William Shakespeare's

The Complete Works of Shakespeare

In Plain and Simple English

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About This Series

The “Classic Retold” series started as a way of telling classics for the modern reader—being careful to preserve the themes and integrity of the original. Whether you want to understand Shakespeare a little more or are trying to get a better grasps of the Greek classics, there is a book waiting for you!

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William Shakespeare's

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Histories

In Plain and Simple English

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King John

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Characters

KING JOHN
PRINCE HENRY, his son
ARTHUR, DUKE OF BRITAINE, son of Geffrey, late Duke of Britaine, the elder brother of King John
EARL OF PEMBROKE
EARL OF ESSEX
EARL OF SALISBURY
LORD BIGOT
HUBERT DE BURGH
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge
PHILIP THE BASTARD, his half-brother
JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge
PETER OF POMFRET, a prophet

KING PHILIP OF FRANCE
LEWIS, the Dauphin
LYMOGES, Duke of Austria
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate
MELUN, a French lord
CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John

QUEEN ELINOR, widow of King Henry II and mother to King John
CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur
BLANCH OF SPAIN, daughter to the King of Castile and niece to King John
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, widow of Sir Robert Faulconbridge

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Executioners, Messengers, Attendants

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SCENE:
England and France

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Act I

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SCENE 1

KING JOHN's palace

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and
others,
with CHATILLON

KING JOHN.
Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Now tell me, Chatillon, what does the King of France want from me?

CHATILLON.
Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France
In my behaviour to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

After the greeting this is what the King of France says, through me as his representative, to the counterfeit royalty of England.

ELINOR.
A strange beginning- 'borrowed majesty'!

This is a strange beginning–“counterfeit royalty"!

KING JOHN.
Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Quiet, good mother; listen to what it says.

CHATILLON.
Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

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Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

Philip of France, rightly and acting faithfully on behalf
of the son of your dead brother Geoffrey,
Arthur Plantagenet, makes a legally justified claim
to this fair island and its dependencies,
Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
asking you to withdraw the forces
which falsely hold these titles,
and to hand them over into the hands of young Arthur,
your nephew and the true king.

KING JOHN.
What follows if we disallow of this?

What will happen if we disagree with this?

CHATILLON.
The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

You will have to face a fierce and bloody war,
for the return of these rights which you withhold by force.

KING JOHN.
Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment- so answer France.

We can answer with war for war, blood for blood,
force for force–tell France that.

CHATILLON.
Then take my king's defiance from my mouth-
The farthest limit of my embassy.

Then accept the defiance of the King from me–
that's as far as my remit allows me.

KING JOHN.
Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace;

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Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have-
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.

Take mine to him, and so leave peacefully;
you must be like lightning, warning France;
because before you can speak to him I will be there,
you shall hear the thunder of my cannons.
So go! You can be the warning of my anger
and the dismal announcer of your own downfall.
Make sure he has a good escort–
see to it, Pembroke. Farewell Chatillon.

Exeunt CHATILLON and PEMBROKE

ELINOR.
What now, my son! Have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

What about that, my son! Haven't I always said
that the ambitious Constance would not stop
until she had France and the whole world fighting
to support her son's rights and his followers?
This could have been avoided and put right
with very simple friendly behaviour,
and now the question of who rules two kingdoms
must be settled by terrible bloody war.

KING JOHN.
Our strong possession and our right for us!

We are in possession, and that means right is on our side!

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ELINOR.
Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me;
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

The strong grip you have is much more important than your rights,
if it isn't, you and I will be in trouble;
this is what I think deep down,
but nobody but you and God will hear it.

Enter a SHERIFF

ESSEX.
My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judg'd by you
That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men?

My lord, I have here the strangest disagreement
that I ever heard, with men come from the country
to have your judgement. Shall I bring them in?

KING JOHN.
Let them approach.

Exit SHERIFF
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Yes, bring them in.
The abbeys and the priories will pay
for the cost of this war.

Enter ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE and PHILIP, his bastard brother

What men are you?

Who are you?

BASTARD.

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Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge-
A soldier by the honour-giving hand
Of Coeur-de-lion knighted in the field.

I am a faithful subject of yours, a gentleman
born in Northamptonshire, and the eldest son,
I believe, of Robert Faulconbridge–
a soldier who was knighted on the battlefield
by Richard the Lionheart.

KING JOHN.
What art thou?

And who are you?

ROBERT.
The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

I am the son and heir of that same Faulconbridge.

KING JOHN.
Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

He's older than you, and you are the heir?
So it seems you don't have the same mother.

BASTARD.
Most certain of one mother, mighty king-
That is well known- and, as I think, one father;
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother.
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

We certainly share the same mother, mighty King–
that is well known–and, I think, the same father;
but to have that proved for certain
you would have to ask heaven and my mother.
I have doubts about that, as any person may.

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ELINOR.
Out on thee, rude man! Thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Damn you, rude man! You are shaming your mother,
and insulting her honour with these doubts.

BASTARD.
I, madam? No, I have no reason for it-
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!

Me, madam? No, I have no reason to do it;
that is what my brother says, not me;
if he can prove it he deprives me
of at least five hundred pounds a year.
May heaven protect the honour of my mother and my property!

KING JOHN.
A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

A good straightforward chap. Why, as he is the younger,
does he claim your inheritance?

BASTARD.
I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy;
But whe'er I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my liege-
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!-
Compare our faces and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both
And were our father, and this son like him-
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

I don't know why, except that he wants the land.
He did once slander me by calling a bastard;

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but whether I am legitimately born or not
I leave to the evidence of my mother;
but that I am nobly born, my lord–
may good come to those who created me!–
Compare our faces and judge for yourself.
If Sir Robert created us both
and was our father, and this son is like him,
oh old Sir Robert, father, I give heaven
thanks upon my knees that I don't look like you!

KING JOHN.
Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Why, what a lunatic heaven has sent to us!

ELINOR.
He hath a trick of Coeur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

He looks rather like the Lionheart;
his voice also sounds like him.
Can't you see some elements of my son
in this man's make up?

KING JOHN.
Mine eye hath well examined his parts
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

I've had a good look over him
and I think he's just like Richard. Speak, sir,
what makes you claim your brother's property?

BASTARD.
Because he hath a half-face, like my father.
With half that face would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!

Because he has a profile like my father.
He thinks that profile should give him all my land:

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that imperfect coin wants five hundred pounds a year!

ROBERT.
My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much-

My good lord, when my father was alive,
your brother often employed my father–

BASTARD.
Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Well, sir, you won't get my land like this:
you must explain how he employed my mother.

ROBERT.
And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
Th' advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the meantime sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak-
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

And he once sent him as ambassador
to Germany, to discuss important matters
of the time with the Emperor.
The King took advantage of his absence,
staying at my father's place,
and I'm ashamed to say how he succeeded there;
but the truth is the truth: there were great swathes of land and sea

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between my father and my mother
when this lively gentleman was conceived–
I've heard my father say that himself.
On his deathbed he left me his lands
in his will, and as he was dying he swore
that my mother's son was not his;
for if he were, he would've had to be born
fourteen weeks ahead of time.
So, my good Lord, let me have what is mine,
my father's land, as my father willed it.

KING JOHN.
Sirrah, your brother is legitimate:
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes:
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Sir, your brother's legitimate:
your father's wife had him after they were married,
and if she cheated, that was her sin;
that's a sin all husbands who marry wives
have to risk. Tell me, what if my brother,
whom you claim made great efforts to father this son,
told your father this son was his?
Truly, good friend, your father would have kept
this calf, bred from his cow, hidden from the world;
he really might have; then, if he were my brother's,
my brother might not claim him; and your father,
as it had nothing to do with him, would refuse him. To conclude:
my mother's son fathered your father's heir,
so your father's heir must have your father's land.

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ROBERT.
Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

So my father's will doesn't have the power
to disinherit the child which isn't his?

BASTARD.
Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

He's no more able to disinherit me, sir,
than he was able to conceive me, I think.

ELINOR.
Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Coeur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

Would you rather be a Faulconbridge,
and have the land like your brother,
or be thought of as the son of the Lionheart,
with a lordly title but no land?

BASTARD.
Madam, an if my brother had my shape
And I had his, Sir Robert's his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say 'Look where three-farthings goes!'
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land-
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face!
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Madam, if my brother looked like me,
and I looked like him, like Sir Robert;
if my legs were two beanpoles like his,
my arms like such stuffed eelskins, my face so thin
that I wouldn't dare put a rose behind my ear,

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in case men said, “look, there goes a queen!"
If having his body made me heir to the whole country
I would never leave this place,
I would give up every foot of it to keep my own face!
I wouldn't be Sir Robert for anything.

ELINOR.
I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France.

I like you. Will you give up your fortune,
leave your land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and am now going to France.

BASTARD.
Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for fivepence and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Brother, you take my land, I'll take my chances.
Your face has got you five hundred pounds a year,
but if you sold your face for fivepence that would be too much.
Madam, I'll follow you to the death.

ELINOR.
Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

No, if were going there are sooner you were ahead of me.

BASTARD.
Our country manners give our betters way.

In the country we always let our betters go first.

KING JOHN.
What is thy name?

What is your name?

BASTARD.

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Philip, my liege, so is my name begun:
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

Philip, my lord, is my first name:
Philip, the eldest son of the wife of good old Sir Robert.

KING JOHN.
From henceforth bear his name whose form thou
bearest:
Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great-
Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.

From now on carry the name of the one you resemble:
kneel down as Philip, but get up greater;
arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.

BASTARD.
Brother by th' mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

Brother or my mother's side, give me your hand;
my father gave me honour, yours gave you land.
May the hour be blessed, whether it was night or day,
when I was conceived, and Sir Robert was away!

ELINOR.
The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard: call me so.

Just like a Plantagenet!
I am your grandmother, Richard: call me that.

BASTARD.
Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch;
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch.
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

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Madam, through chance, not honourable conduct; but so what?
Just irregularly, from the side,
in at the window, or else through the hatch;
someone who dares not be seen in the day must walk in the night;
to have is to have, however you get it.
Near or far, if you hit the target it is a good shot;
and I am who I am, however I was conceived.

KING JOHN.
Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire:
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.
Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Go, Faulconbridge; now you have what you want;
a knight without land has made you a landed gentleman.
Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must hurry
to France, our presence there is essential.

BASTARD.
Brother, adieu. Good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' th' way of honesty.

Exeunt all but the BASTARD

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
'Good den, Sir Richard!'-'God-a-mercy, fellow!'
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess-
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth and catechize
My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin
'I shall beseech you'-That is question now;
And then comes answer like an Absey book:
'O sir,' says answer 'at your best command,

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At your employment, at your service, sir!'
'No, sir,' says question 'I, sweet sir, at yours.'
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po-
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation-
And so am I, whether I smack or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth;
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?
What woman-post is this? Hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, and JAMES GURNEY

O me, 'tis my mother! How now, good lady!
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Goodbye, brother: may you have good luck!
For you were conceived legitimately.

[All leave except the Bastard]

I was given a better position,
but lost plenty of land.
Well, now I can make any tart a lady.
“Good day, Sir Richard!"–“God bless you, fellow!"–
And if he is called George, I'll call him Peter;
for newly created noblemen can't remember men's names:
that would be too respectful and too friendly
for your new position. Now a traveller,
sitting with his toothpick at my table,

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when I've had plenty to eat,
then I shall suck my teeth and question
my chosen travelling man: “my dear sir,"
that's how I'll begin, leaning on my elbow,
“I must ask you,"–that is the question;
and the answer will come back like a textbook:
“Oh sir," says the answer, “I'm yours to command;
I will work for you, I'm at your service, sir."
“No, sir," says the question, “oh I, sweet sir, am at yours."
And so, before he even knows what I want,
except that I want respect,
he'll be talking about the Alps and the Apennines,
the Pyrenees and the River Po,
and so supper comes to an end.
But this is high society,
suitable for someone on the up like me;
I'll only be seen as a bastard by
someone who can't see what I've become;
that which I am, disguised or not.
And not just through my clothes and crest,
the way I look on the outside,
but from the inside I shall provide
sweet flattery for their appetites:
which I won't use to deceive,
but to avoid being deceived, I shall learn about it;
for flattery will be all around me as I rise up.
But who is this coming so quickly in riding clothes?
What female messenger is this? Doesn't she have a husband
to make the effort to blow a horn to show she's coming?

[Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney]

Hello! It's my mother.–How are you, good lady?
Why have you come rushing to court?

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.
Where is that slave, thy brother?
Where is he
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Where is that swine, your brother?
Where is the one who's trying to destroy my honour?

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BASTARD.
My brother Robert, old Sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

My brother Robert, the son of old Sir Robert?
Colbrand the giant, that great man?
Is it Sir Robert's son that you are looking for?

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.
Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son! Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Sir Robert's son! Yes, you disrespectful boy,
Sir Robert's son! Why are you mocking Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son, and so are you.

BASTARD.
James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

James Gurney, will you give us a moment?

GURNEY.
Good leave, good Philip.

Certainly, good Philip.

BASTARD.
Philip-Sparrow! James,
There's toys abroad-anon I'll tell thee more.

Philip's a name for sparrows! James,
gifts have been handed out–I'll tell you more soon.

Exit GURNEY

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.
Sir Robert could do: well-marry, to confess-

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Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handiwork. Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Madam, I was not the son of old Sir Robert;
Sir Robert could have had the part of me he created
to eat on Good Friday and not broken his fast.
Sir Robert was capable, we might as well admit it,
but could he create me? Sir Robert couldn't do it:
we know what his children look like. Therefore, good mother,
who do I get this body from?
Sir Robert never helped to make thisleg.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.
Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Have you conspired with your brother as well,
when you ought to be defending my honour?
What do you mean by this contempt, you ill mannered scoundrel?

BASTARD.
Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son:
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone.
Then, good my mother, let me know my father-
Some proper man, I hope. Who was it, mother?

Knight, knight, good mother, like Basilisco.
What! I have been knighted; I've been touched on the shoulder.
But mother, I am not the son of Sir Robert:
I have given up Sir Robert and my land;
legitimacy, title and everything has gone.
So, my good mother, tell me who my father is–
some good man, I hope. Who was it, mother?

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.
Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

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Have you rejected the name of Faulconbridge?

BASTARD.
As faithfully as I deny the devil.

As strongly as I reject the devil.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.
King Richard Coeur-de-lion was thy father.
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed.
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

King Richard the Lionheart was your father.
Through long and aggressive persuasion he seduced me
into making room for him in my husband's bed.
May Heaven not punish me for this sin!
You are the result of my great offence,
which I was almost forced into committing.

BASTARD.
Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours: your fault was not your folly;
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin.
Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not.

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Now, I swear, madam, if I was to be
conceived again, I couldn't wish for a better father.
Some sins bring rewards on earth,
and yours does: your sin was not stupid;
you had to give him your heart:
to pay tribute to his commanding love,
whose anger and matchless strength
a courageous lion would not be able to resist,
nor could he defend his princely heart against Richard's strength.
Someone who can rob hearts from lions
can easily win a woman's. Yes, my mother,
I thank you for my father with all my heart!
If there's anyone alive who dares to say that you did wrong
in conceiving me, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show you to my family;
and they shall say that when Richard conceived me,
it would have been a sin for you to say no to him.
Anyone who says it's a sin is a liar, I say it wasn't.

Exeunt

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Act II.

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SCENE 1

France. Before Angiers

Enter, on one side, AUSTRIA and forces; on the other, KING PHILIP OF FRANCE, LEWIS the Dauphin, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and forces

KING PHILIP.
Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave;
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Good to meet you here in front of Angiers, brave Austria.
Arthur, your great ancestor,
Richard, who stole the heart from a lion
and fought the holy wars in Palestine,
was brought to an early grave by this brave Duke;
and to make amends he has
come here at our request
to lift his banners, boy, on your behalf;
and to win back the crown stolen
by your unnatural uncle, English John.
Embrace him, love him, and make him welcome.

ARTHUR.
God shall forgive you Coeur-de-lion's death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love;
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

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God will forgive you the death of the Lionheart
because you are giving life to his children,
protecting their rights with your armies.
I welcome you with my hand, which is weak,
but with a heart full of pure love;
welcome here in front of Angiers, Duke.

KING PHILIP.
A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

A noble boy! Who wouldn't support you?

AUSTRIA.
Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss
As seal to this indenture of my love:
That to my home I will no more return
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders-
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes-
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king. Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

I put this kiss of worship on your cheek
to seal what I contract to do for you out of love:
I shall not return to my home
until Angiers and everything else you have rights to in France,
together with that pale, white cliffed land,
which stands against the roaring tides of the ocean
and protects her islanders against attack from outside–
until that England, surrounded by the sea,
that watery defensive wall, still safe
and secure against foreign attack–
until such time as that far corner of the west
acknowledges you as her king. Until then, sweet boy,
I shall fight, and I shall not think of my home.

CONSTANCE.

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O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to your love!

Oh, take the thanks of his mother, the thanks of a widow,
until your strong hand has given him the strength
to be able to give you better thanks for your love!

AUSTRIA.
The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

The reward of those who help to fight in such a
justified war is the peace of heaven.

KING PHILIP.
Well then, to work! Our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town;
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Well then, let's get to work! Our cannon will be aimed
at the defences of this resistant town;
summon our chief strategists,
so that they can decide the best way to attack.
If we have to die in front of this town,
or wade through the blood of Frenchmen to get to the centre,
we will make this boy their ruler.

CONSTANCE.
Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood;
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Wait until they answer your message,
to avoid any needless bloodshed;

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my Lord Chatillon might bring from England
a message peacefully resigning what we were going to fight for,
and then we shall regret every drop of blood
that we spent so unnecessarily in anger.

Enter CHATILLON

KING PHILIP.
A wonder, lady! Lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee. Chatillon, speak.

A miracle, lady! Look, as you said it,
our messenger Chatillon has come.
Tell us quickly, kind lord, what the English stage;
we are holding back our battle for you. Speak, Chatillon.

CHATILLON.
Then turn your forces from this paltry siege
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms. The adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd;
And all th' unsettled humours of the land-
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens-
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.
[Drum beats]

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The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand;
To parley or to fight, therefore prepare.

Then turn your forces away from this insignificant siege
and get them ready for a greater task.
England, unsympathetic to your justified requests,
has raised an army: the opposing winds,
which kept me waiting, have given him time
to land his armies at the same time as me;
he is marching swiftly towards this town,
his army is strong, his soldiers are confident.
Along with him has come his mother the Queen,
an Ate, urging him onto bloodshed and warfare;
with her is her granddaughter, the Lady Blanche of Spain;
with them also is a bastard of the dead king,
and all the restless men of the country;
hasty, reckless and fiery volunteers,
with the faces of ladies and the temper of dragons,
who have sold their property in their native land,
and are carrying all their possessions on their backs,
to see if they can win a new fortune here:
briefly, there was never such an army of
brave spirits ever riding across the sea
to commit crimes and harm in Christendom
as this one the English ships have carried over.
The interruption of their miserable drums
stops me saying more: they are close by,
to negotiate or to fight; so get ready.

KING PHILIP.
How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

How unexpected this invasion is!

AUSTRIA.
By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion.
Let them be welcome then; we are prepar'd.

We must match how unexpected it is with our

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efforts to defend ourselves,
for courage grows as it is needed.
So let's give them a welcome; we are ready.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the BASTARD,PEMBROKE, and others

KING JOHN.
Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven!

Peaceful greetings to France, if France will peacefully allow
the justified entrance of we who are claiming our birthright!
If not, let France bleed and peace go up to heaven,
while we, the agent of God's anger, punish
their arrogant contempt that has sent peace away!

KING PHILIP.
Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love, and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's. In the name of God,
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crown that thou o'er-masterest?

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Peaceful greetings to England, if they take back their army
from France to England, to live peacefully there.
We love England; it is for the sake of England
that we are sweating here in our armour.
This work we're doing you should be doing yourselves;
but you have so little love for England
that you have undermined its lawful King,
cut off the rightful succession,
defied the infant majesty, and raped
the maidenly virtue of the Crown.
You can see your brother Geoffrey's face here;
these eyes, this forehead, were copied from his:
this little sketch contains everything
which Geoffrey had: in time it will
become a picture as great as him.
That Geoffrey was born your elder brother,
and this is his son; England was his by right,
and this belongs to Geoffrey; how in the name of God
do you come to be called the King,
when living blood still runs through the head
of the one who should be wearing the crown which you have
stolen.

KING JOHN.
From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

Where do you get this great authority, France,
to demand that I answer your accusations?

KING PHILIP.
From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

From the celestial judge which inspires good thoughts
in anyone who holds authority, making them
look into injustices.

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That judge made me guardian of this boy,
and with his authority I bring charges against you,
and with his help I mean to punish you for them.

KING JOHN.
Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

Alas, you are exceeding your authority.

KING PHILIP.
Excuse it is to beat usurping down.

It's justified to revenge a theft.

ELINOR.
Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Who are you calling a thief, France?

CONSTANCE.
Let me make answer: thy usurping son.

Let me answer you: your thieving son.

ELINOR.
Out, insolent! Thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen and check the world!

Damn you, you insolent woman! You want your bastard to be King
so that you can be a queen and rule the world!

CONSTANCE.
My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Than thou and John in manners-being as Eke
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

I was always as faithful to your son

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as you were to your husband; and this boy
is more like his father in looks
than you and John are in manners–and you are
like rain and water, or the devil and his mother.
My boy a bastard! I swear, even
his father wasn't so faithfully conceived;
he can't have been, if you were his mother.

ELINOR.
There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

That's a good mother, boy, who insults your father.

CONSTANCE.
There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

That's a good grandmother, boy, who wants to
insult you.

AUSTRIA.
Peace!

Quiet!

BASTARD.
Hear the crier.

Listen to the bailiff.

AUSTRIA.
What the devil art thou?

Who the devil are you?

BASTARD.
One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll smoke your skin-coat an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith I will, i' faith.

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Someone who will play the devil with you, sir,
who might have the skin off your back.
You are like the hare in the proverb,
who is so brave that he pulls the beards of dead lions;
I'll give you a good thrashing when I get my hands on you;
be warned, sir; I swear I will, I swear.

BLANCH.
O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

The one who stole the skin off a lion
would certainly be suited to a lion's skin!

BASTARD.
It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass;
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

It looks as good on his back
as the great Alcides looked riding on an ass;
but, ass, I'll take that weight from your back,
or whip you till your shoulders crack.

AUSTRIA.
What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

Who is this braggart who is deafening us
with all these wasted words?
King Philip, decide what we shall do at once.

KING PHILIP.
Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all:
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur, do I claim of thee;
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

Women and fools, stop your chatter.

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King John, this is the heart of the matter:
I claim England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine
and Maine from you as Arthur's rightful property;
will you give them up and put down your weapons?

KING JOHN.
My life as soon. I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Britaine, yield thee to my hand,
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.

I would as soon give up my life. I defy you, France.
Arthur of Brittany, surrender to me,
and in my dear love I will give you more
then the cowardly hand of France could ever win for you.
Surrender, boy.

ELINOR.
Come to thy grandam, child.

Come to your grandmother, child.

CONSTANCE.
Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig.
There's a good grandam!

Go on, child, go to your grandmother, child;
give grandmother a kingdom, and your grandmother will
give you a plum, a cherry, and a fig.
What a good grandmother!

ARTHUR.
Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

My good mother, quiet!
I wish I was dead in my grave:
I'm not worth the fuss that's being made for me.

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ELINOR.
His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

He's so ashamed of his mother, poor boy, that he's crying.

CONSTANCE.
Now shame upon you, whe'er she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice and revenge on you.

The shame is new, whether she does or not!
His grandmother's sins, not the shame of his mother,
is what draws those heavenly tears from his poor eyes,
which heaven shall take as payment;
yes, with those crystal beads heaven will be bribed
to give him justice and take revenge on you.

ELINOR.
Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

You monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

CONSTANCE.
Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth,
Call not me slanderer! Thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee.
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

You monstrous offender of heaven and earth,
do not call me a slanderer! You and yours overthrow
the territories, royalty and rights
of this oppressed boy; this is the son of your eldest son,
and being related to you is his only imperfection.

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Your sin is visited on this poor child;
the law of the church demands it,
as he is only two generations
away from your sinful womb.

KING JOHN.
Bedlam, have done.

Madwoman, that's enough.

CONSTANCE.
I have but this to say-
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her
And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her-a plague upon her!

I've only got this to say–
that not only is he being punished for her sin,
but God has made her sin and her the curse
on this descendant, cursed by her
with her own curse; her sin harms him,
driving on his punishment;
it all falls upon this child,
and all because of her–a curse on her!

ELINOR.
Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.

You ignorant quarreler, I can show you
a will that denies the claim of your son.

CONSTANCE.
Ay, who doubts that? A will, a wicked will;
A woman's will; a cank'red grandam's will!

Yes, who can doubt that? A will, a wicked will;
the will of a woman; the will of a diseased grandmother!

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KING PHILIP.
Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate.
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Quiet, lady! Quiet, or speak more calmly.
It's not appropriate for you to repeat
these ugly slanders in our presence.
Let a trumpet call the men of Angiers
to the walls; let's hear them say
who they think has the true claim, Arthur or John.

Trumpet sounds. Enter citizens upon the walls

CITIZEN.
Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

Who has summoned us to the walls?

KING PHILIP.
'Tis France, for England.

It's France, in the matter of England.

KING JOHN.
England for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects-

It's England, for its own business.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects–

KING PHILIP.
You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle-

You loving men of Angiers, subjects of Arthur,
our trumpet called you to this peaceful debate–

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KING JOHN.
For our advantage; therefore hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement;
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls;
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach those sleeping stones
That as a waist doth girdle you about
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threat'ned cheeks-
Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your cars;
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in-your King, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Craves harbourage within your city walls.

