
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:  
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

**Exeunt**

## Scene 5. A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

**Enter** RICHARD, Lord HASTINGS, and SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

Richard                    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,  
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 with him.

Huntsman                This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

King Edward            Nay, this way, man; see where the huntsmen stand.  
Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,  
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Richard                 Brother, the time and case requireth haste.  
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

King Edward            But whither shall we then?

Hastings                To Lynn, my lord,  
And ship from thence to Flanders?

Richard                 Well guessed, believe me, for that was my meaning.

King Edward            Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Richard                 But wherefore stay we? 'Tis no time to talk.

King Edward            Huntsman, what sayst thou? Wilt thou go along?

Huntsman               Better do so than tarry and be hanged.

Richard                 Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

King Edward            Bishop, farewell; shield thee from Warwick's frown,  
And pray that I may repossess the crown.

**Exeunt**

## Scene 6. London. A Room in the Tower.

[Flourish]

Enter KING HENRY the Sixth, GEORGE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young HENRY Earl of Richmond, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, and LIEUTENANT of the Tower.

King Henry             Master lieutenant, now that God and friends  
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat  
And turned my captive state to liberty,  
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,  
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieutenant             Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;  
But, if a humble prayer may prevail,

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I then crave pardon of your majesty.

- King Henry 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 sett'st me free,  
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;  
He was the author, thou the instrument.  
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite  
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,  
And that the people of this blessed land  
May not be punished 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.
- Warwick Your grace hath still been famed 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.
- George No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,  
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,  
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,  
As likely to be blest in peace and war;  
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.
- Warwick And I choose Clarence only for protector.
- King Henry 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.
- Warwick What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?
- George That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;  
For on thy fortune I repose myself.
- Warwick Why then, though loath, 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 pronounced a traitor,  
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.
- George What else? And that succession be determined.
- Warwick Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
- King Henry 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 eclipsed.
- George It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
- King Henry My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,  
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

HENRY VI, PART 3 BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Somerset My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

King Henry 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 framed 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 POST.

Warwick What news, my friend?

Post That Edward is escaped from your brother  
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

Warwick Unsavoury news! But how made he escape?

Post He was conveyed by Richard Duke of Gloucester,  
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him  
In secret ambush on the forest side,  
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him:  
For hunting was his daily exercise.

Warwick 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**

Manet SOMERSET, RICHMOND, and OXFORD.

Somerset My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;  
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,  
And we shall have more wars before't be long.  
As Henry's late presaging prophecy  
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,  
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts,  
What may befall him, to his harm and ours.  
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,  
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,  
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxford Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,  
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Somerset It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.  
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.

**Exeunt**

## Scene 7. Before York.

[Flourish]

Enter KING EDWARD, RICHARD, HASTINGS, and SOLDIERS.

King Edward Now, brother Richard, Lord 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 passed, and now repassed the seas,  
And brought desired help from Burgundy;

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What then remains, we being thus arrived  
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,  
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Richard           The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this;  
For many men that stumble at the threshold  
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

King Edward       Tush, man, abodements must not now affright us:  
By fair or foul means we must enter in,  
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hastings           My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

**Enter**, on the walls, the MAYOR OF YORK and his BRETHREN.

Mayor             My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,  
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;  
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

King Edward       But, Master Mayor, if Henry be your king,  
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.

Mayor             True, my good lord, I know you for no less.

King Edward       Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,  
As being well content with that alone.

Richard           [Aside] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,  
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hastings           Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?  
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

Mayor             Ay, say you so? The gates shall then be opened.  
[He descends]

Richard           A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded.

Hastings           The good old man would fain that all were well,  
So 'twere not 'long of him; but being entered,  
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade  
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

**Enter**, below, the MAYOR and two ALDERMEN.

King Edward       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;  
[Takes his keys]  
For Edward will defend the town and thee,  
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY with DRUM and SOLDIERS.

Richard           Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,  
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

King Edward       Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

Montgomery       To help king Edward in his time of storm,  
As every loyal subject ought to do.

King Edward       Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget  
Out title to the crown, and only claim  
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

Montgomery       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.  
[The DRUM begins to march]

King Edward       Nay, stay, Sir John, a while; and we'll debate  
By what safe means the crown may be recovered.

Montgomery      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?

Richard            Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?  
 Resolve yourself, and let us claim the crown.

King Edward      When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:  
 Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hastings            Away with scrupulous wit! Now arms must rule.

Richard            And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.  
 Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;  
 The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

King Edward      Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,  
 And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Montgomery      Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;  
 And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hastings            Sound trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaimed.  
 Come, fellow soldier, make thou proclamation.  
 [Gives him a paper]  
 [Flourish] Sound.

Soldier            [Reads] "Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France,  
 and Lord of Ireland, etc."