For our advantage; so listen to us first.
These French forces, that have been brought here
and placed in front of your town
have come here to do you harm.
Their cannons are fully loaded
and they are ready to hurl their
iron anger against your walls:
you can see from your closed gates
the merciless plans of these French,
all ready for a bloody siege;
if it wasn't for our arrival

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these sleeping stones which surround you
like a belt would have been smashed
to pieces by their artillery,
a great breach would have been blown
so that their bloody forces could rush in on your peace.
But at the sight of me,
who has through a hard swift march
brought a defence in front of your gates,
to protect you from the threats against your city,
look, the startled French agreed to talk;
and now,instead of fiery bullets
smashing through your walls
they are only shooting quiet deceptive words,
to deceive you and make you make mistakes:
trust them accordingly, kind citizens,
and let me in, your king, whose tired spirits
have been exhausted by our swift march here
and begs for shelter inside your city walls.

KING PHILIP.
When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys;
For this down-trodden equity we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,

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And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it;
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

When I have spoken then answer us both.
See, on my right hand, that right hand which is
solemnly devoted to protecting the rights of the one
next to him, stands the young Plantagenet,
the son of the elder brother of this man,
king over him and everything he has:
it's because of his stolen rights that we
have marched here with our army onto the fields in front of your town,
we have no other quarrel with you
apart from what we are obliged to do
by God to help this
oppressed child. So you should be happy
to do true service to the one who deserves it,
namely this young Prince:
and then our artillery will be like
a muzzled bear, apart from its looks;
the anger of our cannons will harmlessly
be blown into the invulnerable sky;
and with a blessed and unmolested retreat,
with our swords unnotched and our helmets undamaged,
we will take home our lusty blood,
which we were going to spend attacking this town,
and leave your children, your wives and you in peace.
But if you foolishly reject this offer we are making,
these round ancient stones will not
protect you against our attacks,
even if all these English with their military skills
were sheltering inside them.
So tell us, will your city acknowledge me as lord,
on behalf of the person for whom I demand it?

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Or shall I let my rage run free
and take what's mine by spilling blood?

CITIZEN.
In brief: we are the King of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

Briefly: we are subjects of the King of England;
we hold this town for him, in his name.

KING JOHN.
Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Then acknowledge the King, and let me in.

CITIZEN.
That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal. Till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

We can't do that; we will only be loyal
to someone who proves himself as a king. Until that time
we are not letting anyone in.

KING JOHN.
Doth not the crown of England prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses:
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed-

Doesn't the Crown of England make me the King?
And if it doesn't, I bring you witnesses:
thirty thousand hearts bred by England–

BASTARD.
Bastards and else.

Bastards and others.

KING JOHN.
To verify our title with their lives.

To confirm our rights with their lives.

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KING PHILIP.
As many and as well-born bloods as those-

There are as many here, and just as well born–

BASTARD.
Some bastards too.

And some bastards as well.

KING PHILIP.
Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Standing against him to contradict his claim.

CITIZEN.
Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

Until you show who is the most deserving,
we will not bow down to either of you.

KING JOHN.
Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall shall fleet
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

Then may God show mercy to all those souls
who will be going to their eternal rest
before the evening dew falls,
in this dreadful battle to see who is king of our kingdom!

KING PHILIP.
Amen, Amen! Mount, chevaliers; to arms!

Amen, amen! Knights, mount; to battle!

BASTARD.
Saint George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on's horse back at mine hostess' door,

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Teach us some fence![To AUSTRIA]Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

St George, who killed the dragon, and has ever since
been sitting on a horse's back outside the pub,
teach me some fencing![To Austria] Sir, if I was at home,
at your house, sir, with your wife,
I would make a cuckold out of you.

AUSTRIA.
Peace! no more.

Peace! That's enough.

BASTARD.
O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar!

Oh, tremble, you can hear the lion roar!

KING JOHN.
Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth
In best appoint
ment all our regiments.

Let's go up higher to the plain, where we will
draw up our regiments in the best battle order.

BASTARD.
Speed then to take advantage of the field.

Let's hurry to get the best position.

KING PHILIP.
It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right!

This shall be so; and on the other hill
we will tell the rest to wait. We're fighting for God and our rights!

Exeunt

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Here, after excursions, enter the HERALD OF FRANCE,with trumpets, to the gates

FRENCH HERALD.
You men of Angiers, open wide your gates
And let young Arthur, Duke of Britaine, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth;
And victory with little loss doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Britaine England's King and yours.

You men of Angiers, open your gates wide
and let young Arthur, Duke of Brittany, in,
who through the efforts of the French king has today
made many English mothers shed many tears,
as their sons are lying scattered on the bloody ground;
the husbands of many widows are lying grovelling
cold upon the bloody earth;
and victory with little damage has lighted
upon the dancing banners of the French,
who are close by, paraded in triumphant,
come to enter as conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Brittany as the King of England and of you.

Enter ENGLISH HERALD, with trumpet

ENGLISH HERALD.
Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours that march'd hence so silver-bright
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands

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That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And like a jolly troop of huntsmen come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates and give the victors way.

Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:
King John, King of England and you, is coming,
the victor of this bloody battle.
The armour in which they marched away so shining silver
is coming back covered with the blood of Frenchmen.
No feather in any English helmet
has been removed by any French soldier;
our banners are coming back in the same hands
who carried them away from here;
our lusty Englishmen are coming like a
band of jolly huntsmen, with purple hands,
dyed with the blood of their enemies.
Open your gates and let the victors in.

CITIZEN.
Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold
From first to last the onset and retire
Of both your armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured.
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power;
Both are alike, and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Heralds, from our towers we could see
from beginning to end the attack and retreat
of both your armies, and our sharpest eyed men
could not see any difference between them.
Blood has been paid for with blood, and blows have answered blows;
strength was matched with strength, and power attacked power;
you are both alike, and we like you both the same.
One of you must show yourself as greatest. While you are so evenly matched,
our town shall not acknowledge either, while acknowledging both.

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Enter the two KINGS, with their powers, at several doors

KING JOHN.
France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

France, have you any more blood to throw away?
Tell us, will the stream of our rights keep running?
If you keep blocking its passage it will
leave its natural course and flood
right over your lands,
unless you let its silver water carry on
its peaceful way to the ocean.

KING PHILIP.
England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood
In this hot trial more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

England, you have not spilled one drop less of blood
in this battle than we of France have;
in fact, you have lost more. And I swear by this hand,
that rules over the earth under the sky,
that before we lay down our justified weapons
we shall defeat you, whom we carry them against,
or add a royal person to the list of dead,
gracing the scroll of those who fail in this war
by adding the name of Kings to the slaughter.

BASTARD.

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Ha, majesty! how high thy glory tow'rs
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace. Till then, blows, blood, and death!

Ha, Majesty! How great your glory becomes
when the rich blood of kings is stirred up!
Now Death has covered his dead cheeks with steel;
the soldiers' swords are his teeth, his fangs;
and now he is feasting, tearing up the flesh of men,
not discriminating between Kings and others.
Why are your royal faces looking so confused?
Let out the war cry, kings; go back to the bloody field,
you equal forces, fiery burning spirits!
So let the defeat of one confirm
the rule of the other. Until then, let's have blows, blood and death!

KING JOHN.
Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

Whose side are the townsmen now on?

KING PHILIP.
Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

Speak for England, citizens; who is your king?

CITIZEN.
The King of England, when we know the King.

The King of England, when we know who it is.

KING PHILIP.
Know him in us that here hold up his right.

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You can see him in me, upholding his rights.

KING JOHN.
In us that are our own great deputy
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

In me who is upholding his own rights
and has brought himself here to you,
Lord of himself, Angiers, and of you.

CITIZEN.
A greater pow'r than we denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

A greater power than us denies all this;
until the question is settled, we shall keep
our doubts behind our strongly barred gates;
we shall be ruled by our fears until they are removed,
overthrown by some true king.

BASTARD.
By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths
And part your mingled colours once again,

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Turn face to face and bloody point to point;
Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

By heaven, these scoundrels of Angiers are mocking you, Kings,
standing as safely on their battlements as
they would in a theatre, from where they gape and point
at all your hard work and your deaths.
Let your royal persons be ruled by me:
be like the mutineers in Jerusalem,
become allies for a while and both together
launch your hardest attacks against this town.
Let France and England from the East and West
aim their battering cannon, fully charged,
until their terrifying rage has smashed down
the stone walls of this arrogant city:
I would smash away at these poor creatures
until they are left exposed to the
open air, with no protection.
Once you've done that, untangle your forces,
and separate your joint flags once again;
face each other again, bloody point to point;
then, in that instant, Fortune will choose
whom she favours out of the two sides,
and she shall allow him to triumph,
and reward him with a glorious victory.
What do you think of this daring advice, great Kings?
Don't you think it sounds cunning?

KING JOHN.
Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our pow'rs
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Now, I swear by the heavens above,
I like it. France, shall we join forces
to raze this Angiers to the ground,

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and then afterwards fight for who shall be king of it?

BASTARD.
An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

If you have the spirit of the King,
having been insulted as we have been by this petulant town,
turn the muzzles of your artillery,
as we will, against their cheeky walls;
and when we have smashed them to the ground,
well then we will fight each other, and chaotically
attack ourselves, for better or for worse.

KING PHILIP.
Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?

I agree. Tell me where you will attack?

KING JOHN.
We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

I shall send my forces into the heart of the city
from the West.

AUSTRIA.
I from the north.

I shall attack from the North.

KING PHILIP.
Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

We shall rain a storm of bullets on this town
from the South.

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BASTARD.
[Aside]O prudent discipline! From north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.
I'll stir them to it.-Come, away, away!

A clever plan! From North to South
Austria and France will be shooting at each other.
I'll encourage them to do it.–Come, let's go, let's go!

CITIZEN.
Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds
That here come sacrifices for the field.
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

Hear us, great Kings: agree to wait a while,
and I will show you peace and sweet agreement;
you can win this city without any losses;
you can let those who have come here to sacrifice themselves
on the battlefield die in their beds.
Do not carry on, but listen to me, mighty kings.

KING JOHN.
Speak on with favour; we are bent to hear.

You may keep talking; we are listening.

CITIZEN.
That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England; look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete-

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If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he.
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds, shall you be, Kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope
And give you entrance; but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion-no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory
As we to keep this city.

That daughter of Spain there, the Lady Blanche,
is close to King John: look at the age
of the Dauphin Louis and that lovely girl:
if a strong young love should go in search of beauty,
where would he find it better than in her?
If pious love goes in search of goodness,
where would he find itmore pure than in Blanche?
If ambitious love sought a good match,
who has nobler blood in their veins than Lady Blanche?
Everything she is, in beauty, goodness and nobility,
is matched by the young Dauphin:
if he doesn't match it, say he is not her,
and if she is lacking anything he has
then you can say that she is not him:
he is half a part of a blessed man,
waiting to be completed by someone like her;
and she is half of an excellent woman,
who can be completed by him.
Two such silver streams, when they join,

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make the country they run through glorious;
and with two such shores, two such streams running into one,
you will be two controlling banks to them, kings,
if you join them together in marriage.
This marriage would be more likely to open our
solidly closed gates than any artillery; if it happened
we would fling our gates wide open faster
than any assault could hope to do,
and let you in: but without the marriage
the raging sea is not half as deaf,
lions not half as confident, mountains and rocks
more still, no, death himself
is not so determined as he seeks out mortals
as we will be in defending our city.

BASTARD.
Here's a stay
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France.
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Here's an obstacle
that will shake the rotten carcass of old Death
out of his rags! Here's a brave talker,
who goes on about death and mountains, rocks and seas;
talks as casually about roaring lions
as girls of thirteen do about puppies!
What artillery man fathered this lusty chap?
He speaks like a cannon, with smoke and explosions;
his tongue is like a club,
it cudgels our ears; everything he says
makes a better attack than any blows of France.
By God! I was never so clobbered with words

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since I first called my brother's father dad.

ELINOR.
Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark how they whisper. Urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Son, listen to this scheme, make this marriage;
give a good large dowry with our niece;
for making this marriage you will make your
currently dubious claim to the crown so solid
that that young lad will have no chance
of developing his claim.
I can see doubt in the looks of the French;
look how they whisper. Encourage them while they are
keen on this plan,
in case their keenness, strong at the moment due to
soft petitions, pity and remorse,
cools down again and returns to how it was.

CITIZEN.
Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threat'ned town?

Why do the two kings not answer
this friendly request by our threatened town?

KING PHILIP.
Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?

Let England speak first, who was the first one
to speak to this city: what do you say?

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KING JOHN.
If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen;
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea-
Except this city now by us besieg'd-
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

If your princely son, that Dauphin there,
looks at this beauty and loves her,
she shall have a dowry equal to the Queen;
Anjou, fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
and everything that is ours on this side of the Channel–
except for this city we are now besieging–
that is subject to our rule,
will decorate her bridal bed, and make her rich
in titles, honours and promotions,
as rich as she is in beauty, education and nobility,
so that she can match any princess in the world.

KING PHILIP.
What say'st thou, boy? Look in the lady's face.

What do you say, boy? Look at the lady's face.

LEWIS.
I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest I never lov'd myself
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

I am, my lord, and in her eyes I see

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something amazing, perhaps a miracle,
the shape of myself formed in her eye;
which, being only the shadow of your son,
becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.
I must say that I never loved myself
until now when I see myself
drawn in the flattering mirror of her eyes.

[Whispers with BLANCH]

BASTARD.
[Aside]Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart-he doth espy
Himself love's traitor. This is pity now,
That hang'd and drawn and quarter'd there should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Drawn in the flattering mirror of her eyes,
hanged on the frowning wrinkles of her forehead,
and quartered in her heart–he sees himself
as a traitor to love. It's a pity now that
such a vile lout as him should be
hung drawn and quartered there.

BLANCH.
My uncle's will in this respect is mine.
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That anything he sees which moves his liking
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it eas'ly to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this: that nothing do I see in you-
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge-
That I can find should merit any hate.

What my uncle wishes in this matter is what I wish.
If he sees anything in you that he likes,
if there is anything about you which makes him like you,
I can certainly make that liking my own;

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or if you wish, to be more accurate,
I can easily make it part of my love.
I will not flatter you any further, my lord,
other than to say that all I see in you is
worthy love: but I don't see anything in you–
even judging by the harshest standards–
that gives me any reason to hate you.

KING JOHN.
What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

What do these young ones say? What do you say, my niece?

BLANCH.
That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

That I am honour bound to do
whatever you wisely decide I should.

KING JOHN.
Speak then, Prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

You speak then, Prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

LEWIS.
Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

No, ask me if I can stop myself loving her;
for I love her without trying.

KING JOHN.
Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

Then I shall give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poitiers and Anjou, these five provinces,

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to you along with her; and I shall also add
thirty thousand marks in English money.
Philip of France, if you agree to all that,
tell your son and daughter to join hands.

KING PHILIP.
It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.

I'm very pleased with it; young Princes, hold hands.

AUSTRIA.
And your lips too; for I am well assur'd
That I did so when I was first assur'd.

And touch lips too; I can certainly remember
that I did so when I was first engaged.

KING PHILIP.
Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not; for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son? Tell me, who knows.

Now, citizens of Angiers, open your gates,
and let in the love which you have created;
we shall celebrate the marriage at once
in St Mary's Chapel.
Isn't Lady Constance in this gathering?
I know she is not; for she would have done her best
to interrupt this marriage.
Where are her and her son? If anyone knows, tell me.

LEWIS.
She is sad and passionate at your Highness' tent.

She is at your Highness' tent, deeply sad.

KING PHILIP.

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And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

And, I swear, this agreement we have made
will not make her any happier.
Brother of England, how can we make this widow
happy? We came here to fight for her;
but now, God knows, we have changed direction,
for our own good.

KING JOHN.
We will heal up all,
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Britaine,
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity. I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we as well as haste will suffer us
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.

We will heal everything,
for we will make young Arthur Duke of Brittany,
and Earl of Richmond; and also Lord of
this rich fair town. Call Lady Constance;
let some speedy messenger summon her
to our presence. I hope we shall,
if we can't do everything she wants,
at least we can give her enough satisfaction
so we can stop her complaining.
Let's go as quickly as we can
to this unexpected, unprepared ceremony.

Exeunt all but the BASTARD

BASTARD.

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Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's tide in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world-
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent-
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet;
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand
When his fair angels would salute my palm,
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.

Mad world! Mad kings! A mad arrangement!
John, to stop Arthur getting the whole thing
has willingly given up part of it:

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and France, who was driven by conscience,
he came to the battlefield in pious charity
as a soldier of God, listened to the whispers
of that sly devil who makes men changeable,
that pimp who destroys all faith,
the daily promise breaker, who wins over everyone,
Kings, beggars, old men, young men, maids,
who, having nothing outside to lose
apart from the word “maid" cheats the poor maid out of that,
that deceitful gentleman, flattering self-interest,
self-interest, which unbalances the world,
the world, which is well-balanced in itself,
designed to run evenly along even ground,
until this bias comes in,
this changing motion, this self-interest,
which makes it run away from impartiality,
from all sense, purpose, and intentions:
this same bias, this self-interest,
this pimp, this broker, this always changing word,
has suddenly popped up in the eyes of fickle France,
and drawn him away from his own determined path,
from a settled and honourable war
to a dishonourable tawdry peace.
Why am I criticising this self-interest?
Because it hasn't come to offer me anything yet:
I don't have the power within my hands
which would make it worth his while;
and so my hand, yet to be tempted,
criticises the rich like a poor beggar.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will criticise
and say the only sin is to be rich;
once I'm rich, I shall then say
that the only evil thing is begging.
Since kings break their promises out of self-interest,
gain, be my Lord, for I will worship you!

Exit

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Act III

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SCENE 1.

France. The FRENCH KING'S camp

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY

CONSTANCE.
Gone to be married! Gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again.
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so;
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick and capable of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again-not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Gone to be married! Gone to swear to a peace agreement!
Joining false blood with false blood! Gone to be friends!
Will Louis have Blanche, and Blanche have these provinces?
It isn't true; you've described it wrong, or misheard;
think about it, tell your story over again.
It cannot be; it's just that you say it's true.
I'm sure I can't trust you, for your words

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are just the useless breath of a common man;
believe me, I do not believe you, man:
the King has sworn differently to me.
You shall be punished for frightening me like this,
for I am sick and liable to take fright,
crushed down by insults and so liable to take fright,
a widow, husbandless, so liable to take fright,
a woman, so naturally liable to take fright;
and even if you now admit that you were just joking
I will not be able to calm my trouble spirits,
but I will shake and tremble the whole day long.
What do you mean by shaking your head like that?
Why are you looking at my son with such sadness?
Why are you holding your hand on your chest?
Why are your eyes full of sad tears,
like a proud river about to flood?
Are these sad signs confirmation of what you say?
Then speak again; not everything you just said,
but in a word, whether you're telling the truth.

SALISBURY.
As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

I think my words are as true as you believe them to be false,
and that should tell you that what I've said is true.

CONSTANCE.
O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die!
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England; what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Oh, if you persuade me to believe this sadness,
then tell this sorrow to kill me;
let my belief in it and my life come together
like two desperate fighting men

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who kill each other when they meet!
Louis married Blanche! Oh boy, where does that leave you?
France friends with England; what will happen to me?
Fellow, get out: I can't stand to look at you;
this news has made you a very ugly man.

SALISBURY.
What other harm have I, good lady, done
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

What harm have I done good lady, apart
from telling you the bad things that others have done?

CONSTANCE.
Which harm within itself so heinous is
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Those bad things are so bad that anyone
who speaks of them becomes bad also.

ARTHUR.
I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Please, madam, calm yourself.

CONSTANCE.
If thou that bid'st me be content wert grim,
Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose; but Fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
Sh' adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,

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And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John-
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

If you, who tells me to be calm, were horrid,
ugly, an insult to your mother's womb,
covered with revolting patches and unsightly stains,
lame, foolish, crooked, swarthy, deformed,
covered with foul moles and offensive marks,
I wouldn't care, I would be happy,
for then I wouldn't love you: no, and you wouldn't
be suited to your noble birth, nor would you deserve a crown.
But you are handsome, and when you were born, dear boy,
nature and fortune joined together to make you great:
nature has made you comparable to the lilies
and a half blossomed rose. But fortune, oh,
she has been corrupted, changed and taken away from you;
she is unfaithful to you with your uncle John,
and has with her golden hand chosen France
to ride roughshod over the fair respect due to sovereignty,
and made his majesty a pimp to theirs.
France is a pimp to fortune and King John,
that harlot fortune, that theiving John!
Tell me, fellow, has France broken his oath?
Curse him to me, or get out,
and leave me alone with those sorrows which I
am going to have to endure alone!

SALISBURY.
Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

I'm sorry, madam,
I can't go back to the kings without you.

CONSTANCE.
Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee;
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,

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For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up.
[Seats herself on the ground]
Here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

You can, and you will; I won't go with you;
I will tell my sorrows to be proud,
for grief is proud, and bows down his owner.
Let the kings come here to me and see
my great grief; it's so great
that only the huge firm earth
is strong enough to support it.
This is where I will sit with my sorrows;
this is my throne, tell the kings to come and bow to it.

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,ELINOR, the BASTARD, AUSTRIA, and attendants

KING PHILIP.
'Tis true, fair daughter, and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival.
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

It's true, fair daughter, and this blessed day
will always be a holiday in France from now on.
To celebrate this day the glorious sun
has stopped on his journey and is playing the alchemist,
using the splendour of his precious light
to turn the dull clods into glittering gold.
Every year when this day comes around
it will always be a holiday.

CONSTANCE.

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[Rising]A wicked day, and not a holy day!
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury;
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd;
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made;
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

A wicked day, and not a holy day!
What's so good about this day? What happened on it
that it should be given golden letters and placed
amongst the Festival days in the calendar?
No, you should throw this day out of the week,
this day of shame, oppression and perjury;
or, if it has to stay, let pregnant wives
pray that their children will not be born on this day,
in case they turn out to be horribly unlucky;
let sailors fear this day as the worst for wrecks;
break any bargains that are made on it;
everything done on this day will come to a bad end,
why, faith itself will change to hollow falsehood!

KING PHILIP.
By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

By heaven, lady, you shall have no reason
to curse the fair events of this day.
Haven't I loaned you my majesty?

CONSTANCE.
You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless; you are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,

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But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries: Be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

You have tricked me with a forgery
resembling Majesty, which, being touched and tested,
proves to be valueless; you have broken your oath;
you came armed to spill blood of my enemies,
but now, armed, you are strengthening his blood with yours.
The fighting strength and rough frown of war
has become cold in friendship and patched up peace,
and this agreement is sealed by the wrongs you have done us.
Take arms, you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow is crying: be a husband to me, heavens!
Don't let this unholy day tick away its time
in peace; before sunset set these
two perjured kings fighting each other!
Hear me, oh, hear me!

AUSTRIA.
Lady Constance, peace!

Lady Constance, peace!

CONSTANCE.
War! war! no peace! Peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil. Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! Thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear

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Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

War! War! No peace! Peace is like a war to me.
O Limoges! Oh Austria! You are shaming
that bloody trophy. You slave, you wretch, you coward!
You have little bravery, and great villainy!
You always side with the strongest!
You are the champion of Fortune, you never fight
except when luck is on your side
to make sure you are safe! You are also a perjurer,
and you creep and crawl to great men. What a fool you are,
a raging fool, to brag and stamp and swear
at my party! You cold-blooded slave,
haven't you spoken like thunder for my party,
been sworn in as my soldier, telling me to trust
in your luck, your stars and your strength,
and now you are revolting against me with my enemies?
You, wearing the lion's skin! Take it off out of shame,
and put a calfskin on your cowardly limbs.

AUSTRIA.
O that a man should speak those words to me!

I wish a man would say those things to me!

BASTARD.
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Put a calfskin on your cowardly limbs.

AUSTRIA.
Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

You wouldn't dare to say that, villain, it'll cost you your life.

BASTARD.

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And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

And put a calfskin on your cowardly limbs.

KING JOHN.
We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.

I don't like this: you are forgetting yourself.

Enter PANDULPH

KING PHILIP.
Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

Here comes the holy representative of the Pope.

PANDULPH.
Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

Greetings, you chosen representatives of heaven!
My holy errand is to you, King John.
I, Pandulph, cardinal of fair Milan,
and the representative of Pope Innocent here,
to religiously demand in his name to know
why you are wilfully disobeying the orders of
the church, our holy mother; why are you using force
to keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
of Canterbury, from his holy office?
I ask you the question in the name of
ouraforementioned holy father, Pope Innocent.

KING JOHN.

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What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under Him that great supremacy,
Where we do reign we will alone uphold,
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

What earthly man has a right to demand answers
from a free and sacred king?
You couldn't invent a name, Cardinal,
so insignificant, unworthy and silly
to demand an answer from me, as the Pope.
Tell him this, and from the mouth of England's King
add this as well, that no Italian priest
will be allowed to raise taxes or tolls in my kingdom;
as I am the supreme ruler on earth,
so, under the guidance of the supreme God,
where I rule I will rule alone,
without the assistance of a mortal man.
Tell the Pope this, that there is no respect
for him or his stolen power.

KING PHILIP.
Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

Brother of England, this is blasphemy.

KING JOHN.
Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself-

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Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Although you and all the kings of Christendom
are led so disgracefully by this meddling priest,
dreading the curse that you can bribe your way out of,
and by using vile gold, dross, dust,
you can buy a corrupted pardon from a man
who in the selling sells his own right to a pardon–
though you and all the rest are so disgracefully led,
supporting this juggling witchcraft with funds;
I set myself alone to oppose
the Pope, and I regard his friends as my enemies.

PANDULPH.
Then by the lawful power that I have
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate;
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Then by the power invested in me
I say you are cursed and excommunicated;
anyone who revolts against his allegiance
to a heretic shall be blessed;
and anyone who takes away your
revolting life by any means at all
shall be called a deserving man
and shall be canonised and worshipped as a saint.