Montgomery      And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,  
 By this I challenge him to single fight.  
 [Throws down his gauntlet]

All                  Long live Edward the Fourth!

King Edward      Thanks, brave Montgomery, and 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 8. London. A Room in the Bishop's Palace.**

[Flourish]

Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, MONTAGUE, GEORGE, OXFORD, and EXETER.

Warwick            What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,  
 With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,  
 Is passed in safety through the narrow seas,  
 And with his troops doth march amain to London;  
 And many giddy people flock to him.

King Henry        Let's levy men and beat him back again.

George            A little fire is quickly trodden out,

Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

Warwick 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 inclined to hear what thou command'st.  
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well-beloved  
In Oxfordshire, shalt muster up thy friends.  
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,  
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,  
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.

King Henry Farewell, my Hector and my Troy's true hope.

George In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

King Henry Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Montague Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.

Oxford [Kissing Henry's hand]  
And thus I seal my truth and bid adieu.

King Henry Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,  
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

Warwick Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

**Exeunt**

## Scene 9. London. The Bishop's Palace]

**Enter** KING HENRY and EXETER.

King Henry Here at the palace will I rest a while.  
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?  
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field  
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exeter The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

King Henry That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame.  
I have not stopped mine ears to their demands,  
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;  
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,  
My mildness hath allayed their swelling griefs,  
My mercy dried 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 erred.  
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.  
[Shout within "A York! A York!"]

Exeter Hark, hark, my lord, what shouts are these?

**Enter** KING EDWARD, RICHARD, and SOLDIERS.

King Edward Seize on the shamefaced Henry! Bear him hence;

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And once again proclaim us King of England.  
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:  
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,  
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.  
Hence with him to the Tower! Let him not speak.

**Exeunt** SOLDIERS 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,  
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

Richard

Away betimes, before his forces join,  
And take the great-grown traitor unawares.  
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

**Exeunt**

**ACT 5.****Scene 1. Coventry.**

**Enter** WARWICK, the MAYOR OF COVENTRY, two MESSENGERS, and OTHERS upon the walls.

Warwick                   Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?  
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1st Messenger        By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

Warwick                   How far off is our brother Montague?  
Where is the post that came from Montague?

2nd Messenger        By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

**Enter** SOMERVILLE.

Warwick                   Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?  
And by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Somerville             At Southam I did leave him with his forces,  
And do expect him here some two hours hence.  
[Drum]  
Warwick                Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Somerville             It is not his, my lord. Here Southam lies;  
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

Warwick                   Who should that be? Belike, unlooked-for friends.

Somerville             They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. [Flourish]  
Enter KING EDWARD, RICHARD, and SOLDIERS.

King Edward           Go, trumpet, to the walls and sound a parle.

Richard                 See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

Warwick                   O unbid spite! Is sportful Edward come?  
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,  
That we could hear no news of his repair?

King Edward           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?

Warwick                   Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,  
Confess who set thee up and plucked thee down,  
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?  
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York?

Richard                 I thought at least he would have said the king;  
Or did he make the jest against his will?

Warwick                   Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Richard                 Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;  
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

Warwick                   'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

King Edward           Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

Warwick                   Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:  
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;  
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

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King Edward But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner,  
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,  
What is the body when the head is off?

Richard Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,  
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,  
The king was silyly fingered from the deck!  
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,  
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

King Edward 'Tis even so: yet you are Warwick still.

Richard Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:  
Nay, when? Strike now, or else the iron cools.

Warwick 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.

King Edward 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 DRUM and COLOURS.

Warwick O cheerful colours! See where Oxford comes!

Oxford Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!  
[OXFORD and his FORCES go in to the city]

Richard The gates are open, let us enter too.

King Edward 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.

Warwick O welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

**Enter MONTAGUE** with DRUM and COLOURS.

Montague Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!  
[MONTAGUE and his FORCES go in to the city.]

Richard Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason  
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

King Edward The harder matched, the greater victory:  
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

**Enter SOMERSET** with DRUM and COLOURS.

Somerset Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!  
[SOMERSET and his FORCES go in to the city]

Richard 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 GEORGE** with DRUM and COLOURS.

Warwick 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.

George Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster!

King Edward Et tu, Brute - wilt thou stab Caesar too?  
A parley, sirrah, to George of Clarence.  
[Sound a parley]

[RICHARD and GEORGE whispers together]

- Warwick Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt if Warwick call.
- George Father of Warwick, know you what this means?  
[He takes his red rose out of his hat and throws it at Warwick]  
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, trowest 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 Jephthah when he sacrificed his daughter.  
I am so sorry for my trespass made  
That, to deserve well at my brothers' hands,  
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,  
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee  
- As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad -  
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.  
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,  
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.  
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends:  
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,  
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
- King Edward Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,  
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.
- Richard Welcome, good Clarence; this is brotherlike.
- Warwick O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!
- King Edward What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?  
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
- Warwick Alas, I am not cooped here for defence!  
I will away towards Barnet presently,  
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.
- King Edward Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.  
Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!
- Exeunt** KING EDWARD and his COMPANY.  
[March. WARWICK and his COMPANY follows]

## Scene 2. A Field of Battle near Barnet.

- Alarum and excursions.  
Enter KING EDWARD bringing forth WARWICK wounded.
- King Edward So, lie thou there. Die thou, and die our fear;  
For Warwick was a bug that feared us all.  
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,  
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
- Exit**
- Warwick 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 overpeered Jove's spreading tree,  
 And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.  
 These eyes, that now are dimmed 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 filled with blood,  
 Were likened off to kingly sepulchres;  
 For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?  
 And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?  
 Lo, now my glory smeared 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.**

Somerset            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!

Warwick            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.

Somerset            Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his last;  
 And to the latest gasp cried 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 cannon in a vault  
 That mought not be distinguished; but at last  
 I well might hear, delivered with a groan,  
 "O farewell, Warwick!"

Warwick            Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves;  
 For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.  
 [Dies]

Oxford            Away, away, to meet the queen's great power.  
 [Here they bear away his body]

**Exeunt**

### **Scene 3. Another Part of the Field.**

[Flourish]

Enter KING EDWARD in triumph, with RICHARD, GEORGE, and the REST.

King Edward      Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,  
 And we are graced with wreaths of victory:  
 But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,  
 I spy a black suspicious threatening cloud  
 That will encounter with our glorious sun,  
 Ere he attain his easeful western bed:  
 I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen  
 Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast,  
 And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

George           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.

Richard           The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,  
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:  
If she have time to breathe, be well assured  
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

King Edward       We are advertised by our loving friends  
That they do hold their course toward Tewkesbury.  
We, having now the best at Barnet field,  
Will thither straight, for willingness rids 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**

### **Scene 4. Plains near Tewkesbury.**

[Flourish] March.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, young PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD,  
and SOLDIERS.

Queen Margaret   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: is't meet that he  
Should leave the helm and, like a fearful lad,  
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,  
And give more strength to that which hath too much;  
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,  
Which industry and courage might have saved?  
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 slaughtered 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 tacklings?  
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I  
For once allowed 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 wrack.  
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 a while!  
Tread on the sand - why, there you quickly sink;  
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 hoped-for mercy with the brothers,  
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.  
Why, courage then! What cannot be avoided,  
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

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Prince Edward      Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit  
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,  
Infuse his breast with magnanimity  
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.  
I speak not this as doubting any here;  
For did I but suspect a fearful man,  
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.

Oxford                Women and children of so high a courage,  
And warriors faint! Why, 'twere 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!

Somerset             And he that will not fight for such a hope,  
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,  
If he arise, be mocked and wondered at.

Queen Margaret    Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince Edward      And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

**Enter** a MESSENGER.

Messenger          Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,  
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxford                I thought no less: it is his policy  
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Somerset             But he's deceived; we are in readiness.

Queen Margaret    This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxford                Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and march.  
Enter KING EDWARD, RICHARD, GEORGE, and SOLDIERS.

King Edward        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!

Queen Margaret    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 usurped,  
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,  
His statutes cancelled, and his treasure spent;  
And yonder stands the wolf that makes this spoil.  
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,  
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.  
[Alarum, retreat, excursions]

**Exeunt**

**Scene 5. Another Part of the Field.**

[Flourish]

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Enter KING EDWARD, RICHARD, GEORGE, and SOLDIERS, with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.

King Edward            Now here a period of tumultuous broils.  
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight;  
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.  
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxford                    For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Somerset                Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

**Exeunt** OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.

Queen Margaret        So part we sadly in this troublous world,  
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

King Edward            Is proclamation made that who finds Edward  
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Richard                 It is; and lo where youthful Edward comes.

**Enter** PRINCE EDWARD guarded by SOLDIERS.

King Edward            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 turned me to?

Prince Edward         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.

Queen Margaret        Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

Richard                 That you might still have worn the petticoat,  
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince Edward         Let Aesop fable in a winter's night;  
His currish riddles sorts not with this place.

Richard                 By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Queen Margaret        Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Richard                 For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince Edward         Nay, take away this scolding crookback rather.

King Edward            Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

George                 Untutored lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince Edward         I know my duty; you are all undutiful.  
Lascivious Edward, and thou, perjured George,  
And thou, misshapen Dick, I tell ye all  
I am your better, traitors as ye are;  
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

King Edward            Take that, the likeness of this railer here.  
[Stabs him]

Richard                 Sprawl'st thou? Take that to end thy agony.  
[RICHARD stabs him]

George                 And there's for twitting me with perjury.  
[GEORGE stabs him]

Queen Margaret        O, kill me too!