CONSTANCE.
O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father Cardinal, cry thou 'amen'
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

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Oh, let it be legal
for me to join in with Rome in this cursing!
Good father Cardinal, cry out “amen"
to my sharp curses; for without my wrongs
your tongue does not have the power to curse him rightly.

PANDULPH.
There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

I have legal justification and permission, lady, for my curse.

CONSTANCE.
And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong;
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

And for mine too; when the law cannot do right,
let it be lawful for it not to bar any wrong;
law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
because the one who rules the kingdom makes the laws;
so, since the law itself is completely wrong,
how can the law ban me from cursing?

PANDULPH.
Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Philip of France, unless you want to be cursed,
release the hand of that arch heretic,
and attack him with the forces of France,
unless he bows down to Rome.

ELINOR.
Look'st thou pale, France? Do not let go thy hand.

Why are you looking pale, France? Don't release his hand.

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CONSTANCE.
Look to that, devil, lest that France repent
And by disjoining hands hell lose a soul.

The devil wants that, in case France should repent
and by releasing his hand hell will lose a soul.

AUSTRIA.
King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

BASTARD.
And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

And put a calfskin on his cowardly limbs.

AUSTRIA.
Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because-

Well, scoundrel, I must put these insults in my pocket,
because–

BASTARD.
Your breeches best may carry them.

Your trousers are the best place for them.

KING JOHN.
Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

Philip, how will you answer the cardinal?

CONSTANCE.
What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

What can he say, except what the cardinal says?

LEWIS.
Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome

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Or the light loss of England for a friend.
Forgo the easier.

Think carefully, father; on the one hand
you could get a heavy curse from Rome,
on the other is the easy loss of England as a friend.
Take the easier course.

BLANCH.
That's the curse of Rome.

That's accepting the curse of Rome.

CONSTANCE.
O Lewis, stand fast! The devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Oh Louis, be strong! The devil is tempting you,
disguised as a virgin bride.

BLANCH.
The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Lady Constance isn't saying what she believes,
she's speaking according to what she wants.

CONSTANCE.
O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle-
That faith would live again by death of need.
O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up:
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

O, if you give me what I want,
which I'm only lacking due to faithlessness,
then you must need to think of this–
that faith would live again if the want was removed.
So, give me what I want, and faith increases:
reject me, and you trample on faith.

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KING JOHN.
The King is mov'd, and answers not to this.

The King is disturbed, and doesn't answer this.

CONSTANCE.
O be remov'd from him, and answer well!

Oh, step away from him, and answer well!

AUSTRIA.
Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Do so, King Philip; don't stand there doubting.

BASTARD.
Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

Dressed in nothing but a calfskin, you sweet lout.

KING PHILIP.
I am perplex'd and know not what to say.

I am confused and don't know what to say.

PANDULPH.
What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

What if what you say makes you more confused
by making you excommunicated and cursed?

KING PHILIP.
Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;

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And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings.
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose,
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Good reverend father, put yourself in my position,
and tell me how you would behave.
I have only just joined hands with this King,
and our souls have been joined together,
sworn to work for each other
with all the religious strength of sacred vows;
the last thingthat I have said
was to swear faithfully to peace, friendship and true love
between our kingdoms and ourselves.
And just before this truce, just recently,
no sooner than we could wash our hands
to seal this royal bargain of peace,
heaven knows, they were smeared and stained
with the blood of slaughter, revenge showing
how terrible disagreement is between angry kings:
should these hands, so recently cleansed of blood,
so newly joined in friendship, both so faithful,
undo their clasp and their kind bond?
Cheat with faith? Should we joke with heaven,
be such unfaithful children of God
that we would now take our hands apart,

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unswear what we have sworn, and on the marriage bed
of sweet peace march a bloody army,
and cause a riot on the gentle forehead
of true sincerity? Oh, holy Sir,
my reverend father, don't make me do this!
From your grace invent, decree, impose
some less strict order, and then we will have the blessing
of doing as you wish and remaining friends.

PANDULPH.
All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse-
A mother's curse-on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

All ceremony is powerless, there is no order
except in being the opposite of friends with England.
So, to battle! Be the champion of our church,
or let the church, our mother, say her curse–
a mother's curse–against her revolting son.
France, you would be safer holding a snake by the tongue,
an angry lion by his killing paw,
a hungry tiger by his tooth,
than to remain at peace with that hand which you are holding.

KING PHILIP.
I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

I can break my grip, but not my promise.

PANDULPH.
So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And like. a civil war set'st oath to oath.
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our Church.
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself

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And may not be performed by thyself,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it;
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath; the truth thou art unsure
To swear swears only not to be forsworn;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions;
Upon which better part our pray'rs come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curses fight on thee
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under the black weight.

So you are making your promise an enemy of your promise,
setting oaths against oaths like a civil war,
setting your words against your words. Oh, let your promise
which you first made to heaven, be carried out on heaven's behalf,
that is, that you would be a champion of our church.
Since what you have sworn is swearing against yourself
and cannot be done by you,
for if you break your oath you are not breaking it
if you are doing so to keep your true oath,
and not doing something when doing it would be evil
then you are being most faithful by not doing it:
the best thing to do when you're in the wrong

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is to do a wrong to right it; although doing wrong
you will be doing right by doing wrong,
and falsehood will cure falsehood, as fire cools fire
in the scorched brains of someone who's just been burned.
It is your religion which makes you want to keep your vows,
but you have sworn against religion:
you are swearing against the thing you have sworn,
you are swearing against your own truth!
Having sworn an oath you have the effrontery
to say that your oath is the guarantee of your truthfulness!
This makes a mockery of swearing, doesn't it?
But you have sworn only that you won't break your oath,
and your oath says that you must keep to what you have sworn.
So your later promise goes against your first
and so you are fighting against yourself;
you can never win a greater victory
than if you make sure your true and noble qualities
resist the temptation of foolish suggestions:
then the prayers of your better part will be answered,
if you make them. But if you don't, then you should note
that you will be so heavily cursed by us
that you will not be able to escape them,
and you will die in despair under their black weight.

AUSTRIA.
Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Rebellion, plain rebellion!

BASTARD.
Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Is everything in vain?
Wouldn't a calfskin block up your mouth?

LEWIS.
Father, to arms!

Father, we must fight!

BLANCH.

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Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! ay, alack, how new
Is 'husband' in my mouth! even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

On your wedding day?
Against the family you have married into?
What, shall we celebrate with men's deaths?
Shall our wedding music be braying trumpets
and loud spiteful drums, the racket of hell?
Oh husband, listen to me! Alas, how new that word
“husband” is to me! Just because of that name,
which I have not ever said until now,
I go down on my knees and beg you not to fight
against my uncle.

CONSTANCE.
O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven!

Oh, on my knees,
which are worn out with begging, I pray you,
you good Dauphin, do not go against
the wishes of heaven!

BLANCH.
Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Now I will see what your love is worth. What is
more important to you than what your wife asks?

CONSTANCE.
That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,

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His honour. O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

The thing which supports the man who supports you,
his honour. Oh, your honour, Louis, your honour!

LEWIS.
I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

I'm surprised that your Majesty seems so cold,
when such deep considerations should be working on you.

PANDULPH.
I will denounce a curse upon his head.

I will announce a curse upon his head.

KING PHILIP.
Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall from thee.

You won't have to. England, I forsake you.

CONSTANCE.
O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Here is the fair return of your forgotten majesty!

ELINOR.
O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

Disgusting rebellion of French inconstancy!

KING JOHN.
France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

France, you shall regret what you have done here at once.

BASTARD.
Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? Well then, France shall rue.

Old Father Time, that old gravedigger,

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is this what he wants? Well then, France will regret this.

BLANCH.
The sun's o'ercast with blood. Fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive.
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose:
Assured loss before the match be play'd.

The sun has gone bloody red. Farewell, sweet day!
Which side am I supposed to choose?
I am with both of them: each army claims me;
and in their anger, as I have hold of both their hands,
they will tear me apart.
Husband, I cannot pray that you will win;
uncle, I must pray that you will lose;
father, I don't want you to succeed;
grandmother, I don't want you to get your wishes.
Whoever wins, I shall be the loser:
my loss is guaranteed before the match is even played.

LEWIS.
Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Lady, come with me, your fate is with me.

BLANCH.
There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

Then where my fate goes, that's where my life dies.

KING JOHN.
Cousin, go draw our puissance together.

Cousin, let's go and muster our forces.

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Exit

BASTARD
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage whose heat hath this condition
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

France, I am consumed with a burning anger,
an anger whose heat cannot be
cooled by anything except blood,
the blood, the blood of the greatest price, of France.

KING PHILIP.
Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire.
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

Your rage will burn you up, and you shall turn
to ashes, before my blood puts that fire out.
Watch out for yourself, you are in danger.

KING JOHN.
No more than he that threats. To arms let's hie!

In no more danger than the one who threatens it.
Let's arm ourselves!

Exeunt severally

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SCENE 2.

France. Plains near Angiers

Alarums, excursions. Enter the BASTARD with AUSTRIA'S head

BASTARD.
Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Now, I swear, the day is growing terribly hot;
some flying devil is hovering in the sky
and pouring down mischief. Austria, lie your head there,
while Philip catches his breath.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT

KING JOHN.
Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Hubert, look after this boy. Philip, get to the front:
my mother has been attacked in our tent,
and captured, I fear.

BASTARD.
My lord, I rescued her;
Her Highness is in safety, fear you not;
But on, my liege, for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

My lord, I rescued her;
her Highness is safe, don't worry;
but let's go forward, my lord, for a little effort
will finish this work successfully.

Exeunt

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Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret, where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murther'd traitorously.

So this is it:
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
the first was Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
the second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; after him
came John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
the fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
the sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince died before his father,
and left behind him Richard, his only son,
who reigned as King after the death of Edward the Third;
until Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
the eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
crowned under the name of Henry the Fourth,
seized the country, overthrew the rightful king,
sent his poor queen back to her home country of France,
and sent him to Pomfret, where, as you all know,
harmless Richard was treacherously murdered.

WARWICK.
Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

Father, the Duke is telling the truth;
this is how the house of Lancaster got the crown.

YORK.
Which now they hold by force and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Which they now hold by force and not by right;

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for when Richard, the heir of the first son died,
the children of the next son should have ruled.

SALISBURY.
But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

But William of Hatfield died childless.

YORK.
The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

The third son, Duke of Clarence, through whom
I claim the crown, had children, Philippe, a daughter,
who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Edmund had children, Roger Earl of March;
Roger had children, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.

SALISBURY.
This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

I have read that in the reign of Bolingbroke
this Edmund laid claim to the Crown;
if it hadn't been for Owen Glendower he would have been king,
but he kept him imprisoned until he died.
But go on.

YORK.
His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge, who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom; she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,

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Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence.
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

His eldest sister, Anne,
my mother, who was heir to the crown,
married Richard Earl of Cambridge, who was son
of Edmund Langley, the fifth son of Edward the Third.
I claim the kingdom through her; she was heir
of Roger Earl of March, who was the son
of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
the only daughter of Lionel the Duke of Clarence.
So, if the children of the older son
succeed ahead of the younger, I am king.

WARWICK.
What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign;
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.--
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And in this private plot be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

What could be more obvious than this?
Henry is claiming the crown through John of Gaunt,
the fourth son; York is claiming it through the third.
Until Lionel's line fails, Gaunt's line should not reign;
it hasn't yet failed, but is flourishing in you
and in your sons, sweet flowers of such a plant.
So, for Salisbury, let us kneel together;
and in this private garden let us be the first
to salute our rightful king
and honour his birthright to the crown.

BOTH.
Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

Long live our sovereign Richard, England's King!

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YORK.
We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days,--
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey;
'T is that they seek, and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

I thank you, Lords. But I'm not your king
until I'm crowned, and my sword is stained
with the heart blood of the house of Lancaster;
and that can't be done all at once,
it needs planning and silent secrecy.
I want you to do what I do in these dangerous days–
turn a blind eye to the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
Beaufort's pride, Somerset's ambition,
at Buckingham, and the whole crew of them,
until they have brought down their highest man,
that good prince, good Duke Humphrey;
that's what they want, and in looking for that
they will kill themselves, if York can predict the future.

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

My Lord, let's stop here; we know exactly what you want.

WARWICK.
My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

My heart promises me that the Earl of Warwick
will one day crown the Duke of York as king.

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YORK.
And, Nevil, this I do assure myself:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king.

And, Nevil, I promise myself
that Richard will live to make the Earl of Warwick
the greatest man in England besides the king.

[Exeunt.]

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SCENE III. A Hall of Justice.

[Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER,
MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE,
under guard.]

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

Step forward, Dame Eleanor Cobham, wife of Gloucester.
You are guilty of a terrible offence in the eyes of us and God;
receive the sentence of the law for these crimes
which the Bible decrees shall be death–
you four shall be taken from here back to prison,
and from there to the place of execution.
The witch shall be burned to ashes at Smithfield,
and you three shall be hanged.
You, madam, as you are of more noble birth,
having permanently soiled your honour,
shall, after you have done three days of public penance,
live in internal exile in your country,
with Sir John Stanley, on the Isle of Man.

DUCHESS.
Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

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Exile is welcome; my death would be just as welcome.

GLOSTER.
Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee;
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.--

[Exeunt Duchess and the other prisoners, guarded..]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!--
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

Eleanor, the law, as you can see, has judged you;
I can't excuse someone condemned in law–

[The Duchess and the other prisoners leave]

My eyes are full of tears, my heart full of sorrow.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour at your age
will bow your head down to the ground with sorrow!
I beg your Majesty for permission to leave;
that would comfort me in my sorrow, help me in my old age.

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

Wait, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester.
Before you go,
give up your staff; Henry will now be protector
to himself, and God shall be my hope,
my support, my guide and He shall light my path.
And go in peace, Humphrey, you are no less loved
than when you were my protector.

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

I can see no reason why a king who has reached adulthood
should need to be protected like a child–
let God and King Henry govern the kingdom of England.
Give up your staff, sir, and give the king his kingdom.

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

My staff? Here, noble Henry, is my staff.
I resign it just as willingly
as your father Henry gave it to me;
I am just as glad to leave it at your feet
as some ambitious others would be to have it.
Farewell, good King; after I am dead and gone,
may honourable peace surround your throne!

[Exit.]

QUEEN.
Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once--
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Why, now Henry's king, and Margaret queen;
and Humphrey Duke of Gloucester is hardly the same man,
having taken such a terrible injury; two injuries at once–
his lady exiled, and a limb chopped off.

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Now let this staff, made of honour, rest
where it is best suited, in Henry's hand.

SUFFOLK.
Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

So this great pine bends down and his branches droop;
so Eleanor's pride dies in her youth.

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

Lords, let him go. If you please, your Majesty,
this is the day chosen for the combat;
and the accuser and the defendant are ready,
the armourer and his servant, to take to the field,
so would your Highness please come and see the fight.

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

Yes, my good lord; this is the reason
I left the court, to see this argument settled.

KING.
O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit.
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!

In the name of God, make sure everything is in order.
Let them finish their quarrel here; may God let the right man win!

YORK.
I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of his armourer, my lords.

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[Enter at one door, HORNER the Armourer, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door PETER, his man, with a drum and sandbag, and Prentices drinking to him.]

I never saw a fellow so inferior,
or more afraid to fight, than the accuser,
the servant of his armourer, my lords.

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

Here, neighbour Horner, I drink your health with a cup of sack; and do not worry, neighbour, you will do well enough.

2 NEIGHBOUR.
And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

And here neighbour, here's a cup of sweet wine.

3 NEIGHBOUR.
And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

And here's a pot of good strong beer, neighbour; drink, and don't be afraid of your opponent.

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

Bring it on, I swear, and I'll drink to you all; and Peter be damned!

1 PRENTICE.
Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

Here, Peter, I drink to your health; don't be afraid.

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SCENE 3.

France. Plains near Angiers

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR,
the BASTARD, HUBERT, and LORDS

KING JOHN.
[To ELINOR]So shall it be; your Grace shall stay behind,
So strongly guarded.[To ARTHUR]Cousin, look not sad;
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

This is how it will be; your Grace will stay behind,
with this strong guard. Cousin, do not look sad;
your grandmother loves you, and your uncle will
be as dear to you as your father was.

ARTHUR.
O, this will make my mother die with grief!

Oh, this will make my mother die of grief!

KING JOHN.
[To the BASTARD]Cousin, away for England! haste before,
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty; the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon.
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Cousin, let's go to England! You hurry ahead,
and, before we get there, make sure you impose taxes
on the hoarding abbots; set their coins
free; the animals which were fed in peace
must now make food for the hungry.
Use my full authority.

BASTARD.

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

Be happy, Peter, and don't be afraid of your master: fight for the credit of the apprentices.

PETER.
I thank you all; drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.--Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron;--and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer;--and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.--O Lord bless me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

I thank you all; drink, and pray for me, I pray for you, because I think I have had my last drink in this world.–Here, Robin, if I die, I want you to have my apron; and, will you shall have my hammer; and here, Tom, take all the money that I have–oh Lord bless me! I pray to God! I shall never be able to deal with my master, he is so well trained in fencing.

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

Come, lay off your drinking and get fighting.
Sir, what's your name?

PETER.
Peter, forsooth.

Peter, by God.

SALISBURY.
Peter? what more?

Peter? What else?

PETER.
Thump.

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Thump.

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

Thump! Make sure you give you master a good thumping.

HORNER.
Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man; and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the
king, nor the queen;--and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright
blow!

*Masters, I have come here, as it were, at my man's request, to show that he is a scoundrel and I am an honest man; and with reference to the
Duke of York, I swear on my life, I never meant him any harm, nor the
king, nor the Queen; and therefore, Peter, you're going to get a beating!*

YORK.
Dispatch; this knave's tongue begins to double.--
Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

*Hurry up; this scoundrel is starting to run off at the mouth.
Sound the trumpets, give the signal to the combatants.*

[Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes him down.]

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

Wait, Peter, wait! I admit, I admit my treason.

[Dies.]

YORK.

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

Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God and the good wine which handicapped your master.

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

O God, have I beat my enemies in front of these people? Oh Peter, your cause has been proved just!

KING.
Go, take hence that traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt;
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully.--
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

Go, take that traitor out of my sight,
for his death proves his guilt;
God through his justice has revealed to us
the truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
which he was accused of wrongfully distorting.
Come, fellow, follow us to get your reward.

[Sound a flourish. Exeunt.]

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SCENE IV. A Street.

[Enter GLOSTER and his Servingmen, in mourning cloaks.]

GLOSTER.
Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud,
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's o'clock?

So sometimes the brightest day has clouds,
and after summer there will always come
the barren winter, with his angry nipping cold;
so sorrows and happiness alternate with the seasons.
Sirs, what's the time?

SERVINGMEN.
Ten, my lord.

Ten, my lord.

GLOSTER.
Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess.
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.--
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face
With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.--
But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

[Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER in a white sheet,
and a taper burning in her hand; with SIR JOHN STANLEY,
the Sheriff, and Officers.]

Ten is the time that I was told
to watch for the coming of my punished duchess.

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She will find it's hard to walk the flinty streets,
treading them under her sensitive feet.
Sweet Nell, it will be hard for your noble mind to stand
the common people looking at your face
with hatred, laughing at your shame,
who once followed your proud chariot wheels
when you rode in triumph through the streets.
But, wait! I think she's coming; and I'll wipe
my tearstained eyes so I can see her misery.

SERVINGMEN.
So please your Grace, we'll take her from the
sheriff.

If your Grace wishes, we can take her from the Sheriff.

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

No, you must not risk your lives; let her pass by.

DUCHESS.
Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

Have you come, my lord, to see my public shame?
Now you are doing penance too. Look how they stare!
See how the stupid masses point,
and nod their heads, and glare at you!
Ah, Gloucester, hide yourself from their hateful looks,
and, shut up in your room, regret my shame,
and curse your enemies, both yours and mine!

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

Calm yourself, gentle Nell; forget your sorrow.

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DUCHESS.
Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!
For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometimes I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince and ruler of the land;
Yet so he rul'd and such a prince he was
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee;
But fear not thou until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!
For while I am your married wife,
and you are Prince, protector of this land,
I do not think I should be led along like this,
wrapped up in shame, with signs on my back,
followed by a rabble who rejoice
to see my tears and hear my heartfelt groans.

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The ruthless stones cut at my tender feet,
and when I flinch, the hateful people laugh
and tell me to watch my step.
Ah, Humphrey can I tolerate this shame?
Do you think I will ever look at the world again,
and think that those who enjoy the sun are happy?
No, darkness shall be my light and night my day;
my torture will be to think of my good times.
Sometimes I will say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
and he is a prince and ruler of the land;
but he was such a prince and ruled in such a way
that he stood by whilst I, his abandoned Duchess,
was made a spectacle and a laughingstock
for every lazy rascal who followed me.
But be content and do not blush at my shame,
do nothing until the axe of death
hangs over you, as it certainly will soon;
for Suffolk, he who has complete control
of her who hates you and hates us all,
and York, and blasphemous Beaufort, that false priest,
have put out their traps to catch your wings,
and, whichever way you fly, they'll tangle you up;
but don't worry until you're actually trapped,
don't try to strike at your enemy first.

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

Ah, Nell, stop this! You've got it all wrong.
I must do something wrong before I can be criticised;
and if I had twenty times as many enemies,

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and each of them had twenty times their power,
all of them couldn't make any charges stick
as long as I am loyal, true and innocent.
Do you want me to rescue you from this punishment?
Why, that would take away the scandal,
but put me in danger for breaking the law.
Your greatest assistance is to be calm, sweet Nell.
I pray that you can resign yourself to being patient;
they'll soon forget this three-day wonder.

[Enter a Herald.]

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

I summon your Grace to his Majesty's parliament,
to be held at Bury on the first day of next month.

GLOSTER.
And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing.--Well, I will be there.--

[Exit Herald.]

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

I was never asked about that before!
There is something suspicious here. Well, I will be there.

My Nell, I shall leave you; and, Master Sheriff,
don't make her punishment more than the king has ordered.

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

If your Grace pleases, this is the end of my part,
and Sir John Stanley now takes over
to take with him to the Isle of Man.

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

Sir John, do you have to take away my lady?

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

Those are my orders, if your Grace pleases.

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

Don't treat her worse because I
ask you to treat her well.
There may be laughter again,
and I may live to do you a good turn if
you do one for her; and so, Sir John, farewell!

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

What, going, my lord, and not saying goodbye to me!

GLOSTER.
Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

Look at my tears, I can't stay and talk.

[Exeunt Gloster and Servingmen.]

DUCHESS.
Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me; my joy is death,
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.--
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;

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I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

You going too? All happiness goes with you!
There is none here with me; my happiness is death,
death, whose name has often frightened me,
because I wanted to live forever in this world.
Stanley, please, go, and take me away;
I don't care where, I ask for no favours,
just take me where you have been told.

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

Why, madam, you're going to the Isle of Man;
and there you are to be treated according to your status.

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

That's bad enough, for I am seen as evil;
am I to be treated in an evil way?

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

You are going to be treated as a Duchess,
and the wife of Duke Humphrey.

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

Sheriff, farewell, and I hope you do better than I,
even though you lead me to my shaming.

SHERIFF.
It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

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Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your Highness. Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair safety. So, I kiss your hand.

The threat of excommunication will not repel me,
when gold and silver is urging me to go on.
I take my leave of your Highness. Grandmother, I will pray,
if I ever remember to be pious,
for your safety. So, I kiss your hand.

ELINOR.
Farewell, gentle cousin.

Farewell, sweet cousin.

KING JOHN.
Coz, farewell.

Cousin, farewell.

Exit BASTARD

ELINOR.
Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

Come here, little relative; listen to me.

KING JOHN.
Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! Within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love;
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say-
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Come here, Hubert. Oh my sweet Hubert,

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It is my job; and, madam, pardon me.

DUCHESS.
Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.--
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Yes, yes, farewell; you've done your job.
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

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

Madam, you've done your penance, throw off this sheet,
and come and get dressed for our journey.

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

My shame cannot be thrown off with my sheet;
no, it will be there with the richest clothes,
always obvious, however I dress.
Go, lead the way; I'm longing to see my prison.

[Exeunt.]

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ACT III

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

[Sound a sennet. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY,
and WARWICK to the Parliament.]

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

I'm wondering why my Lord Gloucester has not come;
it's not like him to be the last,
I wonder what's keeping him away.

QUEEN.
Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission;
But meet him now, and be it in the morn
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person
Or be admitted to your highness' council.

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By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And when he please to make commotion
'T is to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 't is the spring and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, can it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.--
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Can't you see? Can you not observe
the strange way he looks now?
With what royal airs he carries himself,
how insolent who has recently become,
how arrogant, how bullying, and unlike himself?
We can remember when he was mild and agreeable,
and if we just glanced at him from distance,
he was immediately on his knees,
so that all the court admired him for his humility;
but if you meet him now, and it's the morning
when everyone will say hello to each other,
he frowns, and glares angrily,
and passes by without bending his knee at all,
refusing to pay his proper respects to us.
Nobody takes notice of little mongrels when they snarl,
but great men tremble when the lion roars;
and Humphrey is not the lowest man in England.
Firstly remember that he is closely related to you,
and if you fall, he is next in line.
So to me it seems foolish,
thinking what a grudge he bears against you,
and how well he would do if you died,
that he should be around your royal person
or be allowed into your Highness' council.
He has won the hearts of the common people through flattery,
and if he decides to start a disturbance
we must worry that they will follow him.

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It's spring now and the weeds only have shallow roots;
if you put up with them now, they'll grow over the whole garden
and kill all the herbs for lack of care.
The worshipful care I have for my lord
makes me remember these dangers the Duke poses.
If this is foolishness, call it a woman's fear;
if evidence can show those fears groundless,
I shall back down and admit that I wrong the Duke.
My Lord Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
disprove my allegation if you can,
or otherwise agree that I'm right.

SUFFOLK.
Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices;
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
As next the king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.--
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

Your Highness has seen the danger of this duke well;
and, if I'd been the first one to speak my mind,
I would have said the same as you.
I swear that it was with his encouragement that
the Duchess began her satanic practices;
or, if he did not know about it,
still, it was the thought of his great ancestry,
as being the next in line to the throne,
and having such a great opinion of his nobility,
which made the mad Duchess
plot to bring down our King by wicked means.
Still waters run deep,

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and his show of simplicity hides his treachery.
The fox doesn't reveal himself when he's sneaking up on the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man
we haven't got to the bottom of, he's full of treachery.

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

Didn't he, against the rule of law,
order unusual executions for small offences?

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

And didn't he, when he was Regent,
raise great sums of money from the kingdom
to pay the soldiers in France, but never sent it?
That was the reason the towns were in daily rebellion.

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

Tut, these are just petty faults compared to the ones we don't know about,
which time will show us in smooth Duke Humphrey.

KING.
My lords, at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but, shall I speak my conscience,
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil or to work my downfall.

My lords, calm down: your concern for me,

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wanting to protect me from any harm,
deserves praise; but, speaking from the heart,
my relative Gloucester is as innocent
of intending treason against me
as the nursing lamb or harmless dove.
The Duke is good, gentle and has far too good a character
to think evil thoughts or to plot my downfall.

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

Ah, what's more dangerous than this foolish perfection!
Does he look like a dove? His feathers are borrowed disguise,
for his attitude is that of the hateful raven;
is he a lamb? He surely borrowed his skin from somewhere else,
for his inclinations are that of the starving wolf.
Who is there who wants to be deceitful who cannot disguise
himself?
Be careful, my lord; that fraudulent man needs to be
disposed of before he harms us all.

[Enter SOMERSET.]

SOMERSET.
All health unto my gracious sovereign!

All health to my gracious king!

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

Welcome, Lord Somerset. What's the news from France?

SOMERSET.
That all your interest in those territories

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Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

That all your holdings in that land
have been totally removed; you've lost everything.

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

Bad news, Lord Somerset; but God's will be done!

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

Bad news for me, for I hoped to get France
just as much as I hope to get England.
So all my flowers wither in the bud,
and caterpillars eat away at my leaves;
but I will change this situation before long
or exchange my title for a glorious grave.

[Enter GLOSTER.]

GLOSTER.
All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

All happiness to my Lord King!
Excuse me, my Lord, for keeping you waiting so long.

SUFFOLK.
Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

No, Gloucester, you should know that you've come too soon,
unless you were more loyal than you are.
I now arrest you for high treason.

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

Well, Suffolk, you won't see me blush,
not shall my expression change at this arrest;
you can't intimidate an innocent heart.
The clearest stream is not as free of mud
as I am free of treason against my king.
Who is accusing me? What have I done?

YORK.
'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay,
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

It's thought, my lord, that you took bribes from France,
and, being Regent, held back the pay of the soldiers,
and that's the reason his Highness lost France.

GLOSTER.
Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Is that what people think? Who are those who think it?
I never took any pay away from soldiers,
and I never had a penny in bribes from France.

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I swear by God, I have stayed awake night
after night after night, trying to do my best for England!
Any coin that I ever stole from the King,
a single groat that I kept for my own use,
let it be brought to my trial today!
No; I gave many pounds out of my own pocket,
as I didn't want to tax the needy common people,
to fund the garrisons,
and I never asked for it back.

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

Well you would say that, my lord.

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

I'm just telling the truth, I swear to God!

YORK.
In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

When you were Regent you invented
strange tortures for offenders never heard of before,
which shamed the reputation of England.

GLOSTER.
Why, 't is well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murtherer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murther indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon or what trespass else.

Why, it's common knowledge that, while I was Regent,
My only fault was too much pity;

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we owe you a lot! Inside this body
there is a soul which feels indebted to you,
and intends to return your love with interest;
and, my good friend, your voluntary promise
lives in my heart, greatly valued.
Give me your hand. I had something to say–
but I will find a better time to say it.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost embarrassed
to say how well I think of you.

HUBERT.
I am much bounden to your Majesty.

I'm very indebted to your Majesty.

KING JOHN.
Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say-but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine cars, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words-
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
But, ah, I will not! Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

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I would melt if an offender cried,
and humble words were enough to make me excuse their crime.
Unless the person was a bloody murderer,
or a foul thief who stole from poor travellers,
I never gave out the full punishment.
I did indeed torture people for murder, that bloody sin,
more than for any other crime.

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

My Lord, these faults are easily and quickly answered;
but there are greater crimes which you are charged with,
which you can't so easily excuse yourself for.
I arrest you in the name of his Highness,
and give you into the guardianship of my Lord Cardinal
to keep you in custody until you come to trial.

KING.
My Lord of Gloster, 't is my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspect;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

My Lord of Gloucester, I very much hope
that you will clear yourself of all these allegations;
my heart tells me you are innocent.

GLOSTER.
Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous.
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life,
And if my death might make this island happy
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;

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But mine is made the prologue to their play,
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life.--
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy.--
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together--
Myself had notice of your conventicles--
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,--
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'

Ah, gracious Lord, these are dangerous days.
Goodness is suffocated by foul ambition,
and kindness is driven away by anger;
lying rules over everything,
and there is no fairness in your Highness' land.
I know that they are plotting to take my life,
and if my death would make this island happy
and put an end to their tyranny,
I would willingly give my life;
my death is just the prologue to their play,
for thousands more, who don't know they're in danger,
will die without putting an end to their foul plot.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes betray the evil in his heart,
and Suffolk's frowns show his angry hatred;
when Buckingham speaks one can hear
the load of jealousy that lies in his heart;
and persistent York, who reaches for the moon,
whose too ambitious arm I have restrained,
aims to take my life with false accusations.
And you, my royal lady, with the rest,

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have for no reason tried to disgrace me,
and made your best efforts to stir up
my dearest Lord to be my enemy.
Yes, all of you have put your heads together–
I had warning of your meetings–
and you all want to take away my guiltless life.
I won't be lacking in false witnesses against me,
nor in quantity of treasonous activities to add to my guilt;
the ancient proverb will be well proved:
“You can quickly find a stick to beat a dog with."

CARDINAL.
My liege, his railing is intolerable;
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

My Lord, his ranting is intolerable;
if those who care about keeping your Highness
safe from treason and the anger of traitors
are going to be criticised and shouted at,
with the offender being given the right to speak,
it will make them less keen to work for your Grace.

SUFFOLK.
Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Hasn't he insulted our royal lady here
with disgraceful words, disguised with learning,
as if she had bribe some people to swear
to false allegations to overthrow him?

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

But I'll give the loser permission to criticise.

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GLOSTER.
Far truer spoke than meant; I lose, indeed.
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

You speak far more truly than you mean; I do indeed lose.
Damn the winners, for they have cheated me!
So losers like me should certainly be allowed to speak.

BUCKINGHAM.
He'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day.--
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

He'll twist everything and keep us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

CARDINAL.
Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him carefully.

GLOSTER.
Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch
Before his legs be firm to bear his body.
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

Ah, so King Henry throws away his crutch
before his legs are strong enough to carry his body.
So your shepherd is driven away from you,
and the wolves are fighting to see who bites you first.
Oh, if only my fears were groundless! If only they were!
For, good King Henry, I fear your downfall.

[Exit, guarded.]

KING.
My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

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My Lords, do whatever seems best to you,
do it as if I was here to give permission.

QUEEN.
What, will your highness leave the parliament?

What, is your Highness going to leave the Parliament?

KING.
Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
My body round engirt with misery,
For what's more miserable than discontent?--
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I prov'd thee false or fear'd thy faith.
What lowering star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords and Margaret our queen
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf
And binds the wretch and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep and 'twixt each groan
Say 'Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.'

Yes, Margaret; my heart is drowning in grief,
and the flood begins to flow from my eyes,
my body is surrounded with misery,
for what's more miserable than unhappiness?
Ah, uncle Humphrey! I can see in your face
the example of honour, truth and loyalty;
and, good Humphrey, the time has not yet come

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when I've ever seen or feared your disloyalty.
What falling star hates your position
so that these great lords and our Queen Margaret
tried to take away your harmless life?
You never did them or any man wrong;
they have dragged him away from here
as the butcher takes away the calf
and ties it up and beats it when it strays,
taking it into the bloody slaughterhouse;
and I am like its mother, running up and down
lowing, looking in the direction her innocent
young one went, that's how I grieve for
good Gloucester, with sad unhelpful tears, I
look after him with dimmed eyes and cannot
do him any good, his sworn enemies are so mighty.
I will weep for his misfortunes and between groans
say “Who is a traitor? Gloucester is not."

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

QUEEN.
Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity, and Gloster's show
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I--
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good--
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Free lords, cold snow melts in the hot sun.
My Lord Henry is useless in great matters,
too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's display
hypnotises him, like the sad looking crocodile
that traps pitying passengers with its looks,
or like the snake curled up in a bank of flowers,
with shining chequered skin, which bites a child

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who was trying to admire its beauty.
Believe me, lords, if there were no wiser persons than I–
and I think in this matter my thoughts are good–
this Gloucester would be leaving this life quickly,
to free us from the fear we have of him.

CARDINAL.
That he should die is worthy policy,
But yet we want a colour for his death,
'T is meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

It's quite right that he should die,
but we still need a reason for his death,
it would be proper for him to die lawfully.

SUFFOLK.
But, in my mind, that were no policy.
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life,
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

But, to my mind, that is not sensible.
The King will still work to save his life;
the people might well rise up to save him,
and at the moment we only have trivial arguments,
nothing more than mistrust, to say that he should die.

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

So, it seems, you don't want him to die.

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

Oh York, there's no man alive who wants him to die as much as I do!

YORK.
'T is York that hath more reason for his death.--
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,

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Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were 't not all one an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

York is the one who has more reason to want him dead.
But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
say what you think, speak from your hearts,
wasn't it like asking a hungry eagle
to guard the chicken against the hungry kite,
to make Duke Humphrey the King's protector?

QUEEN.
So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

That would guarantee the death of the poor chicken.

SUFFOLK.
Madam, 't is true; and were 't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him.
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 't is no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Madam, it's true; and so wasn't it madness
to ask the fox to be the shepherd?
He's been accused of being a crafty murderer,
so we shouldn't just ignore his guilt
because he hasn't carried out his plans.
No; let him die, as he is a fox,
a natural enemy to the flock,
before his chops are stained with crimson blood,
that's how Humphrey is in relation to my Lord.

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And let's not quibble about how he should be killed,
whether it's with traps, tricks or cunning,
asleep or awake, it doesn't matter how,
as long as he dies; it is good policy to
strike down the criminal before he has a chance to act.

QUEEN.
Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke.

Triply noble Suffolk, that's well said.

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

It's not good unless it's actually carried out,
for people often say things they don't mean;
but as my heart agrees with my tongue,
seeing as the deed is a good one intending
to protect my King against his enemy,
just say the word, and I will be his sacrificial priest.

CARDINAL.
But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

But I want him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
before you can train as a priest.
Say you agree and think the deed is good,
and I will provide his executioner,
I care so much about the safety of my lord.

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

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Shake hands on it, it's a good deed.

QUEEN.
And so say I.

I agree.

YORK.
And I; and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

So do I; and now we three have agreed it,
nobody can argue against our sentence.

[Enter a Post.]

POST.
Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Great lords, I have come straight from Ireland,
to warn that the rebels have risen up
and put the Englishmen to the sword.
Send help, lords, and stop the outrage in its tracks,
before the situation gets out of hand;
as it's just begun, there is a great chance to suppress it.

CARDINAL.
A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What council give you in this weighty cause?

This is a matter which needs seeing to at once!
What advice do you give in this serious business?

YORK.
That Somerset be sent as regent thither.
'T is meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

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Good friend, you have no reason to say so yet,
but you will have; and however slowly time goes,
a time shall arrive when I can do you good.
I was going to say something–but let it go:
the sun is in the sky, and the proud day,
with all the pleasures of the world around it,
is too busy and full of showy ornaments
for me to be listened to: if the midnight bell
with his iron clapper and bronze casing
was ringing in the sleepy hours of the night;
if this was a churchyard where we are standing,
and you were possessed by a thousand evils;
or if that horrid spirit, depression,
had baked your blood and made it heavy, thick,
when otherwise it runs tickling up and down the veins,
making foolish laughter occupy men's eyes
and strain their cheeks in idle merriment,
an emotion which is unsuited to my purpose;
for if you could see me without eyes,
hear me without your ears, and reply
without the time, just using your thoughts,
without eyes, ears, and the harmful sound of words;
then, in spite of the brooding all seeing day,
I would pour my thoughts into your heart:
but, ah, I will not. But I love you well;
and, I swear, I think you love me well.

HUBERT.
So well that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

So well that whatever you told me to do,
even if it would cause my death,
I swear that I would do it.

KING JOHN.
Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;

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That we send Somerset there as regent.
We need to send a lucky ruler;
look what luck he had in France.

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

If York, with all his great plans,
had been regent there instead of me,
he would never have stayed in France as long as I did.

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

No, I wouldn't have lost it all like you did;
I would rather have laid down my life early
than brought home a weight of dishonour
by staying there so long until I'd lost everything.
Can you show me a single scar on your skin;
men who keep their hides so whole are seldom winners.

QUEEN.
Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.
No more, good York.--Sweet Somerset, be still.--
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

Steady on, this spark will grow into raging fire,
if you give it wind and fuel.
That's enough, good York. Sweet Somerset, calm down.
If you had been regent there, York, you might
well have done far worse than he did.

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

What, worse than nothing? Well, may we all die of shame!

SOMERSET.
And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!

And may you who tries to apportion shame be amongst them!

CARDINAL.
My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

My Lord York, you take your chances.
The rude soldiers of Ireland are rebelling,
and soaking the soil with the blood of Englishmen.
Will you lead a group of men to Ireland,
carefully selected, some from each county,
and try your luck against the Irishmen?

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

I will, my lord, if his Majesty agrees.

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

Why, he has given us authority to act for him,
and he will agree to what we decide.
So, noble York, you shall take on this job.

YORK.
I am content.--Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

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I'm happy with that. Get me soldiers, lords,
while I put my own affairs in order.

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

I will make sure your order is carried out, Lord York.
But now let's get back to the false Duke Humphrey.

CARDINAL.
No more of him; for I will deal with him
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent.--
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

Enough about him: I will deal with him
to make sure he can give us no more trouble.
And so let's finish; the day is almost done.
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk about that business.

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

My Lord of Suffolk, I will expect my soldiers
at Bristol within a fortnight;
then I'll sail with them for Ireland.

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

I'll make sure it's done, my Lord of York.

[Exeunt all but York.]

YORK.
Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution.
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art

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Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain more busy than the labouring spider
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 't is politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men;
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly, yet be well-assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the tide of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And fought so long till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble.
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.

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Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
Say that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.

It's now or never, York, forget your worries
and change doubt for determination.
Be what you want to be, or let what you are
die; it's not worth staying alive that way.
Let pale fear stay with the lowly man,
and find no place in a royal heart.
Thoughts come falling on me like springtime showers,
and every thought is thinking of my position.
My brain is more busy than a labouring spider
weaving traps to catch my enemies.
Well, nobles, it was a clever idea,
to send me away with an army;
I'm afraid you are just waking up the starving snake,
who, held to your chests, will sting your hearts.
I was lacking in forces, and you will give them to me;
I thank you for it, but you can be assured
that you have put sharp weapons into the hands of a madman.
While I raise a mighty army in Ireland,
I will start a disturbance in England
which will send ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;
and this evil storm will not cease blowing
until the golden crown on my head,
like the transparent beams of the glorious sun,
calms the madness.
To help me work my plans,
I have enrolled a headstrong Kentish man,
John Cade of Ashford,
to start a disturbance, as much as he can,
disguised as John Mortimer.
In Ireland, I have seen this steadfast Cade
face down the whole troop of soldiers,
fighting so long until his thighs were as full of darts
as the quills on porcupine;

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and, when he was finally rescued, I saw
him dance around like a wild Morris dancer,
shaking the bloody darts as if they were his bells.
He has often disguised himself as a shaggy haired
Irish soldier and spoken with the enemy,
come back to me undiscovered
and given me warning of their plans.
For he resembles John Mortimer, who is
now dead, in looks, date, and speech.
This way I will see what the common people think
about the family and the claim to the throne of York.
If he is captured and tortured on the rack,
I know that there will be no pain they can give him
which will make him say that I told him to rebel.
If he does well, as he very likely will,
why, then I shall come from Ireland with my forces
and reap the harvest which the rascal has sowed;
with Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
and Henry set aside, I'm the next in line.

[Exit.]

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SCENE II. Bury St. Edmund's. A Room of State.

[Enter certain Murderers, hastily.]

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

Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
that we have killed the Duke, as he ordered.

2 MURDERER.
O that it were to do! What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

I wish it was ahead of us! What have we done?
Did you ever hear a man so sorry?

[Enter SUFFOLK.]

1 MURDERER.
Here comes my lord.

Here comes my lord.

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

Now, sirs, have you done the business?

1 MURDERER.
Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Yes, my good lord, he's dead.

SUFFOLK.
Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?

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Excellent. Go, go to my house;
I will reward you for this brave deed.
The King and the all the peers are nearby.
Have you laid out the bed well? Is everything right,
the way I asked for it?

1 MURDERER.
'T is, my good lord.

It is, my good lord.

SUFFOLK.
Away! be gone.

Then off you go!

[Exeunt Murderers.]

[Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN,
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, with attendants.]

KING.
Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 't is published.

Go and tell my uncle to come straight to me;
tell him I intend to try him today,
to see if he is guilty as charged.

SUFFOLK.
I'll call him presently, my noble lord.

I'll call him at once, my noble Lord.

[Exit.]

KING.
Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster
Than from true evidence of good esteem

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He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Lords, take your places; and, I beg you,
do not take action against my uncle Gloucester
except for anything which he can be proved
on good evidence to have done.

QUEEN.
God forbid any malice should prevail
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

God forbid that there should be any malice
which would condemn an innocent nobleman!
I pray to God that he will be acquitted!

KING.
I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.--

[Re-enter SUFFOLK.]

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

Thank you, Meg; these words make me very happy–

what's this! Why do you look pale? Why are you trembling?
Where is my uncle? What's the matter, Suffolk?

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

Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

QUEEN.
Marry, God forfend!

Why, heaven forfend!

CARDINAL.
God's secret judgment!--I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.

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That's the secret judgement of God! I had a dream tonight that the Duke was dumb and wouldn't say a word.

[The King swoons.]

QUEEN.
How fares my lord?--Help, lords! the king is dead.

How are you my lord? Help, lords! The king is dead.

SOMERSET.
Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Lift up his body; twist his nose.

QUEEN.
Run, go, help, help!--O Henry, ope thine eyes!

Run, go and get help! O Henry, open your eyes!

SUFFOLK.
He doth revive again.--Madam, be patient.

He's coming round. Madam, calm yourself.

KING.
O heavenly God!

O God in heaven!

QUEEN.
How fares my gracious lord?

How are you my gracious lord?

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

Be easy, my sovereign! Gracious Henry, be easy!

KING.

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And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Don't I know that you would?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, look over
at that young boy. I tell you what, my friend,
he is a snake on my path;
and wherever I walk
he lies in my way. Do you understand me?
You are his keeper.

HUBERT.
And I'll keep him so
That he shall not offend your Majesty.

And I'll keep him in a way
that will stop him offending your Majesty.

KING JOHN.
Death.

Death.

HUBERT.
My lord?

My lord?

KING JOHN.
A grave.

A grave.

HUBERT.
He shall not live.

He shall not live.

KING JOHN.
Enough!
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee.

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What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say!
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murtherous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.
Yet do not go away; come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight,
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

What, is my Lord of Suffolk comforting me?
He came just now singing like a raven
whose horrible tune stripped me of my consciousness,
and he thinks that chirping like a wren,
telling me from his empty heart to be easy,
will chase away what I heard first?
Don't hide your poison with such sweet words;
don't put your hands on me; get off, I say!
Your touch is as horrid as the bite of a snake.
You evil messenger, get out of my sight!
I can see murderous tyranny in your eyes,
grimly ruling there, to terrify the world.
Don't look at me, for your eyes are like weapons.
But do not go away; come, basilisk,
and kill the innocent onlooker with your eyes,
for I will find happiness in the shadow of death,
for life is worse than death, now that Gloucester is dead.

QUEEN.
Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death;
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans

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Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends.
It may be judg'd I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death. Ay me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

Why you attacking my Lord Suffolk like this?
Although the Duke fought against him,
he is sorrowing for his death like a Christian;
and for myself, even though he was my enemy,
if tears or heartfelt groans
or the deepest sighs could bring him back to life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
spend all my blood on great sighs,
to bring the noble duke back to life.
What will the world say about me?
It's known that we weren't true friends.
People may say that I killed the Duke;
so my name will be wounded by slander,
and the courts of Princes will be filled with criticism of me.
This is what his death brings to me. Alas, poor me!
To be a queen, and have a bad reputation as my crown!

KING.
Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Ah, I sorrow for Gloucester, wretched man!

QUEEN.
Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then, dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.

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

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Be sorry for me, who is more wretched than him.
What, do you turn away and hide your face?
I am not some horrible leper; look at me.
What! Have you become deaf like an adder?
Then be poisonous as well and kill your lost Queen.
Has all your sympathy been shut up in the tomb of Gloucester?
Why then, you never loved Lady Margaret.
Put up his statue and worship it,
and make an inn sign out of my picture.
Was this what I was almost killed in a shipwreck for,
and twice driven back from the shores of England
by ill winds to my native land?
What was happening but the forewarning winds
were saying “Don't put your hand in a scorpion's nest,
don't set foot on this unkind shore"?
And what did I do, I cursed those kind winds,
and the one who set them free from their loud caves,
and told them to blow towards the blessed shore of England,
or break our stern upon a dreadful rock?
But the god of winds would not be a murderer,
he left that horrible job to you.
The leaping sea refused to drown me,
knowing that you would have me drowned on shore,
in tears as salt as the sea, duty or unkindness.
The splitting rocks hid in the quicksand,
and would not smash me against their ragged sides,
because they knew that Margaret would die smashed against
your flinty heart, harder than them, in your palace.
For as long as I could see your chalky cliffs,
when the storm drove us back from your shore,
I stood up on the deck in the storm,
and when the dark sky began to take away
the sight of your land from my straining vision,
I took an expensive jewel from around my neck–
it was a heart, surrounded with diamonds–
and threw it towards your country; the sea swallowed it,
and so I wish that your body might swallow my heart.
And even as I did it I lost sight of fair England,
and told my eyes to follow my heart,
and called them blind and filthy spectacles,
for losing sight of the longed for coast of Albion.

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How often I asked Suffolk, the agent
of your foul unfaithfulness, to sit and bewitch me
as Ascanius did, when he would tell
besotted Dido the tales of what his father
did in burning Troy!
Haven't I been bewitched like her? And aren't you false like him?
Oh, I can't stand any more! Die, Margaret!
Henry is weeping because you've lived too long.

[Noise within. Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, and many Commons.]

WARWICK.
It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murther'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny
Until they hear the order of his death.

It has been reported, mighty sovereign,
that the good Duke Humphrey has been treacherously murdered
by the plans of Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort.
The common people, like a hive of angry bees
who are missing their leader, are rushing around
and do not care whom they sting to take revenge for him.
I myself have calmed their angry mutiny
until they hear the true story of his death.

KING.
That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;
But how he died God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

Is all too true that he's dead, good Warwick;
but God knows how he died, Henry doesn't.
Go into his room, see his dead body,
and then say what you think about his sudden death.

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WARWICK.
That shall I do, my liege.--Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return.

I shall do that, my lord. Stay here, Salisbury,
with these commoners until I come back.

[Exit.]

KING.
O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

O you who judge all things, calm my thoughts,
my thoughts, that are telling my soul
that Humphrey met a violent end!
If my suspicions are false, forgive me, God,
for you are the only one who can judge.
I should like to cover his pale lips
with twenty thousand kisses, and spill
an ocean of salt tears upon his face,
to tell his dumb deaf body of my love for him,
and to take his senseless hand in mine;
but all these mean tributes are in vain;
if I looked on his cold dead body,
what good would it do apart from making my sorrow greater?

[Re-enter WARWICK and others, bearing GLOSTER's
body on a bed.]

WARWICK.

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Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

Come here, gracious sovereign, and look at this body.

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

That would be to look into my own grave;
all my comfort on this earth left along with his soul,
seeing him I can see my own death.

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

As definitely as my soul intends to live
with that great Lord who took our sins upon him
to free us from the angry curse of his father,
I do believe that this triply famous Duke
suffered at the hands of violent men.

SUFFOLK.
A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

A dreadful oath, solemnly sworn!
What justification has Lord Warwick got for his vow?

WARWICK.
See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy,
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.

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But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdu'd.
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
It cannot be but he was murther'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

See the way the blood has settled in his face.
I have often seen the body of someone who's died naturally,
white, thin, pale and bloodless,
with all the blood drawn back to its heart,
which, in its fight with death,
calls the blood back to help it fight the enemy,
which cools down in the heart and never goes back
to redden and beautify the cheek again.
But look, his face is black and full of blood,
his eyeballs are standing out further than when he was alive,
staring horribly like a strangled man;
his hair is standing on end, his nostrils wide with struggle,
his hands thrown apart, like someone who struggled
and grappled for his life and was forcibly restrained.
Look, you can see his hair stuck to the sheets;
his well shaped beard is rough and disorderly,
like a field of summer corn after a storm.
The smallest one of these signs show that he
can only have been murdered.