Richard                 Marry, and shall.

[Offers to kill her]

King Edward      Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

Richard            Why should she live to fill the world with words?

King Edward      What, doth she swoon? Use means for her recovery.

Richard            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.

George             What? What?

Richard            The Tower, the Tower.

**Exit**

Queen Margaret   O Ned, sweet Ned, speak to thy mother, boy.  
Canst thou not speak? O traitors! Murderers!  
They that stabbed Caesar shed no blood at all,  
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,  
If this foul deed were by to equal it.  
He was a man; this, in respect, 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 and if I speak;  
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.  
Butchers and villains! Bloody cannibals!  
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropped!  
You have no children, butchers; if you had,  
The thought of them would have stirred 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.

King Edward      Away with her; go bear her hence perforce.

Queen Margaret   Nay, never bear me hence; dispatch me here;  
Here sheath thy sword; I'll pardon thee my death.  
What, wilt thou not? Then, Clarence, do it thou.

George             By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Queen Margaret   Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

George             Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Queen Margaret   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-favoured Richard! Richard, where art thou?  
Thou art not here; murder is thy alms-deed;  
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

King Edward      Away, I say; I charge ye bear her hence.

Queen Margaret   So come to you and yours as to this prince!

**Exit** led by SOLDIERS.

King Edward      Where's Richard gone?

George             To London, all in post; and, as I guess,  
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

King Edward      He's sudden if a thing come 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 me.

**Exeunt**

**Scene 6. London. The Tower.**

**Enter**, below, KING HENRY the Sixth and RICHARD, with the LIEUTENANT on the walls.

Richard                    Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

King Henry                Ay, my good lord - my lord, I should say rather.  
 'Tis sin to flatter: `good' was little better.  
 `Good Gloucester' and `good devil' were alike;  
 And both preposterous; therefore not `good lord'.

Richard                    Sirrah, leave us to ourselves; we must confer.

**Exit** LIEUTENANT.

King Henry                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?

Richard                    Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;  
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

King Henry                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 limed, was caught, and killed.

Richard                    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 fool was drowned.

King Henry                I, Daedalus; my poor boy, Icarus;  
 Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;  
 The sun, that seared 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?

Richard                    Think'st thou I am an executioner?

King Henry                A persecutor I am sure thou art:  
 If murdering innocents be executing,  
 Why, then thou art an executioner.

Richard                    Thy son I killed for his presumption.

King Henry                Hadst thou been killed when first thou didst presume,  
 Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.  
 And thus I prophesy: that many a thousand,  
 Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,  
 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',  
 And Orphans for their parents' timeless death,  
 Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.  
 The owl shrieked at thy birth - an evil sign;  
 The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;  
 Dogs howled, and hideous tempests shook down trees;  
 The raven rooked her on the chimney's top,  
 And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.  
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,  
 To wit, an indigest deformed lump,  
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.  
 Teeth hadst 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 -

Richard I'll hear no more; die, prophet, in thy speech.  
[Stabs him]  
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordained.

King Henry Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.  
O God, forgive my sins, and pardon thee!  
[Dies]

Richard What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.  
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!  
O, may such purple tears be always shed  
From those that wish the downfall of our house.  
If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
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 usurped our right?  
The midwife wondered, and the women cried,  
'O Jesu 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 shaped my body so,  
Let hell make crooked my mind to answer it.  
I have no brother, I am like no brother;  
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 sort 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.  
I'll throw thy body in another room,  
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

Exit, with the body.

## Scene 7. London. A Room in the Palace.

[Flourish]

Enter KING EDWARD, LADY GREY as Queen, GEORGE, RICHARD, HASTINGS, a NURSE with the INFANT PRINCE, and ATTENDANTS.

King Edward Once more we sit in England's royal throne,  
Repurchased with the blood of enemies.  
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,  
Have we mowed down in tops of all their pride!  
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renowned  
For hardy and undoubted champions;  
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;  
And two Northumberlands - two braver men  
Ne'er spurred their coursers at the trumpet's sound;  
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,

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That in their chains fettered the kingly lion  
And made the forest tremble when they roared.  
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 watched 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.

Richard [Aside] I'll blast his harvest and your head were laid;  
For yet I am not looked on in the world.  
This shoulder was ordained so thick to heave;  
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.  
Work thou the way, and that shall execute.

King Edward Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen;  
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

George The duty that I owe unto your majesty  
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

King Edward Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Richard 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 kissed his master  
And cried 'All hail!' when as he meant all harm.

King Edward Now am I seated as my soul delights,  
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

George What will your grace have done with Margaret?  
Reignier, her father, to the King of France  
Hath pawned the Sicils and Jerusalem,  
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

King Edward 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 befits the pleasure of the court?  
Sound drums and trumpets! Farewell, sour annoy;  
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

**Exeunt**

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