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

Why, Warwick, who would kill the Duke?
Myself and Beaufort had him in our custody;
and we are no murderers, I hope, sir.

WARWICK.

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But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep;
'T is like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 't is well seen he found an enemy.

But both of you were sworn enemies of Duke Humphrey,
and you certainly had the good Duke in your custody;
it's not likely that you would have welcomed him like a friend,
and it is quite obvious that he found an enemy.

QUEEN.
Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

Then it seems that you suspect these noblemen
of being guilty of Duke Humphrey's untimely death.

WARWICK.
Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Who can find a calf dead and freshly bleeding,
with a butcher standing close by with an axe,
and not think that it was he who did the slaughter?
Who sees a partridge in a kite's nest
without being able to imagine how the bird died,
even if the kite is soaring above with no blood on its beak?
That is how suspicious this tragedy is.

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

Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where's your knife?
Are you calling Beaufort a kite? Where are his claws?

SUFFOLK.

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I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murther's crimson badge.--
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

I don't carry a knife to slaughter sleeping men;
but here's a revenging sword, rusted through lack of use,
that will be cleaned in the spiteful heart of anyone
who dares to accuse me of murder.
Say, proud Lord of Warwickshire, if you dare,
that I am guilty of Duke Humphrey's death.

[Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.]

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

What wouldn't Warwick dare, if false Suffolk dares him?

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

He wouldn't dare to quash his arrogant spirit,
or cease to be an arrogant plotter,
if Suffolk dared him twenty thousand times.

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

Madam, calm yourself. I say with respect;
every word you speak on his behalf
is an insult to your royal dignity.

SUFFOLK.
Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,

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Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee.
Remember. Madam, fare you well;
I'll send those powers o'er to your Majesty.

Good!
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love you.
Well, I won't say what I've got planned for you.
Remember. Madam, Farewell;
I'll send those forces over to your Majesty.

ELINOR.
My blessing go with thee!

Take my blessings with you!

KING JOHN.
[To ARTHUR]For England, cousin, go;
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!

Head for England, cousin;
Hubert will be your servant, he'll
take good care of you. Off you go to Calais!

Exeunt

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Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

Stupid and ignoble lord!
If a lady ever wronged her lord so much,
your mother took some harsh uneducated peasant
into her sinful bed, and a noble plant
was crafted with a twig of the crab apple tree, and you are
the fruit of it, you never came from the noble line of the Nevils.

WARWICK.
But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murtherous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself was born in bastardy;
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

If it wasn't for the fact that you are guilty of murder,
and I would be robbing the executioner of his fee,
and letting you escape ten thousand shames,
and that I must behave in the presence of my sovereign,
I would, false murdering coward, make you
beg for my pardon on your knees for what you've said,
and make you admit that you were talking about your own mother,
that you were born a bastard yourself;
and after you had done all this,
I'd give you your deserts and send your soul to hell,
you evil bloodsucker of sleeping men!

SUFFOLK.
Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

You'll still be awake when I take your blood,

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if you dare to step outside with me.

WARWICK.
Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

Let's go now, or I'll drag you out.
Although you're not worthy, I'll deal with you
to do some kindness to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.]

KING.
What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

What stronger armour is there than an unstained heart!
He whose quarrel is just is thrice armed,
and a man whose conscience is troubled by injustice
is always naked, even if he's wearing steel armour.

[A noise within.]

QUEEN.
What noise is this?

What's this noise?

[Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.]

KING.
Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Why, what's this, lords! You've drawn your angry weapons
in my presence! How can you be so bold?
Why, what is all this terrible racket?

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SUFFOLK.
The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

The traitorous Warwick and the men of Bury
all attacked me, great sovereign.

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

Gentlemen, stand over there;
I shall tell the king what you want.
Great Lord, the common people send you word through me,
that unless false Suffolk is executed at once,

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or exiled from the fair country of England,
they will drag him out of your palace by force
and torture him to a horrible slow death.
They say that he killed good Duke Humphrey;
they say that they fear he will kill your Highness;
and it is their feelings of love and loyalty,
without in any way being against you,
which makes them request that you exile him.
They say, out of care for your most royal person,
that if your Highness said he was going to sleep
and ordered that no man should disturb your rest
on pain of your displeasure or of death,
even if you had given such strict orders,
if the snake was seen, with a forked tongue,
slyly gliding towards your Majesty,
it would be necessary for you to be woken,
in case, being allowed to continue your harmful sleep,
the evil serpent might make your sleep eternal;
and so they shout that even if you forbid them,
they will guard you, whether you want it or not,
from such evil serpents as false Suffolk,
who they say has taken the life of your
loving uncle, who was worth twenty of him,
with his poisonous fatal sting.

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

My Lord Salisbury, we want an answer from the King!

SUFFOLK.
'T is like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign;
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are.
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

It is like the common people, coarse vulgar animals,
to send a message like that to their sovereign;
but you, my lord, were happy to be used by them,

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to show what a great orator you are.
But all the honour Salisbury has won
from this is to say that he was the Lord Ambassador
sent from a set of tramps to the King.

COMMONS.
[Within.] An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

Give us an answer from the King, or we shall break in!

KING.
Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care,
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat,
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means;
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me
that I thank them for their tender loving care,
and had they not encouraged me to do so,
I still was going to do as they ask,
for I certainly now believe that
Suffolk has plans against me;
and therefore, I swear by God above,
whose greatly unworthy representative I am,
he shan't breathe his poison out into the air
of this country for more than three days, on pain of death.

[Exit Salisbury.]

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

O Henry, let me plead for kind of Suffolk!

KING.
Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!

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No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.--
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.--
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

Unkind Queen, calling him kind Suffolk!
That's enough, I say; if you plead for him,
all you'll do is make me more angry.
If I'd only said it, I would have kept my word,
but when I swear, it cannot be taken back.
If, after three days from now, you are discovered
on any land that I am ruler of,
the whole world couldn't pay for you to escape execution.
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, come with me;
I have great business to discuss with you.

[Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.]

QUEEN.
Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

May bad luck and sorrow follow you!
May unhappiness and horrible illness
be your playmates to keep you company!
There are two of you; may the devil be the third!
And may a triple vengeance follow you!

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

Stop these curses, my sweet Queen,
and let your Suffolk take his sorrowful leave.

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QUEEN.
Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch,
Has thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Why, you cowardly woman and softhearted wretch,
haven't you got enough spirit to curse your enemies?

SUFFOLK.
A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd an end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban;
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees!
Their chiefest prospect murthering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the consort full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell--

A plague upon them! Why should I curse them?
If curses could kill them, like the shriek of the mandrake,
I would invent the most bitter curses ever
uttered, as harsh and horrible to hear,
spat through my gritted teeth,
with as many indicators of deadly hate
as hollow cheeked envy in her horrible cave.
My tongue would stumble over the strength of my words;
my eyes would sparkle like kindled flints;
my hair would stand on end, like a madman;
yes, every joint would seem to curse them;
and my heavy heart would break in two

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if I did not curse them. May they drink poison!
May everything they taste be the bitterest thing imaginable!
May their only shade be a grove of cypress trees!
May all they see be murdering basilisks!
May the softest thing that touches them sting like a lizard!
May their music be as terrible as the hiss of a serpent,
and foreboding screech owls make up the orchestra!
All the foul terrors in the depths of hell–

QUEEN.
Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil
And turns the force of them upon thyself.

Enough, sweet Suffolk; you're torturing yourself;
and these terrible curses, like the sun on glass,
or like an overloaded gun, recoil
and turns the force of them back on yourself.

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

You told me to curse, and now you're telling me to stop?
Now, by the country that I am banished from,
I could spend a whole winter's night cursing,
even if I was standing naked on a mountaintop
where biting cold never lets the grass grow,
and think that it was just a minute of fun.

QUEEN.
O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightest think upon these by the seal,

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Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'T is but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself;
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me, even now be gone.--
O, go not yet!--Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

O, let me beg you to stop. Give me your hand,
so I can cover it with my mournful tears;
don't let the rain from heaven wet this place,
to wash away my sad keepsakes.
Oh, I wish this kiss could be printed on your hand,
so that you could think of these as being a seal
through which a thousand sighs are breathed for you!
So, go, so that I know what my sadness is like;
I can only imagine it while you are still here,
like someone who becomes full thinking of their hunger.
I will have your sentence reversed, or, I promise you,
I will get myself exiled;
and I am exiled, if I am separated from you.
Go, don't speak to me, just go.
O, don't go! This is how to friends condemned to death
would embrace and kiss and say goodbye ten thousand times,
a hundred times more unwilling to part than to die.
But now farewell; and as you go farewell to life!

SUFFOLK.
Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more; live thou to joy thy life,

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Myself no joy in nought but that thou liv'st.

So poor Suffolk is exiled ten times;
once by the King, and nine times by you.
I don't care about the country, if you were with me;
a wilderness would have enough company,
if Suffolk had you with him;
for where you are, that is where the world is,
and every pleasure in the world,
and where you are not, everything is empty.
I can't say any more; may you live in happiness,
I will have no joy except for the thought that you are alive.

[Enter VAUX.]

QUEEN.
Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

Where is Vaux going so fast? What news have you?

VAUX.
To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side, sometime he calls the king
And whispers to his pillow as to him
The secrets of his overcharged soul;
And I am sent to tell his majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.

I have to tell his Majesty
that Cardinal Beaufort is almost dead;
a sudden terrible sickness took hold of him,
that makes him gasp and stare and pant,
blaspheming against God and cursing men on earth.
Sometimes he talks as if the ghost of Duke Humphrey
were at his side, sometimes he calls the King
and whispers to his pillow as if it was him,
telling him the secrets of his burdened soul;

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SCENE 4.

France. The FRENCH KING's camp

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and attendants

KING PHILIP.
So by a roaring tempest on the flood
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship.

So a whole armada of doomed ships
has been scattered and separated
by a roaring storm on the sea.

PANDULPH.
Courage and comfort! All shall yet go well.

Be brave and be calm! Everything will still turn out well.

KING PHILIP.
What can go well, when we have run so ill.
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? Divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

How can things go well, when we have done so badly?
Haven't we been beaten? Hasn't Angiers been lost?
Arthur taken prisoner? Many dear friends killed?
And the bloody king of England gone back to England,
brushing aside our interventions, to spite France?

LEWIS.
What he hath won, that hath he fortified;
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example; who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

He has fortified the towns he has won;

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and I have been sent to tell his Majesty
that at this very moment he is crying aloud for him.

QUEEN.
Go tell this heavy message to the king.--

[Exit Vaux.]

Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now get thee hence.
The king, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me; thou art but dead.

Go and take this sad message to the King.

Alas! What a world this is! What news this is!
But why do I grieve for a poor hour's loss,
leaving out the exile of Suffolk, the treasure of my soul?
Why do I not just mourn for you, Suffolk,
and compete with the southern clouds with my tears,
theirs which grow things on earth, mine which grow my sorrows?
Now go.
You know the King is coming;
if you are found with me, you are dead.

SUFFOLK.
If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth.
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

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And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death.
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

If I leave you, I cannot live;
if I died looking at you, what would it be like
apart from a pleasant sleep in your lap?
I could breathe my last breath here,
as mild and calm as a newborn baby
dying with its mother's breast in its lips;
if I was away from you, I would be raging mad
and cry out for you to close my eyes,
to have you shut my lips with your mouth,
so you could either bring back my fleeing soul,
or I could breathe it into your body,
and so it would then live in a sweet heaven.
To die next to you would to die a happy death;
to die away from you would be a fate worse than death.
Oh let me stay, whatever happens!

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

Go! Although parting stings horribly,
it is like medicine on a deadly wound.
Go to France, sweet Suffolk; let me hear from you,
for wherever you go in the world
my messengers shall seek you out.

SUFFOLK.
I go.

I'm going.

QUEEN.
And take my heart with thee.

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And take my heart with you.

SUFFOLK.
A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

It is a jewel, locked in the shabbiest case
that ever contained a valuable thing.
So we part like a split tree;
I am going this way to death.

QUEEN.
This way for me.

And I go this way.

[Exeunt severally.]

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SCENE III. A Bedchamber.

[Enter the KING, SALISBURY, and WARWICK, to the CARDINAL in bed.]

KING.
How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

How is my Lord? Speak, Beaufort, to your sovereign.

CARDINAL.
If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.

If you are death, I'll give you all the wealth of England,
enough to buy another island like it,
if you will let me live without pain.

KING.
Ah, what a sign it is of evil life
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

Alas, what a sign of an evil life it is
to be so frightened of death!

WARWICK.
Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Beaufort, it's your sovereign speaking to you.

CARDINAL.
Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.--
Alive again? then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.--

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Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

Put me on trial when you want.
Didn't he die in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I keep men alive, whether they want to live or not?
Oh, don't torture me any more! I will confess–
he's alive again? Then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pounds to look at him.
He has no eyes, they're blinded by the dust.
Comb down his hair; look, look! It's standing straight up,
like lime twigs made into a trap for the bird of my soul.
Bring me a drink; and tell the chemist
to bring the strong poison that I bought from him.

KING.
O Thou eternal Mover of the Heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

Oh you great mover of the heavens,
look pityingly on this wretch!
Oh, fight off the interfering devil
who is laying a strong siege to his soul,
and wash out this black despair from his heart!

WARWICK.
See how the pangs of death do make him grin!

See how the agonies of death make him grin!

SALISBURY.
Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

Don't serve him; let him go in peace.

KING.
Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!--
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.--

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

Peace on his soul, if good God decrees it!
Lord Cardinal, if you're thinking of the happiness in heaven,
hold up your hand, show your hopes.
He's died, and made no sign. Oh God, forgive him!

WARWICK.
So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

Such a bad death would seem to indicate a terrible life.

KING HENRY.
Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.--
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation.

Refrain from judging, for we are all sinners.
Close his eyes can draw the curtains;
let us all go to our prayers.

[Exeunt.]

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ACT IV

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SCENE I. The Coast of Kent.

[Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter a Captain, a Master, a Master's Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK, and others, prisoners.]

CAPTAIN.
The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night,
Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.--
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;--
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;--
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

This bright, revealing and sorrowful day
has sunk into the sea;
and now the loud howls of the wolves awake the nags
that drag in the tragic sorrowful night,
who, with their sleepy, slow and exhausted wings,
tear open dead men's graves and from their misty jaws
breathe foul infectious darkness into the air.
So bring out the soldiers from our captured ship;
for, while our ship anchors in the Downs
they shall pay their ransom on the beach
or their blood will stain this discoloured shore.
Master, I give you this prisoner freely;
and you, his mate, you take your profit from this one;
the other is your share, Walter Whitmore.

1 GENTLEMAN.
What is my ransom, master? let me know.

What price do you want from me, master? Tell me.

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

A thousand crowns, or else your life.

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

And the same for you, or you lose yours as well.

CAPTAIN.
What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?--
Cut both the villains' throats;--for die you shall.
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum!

What, do you think that two thousand pounds is too high a price,
when you have the name and bearing of gentlemen? You shall die.
The lives of those we have lost in the fight
must be balanced by this paltry sum.

1 GENTLEMAN.
I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

I'll pay it, sir; and so spare my life.

2 GENTLEMAN.
And so will I, and write home for it straight.

And so will I, I'll write home for it at once.

WHITMORE.
I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,--
[To Suffolk] And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;--
And so should these, if I might have my will.

I lost my eye in capturing the ship,
[to Suffolk] and so, for revenge, you shall die;
and so would these, if I have my way.

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

Don't be so hasty; take the ransom, let him live.

SUFFOLK.
Look on my George; I am a gentleman.
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Look at my badge; I am a gentleman.
Charge what you want for me, you will be paid.

WHITMORE.
And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? What, doth death affright?

And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
What's this! Why did you jump? What, are you afraid of death?

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

Your name frightens me, it sounds like death.
A clever man wrote my horoscope
and told me that I would die by drowning.
But don't make this a reason for killing me;
your name is Gaultier, correctly pronounced.

WHITMORE.
Gaultier or Walter, which it is, I care not.
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

Gaultier or Walter, I don't care which it is.
But never has low dishonour insulted my name

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doing such things with such urgent speed,
being so organised and at the same time so energetic,
is unheard of; has anybody ever read or heard
of such a thing?

KING PHILIP.
Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE

Look who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
I prithee, lady, go away with me.

I wouldn't mind England being praised for this,
if we could find anyone who had ever been as shamed as us.
[Enter Constance]
Look who's coming! The grave of a soul;
the eternal spirit is being kept against her will
in the vile prison of the body.
I beg you, lady, come away with me.

CONSTANCE.
Lo now! now see the issue of your peace!

Look now! Now see how your peace has turned out!

KING PHILIP.
Patience, good lady! Comfort, gentle Constance!

Be patient, good lady! Be calm, sweet Constance!

CONSTANCE.
No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress-
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones,

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without me wiping the stain away with my sword;
so, if I ever sell my revenge like a shopkeeper,
let my soul be broken, my coat of arms torn and vandalised:
and have me announced as a coward throughout the world.

SUFFOLK.
Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Wait, Whitmore; your prisoner is a Prince,
the Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

WHITMORE.
The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

The Duke of Suffolk wrapped up in rags!

SUFFOLK.
Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

Yes, but these rags are not part of the Duke;
Jove sometimes went about disguised, why shouldn't I?

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

But Jove was never killed, as you will be.

SUFFOLK.
Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it and let it make thee crest-fallen,
Ay, and allay thus thy abortive pride,
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood

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

Unknown and lowborn servant, the blood of King Henry,
the honourable blood of Lancaster
must not be shed by such a lowly groom.
Haven't you kissed my hand and held my stirrup?
bear headed plodded alongside my decorated mule
and counted yourself happy if I shook my head at you?
How often did you serve me drinks,
bring me food, kneel down at the table,
when I feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember that and stop this nonsense,
forget your foolish pride, remember
how you have waited in my outside lobby
for me to come out.
This hand of mine has written things on your behalf,
and so it should calm your runaway tongue.

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

Speak, captain, shall I stab this pitiful servant?

CAPTAIN.
First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Firstly let me stab him with my words, as he has stabbed me.

SUFFOLK.
Base slave, thy words are blunt and so art thou.

Low slave, your words are blunt and so are you.

CAPTAIN.
Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Take him away, and at the side of our longboat
chop off his head.

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SUFFOLK.
Thou dar'st not, for thy own.

You wouldn't dare, you'd be risking your own.

CAPTAIN.
Yes, Pole!

Yes, Pole!

SUFFOLK.
Pole!

Pole!

CAPTAIN.
Pool! Sir Pool! lord!
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm;
Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground;
And thou that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee are rising up in arms;
And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
By shameful murther of a guiltless king

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And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,
Burns with revenging fire, whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ 'Invitis nubibus.'
The commons here in Kent are up in arms;
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.--Away! convey him hence.

Yes, sewer, puddle, sink, whose filth
pollutes the silver spring of England;
now I will shut your gaping mouth
for swallowing the country's treasure.
Your lips, that kissed the Queen, shall sweep the ground;
and you who smiled at the death of good Duke Humphrey
will grimace in vain against the insensible winds
which will hiss at you in contempt:
and you shall be married to the hags of hell
for daring to arrange a marriage between
a mighty Lord and the daughter of a worthless king,
who had no subjects, wealth or crown.
Through devilish politics you have grown great,
and, like ambitious Sulla, you have stuffed yourself
on the bleeding heart of your mother country.
Because of you Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
the false rebellious Normans refused to call
us lords because of you, and Picardy
has killed their governors, ambushed our forts,
and sent the ragged soldiers home wounded.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils as well,
whose dreadful souls have never known defeat,
have risen up in arms out of hate for you:
and now the house of York, pushed away from the crown
by the shameful murder of an innocent king,
and great arrogant tyranny,
is burning with the fire of revenge; this hopeful sight
is approaching our half shown sun, trying to shine,
and defeating it.
The common people here in Kent are up in arms;
and to conclude, shame and beggary
have got a foothold in the palace of our king,
and all because of you. Be off with you! Take him away.

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

Oh, I wish I were a God, so I could blast
this low-down scum with lightning!
Small things make lowly men arrogant; this villain here,
being captain of a pinnace, is more threatening
than Bargulus the great Illyrian pirate.
Insects don't suck eagles' blood but rob beehives.
It is impossible that I should die
at the hands of such a low person as you.
Your words make me angry, not sorry.
I'm taking a message from the Queen to France;
I order you to take me safely across the Channel.

CAPTAIN.
Walter,--

Walter–

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

Come, Suffolk, I must take you to your death.

SUFFOLK.
Gelidus timor occupat artus; it is thee I fear.

A freezing fear takes over me; it is you that I fear.

WHITMORE.

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Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

You will have reason to fear me before I finish with you.
What, are you afraid now? Now will you kneel?

1 GENTLEMAN.
My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

My gracious lord, beg him, speak sweetly to him.

SUFFOLK.
Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit; no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any
Save to the God of heaven and to my king,
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear;
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Suffolk's royal tongue is stern and rough,
used to commanding, it doesn't know how to beg.
It's out of the question to honour this type of person
with humble begging; no, I would rather let my head
bow down to the block than for my knees to bow to anybody
apart from the God of heaven and my king,
and I would sooner have my head on a bloody pole
than take my hat off to a vulgar groom.
True nobility does not know fear;
I can stand more than you would dare to do.

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

Take him away, don't let him say any more.

SUFFOLK.
Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!

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Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murther'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Caesar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

Come, soldiers, show what cruelty you can,
so that my death will never be forgotten!
Great men often die at the hands of the lowly;
a Roman soldier and a slavish bandit
murdered sweet Tully; the bastard hand of Brutus
stabbed Julius Caesar; savage islanders
killed Pompey the great, and Suffolk dies at the hands of pirates.

[Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.]

CAPTAIN.
And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart,
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

As for those for whom we are demanding ransom,
we give permission for one of them to leave,
so you come with us, and you can go.

[Exeunt all but the 1 Gentleman.]

[Re-enter WHITMORE with SUFFOLK'S body.]

WHITMORE.
There let his head and lifeless body lie
Until the queen his mistress bury it.

Let his head and lifeless body lie there
until the Queen his mistress buries it.

[Exit.]

1 GENTLEMAN.
O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king.
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;

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So will the queen, that living held him dear.

What a barbarous and bloody spectacle!
I will take his body to the king.
If he doesn't take revenge, his friends will;
so will the Queen, who loved him dearly when he was alive.

[Exit with the body.]

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SCENE II. Blackheath.

[Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.]

GEORGE.
Come, and get thee a sword, though made of
a lath; they have been up these two days.

*Come, get yourself a sword, even if it's
wood; they've been at it for two days.*

HOLLAND.
They have the more need to sleep now, then.

They'll be needing some sleep now then.

BEVIS.
I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the
commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

*I'm telling you, Jack Cade the clothmaker means to
turn this whole kingdom upside down, shake it up.*

HOLLAND.
So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say
it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

*He needs to, it's worn out. Well, I say
that England has never been a happy place since the rise of the
gentlemen.*

BEVIS.
O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in
handicraftsmen.

*Ah, miserable time! Goodness is not
recognised in workmen.*

HOLLAND.
The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

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The nobility sneer at those who wear leather aprons.

BEVIS.
Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Worse than that, the Kings Council are poor workmen.

HOLLAND.
True; and yet it is said, labour in thy vocation,
which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

*It's true; but they say you should work at your job,
which means that the magistrates should be working men,
which means we should be magistrates.*

BEVIS.
Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

You're quite right; there's no better sign of a good mind than a calloused hand.

HOLLAND.
I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,--

I can see them! I can see them! There is Best's son, the tanner from Wingham–

BEVIS.
He shall have the skin of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

He shall have the skin of our enemies, to make a dog collar.

HOLLAND.
And Dick the butcher,--

And Dick the butcher–

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And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself.
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O, come to me!

No, I refuse all advice, all repayment,
except that which owns all advice, true repayment–
death, death; oh friendly, lovely death!
You reeking stench! Solid rottenness!
Rise up from the eternal night,
you hated terror of prosperity,
and I will kiss your revolting bones,
and put my eyeballs into your skull,
and wear your household worms as rings,
and stop my gasping breath with nauseous dust,
and be a rotting monster like yourself.
Come, grin at me, and I will think you are smiling,
and kiss you as your wife. Lover of misery,
oh, come to me!

KING PHILIP.
O fair affliction, peace!

Oh lovely torment, peace!

CONSTANCE.
No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.
O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

No, no, I will not be quiet, as long as I have breath to cry.
I wish that I could speak like thunder!
Then I would shake the world with a passion,
and wake that cruel skeleton from its sleep
which cannot hear the feeble voice of a lady,
which scorns modern spells.

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

So sin will be struck down like an ox, and evil will have its throat cut like a calf.

HOLLAND.
And Smith the weaver,--

And Smith the weaver–

BEVIS.
Argo, their thread of life is spun.

And so, the thread of their life has been spun.

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

Come on, let's join them.

[Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.]

CADE.
We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father,--

I John Cade, so-called after my supposed father–

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

Or perhaps for stealing a barrel of herrings.

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

As our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of overthrowing kings and princes, call for silence.

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DICK.
Silence!

Silence!

CADE.
My father was a Mortimer,--

My father was a Mortimer–

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

He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

CADE.
My mother a Plantagenet,--

My mother a Plantagenet–

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

I knew her well; she was a midwife.

CADE.
My wife descended of the Lacies,--

My wife was descended from the Lacies–

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

Yes she was, the daughter of a peddler, she sold plenty of laces.

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

But recently, as she cannot travel,

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she takes in washing here at home.

CADE.
Therefore am I of an honourable house.

So I come from a noble house.

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

Yes, I swear, the field is noble; and
that's where he was born, under a hedge, for his father never had a
house except when he was in prison.

CADE.
Valiant I am.

I am brave.

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

He has to be, a beggar has to be brave.

CADE.
I am able to endure much.

I can put up with a lot.

DICK.
[Aside.] No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

No argument there; I've seen him whipped
three market days in a row.

CADE.
I fear neither sword nor fire.

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I'm not afraid of swords or fire.

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

He needn't fear the sword, his coat is already full of holes.

DICK.
[Aside.] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

But I think he should be afraid of fire, having been branded on the hand for sheep stealing.

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

So be brave, for your captain is brave, and promises changes. You will be able to buy seven halfpenny loaves for a penny in England; a two pint pot will now hold seven pints; and I will make it illegal to drink small beer. Everything in the country shall be shared; I shall graze my horse in Cheapside; and when I am king, as I shall be–

ALL.
God save your majesty!

God save your Majesty!

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

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lord.

Thank you, good people; there shall be no money; everyone shall eat and drink on my account, and I will dress them all in the same uniform, so that they can all be like brothers and worship me as their
lord.

DICK.
The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

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

CADE.
Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment, that parchment, being scribbl'd o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings; but I say 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.--How now! who's there?

Yes, we'll do that. Isn't is a terrible thing, that
the skin of an innocent lamb should be turned into parchment, and that parchment, being scribbled on, can bring down a man? Some say
the bee stings, but I say it's the beeswax, for I only ever signed one sealed document, and I have never belonged to myself since. Hello there!
Who's that?

[Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.]

SMITH.
The clerk of Chatham; he can write and read and cast accompt.

The clerk of Chatham; he can read and write and do accounts.

CADE.
O monstrous!

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How terrible!

SMITH.
We took him setting of boys' copies.

We caught him teaching some boys.

CADE.
Here's a villain!

Now here's a villain!

SMITH.
Has a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

He's got a textbook in his pocket.

CADE.
Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Why, he's a magician.

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

No, he can draw up bonds and write in a legal hand.

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

I'm sorry to hear it.
This man is a proper man, I swear;
unless I find him guilty, he won't die. Come here, sir,
I must question you; what is your name?

CLERK.
Emmanuel.

Emmanuel.

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DICK.
They use to write it on the top of letters.--'T will go hard with you.

That's what they used to write on the top of letters. You're in for it now.

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

Let me do the talking. Do you usually write your name? Or have you a mark you use, like an honest, straightforward man?

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

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

ALL.
He hath confess'd; away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

He's confessed; take him away! He's a villain and a traitor.

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

Take him away, I say! Hang him with his pen and inkwell round his neck.

[Exit one with the Clerk.]

[Enter MICHAEL.]

MICHAEL.
Where's our general?

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Where is our general?

CADE.
Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Here I am, little chap.

MICHAEL.
Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother
are hard by, with the king's forces.

*Run, run, run! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother
are close by, with the king's army.*

CADE.
Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be
encountered with a man as good as himself; he is but a knight,
is a'?

*Stand your ground, villain, or I'll knock you down. He shall
meet with a man as good as himself; he's just a knight,
isn't he?*

MICHAEL.
No.

Only that.

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

*To be his equal, I'll make myself a knight right now.
Rise up Sir John Mortimer. Now let's have at him!*

[Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his Brother, with drum
and soldiers.]

STAFFORD.
Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;

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Home to your cottages, forsake this groom.
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

Rebellious brutes, the filthy scum of Kent,
marked out for the gallows, put down your weapons;
go home to your cottages, leave this scum.
The King will be merciful, if you rebel against him.

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

But if you carry on, he will be angry, furious,
looking for bloodshed; so surrender, or die.

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

As for these silk coated slaves, I don't care about them;
I'm speaking to you, good people,
whom I'm hoping to reign over in time,
for I am the true heir to the crown.

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

Villain, your father was a plasterer;
and you're a tailor, aren't you?

CADE.
And Adam was a gardener.

And Adam was a gardener.

BROTHER.
And what of that?

What's that got to do with anything?

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

Well, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
married the Duke of Clarence's daughter, didn't he?

STAFFORD.
Ay, sir.

Yes, sir.

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

And he had twins with her.

BROTHER.
That's false.

That's not true.

CADE.
Ay, there's the question; but I say 't is true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away,
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Well, there's the debate; but I say it is true.
The older one of them, being put out to nurse,
was stolen away by a beggar woman,
and, not knowing of his birth and parentage,
became a bricklayer when he grew up.
I'm his son; deny it, if you can.

DICK.
Nay, 't is too true; therefore he shall be king.

It's absolutely true; so he should be king.

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PANDULPH.
Lady, you utter madness and not sorrow.

Lady, this is not sorrow, this is madness.

CONSTANCE.
Thou art holy to belie me so.
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.
I am not mad-I would to heaven I were!
For then 'tis like I should forget myself.
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

It's very holy of you to portray me as such.
I am not mad: this hair I tear is my own;
my name is Constance; I was the wife of Geoffrey;
young Arthur is my son, and he has been lost.
I am not mad–I wish to heaven I was!
For then I would be able to forget who I am,
oh, if I could, what grief I would be forgetting!
Tell me how I can turn myself mad,
and you will be canonised, Cardinal;
for, not being mad but able to feel grief,
my mind offers me the solution
to help me escape from my sorrows,
and tells me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad I would forget about my son,
or madly think that he was worthless.
I am not mad; I can feel the curse of each
terrible event all too well.

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

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are still there today to prove it; so don't deny it.

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

And you believe the words of this lowdown servant, who's talking of things he doesn't understand?

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

Yes, we do; so go away.

BROTHER.
Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Jack Cade, the Duke of York has told you to do this.

CADE.
[Aside.] He lies, for I invented it myself.--Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

[Aside] He's lying, I made it up myself.–Go away, Sir, tell the king from me that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys played a game for the French crown, I am happy for him to be king; but I will be regent over him.

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

And furthermore, we shall execute Lord Say for selling the dukedom of Maine.

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

And for a good reason; for that has maimed all of England, so it walks with a crutch, and only my strength holds it up. Fellow kings, I
tell you that Lord Say has gelded the country and made
it a eunuch; and worse than that, he can speak French, and so he is a traitor.

STAFFORD.
O gross and miserable ignorance!

What terrible and miserable stupidity!

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

No, answer this if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; come on then, I'm just asking this: can someone who speaks with the tongue
of your enemy be a good adviser, yes or no?

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

No, no; and so we shall execute him.

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

Well, as polite words have no effect,
attack them with the king's army.

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STAFFORD.
Herald, away; and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors.--
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

Herald, go; and in every town
announced that everyone with Cade is a traitor;
that those who escape before the end of the battle
will be hanged outside their own doors as an example,
even in front of their wives and children–
all of you who are friends of the King, follow me.

[Exeunt the two Staffords, and soldiers.]

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

And you that love the common people follow me.
Now show yourselves to be men; its for freedom.
We will not spare one lord, one gentleman;
we'll spare nobody who doesn't wear hobnailed boots,
for they are thrifty honest men who would
join in on our side if they dared.

DICK.
They are all in order and march toward us.

They are all lined up and marching towards us.

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

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But we are lined up even when we aren't.
Come, march forward.

[Exeunt.]

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SCENE III. Another part of Blackheath.

[Alarums to the fight, wherein both the STAFFORDS are slain. Enter CADE and the rest.]

CADE.
Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

DICK.
Here, sir.

Here, sir.

CADE.
They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house; therefore thus will I reward thee: the Lent shall be as long again as it is, and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

They fell before you like sheep and oxen, and you carried on as if you were in your own slaughterhouse; so I will give you this reward: I'll make Lent twice as long as it is, and you will have a special licence to kill ninety nine beasts.

DICK.
I desire no more.

That's all I want.

CADE.
And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less.
This monument of the victory will I bear
[putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine];
and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

And truthfully, you deserve no less.

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I shall wear this sign of victory
[puts on Sir Humphrey's armour]–
and the bodies will be dragged at my horse's heels until I come to London, where the mayor shall hand over his sword to us.

DICK.
If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

If we mean to succeed and do well, let's break open the jails and let out the prisoners.

CADE.
Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London.

Don't worry about that, I promise you. Come, let's march towards London.

[Exeunt.]

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SCENE IV. London. The Palace.

[Enter the KING with a supplication, and the QUEEN with Suffolk's
head, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD SAY.]

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

I've often heard that grief softens the mind
now makes it cowardly and degenerate;
so think about taking revenge and stop weeping.
But who can look at this and stop weeping?
His head may lie here on my throbbing breast,
but where's the body for me to embrace?

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

What answer will your Grace make to the rebels'
request?

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

I'll send some holy bishop to talk with them;
for God forbid so many simple souls
should die in battle! And I myself,
rather than finishing them off with bloody war,
will talk with their general, Jack Cade–

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but wait, I'll just read it again.

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

Ah, barbarous villains! Did this lovely face
rule over me like a wandering planet,
and couldn't persuade those who were unworthy
of looking at it to show any forgiveness?

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

Lord Say, Jack Cade has sworn that he will kill you.

SAY.
Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

Yes, but I hope your Highness will kill him.

KING.
How now, madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me.

What's this, madam!
Still sorrowing and mourning for the death of Suffolk?
I'm afraid, love, that if I had died,
you wouldn't have mourned so much for me.

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

No, my love, I wouldn't mourn, I would die for you.

[Enter a Messenger.]

KING.

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

Hello there! What's the news? Why are you in such a hurry?

MESSENGER.
The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless;
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

The rebels have reached Southwark; fly, my lord!
Jack Cade has announced that he is Lord Mortimer,
descended from the Duke of Clarence,
and is openly calling your Grace a usurper,
and swears that he will crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged mob of
farmers and peasants, vulgar and merciless;
the death of Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother
has given them the heart and courage to carry on.
They are calling all scholars, lawyers, courtiers and gentlemen
false bloodsuckers, and mean to kill them.

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

Graceless men! They don't know what they're doing.

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

My gracious lord, retire to Kenilworth
until we have raised a force to put them down.

QUEEN.

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

Ah, if the Duke of Suffolk was still alive,
these Kentish rebels would soon be beaten!

KING.
Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Lord Say, the traitors hate you;
so come with me to Kenilworth.

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

That might put your grace in danger.
They hate the sight of me;
and so I will stay in this city
and live as secretly as I can.

[Enter another Messenger.]

MESSENGER.
Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses.
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Jack Cade has taken London Bridge;
the citizens are fleeing and leaving their houses.
The rascally people, keen for plunder,
have joined with the traitor, and together they have sworn
to sack the city and your royal court.

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

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KING PHILIP.
Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by a chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Tie up your hair. Oh, what love I can see
in that lovely crop of her hair!
When a silver tear has fallen there by chance
ten thousand wiry friends glue themselves to it,
sharing in its grief,
like true, inseparable, faithful lovers,
sticking together through disaster.

CONSTANCE.
To England, if you will.

Let's go to England, if you agree.

KING PHILIP.
Bind up your hairs.

Tie up your hair.

CONSTANCE.
Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud
'O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!'
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven;
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.

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So don't waste time, my lord; go, ride for it.

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

Come Margaret; God, our protector, will help us.

QUEEN.
My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

I have no hope now that Suffolk is dead.

KING.
Farewell, my lord; trust not the Kentish rebels.

Farewell, my lord; do not trust the Kentish rebels.

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

Trust nobody, or you may be betrayed.

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

I place my trust in my own innocence,
and so I am strong and steadfast.

[Exeunt.]

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SCENE V. London. The Tower.

[Enter LORD SCALES upon the Tower, walking. Then enter two or
three Citizens, below.]

SCALES.
How now! Is Jack Cade slain?

Hello there! Has Jack Cade been killed?

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

No, my lord, and it's not likely he will be; for they
have won the bridge, and killed everyone who stood against them.
The Lord Mayor begs your honour to send help from the Tower
to defend the city against the rebels.

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

I'll send you what help I can spare,
but they are attacking me here also;
the rebels have tried to win the Tower.
But go to Smithfield and gather forces,
and I will send Matthew Goffe to you there.
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
and so, farewell, for I must go back there.

[Exeunt.]

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SCENE VI. London. Cannon Street.

[Enter JACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone.]

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

Now Mortimer is lord of this city. And here, sitting on the London Stone, I give my orders that at the city's expense, this conduit shall be filled with nothing but claret wine for the first year of my reign.
And from now on it will be treason for anyone to call me anything else
except Lord Mortimer.

[Enter a Soldier, running.]

SOLDIER.
Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

CADE.
Knock him down there.

Knock that man down.

[They kill him.]

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

Is this fellow has any sense, he'll never call you Jack Cade again; I think he's had a very fair warning.

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

My Lord, an army has gathered together in Smithfield.

CADE.
Come then, let's go fight with them. But first, go and set
London bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too.
Come, let's away.

Come on then, let's go and fight with them. But first, go and set London Bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower as well.
Come, let's go.

[Exeunt.]

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SCENE VII. London. Smithfield.

[Alarums. MATTHEW GOFFE is slain, and all the rest. Then enter
JACK CADE, with his company.]

CADE.
So, sirs.--Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

*That's that, sirs. Now some of you go and pull down the Savoy; others
go to the Inns of Court; pull them all down.*

DICK.
I have a suit unto your lordship.

I have something to ask your lordship.

CADE.
Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

If you want a lordship, you'll have it for saying that word.

DICK.
Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

Only that I want the laws of England to be spoken by your mouth.

HOLLAND.
[Aside.] Mass, 't will be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet.

I swear, it will be a sore law, then; for he got a spear in the mouth, and it hasn't healed yet.

SMITH.
[Aside.] Nay, John, it will be stinking law, for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

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No, John, it will be a stinking law, for his breath stinks from eating toasted cheese.

CADE.
I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm. My mouth shall be the parliament of England.

I thought about it, and that's how it will be. Go and burn all the records of the country. My mouth shall be the Parliament of England.

HOLLAND.
[Aside.] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Then we shall have some biting laws, unless his teeth are pulled out.

CADE.
And henceforward all things shall be in common.

And from now on all things shall be shared.

[Enter a Messenger.]

MESSENGER.
My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

My Lord, a prize, a prize! Here's the Lord Say, who sold the towns in France; the one who made us pay one hundred and twenty percent, and a shilling in the pound, for the last taxes.

[Enter GEOGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.]

CADE.

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Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.--Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Well, he shall be beheaded for ten times. Ah, you say, you serge, you buckram lord! Now you're within range of my royal justice. What excuse can you make to my Majesty for giving up Normandy to Monsieur Basimecu, the French dauphin? Let it be known to you that this person here, Lord Mortimer himself, is the broom that must clean filth like you out of the court. You have been most treacherous in corrupting the youth of the country by building a grammar school; and whereas before our forefathers had no books apart from their accounts, you have encouraged printing, and, what is damaging to the King, his crown and his dignity, you have built a paper mill. It shall be proved to your face that you have people around you who usually talk about grammar, using such terrible words that no Christian ear can tolerate. You have appointed justices of the peace, to some poor man before them to answer for their debts. Furthermore, you have put them in prison, and because they could not read, you have hanged them; when, in fact, that was the reason my most deserved to live. You ride a decorated horse, don't you?

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SAY.
What of that?

What about it?

CADE.
Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak
when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

*Well, you shouldn't let your horse wear a cloak
when more honest men than you go about in their shirt and
stockings.*

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

*And work in their shirts too; for example myself, who
is a butcher.*

SAY.
You men of Kent,--

You men of Kent–

DICK.
What say you of Kent?

What are you saying about Kent?

SAY.
Nothing but this; 't is 'bona terra, mala gens.'

Only this, that it's a good country, with horrible people.

CADE.
Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Take him away, take him away! He's talking Latin.

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

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Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle.
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king;
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murther me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,--

Just hear me talk, and take me where you want.
In the works of Caesar he said that
Kent was the loveliest place in this whole island.
The country is sweet, because it's fertile;
the people generous, brave, active and wealthy;
and that makes me hope that you are not completely without pity.
I did not sell Maine, I did not lose Normandy,
but I would give my life to get them back.
I have always tempered justice with mercy;
I have been moved by prayers and tears, never gifts.
When have I ever taken any tax except
for the maintenance of the King, the country, and you?
I have given great gifts to learned clerks,
because my books brought me to the notice of the King;
and as ignorance is the curse of God,
and knowledge the wings with which we fly to heaven,
unless you are possessed by the devil,
you must refrain from murdering me.
This town has spoken to foreign kings
on your behalf–

CADE.

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But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him. Therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Yes, I shall; and why will I do it?
I tore them from their constraints, and cried aloud
“I wish these hands could free my son as easily
as they have freed these hairs!"
But now I am jealous of their freedom,
and will tie them up again,
because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, Father Cardinal, I have heard you say
that we will see and recognise our friends in heaven;
if that is true, I will see my boy again;
for since Cain, the first male child, was born,
up until the last boy born yesterday,
there was never such a lovely creature born.
But now the disease of sorrow eats at my bud
and drives the natural beauty out of his face,
and he will look as thin as a ghost,
as grey and skinny as one with a fever;
and so he will die; and, rising up again,
when I meet him in heaven
I will not recognise him. So I will never, never
ever see my pretty Arthur again.

PANDULPH.
You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

It's sinful to have such respect for grief.

CONSTANCE.
He talks to me that never had a son.

The one who talks to me has never had a son.

KING PHILIP.

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

Tut, when did you ever strike a single blow on the battlefield?

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

Great men have a long reach; I have often struck
those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

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

You monstrous coward! What, you hit them from behind?

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

My cheeks are pale from the amount of effort I spent on your behalf.

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

Box his ears, and that will make them red again.

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

Working hard on behalf of poor men
has filled me with sickness and disease.

CADE.
Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of hatchet.

We'll give you a nice broth then, and cure you
with an axe.

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DICK.
Why dost thou quiver, man?

Why are you shaking, man?

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

It's palsy, not fear, that's doing it.

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

He's nodding at us, like someone saying, I'll get even with you. I'll see if his head will be steadier on a pole or not. Take him away, and cut off his head.

SAY.
Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Tell me what my worst offence is?
Have I looked for wealth or honour? Tell me.
Are my chests filled up with extorted gold?
Do I have wonderful clothes?
Whom have I injured, to make you want to kill me?
My hands have never shed innocent blood,
and my heart has never entertained foul deceitful thoughts.
Oh, let me live!

CADE.
[Aside.] I feel remorse in myself with his words, but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.--

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Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

His words make me feel bad, but I won't give
into it; he shall die, it's only because he's pleading so well for his life–
take him away! He has a daemon under his tongue; he doesn't speak
in gods name. Go, take him away, I say, and cut off his head
at once; and then break into the house of his son-in-law, Sir James Cromer, and cut off his head, and bring them both here on two poles.

ALL.
It shall be done.

This shall be done.

SAY.
Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Ah countrymen! If God is as stubborn as you
when you make your prayers to him,
what would happen to your dead souls?
And so do not do this, save my life.

CADE.
Away with him! and do as I command ye.--[Exeunt some with Lord Say.] The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it. Men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Take him away! And do as I order.

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The greatest peer in the country will not
keep his head on his shoulders unless he bows down to me; there won't be a girl married who doesn't give me her
virginity before her wedding. Men shall have me as their leader; and I order and command that their wives should be as open
to me as a heart could wish or a tongue could tell.

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

My Lord, when shall we go up to Cheapside and
claim what is rightfully ours?

CADE.
Marry, presently.

Why, at once.

ALL.
O, brave!

Excellent!

[Re-enter one with the heads.]

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

Isn't this excellent? Let them kiss each other,
for they loved each other very much when they were alive. Now take them apart,
to stop them talking about surrendering some more French towns.
Soldiers, don't sack the city until nighttime; for
we shall ride through the streets carrying these instead of maces, and will have them kiss at every corner. Let's go!

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[Exeunt.]

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SCENE VIII. Southwark.

[Alarum and retreat. Enter CADE and all his rabblement.]

CADE.
Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill
and knock down! Throw them into Thames! [Sound a parley.]
What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat
or parley when I command them kill?

Go up Fish Street! Down to St Magnus' Corner! Kill
and destroy! Throw them into the Thames!
What is this noise I hear? Is anyone so bold as to
sound a retreat or ask for truce when I order them to kill?

[Enter BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD, attended.]

BUCKINGHAM.
Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled,
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

Yes, here are the ones who dare and will disturb you.
Cade, you should know that we come as ambassadors from the King
to speak to the common people whom you have misled,
and here we announce a free pardon for all who
will leave you and go home peacefully.

CLIFFORD.
What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent
And yield to mercy whilst 't is offer'd you,
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his Majesty!'
Who hateth him and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

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What do you say, countrymen? Will you surrender
and accept mercy while it is offered to you,
or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
If anyone loves the King and will accept his pardon,
throw up your hat, and say “God save his Majesty!"
Anyone who hates him and does not respect his father,
Henry the Fifth, who terrified all of France,
he can shake his weapon at us and move on.

ALL.
God save the king! God save the king!

God save the king! God save the king!

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

What, Buckingham and Clifford, are you so bold?
And you, low peasants, do you believe them? Do want to be hanged with your pardons around your necks? Is this why my sword broke through the gates of London, so that you could leave me at the
White Hart in Southwark? I thought you would never give up your arms until you had recovered your ancient freedoms;
but you are all traitors and bastards, and love to live as slaves to noblemen. Let them break your backs with burdens, steal the roofs from over your heads, rape your wives and daughters
in front of you. I shall keep on going; and so,
may God curse you all!

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

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

CLIFFORD.
Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were 't not a shame that whilst you live at jar
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying 'Villiaco!' unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth, is that
why you say you'll follow him?
Will he lead you through the heart of France,
and make the lowest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he has no home, no place to run to;
he doesn't know how to live except by sifting dung heaps,
unless it's by robbing your friends and us.
Isn't it shameful that while you fight each other
the fearsome French, whom you recently defeated,
could come over the sea and defeat you?
I think that I can already see, due to this civil disturbance,
them lording it around the streets of London,
crying “villain!" to everyone they meet.
It's better for ten thousand lowborn Cades to fail
than for you to bow down before the mercy of a Frenchman.
Go to France, to France, and reclaim what you have lost;

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spare England, for it is your native land.
Henry has money, and you are strong and manly;
with God on our side, we cannot lose.

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

Clifford! Clifford! We'll follow the king and
Clifford.

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

Did any feather ever blow so lightly to and fro as this
crowd? The name of Henry the Fifth encourages them to
a hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me alone. I see them
conferring as to how to ambush me. My sword must cut a path for
me, for
there's no staying here. In spite of the devil and hell, I'll drive
straight through the middle of you! May heaven and honour
witness
that I have no lack of bravery, it's only the low and shameful
treason of my followers that makes me run.

[Exit.]

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

[Exeunt some of them.]

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Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king.

What, has he fled? Some of you go, and follow him;
whoever brings his head to the King
shall have a thousand crowns as his reward.

Follow me, soldiers; we'll find a way
to reconcile you all with the king.

[Exeunt.]

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You are as fond of grief as of your child.

You like your grief as much as your child.

CONSTANCE.
Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[Tearing her
hair]
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my ail the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

Grief fills up the room of my absent child,
lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
imitates his looks, speaks like him,
reminds me of all his good qualities,
fills his empty clothes with his shape;
so I have good reason to like grief.
Farewell; if you had suffered my loss,
I would be able to comfort you better than you comfort me.
I won't keep my hair in order,
when my mind is so disordered.
Oh Lord! My boy, my Arthur, my lovely son!
My life, my joy, my food, my whole world!
The comfort of my widowhood, cure of all my sorrows!

Exit

KING PHILIP.
I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

I'm afraid she'll do herself some damage, and I will follow her.

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SCENE IX. Kenilworth Castle.

[Sound trumpets. Enter KING, QUEEN, and SOMERSET, on the terrace.]

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

Was there ever a king who had an earthly throne
who was as unhappy as I am?
I had no sooner crept out of my cradle
when I was made a king at nine months old.
There was no subject who ever longed to be a king
as much as I long to be a subject.

[Enter BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD.]

BUCKINGHAM.
Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

Health and good news for your Majesty!

KING.
Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Why, Buckingham, has the traitor Cade been overthrown?
Or has he just retreated to regroup?

[Enter, below, multitudes with halters about their necks.]

CLIFFORD.
He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

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He has fled, my lord, and all his forces surrender,
humbly like this, with ropes round their necks,
and they await your Highness' sentence of life or death.

KING.
Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!--
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives
And show'd how well you love your prince and country.
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind.
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

Then, heaven, open your eternal gates,
to welcome my vows of thanks and praise!
Soldiers, today you have saved your lives
by showing how much you love your prince and country.
Carry on doing this with such a good attitude,
and Henry, although he may be unlucky,
I can promise you, will never be unkind.
And so, I give you all my thanks and pardon,
and dismiss you to go back to your different regions.

ALL.
God save the king! God save the king!

God save the King! God save the King!

[Enter a Messenger.]

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

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Please be advised your Grace that
the Duke of York has recently come from Ireland,
with a strong and numerous force
of very hardy Irish soldiers
and is marching here in full battle order,
and he is announcing, as he comes,
that his forces are only here to take from you
the Duke of Somerset, whom he says is a traitor.

KING.
Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd,
Like to a ship that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate;
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd,
And now is York in arms to second him.--
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him wha t's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;--
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

This is how my country stands, caught between Cade and York,
like a ship that, having escaped a storm,
is immediately boarded by pirates in the calm;
but now Cade has been driven back, his men scattered,
and now York comes with his forces to back him up.
Please, Buckingham, go and meet him,
and ask him why he's brought these forces.
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
and, Somerset, I'll send you there,
until he has dismissed his army.

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

My Lord,
I'll willingly go to prison,
or die, for the good of my country.

KING.

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In any case, be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Whatever happens, do not talk to him too harshly,
for he is proud and will not tolerate being roughly spoken to.

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

I shall, my lord, and I don't doubt that I can arrange
everything for the best for you.

KING.
Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

Come, wife, let's go in, and learn to be better rulers;
England may still curse my wretched reign.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

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SCENE X. Kent. Iden's Garden.

[Enter CADE.]

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

Damn ambition! Damn myself, who has a sword
but is almost starving! I have hidden in the woods
for the last five days and have not dared look out, for the whole country
is looking for me; but now I am so hungry that I couldn't
stay here any longer if I was told I could live for a thousand years.
So,
I've climbed over a brick wall into this garden, to see if I can
eat some grass, or gather a little salad, which isn't bad for
settling a man's stomach in this hot weather. And I think this word
“sallet” is a good word for me; for many times, without a sallet,
my head would have been split open by a pike; and many times,
when I have been thirsty and on the march, it has served instead
of a quart pot to drink with; and now I must feed on the word
salad.

[Enter IDEN.]

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

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This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Lord, who would live in the hurly-burly of the court,
when he can enjoy a quiet garden like this?
The small inheritance my father left me
is plenty for me, and as good as a Kingdom.
I don't want to become great through the fall of others,
or to accumulate wealth, without caring about the means;
it's enough that I have sufficient for the upkeep of my place,
and to send poor people away contented from my gate.

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

Here's the owner of the place come to grab me as a
trespasser, for coming into his domain without permission.–
Ah, villain, you will betray me, and get a thousand crowns from
the King
by taking my head to him; but I will make you eat iron like
an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a huge pin, before you
and I part.

IDEN.
Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be, I know
thee not! why, then, should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Why, my rude friend, whoever you are, I don't
know you! So why should I betray you?

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Isn't it bad enough to break into my garden,
come to rob my produce like a thief,
climbing my walls in spite of me, the owner,
do you also have to insult me with these cheeky names?

CADE.
Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was
broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat
no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men,
and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray
God I may never eat grass more.

Insult you? I'll insult you in the name of the best blood
that was ever spilt, and defy you as well. Look closely at me:
I haven't had any meat for five days; but, if you and five
of your men attack me and I do not leave you all dead as door
nails,
I pray to God that I will never eat grass again.

IDEN.
Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

No, it will never be said, while England exists,
that Alexander Iden, a squire of Kent,
needed help to fight a poor hungry man.
Look straight into my eyes with yours,
see if you can beat me down with your looks.
Compared limb to limb you are far smaller;
your hand is just a finger compared to my fist,
your leg is like a stick compared to my truncheon;

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and if I lifted my arm against you
you would be as good as dead.
As for words, which can be answered with words,
I'll let my sword say what words cannot.

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

I swear, you're the greatest champion
I've ever heard! Steel, if you turn aside, or don't cut
this big boned clown into joints of beef before you
go back in your scabbard, I beg God on my knees that
you be turned into hob nails.
[Here they fight. Cade falls.]
Oh, I'm dead! It's only hunger that killed me:
if I could just have back the ten meals that I've missed
I could defeat ten thousand devils.
Wither, garden; from now on be a cemetery
for everyone who lives in this house, because the unbeaten
soul of Cade has gone.

IDEN.
Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?--
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead;
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Is it Cade that I've killed, that horrible traitor?
Sword, I will worship you for this deed,
and hang you over my tomb when I am dead;
I shall never wipe this blood off your point,

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you shall wear it like a herald's uniform,
as a sign of the honour your master won.

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

Iden, farewell; be proud of your victory. Tell Kent from
me that she has lost her best man, and tell all the world they should be
cowards; for I, who was never scared of any man, have been defeated by hunger,
not by bravery.

[Dies.]

IDEN.
How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head,
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

Let heaven judge how much you are wronging me.
Die, dammed wretch, the shame of your mother;
and as I thrust through your body with my sword,
I wish I could thrust your soul into hell.
From here I shall drag you by the heels
to a dunghill, which will be your grave,
and there I will cut off your revolting head;
I shall take it away in triumph to the king,
and leave your body for the crows to eat.

[Exit.]

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ACT V

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Exit

LEWIS.
There's nothing in this world can make me joy.
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

There's nothing in this world which can make me happy.
Life is as dull as a story you've heard already
irritating the unhearing ear of a sleepy man;
bitter shame has spoilt the sweet taste of the world,
so that I can taste only shame and bitterness.

PANDULPH.
Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave
On their departure most of all show evil;
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Before a strong disease can be cured,
even at the moment that health is returning,
it is at its worst; evils that can be seen
as they leave are the most evil;
what have you lost by your defeat today?

LEWIS.
All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Any chance of glory, joy and happiness.

PANDULPH.
If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

If you had one, you certainly would have.

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SCENE I. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

[Enter YORK, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.]

YORK.
From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head.
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah! sancta majestas! who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that knows not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words
Except a sword or sceptre balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.--

[Enter BUCKINGHAM.]

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

So York has come from Ireland to claim his rights,
and take the crown off the head of feeble Henry.
Let the bells ring out; let the bonfires burn clear and bright
to welcome the true king of great England.
Ah! The holiness of majesty! Who wouldn't pay a high price for you?
Let those who don't know how to rule be subjects;
this hand was just made to handle gold.
I can't make good on my promises
unless I have a sword or a sceptre in my hand.
If I have a soul then I shall have a sceptre,
which I'll use to regain our French kingdoms–

whom have we here? Buckingham, come to upset me?
The King has sent him, that's certain: I must fake.

BUCKINGHAM.
York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

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York, if you have good intentions, I give you warm greetings.

YORK.
Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept your greeting.
Do you have a message, or is this a social visit?

BUCKINGHAM.
A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

I bring a message from Henry, our awesome king,
to ask why you have raised an army in peacetime;
or why you, being a subject like me,
have raised such a great force without his permission,
which goes against your true oath of allegiance,
and why you dare to bring your forces so close to the court.

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

I can hardly speak, this makes me so angry:

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oh, I could pull up rocks and fight with flints,
these insulting expressions make me so cross;
I could take out my anger on sheep or oxen
like Ajax Telamonius.
I am far more nobly born than the king is,
I am more likely a king, I think more like a king;
but I must go along with things as they are for awhile,
until Henry is weaker and I am stronger.
Buckingham, please excuse me for not giving you
an answer all this time;
my mind was greatly disturbed.
The reason I bought this army here
is to take arrogant Somerset away from the King,
as he is a traitor to the king and to the country.

BUCKINGHAM.
That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand.
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

You should not take this business on yourself;
but if that's all that your forces are for,
the King has agreed to your demand.
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

YORK.
Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

You swear, he is a prisoner?

BUCKINGHAM.
Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

I swear he is, on my honour.

YORK.
Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.--
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay and everything you wish.--
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,

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Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Then, Buckingham, I shall send away my forces.
Soldiers, I thank you all; split up;
meet me tomorrow in St George's field,
you shall be paid and be given everything you want.
And let my king, good Henry,
have command of my eldest son, no, all my sons,
I'll willingly send them to him
as a sign of my loyalty and love;
anything I have, land, goods, horses, armour,
is at his disposal, if Somerset dies.

BUCKINGHAM.
York, I commend this kind submission;
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

York, I'm glad to see this proper submission;
let's both go to his Highness' tent.

[Enter KING and Attendants.]

KING.
Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

Buckingham, York is walking arm in arm with you;
does this mean that he means us no harm?

YORK.
In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.

Youk presents himself to your Highness
with all submission and humbleness.

KING.

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Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?

Then why have you bought these forces with you?

YORK.
To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

To throw down the traitor Somerset,
and to fight the terrible rebel Cade,
whom I have heard since has been suppressed.

[Enter IDEN, with CADE's head.]

IDEN.
If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

If such a rough and lowborn man
can come into the presence of the King,
I want to present your grace with a traitor's head,
the head of Cade, whom I killed in combat.

KING.
The head of Cade!--Great God, how just art Thou!--
O, let me view his visage, being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

The head of Cade! Great God, how just you are!
O, let me see the face of the dead one who, while
he was alive, caused me so much trouble.
Tell me, my friend, are you the man who killed him?

IDEN.
I was, an 't like your majesty.

I was, if your Majesty pleases.

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KING.
How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

What's your name? And what's your position?

IDEN.
Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

My name is Alexander Iden;
I am a poor squire of Kent, who loves his king.

BUCKINGHAM.
So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

If you please, my lord, it would be a good thing
for him to be made a knight for this good service.

KING.
Iden, kneel down. [He kneels.] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou thenceforth attend on us.

Iden, kneel down. Rise up as a knight.
You shall have a thousand marks as your reward,
and I order for you to become part of the court.

IDEN.
May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

May Iden live long enough to deserve such generosity,
and throughout his life never be anything but faithful to his King!

[Rises.]

[Enter QUEEN and SOMERSET.]

KING.
See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the queen.
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

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See Buckingham, Somerset is coming with the Queen.
Go, tell her to hide him quickly from the Duke.

QUEEN.
For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.

He will not hide his head if there were a thousand Yorks,
but boldly stand and face him like a man.

YORK.
How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

What's this! Is Somerset free?
Then, York, speak what's been long in your mind,
and let your tongue match your heart.
Do I have to tolerate the sight of Somerset?
False king! Why have you broken your promise to me,
knowing how badly I take insults?
Did I call you king? No, you are not a king,
you are not fit to govern and rule people,
seeing as you cannot even rule over a traitor.
Your head does not deserve a crown;

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your hand was made to hold a pilgrim's stick,
not to wield the sceptre of authority.
That golden crown should be on my head,
someone whose smile and frown is like Achilles' spear,
able to kill or cure as it wishes.
Here is a hand that can bear the weight of the sceptre,
and use it to pass strong laws.
Give way to me; by heaven, you shall no longer rule over
someone whom heaven made to rule you.

SOMERSET.
O monstrous traitor!--I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

You monstrous traitor! I arrest you, York,
for capital treason against the king and the crown.
Obey me, horrible traitor; kneel and ask for pardon.

YORK.
Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.--
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.--

[Exit Attendant.]

I know, ere thy will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

You want me to kneel? First let me ask my
people if they think I should bow my knee to any man.
Sir, call in my sons as my bail–

I know that they will hand over their swords to keep me
free rather than have me go to prison.

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

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Call Clifford here; tell him to come at once,
to say whether the bastard boys of York
shall stand bail for their traitor father.

[Exit Buckingham.]

YORK.
O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys!

You bloodstained Neapolitan,
thrown out of Naples, a great harm to England!
The sons of York, who are more noble than you,
will stand bail for their father; and a curse on those
who refuse to take the boys as my guarantee!

[Enter EDWARD and RICHARD.]

See where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Here they come; I guarantee they'll do as I said.

[Enter old CLIFFORD and his SON.]

QUEEN.
And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

And here comes Clifford to refuse their bail.

CLIFFORD.
Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

All health and happiness to my lord the king!

[Kneels.]

YORK.
I thank thee, Clifford; say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look.

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We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

I thank you, Clifford; what news do you have?
No, do not cast angry looks at me.
I am your king, Clifford, kneel back down;
I forgive you for this error.

CLIFFORD.
This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistakes me much to think I do.--
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

This is my king, York, I have not made a mistake;
you have made a great mistake to think that I have.
Take him to an asylum! Has the man gone mad?

KING.
Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Yes, Clifford; madness and an ambitious temperament
have made him set himself up against his king.

CLIFFORD.
He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

He is a traitor; take him to the Tower,
and chop off that rebellious head of his.

QUEEN.
He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

He has been arrested, but he won't obey;
he says that his sons will stand bail for him.

YORK.
Will you not, sons?

Won't you, sons?

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No, no; when Fortune intends to favour men most,
she looks at them frighteningly.
It's strange to think how much King John has lost
in this action which he thinks he has obviously won.
Aren't you upset that Arthur is his prisoner?

LEWIS.
As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

As much as he is glad to have captured him.

PANDULPH.
Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne. And therefore mark:
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be boisterously maintain'd as gain'd,
And he that stands upon a slipp'ry place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up;
That John may stand then, Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Your mind is as immature as your body.
Now listen to me prophesy;
just the breath of what I say
will blow each bit of dust, each straw, each little obstacle,
out of the path which leads directly for you
on to the throne of England. And so note this:
John has captured Arthur; while that child
has any warm blood in his veins it cannot be
that thieving John can ever enjoy an hour,
a minute, no, not one quiet breath of rest.
When a sceptre has been snatched by violence
it must be kept with the same energy with which it was gained,
and someone who is standing in a slippery place

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EDWARD.
Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Yes, noble father, if they will take our word.

RICHARD.
And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

And if they won't take our words, then we shall use our weapons.

CLIFFORD.
Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

Why, what a family of traitors we have here!

YORK.
Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.--
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs.
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Look in a mirror, and call yourself a traitor;
I am your king, and you area false-hearted traitor.
Bring my two brave bears forward to the stake,
who will petrify these low down dogs
just by shaking their chains.
Tel Salisbury and Warwick to come to me.

[Enter the EARLS OF WARWICK and SALISBURY.]

CLIFFORD.
Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-herd in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Are these your bears? We shall tease your bears to death,
and tie their leader up in their own chains,
if you dare to bring them here.

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RICHARD.
Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite because he was withheld,
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried;
And such a piece of service will you do
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

I have often seen a proud and vicious dog
run back and bite someone for holding him back,
who, once he had faced the terrible paw of the bear,
clapped his tail between his legs and whined;
this is how you will behave
if you try and take on Lord Warwick.

CLIFFORD.
Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

Get out of here, malicious scum, revolting malformed lump,
with manners as twisted as your body!

YORK.
Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Well, we shall give you a good beating soon.

CLIFFORD.
Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

Be careful, in case you burn yourselves with your own passion.

KING.
Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?--
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brainsick son!
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

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And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Why, Warwick, have you forgotten how to bow?
Old Salisbury, shame on your silver head,
madly leading your mad son astray!
What, are you going to be a scoundrel on your deathbed,
and go looking for sorrow?
Oh, where is faith? Oh, where is loyalty?
If it has disappeared from the heads of old men,
where shall it be found anywhere on Earth?
Are you going to start a war on the edge of the grave,
and shame your venerability with blood?
Why are you lacking the wisdom of age?
Or if you have it, why are you misusing it?
For shame! Bend your knee out of respect for me,
as it is bending down towards the grave.

SALISBURY.
My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke,
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

My Lord, I have thought to myself
about the claims of this good Duke,
and in all conscience I believe that he
is the rightful heir to the throne of England.

KING.
Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Haven't you sworn allegiance to me?

SALISBURY.
I have.

I have.

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KING.
Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Can you get heaven to forgive you for breaking such an oath?

SALISBURY.
It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murtherous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

It is a great sin to swear to commit a sin,
but it is a greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who should have to keep any oath which makes
him commit murder, robbery,
rape a virgin,
steal the inheritance of an orphan,
take away the rights of a widow,
when he has no other excuse for his crimes
than that he was bound by a solemn oath?

QUEEN.
A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

A cunning traitor needs nobody to argue for him.

KING.
Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

Call Buckingham, and tell him to arm himself.

YORK.
Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

Call Buckingham, and all the friends you have,
I shall have either death or the crown.

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CLIFFORD.
The first I warrant thee if dreams prove true.

If dreams come true I promise you the first.

WARWICK.
You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

You'd better go to bed and dream again,
to stay away from the stormy battlefield.

CLIFFORD.
I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

I am strong enough to survive a greater storm
than any that you can create today;
and I shall prove that in beating on your head,
if I can identify you by your family crest.

WARWICK.
Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Now, my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
a rampant bear chained to a ragged pole,
I shall wear today on my helmet,
just like a cedar tree on a mountaintop
which keeps its leaves no matter what the storm,
so I can terrify you when you see it.

CLIFFORD.
And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear
And tread it under foot with all contempt,

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Despite the bear-herd that protects the bear.

And from your helmet I'll tear off your bear,
and contemptuously stamp on it,
despite the bear keeper which protects it.

YOUNG CLIFFORD.
And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

And so let's arm ourselves, victorious father,
to suppress the rebels and their accomplices.

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

Really! Show some manners! Don't speak spitefully,
for you shall be eating with Jesus Christ tonight.

YOUNG CLIFFORD.
Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst
tell.

You revolting cripple, that's more than you can say.

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

If it's not in heaven, you'll definitely be eating in hell.

[Exeunt severally.]

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SCENE II. Saint Alban's.

[Alarums to the battle. Enter WARWICK.]

WARWICK.
Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.--

[Enter YORK.]

How now, my noble lord! what, all afoot?

Clifford of Cumberland, this is Warwick calling you;
and if you are not hiding from the bear,
now, when the angry trumpet sounds the charge,
and the cries of dead men fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come out and find me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick's voice is worn out with challenging you–

What's this, my noble Lord! Why are you on foot?

YORK.
The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encount'red him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

The deadly Clifford killed my horse,
but I have matched him blow for blow,
and the handsome animal he loved so much
is now prey for the carrion birds.

[Enter old CLIFFORD.]

WARWICK.

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Of one or both of us the time is come.

One or both of us is going to die.

YORK.
Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

Wait, Warwick, go and hunt something else,
I must finish this one myself.

WARWICK.
Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou fight'st.--
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

Then do it nobly, York; you're fighting for a Crown.
Clifford, I swear as I intend to do well today,
I'm deeply sorry not to attack you.

[Exit.]

CLIFFORD.
What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

What can you see in me, York? Why are you waiting?

YORK.
With thy brave bearing should I be in love
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

You are so noble I would be very fond of you
if you were not so determined to be my enemy.

CLIFFORD.
Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem
But that 't is shown ignobly and in treason.

And your great abilities would be praised and valued by me,
if they weren't being used for ignoble and treasonous purposes.

YORK.

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So let it help me now against thy sword
As I in justice and true right express it!

May my powers now help me against your sword,
as I am using them for justice and to claim my true rights!

CLIFFORD.
My soul and body on the action both!

I commit both my soul and my body to this action!

YORK.
A dreadful lay!--Address thee instantly.

A dreadful bet! Come on guard at once!

[They fight, and Clifford falls.]

CLIFFORD.
La fin couronne les oeuvres.

This is the end of everything.

[Dies.]

YORK.
Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!

So war has brought you peace, for you are lying still.
Heaven, give his soul peace, if that is your will!

[Exit.]

[Enter young CLIFFORD.]

YOUNG CLIFFORD.
Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard.--O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

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Hot coals of vengeance!--Let no soldier fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially but by circumstance
The name of valour.--[Seeing his dead father.]
O, let the vile world end,
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease!--Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?--Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 't is mine
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes; tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity;
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.--
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
As did Aeneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Aeneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Shame and confusion! Everyone is scattered:
fear has driven out discipline, and that now causes harm
where it should have been our defence. War, you son of hell,
who the angry heavens use as their agent,
throw into the frozen hearts of our side
hot coals of revenge! Don't let any soldier retreat.
Someone who truly dedicates himself to war
has no love for himself; someone who loves himself
is not really brave, only becomes so through
circumstances. O, let the horrible world end,

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does not reject any evil which will keep him upright.
So that John can stand, Arthur has to fall;
this will happen, it's the only thing that can happen.

LEWIS.
But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

But what will I gain by young Arthur's fall?

PANDULPH.
You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

You can claim everything that Arthur did
through your rights as husband of Lady Blanche.

LEWIS.
And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

And lose it, along with my life, as Arthur did.

PANDULPH.
How green you are and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act, so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

How innocent you are to the ways of this old world!
John plots against you; the times are on your side;
for someone who sheds noble blood for his own safety
will find that safety is bloody and unsafe.

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and the predestined flames of the last day
join heaven and earth together;
let the trumpet blow for everyone,
individual affairs and petty noises
must cease! Were you predestined, dear father,
to spend your youth in peace, and to reach
the silver haired heights of wise old age,
and in what should have been your respected retirement,
to die in a rough battle? This sight
turns my heart to stone: and while I am still alive,
it shall be stony. York does not spare our old men;
I shall not spare their babies: the tears of virgins
will be like dew on a fire to me;
and beauty, which often manages to calm the tyrant,
will be like oil thrown on the flame of my anger.
From now on I shall show no pity:
if I meet a child of the house of York
I shall cut into as many pieces as
wild Medea did with young Absyrtus:
I shall make myself famous for my cruelty.
Come, newest ruins of the old house of Clifford,
I shall carry you upon my manly shoulders
as Aeneas carried old Anchises;
but then Aeneas was carrying a living man,
which was nothing like as heavy as these sorrows of mine.

[Exit, bearing off his father. Enter RICHARD and SOMERSET to fight. SOMERSET
is killed.]

RICHARD.
So, lie thou there;
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still;
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

So, you lie there;
under the vulgar sign of the Inn of
the Castle in St Albans, Somerset
has fulfilled the wizard's prophecy.

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Sword, keep strong; heart, keep your anger;
priests pray for their enemies, but princes kill them.

[Exit.]

[Fight: excursions. Enter KING, QUEEN, and others.]

QUEEN.
Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!

Retreat, my lord! You are slow; for shame, retreat!

KING HENRY.
Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Can we run faster than the will of God? Good Margaret, stay.

QUEEN.
What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly;
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape,
As well we may, if not through your neglect,
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopp'd.

Was sort of man are you? You won't fight or fly;
the only manly, wise and safe course
is to give way to the enemy, and to make ourselves safe
by any means we can, which can only be by running.

If you are captured, then that will be the end
of all our hopes; but if we fortunately escaped,
as we may well do, if you stop wasting time,
we shall get to London, where you are loved,
and where we can repair this damage

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to our fortunes.

[Enter young CLIFFORD.]

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

If it wasn't for the fact that my heart sees future trouble,
I would rather blaspheme than tell you to flee.
But flee you must; irretrievable defeat
has found its way into the heart of all our forces.
Fly, for your protection! And we will live
to see them have their day and take our fortune.
Fly, my lord, fly!

[Exeunt.]

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SCENE III. Fields near Saint Alban's.

[Alarum. Retreat. Enter YORK, RICHARD, WARWICK, and Soldiers,
with drum and colours.]

YORK.
Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Who can tell me about Salisbury,
that lion in winter, who in his anger has forgotten
all the damage that time has done
and, like a lively lad in the first flush of youth,
rises to the occasion? This will not be the
happy day that it should be, and we won't have gained
any advantage, if Salisbury is lost.

RICHARD.
My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act;
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

My noble father,
three times today I helped him onto his horse,
three times he mounted; three times I led him away,
telling him not to do anything more;
but still, every time there was danger, he was there;
his strength of will in his old feeble body
was like rich tapestries in a low house.
But, look, here he comes, noble as he is.

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[Enter SALISBURY.]

SALISBURY.
Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.--I thank you, Richard;
God knows how long it is I have to live,
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.--
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

Now, I swear by my sword, you have fought well today;
by God, we all did. I thank you, Richard;
God knows how long I have left to live,
and he has been kind enough to allow you to
save me from imminent death three times today.
Well, lords, we have not got everything we want;
it's not enough for our enemies just to have fled for the moment,
as they will regather themselves soon.

YORK.
I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.--
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

I know the best thing to do is to follow them;
for, so I hear, the King has fled to London,
to summon the Parliament.
Let us chase him before the orders go out.
What does Lord Warwick say? Shall we chase them?

WARWICK.
After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day;
Saint Alban's battle won by famous York
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.--
Sound drums and trumpets!--and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall!

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Chase them! No, get there before them, if we can.
Now, I swear, lords, this was a glorious day;
the battle of St Albans won by famous York
shall be celebrated in all the ages to come.
Sound the drums and trumpets! Let's all head to London;
and may we have many more such days as this!

[Exeunt.]

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Henry V

William Shakespeare

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Characters

Chorus

King Henry V-Recent crowned king of England.

The Dukes of Exeter, Westmorland, Salisbury, and Warwick-Advisors of King Henry and military leaders.

The Dukes of Clarence, Bedford and Gloucester-Brothers of King Henry

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely-English Clergymen

Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey-Conspirators against King Henry.

York and Suffolk-Noble cousins.

The King of France-Charles VI.

Isabel-Queen of France.

The Dauphin-Son of the king of France.

Catherine-Daughter of the king of France.

French noblemen and military leaders-Constable of France, the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Britain, the Duke of Bourbon, the Earl of Grandpre, Lord Rambures, the Duke of Burgandy, and the Governor of Harfleur.

Sir Thomas Erpingham-War veteran serving King Henry.

Captain Gower-Army Captain.

Captain Fluellen, Captain Macmorris, and Captain Jamy-Captains of King Henry's troops.

Ancient Pistol-London Commoner serving King Henry.

Bardolph-Friend of Pistol.

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When he does this evil act it will cool the hearts
of all his people and take away their passion,
so that when any small opportunity arises
to stop his rule they will welcome it;
there will be no natural cloud in the sky,
no natural event, no stormy day,
no ordinary wind, no normal happening,
without them ignoring the natural cause
and calling them meteors, unnatural signs,
abortions, predictions, voices from heaven,
plainly proclaiming that John must be punished.

LEWIS.
May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Maybe he will not kill young Arthur,
but keep himself safe by imprisoning him.

PANDULPH.
O, Sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd! The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England ransacking the Church,
Offending charity; if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the King. 'Tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence.
For England go; I will whet on the King.

Oh sir, when he hears that you are coming,

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Nim-London commoner serving King Henry.

Boy

Michael Williams, John Bates, and Alexander Court-Common soldiers.

Hostess-Keeper of the Boar's Head Tavern.

Alice-Maid of Princess Catherine.

Montjoy-French herald.

Monsieur le Fer-French soldier.

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Act I

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Prologue

Chorus
O for a Muse of fire, that would ascendThe brightest heaven of invention,A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fireCrouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,The flat unraised spirits that hath dar'dOn this unworthy scaffold to bring forthSo great an object. Can this cockpit holdThe vasty fields of France? Or may we cramWithin this wooden O the very casquesThat did affright the air at Agincourt?O, pardon! since a crooked figure mayAttest in little place a million;And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,On your imaginary forces work.Suppose within the girdle of these wallsAre now confin'd two mighty monarchies,Whose high upreared and abutting frontsThe perilous narrow ocean parts asunder;Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:Into a thousand parts divide one man,And make imaginary puissance;Think, when we talk of horses, that you see themPrinting their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth.For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,Turning the accomplishment of many yearsInto an hour-glass: for the which supply,Admit me Chorus to this history;Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

With the help of the Muse of fire, we present a kingdom on a stage where princes will act and kings will hold war. We bring to you the vast fields of France on this small stage to represent the frightening scene of Agincourt. Try to imagine two might monarchies separated by an ocean. Overlook the imperfections and imagine the horses when we talk of them with their proud hooves pounding the earth. Focus on the epic story we have summarized for the sake of time. Listen and judge our play.

Exit.

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Scene I: London. An ante-chamber in the King’s palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.

Canterbury
My lord, I'll tell you: that self bill is urg'd,Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reignWas like, and had indeed against us pass'd,But that the scambling and unquiet timeDid push it out of farther question.

I’m afraid that the same bill reviewed in the king’s eleventh year of reign is back up. It almost passed, but the time wasn’t right.

Ely
But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

How are we going to get it vetoed this time?

Canterbury
It must be thought on. If it pass against us,We lose the better half of our possession;For all the temporal lands, which men devoutBy testament have given to the Church,Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus:As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;And, to relief of lazars and weak age,Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,A hundred almshouses right well suppli'd;And to the coffers of the King beside,A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.

We have to think about it. If it passes, we will lose half of what we own. We would lose enough land given to us by devout men to maintain fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights, and six thousand two hundred squires, not to mention the upkeep of lepers, old men unable to work, a hundred almshouses, and a thousand pounds to put in the king’s bank.

Ely
This would drink deep.

That would really drain us.

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Canterbury
'Twould drink the cup and all.

Completely.

Ely
But what prevention?

So, how do we prevent it from passing?

Canterbury
The King is full of grace and fair regard.

The king is fair and full of grace.

Ely
And a true lover of the holy Church.

And he does love the church.

Canterbury
The courses of his youth promis'd it not.The breath no sooner left his father's body,But that his wildness, mortifi'd in him,Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very momentConsideration like an angel cameAnd whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,Leaving his body as a paradiseTo envelope and contain celestial spirits.Never was such a sudden scholar made;Never came reformation in a floodWith such a heady currance, scouring faults;Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulnessSo soon did lose his seat, and all at once,As in this king.

As soon as his father died, it was like the wildness left his body and was inhabited by an angel. He turned into a scholar and great reformer.

Ely
We are blessed in the change.

We have been blessed.

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Canterbury
Hear him but reason in divinity,And, all-admiring, with an inward wishYou would desire the King were made a prelate;Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,You would say it hath been all in all his study;List his discourse of war, and you shall hearA fearful battle rend'red you in music;Turn him to any cause of policy,The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;So that the art and practic' part of lifeMust be the mistress to this theoric:Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,Since his addiction was to courses vain,His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,And never noted in him any study,Any retirement, any sequestrationFrom open haunts and popularity.

If you heard him talk about things pertaining to the church, you would wish he were made a priest. If you heard him debate affairs of the state, you would think he had studied it all his life. If you heard him discuss war, you would hear a lyrical tale of battle. Ask him about any policy, and when he speaks, freedom rings in the air with his sweet sentences. And, who knows where he learned all of it, since he was addicted to worldly habits of riots, parties, and sports. He never studied or practiced quiet contemplation.

Ely
The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,And wholesome berries thrive and ripen bestNeighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplationUnder the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

The best fruit grows underneath weeds, and the most wholesome berries thrive when surrounded by weaker fruit. So, the prince got his ability to think while he was busy with wild activities. No one knew he was mastering these qualities.

Canterbury
It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd,And therefore we must needs admit the meansHow things are perfected.

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It must be true since there aren’t any miracles. Therefore, that would explain things.

Ely
But, my good lord,How now for mitigation of this billUrg'd by the commons? Doth his MajestyIncline to it, or no?

But, my good lord, about the bill. How does the king feel about it?

Canterbury
He seems indifferent,Or rather swaying more upon our partThan cherishing the exhibiters against us;For I have made an offer to his Majesty,Upon our spiritual convocationAnd in regard of causes now in hand,Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,As touching France, to give a greater sumThan ever at one time the clergy yetDid to his predecessors part withal.

He seems indifferent, or he may be swaying towards our opinion. I have made an offer to him concerning France, on our behalf, to give him a large sum, greater than any before.

Ely
How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

How did he respond to your offer?

Canterbury
With good acceptance of his Majesty;Save that there was not time enough to hear,As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,The severals and unhidden passagesOf his true titles to some certain dukedoms,And generally to the crown and seat of FranceDeriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

There wasn’t a whole lot of time, but he seemed to accept it well, although he would have liked to hear more about how he is entitled to certain dukedoms in France, and even the throne based on his great-grandfather, Edward.

Ely
What was the impediment that broke this off?

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What interrupted the conversation?

Canterbury
The French ambassador upon that instantCrav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is comeTo give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

The French ambassador requested to be seen. I think it’s time to hear him. Is it four o’clock?

Ely
It is.

Yes, it is.

Canterbury
Then go we in, to know his embassy;Which I could with a ready guess declare,Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Then we should go see what he wants. I bet I already know.

Ely
I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

I can’t wait to hear it.

Exit.

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Scene II: The same. The Presence chamber.

Enter King Henry V, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and Attendants.

King
Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter
Not here in presence.

He is not here.

King
Send for him, good uncle.

Please send for him, uncle.

Westmoreland
Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

Do you want us to call in the ambassador, my liege?

King
Not yet, my cousin. We would be resolv'd,Before we hear him, of some things of weightThat task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Not yet, cousin. We need to be in agreement on some tasks concerning France before we hear him.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.

Canterbury
God and his angels guard your sacred throneAnd make you long become it!

May God and the angels guard your sacred throne.

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if young Arthur has not already being killed,
he will be killed at the news; and then the hearts
of all his people will revolt against him,
and welcome unknown change,
and find good cause for revolution and anger
in John's bloody hands.
I can picture all this chaos;
and how can things go better for you
than what I have described! The bastard Faulconbridge
is stealing money from the church in England,
losing goodwill; if there were just a dozen Frenchmen
there in arms, that would be a summons that
would bring ten thousand Englishmen to their side;
it would be like a little snow which stirred up
soon becomes an avalanche. O noble Dauphin,
come with me to the king. It's amazing
what can be created from unhappiness,
now that their souls are brimful of wrongdoing.
Go to England; I will encourage the King.

LEWIS.
Strong reasons makes strange actions. Let us go;
If you say ay, the King will not say no.

We must do strange things when we have good reasons to. Let's go;
if you say yes, the King will not say no.

Exeunt

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King
Sure, we thank you.My learned lord, we pray you to proceedAnd justly and religiously unfoldWhy the law Salique that they have in FranceOr should, or should not, bar us in our claim;And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,Or nicely charge your understanding soulWith opening titles miscreate, whose rightSuits not in native colours with the truth;For God doth know how many now in healthShall drop their blood in approbationOf what your reverence shall incite us to.Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,How you awake our sleeping sword of war.We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;For never two such kingdoms did contendWithout much fall of blood, whose guiltless dropsAre every one a woe, a sore complaint'Gainst him whose wrongs gives edge unto the swordsThat makes such waste in brief mortality.Under this conjuration speak, my lord;For we will hear, note, and believe in heartThat what you speak is in your conscience wash'dAs pure as sin with baptism.

Thank you. We ask you to explain the claims we have in France. Tell us truthfully, because only God knows how many will die based on your information. So, be careful how you interpret the law or else create a war. We trust that what you say is true, so speak.

Canterbury
Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,That owe yourselves, your lives, and servicesTo this imperial throne. There is no barTo make against your Highness' claim to FranceBut this, which they produce from Pharamond:"In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,""No woman shall succeed in Salique land;"Which Salique land the French unjustly glozeTo be the realm of France, and PharamondThe founder of this law and female bar.Yet their own authors faithfully affirmThat the land Salique is in Germany,Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,There left behind and settled certain French;Who, holding in disdain the German womenFor some dishonest manners of their life,Establish'd then this law, to wit, no femaleShould be inheritrix in Salique land;Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.Then doth it well appear the Salique lawWas not devised for the realm of France;Nor did the French possess the Salique

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landUntil four hundred one and twenty yearsAfter defunction of King Pharamond,Idly suppos'd the founder of this law,Who died within the year of our redemptionFour hundred twenty-six; and Charles the GreatSubdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the FrenchBeyond the river Sala, in the yearEight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,

Did, as heir general, being descendedOf Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,Make claim and title to the crown of France.Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crownOf Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir maleOf the true line and stock of Charles the Great,To find his title with some shows of truth,Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,Convey'd himself as the heir to the Lady Lingare,Daughter to Charlemain, who was the sonTo Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the sonOf Charles the Great. Also, King Lewis the Tenth,Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,Could not keep quiet in his conscience,Wearing the crown of France, till satisfiedThat fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,Daughter to Charles, the foresaid Duke of Lorraine;By the which marriage the line of Charles the GreatWas re-united to the crown of France.So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,King Lewis his satisfaction, all appearTo hold in right and title of the female.So do the kings of France unto this day,Howbeit they would hold up this Salique lawTo bar your Highness claiming from the female,And rather choose to hide them in a netThan amply to imbar their crooked titlesUsurp'd from you and your progenitors.

Listen, my lord and peers who serve the king. There is nothing to keep us from making a claim in France, except what the law from Pharamond states. It says that no woman shall rule in Salique. The French think Salique is part of France, but it is actually part of Germany. Charles the Great left French settlements after conquering the Saxons, and the French settlers hated the behavior of the German women, so they passed the law. The area is now called Meisen, and the law was not meant for France. France didn’t even own the land until after the death of Pharamond in the year 426, so it was not his law. Charles established the settlement in the year 805. According to history, King Pepin, who took the crown from Childeric, based his right on his descendants from, Blithild, the daughter of King Clothair. Another example is Hugh

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Capet, who stole the crown form Charles the duke of Lorraine, based on his ancestor Lady Lingare, daughter of Charlemagne, the son of Lewis the Emperor, the son of Charles the Great. King Lewis the Tenth, the sole heir to Capet, did not rest until he confirmed his grandmother, Queen Isabel, was a direct descendent of Lady Ermengare, the daughter of Charles duke of Lorraine, reuniting through marriage the line of Charles the Great to the throne. So, it is clear the heir to the throne is directly related to females.

King
May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Can I, in good conscience, make this claim?

Canterbury
The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!For in the book of Numbers is it writ,When the man dies, let the inheritanceDescend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,Stand for your own! Unwind your bloody flag!Look back into your mighty ancestors!Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,Making defeat on the full power of France,Whiles his most mighty father on a hillStood smiling to behold his lion's whelpForage in blood of French nobility.O noble English, that could entertainWith half their forces the full pride of FranceAnd let another half stand laughing by,All out of work and cold for action!

If you can’t, let the sin be with me, for it says in the Bible in the book of Numbers, when a man dies, let the inheritance descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord, make your claim and fly your war flag. Look to your ancestors, your great-grandfather’s warring spirit and your great uncle, Edward the Black Prince, who fought a battle on French soil with his father watching on a hill. The noble English can take on the French with only half of their army, while the other half stands by laughing.

Ely
Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,And with your puissant arm renew their feats.You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;The blood and courage that renowned themRuns in your

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veins; and my thrice-puissant liegeIs in the very May-morn of his youth,Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Remember the brave dead for their feats. You share their blood and you sit upon the throne. You are young and ready to fight for what is yours.

Exeter
Your brother kings and monarchs of the earthDo all expect that you should rouse yourself,As did the former lions of your blood.

All the kings of the earth expect you to follow in the footsteps of your ancestors.

Westmoreland
They know your Grace hath cause and means and might;So hath your Highness. Never King of EnglandHad nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,Whose hearts have left their bodies here in EnglandAnd lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

They know you have cause, the means, and the power. You have financial support and loyal men who are already in France.

Canterbury
O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,With blood and sword and fire to win your right;In aid whereof we of the spiritualtyWill raise your Highness such a mighty sumAs never did the clergy at one timeBring in to any of your ancestors.

Let the men fight, my liege. We, spiritual men, will provide a greater sum than ever seen by another monarchy.

King
We must not only arm to invade the French,But lay down our proportions to defendAgainst the Scot, who will make road upon usWith all advantages.

We must not only invade France, but also prepare a defense against Scotland, who will definitely attack us.

Canterbury
They of those marches, gracious sovereign,Shall be a wall

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sufficient to defendOur inland from the pilfering borderers.

We will build a wall of defense, oh gracious sovereign, against any who march against us.

King
We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,But fear the main intendment of the Scot,Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;For you shall read that my great-grandfatherNever went with his forces into FranceBut that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdomCame pouring, like the tide into a breach,With ample and brim fullness of his force,Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,Girdling with grievous siege castles and towns;That England, being empty of defence,Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

We don’t worry about a few soldiers, but the entire kingdom of Scotland. My great-grandfather never went to war with France that the Scots tried to invade the country while it was defenseless, leaving England shaking with fear.

Canterbury
She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;For hear her but exampl'd by herself:When all her chivalry hath been in France,And she a mourning widow of her nobles,She hath herself not only well defendedBut taken and impounded as a strayThe King of Scots; whom she did send to FranceTo fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,And make her chronicle as rich with praiseAs is the ooze and bottom of the seaWith sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

England may have been fearful, but she was never harmed, my liege. We apprehended the King of Scots while the army was in France and sent him there to King Edward. England was praised more than the ooze at the bottom of the sea.

Westmoreland
But there's a saying very old and true,

"If that you will France win,Then with Scotland first begin."For once the eagle England being in prey,To her unguarded nest the weasel ScotComes sneaking and so sucks her princely

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eggs,Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Remember the old saying, “When the cat’s away, the mice will play.” If we win France, we will have to fight Scotland, next.

Exeter
It follows then the cat must stay at home;Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,

And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,The advised head defends itself at home;For government, though high and low and lower,Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,Congreeing in a full and natural close,Like music.

Then the cat must stay at home. However, that’s not necessary, for while the armed hand fights abroad, the head advisors will defend the home. The government, although split into different degrees, will work together as one like harmonious music.

Canterbury
Therefore doth heaven divideThe state of man in divers functions,Setting endeavour in continual motion,To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,Obedience; for so work the honey-bees,Creatures that by a rule in nature teachThe act of order to a peopled kingdom.They have a king and officers of sorts,Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,Others like merchants, venture trade abroad,Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,Which pillage they with merry march bring homeTo the tent-royal of their emperor;Who, busied in his majesty, surveysThe singing masons building roofs of gold,The civil citizens kneading up the honey,The poor mechanic porters crowding inTheir heavy burdens at his narrow gate,The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,Delivering o'er to executors paleThe lazy yawning drone. I this infer,That many things, having full referenceTo one consent, may work contrariously.As many arrows, loosed several ways,Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;As many lines close in the dial's centre;So many a thousand actions, once afoot,End in one purpose, and be all well borneWithout defeat. Therefore to France, my liege!Divide your happy England

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into four,Whereof take you one quarter into France,And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.If we, with thrice such powers left at home,Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,Let us be worried and our nation loseThe name of hardiness and policy.

Heaven created men to have different functions like the honey bees. Honey bees are an example of order. They have a leader with diplomats, judges who correct others, and soldiers armed with stingers who bring home loot to their emperor while he watches his kingdom being built. So, I believe if we work together, we may have success in our common goal. Therefore, my king, divide your armies into four and take a quarter to France. Leave three times that many soldiers at home, and if we can't defend ourselves, we should not call ourselves a nation.

King
Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

Exit some Attendants.

Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,And yours, the noble sinews of our power,France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,Ruling in large and ample emperyO'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,Tombless, with no remembrance over them.Either our history shall with full mouthSpeak freely of our acts, or else our grave,Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Now, are we all in agreement. With God's help and the power of you noble men, let's take France. I will defeat France and take rule or you can put my bones in a poor man's urn without a tomb or epitaph for remembrance.

Enter Ambassadors of France

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasureOf our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hearYour greeting is from him, not from the King.

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We are ready to hear from our cousin, Dauphin, since we hear the greeting is from him, not the king.

First Ambassador
May't please your Majesty to give us leaveFreely to render what we have in charge,Or shall we sparingly show you far offThe Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

May we have your permission to speak freely?

King
We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,Unto whose grace our passion is as subjectAs is our wretches fett'red in our prisons;Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainnessTell us the Dauphin's mind.

We are not a group of tyrants. I am a Christian king. Please speak freely and tell us what is on the Dauphin's mind.

First Ambassador
Thus, then, in few.Your Highness, lately sending into France,Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the rightOf your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.

In answer of which claim, the prince our masterSays that you savour too much of your youth,And bids you be advis'd there's nought in FranceThat can be with a nimble galliard won.You cannot revel into dukedoms there.He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,Desires you let the dukedoms that you claimHear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

In brief, you sent messages to France stating some claim to certain dukedoms based on your ancestor, King Edward the Third. The answer from our prince is you want too much, and there is nothing you can win in France. He sends you these treasures and asks that you make no more claims.

King
What treasure, uncle?

What treasure, uncle?

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Exeter
Tennis-balls, my liege.

Tennis balls, my liege.

King
We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.His present and your pains we thank you for.When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,We will, in France, by God's grace, play a setShall strike his father's crown into the hazard.Tell him he hath made a match with such a wranglerThat all the courts of France will be disturb'dWith chaces. And we understand him well,How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,Not measuring what use we made of them.We never valu'd this poor seat of England;And therefore, living hence, did give ourselfTo barbarous licence; as 'tis ever commonThat men are merriest when they are from home.But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,Be like a king, and show my sail of greatnessWhen I do rouse me in my throne of France.For that I have laid by my majestyAnd plodded like a man for working days,But I will rise there with so full a gloryThat I will dazzle all the eyes of France,Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.And tell the pleasant prince this mock of hisHath turn'd his balls to gun-stones, and his soulShall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeanceThat shall fly with them; for many a thousand widowsShall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;And some are yet ungotten and unbornThat shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.But this lies all within the will of God,To whom I do appeal; and in whose nameTell you the Dauphin I am coming onTo venge me as I may, and to put forthMy rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.So get you hence in peace; and tell the DauphinHis jest will savour but of shallow wit,When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.--Convey them with safe conduct.--Fare you well.

We gladly accept the Dauphin’s present and thank you for bringing them. We will have to play a set when we march to France with our rackets. We will strike his father’s crown so hard that he will think he has made a match with a professional, and the courts in France will quake. I understand where the Dauphin is coming from, thinking of my wilder days, but I will act like a king when we sail to France, and the people will be amazed while the

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Dauphin will barely be able to look. Tell the good prince his joke has turned his balls into bullets and he will be sorry for mocking this court when thousands of windows will be made and mothers lose their sons and castles will be torn down. Even the unborn will rue the day he scorned us. However, everything relies on the will of God, upon whose name I call. Tell Dauphin I am coming to claim what is mine. Go in peace and tell him his joke will cause thousands more to weep than those who laughed. Go safely. Goodbye.

Exit Ambassadors.

Exeter
This was a merry message.

That was a happy message.

King
We hope to make the sender blush at it.Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hourThat may give furtherance to our expedition;For we have now no thought in us but France,Save those to God, that run before our business.Therefore, let our proportions for these warsBe soon collected, and all things thought uponThat may with reasonable swiftness addMore feathers to our wings; for, God before,We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.Therefore let every man now task his thought,That this fair action may on foot be brought.

I hope it makes his messengers blush. However, let’s not waste any time. Our every thought must be of France, except for those that will run our affairs at home. Let’s get prepared for war. Collect everything we need so we may leave quickly. We’ll correct Dauphin at his father’s door. Everyone needs to get to their tasks to make this happen.

Exit. Flourish.

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Act IV.

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Act II

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Prologue

Enter Chorus.

Chorus
Now all the youth of England are on fire,And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thoughtReigns solely in the breast of every man.They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,Following the mirror of all Christian kings,With winged heels, as English Mercuries.For now sits Expectation in the air,And hides a sword from hilts unto the pointWith crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,Promis'd to Harry and his followers.The French, advis'd by good intelligenceOf this most dreadful preparation,Shake in their fear, and with pale policySeek to divert the English purposes.O England! model to thy inward greatness,Like little body with a mighty heart,What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,Were all thy children kind and natural!But see thy fault! France hath in thee found outA nest of hollow bosoms, which he fillsWith treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,Have, for the gilt of France,--O guilt indeed!--Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;And by their hands this grace of kings must die,If hell and treason hold their promises,Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.Linger your patience on, and we'll digestThe abuse of distance, force a play.The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;The King is set from London; and the sceneIs now transported, gentles, to Southampton.There is the playhouse now, there must you sit;And thence to France shall we convey you safe,And bring you back, charming the narrow seasTo give you gentle pass; for, if we may,We'll not offend one stomach with our play.But, till the King come forth, and not till then,Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

Now all the youth of England are on fire with the thoughts of war ahead, selling their land to buy horses. Expectation fills the air, as men prepare for war. The French, with knowledge of England's invasion, shake in fear and try to create policies to divert the English. Oh, England! You are a model of greatness. If only all your children were so kind! But fault lies within three corrupt

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men, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham, and Sir Thomas Grey, Knight of Northumberland. Oh, treachery and guilt! They conspire with France to bring down the king. Now, please be patient and watch as we perform the play. The sum is paid and the traitors have agreed. The king has left from London and arrived in Southampton. We will take you to France, but we will bring you back without offending your stomach, but not until the king comes. We are now in Southampton.

Exit.

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Scene I: London. A street.

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bardolph
Well met, Corporal Nym.

Welcome, Corporal Nym.

Nym
Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Hello, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bardolph
What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Are you and the Ancient Pistol friends, yet?

Nym
For my part, I care not. I say little; but when time shallserve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one, but what though? It will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

I don’t care. I say very little, but when the time comes, there will be smiles. I will not fight. I will wink and hold out my sword. It’s a simple one, but it will toast cheese, and it will take the cold as well as any other man’s.

Bardolph
I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'llbe all three sworn brothers to France. Let it be so, goodCorporal Nym.

I will hold a breakfast to make you friends and we’ll all be three sworn brothers when we travel to France. Is that okay, Corporal Nym?

Nym
Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when

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I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may. That is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

I swear, I will live as long as I can. That I am certain of. And, when my time has come, I will do what I want.

Bardolph
It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

It's true, Corporal, that he is married to Nell, and she did you wrong because she was supposed to marry you.

Nym
I cannot tell. Things must be as they may. Men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may. Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

I guess so. I am tired of being patient. There must be an end to this, although I don't know when.

Enter Pistol and Hostess.

Bardolph
Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife. Good Corporal, bepatient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife. Be good, Corporal. Be patient here. How are you my host, Pistol?

Pistol
Base tike, call'st thou me host?Now, by this hand, I swear I scorn the term;Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Did you call me a host? I am not your host and my Nell does not keep lodgers.

Hostess
No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board adozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their

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needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight.

No, honestly, we cannot board twelve or fourteen women who make a living by sewing without someone thinking we run a brothel.

Nym and Pistol draw.

O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! We shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Oh, he better draw now, or else we will see a murder and adultery committed today.

Bardolph
Good Lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Good Lieutenant! Good Corporal! Don't do this here.

Nym
Pish!

So what!

Pistol
Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

So what, you Icelandic dog! You rascal of Iceland!

Hostess
Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Good Corporal Nym, show your valor and put away your sword.

Nym
Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Will you go away? I would love to get you alone.

Pistol
"Solus," egregious dog! O viper vile!The "solus" in thy most mervailous face;The "solus" in thy teeth, and in thy throat,And in

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thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!I do retort the "solus" in thy bowels;For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,And flashing fire will follow.

You want to get me alone, you dog? Oh you snake! The loneliness is in your face, teeth, throat, and hateful lungs. It’s even in your nasty mouth! I will make your bowels lonely when I blow them out of your body with my gun.

Nym
I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

I am no spirit you can cast spells on. I have a good mind to knock you out. If you get ugly with me, Pistol, I will stab you with my sword. I would prick your guts in all fairness and that would be the end of it.

Pistol
O braggart vile and damned furious wight!The grave doth gape, and doting death is near,Therefore exhale.

You vile man! Your death is near, and your grave is open. Take a deep breath.

Bardolph
Hear me, hear me what I say. He that strikes the firststroke I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

Listen to me. I will kill the person who strikes first. I am a soldier.

Draws.

Pistol
An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give.Thy spirits are most tall.

That’s a powerful promise. We should calm down. Give me your hand or your foot. You have a brave spirit.

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Nym
I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms:that is the humour of it.

I will cut your throat sooner or later, and that’s that.

Pistol
"Couple a gorge!"That is the word. I thee defy again.O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?No! to the spital go,And from the powdering tub of infamyFetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse.I have, and I will hold, the quondam QuicklyFor the only she; and--pauca, there's enough.Go to.

I think you’re trying to say, “Couple a gorge!” Do you think you can get my wife? No, go the hospital and get a wife, one with diseases.

Enter the Boy.

Boy
Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you,hostess. He is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

My host, Pistol, you must come to my master. And you, too, hostess. He is very sick and needs help. Good Bardolph, put your face underneath his sheets and be a warming pan. I swear, he is very ill.

Bardolph
Away, you rogue!

Get out of here, you rascal!

Hostess
By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The King has kill'd his heart.Good husband, come home presently.

Honestly, he will be food for the crows one day. The king has

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broken his heart. Come on husband. Come home.

Exit Hostess and Boy.

Bardolph
Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to Francetogether; why the devil should we keep knives to cut oneanother's throats?

Come on. Can’t I help you two become friends? We have to go to France together. Should we take our knives to cut each other’s throats?

Pistol
Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Not until the rivers flood and fiends howl for food!

Nym
You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Are you going to pay me the eight shillings you owe me?

Pistol
Base is the slave that pays.

Only slaves pay debts.

Nym
That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Then, I will take it now.

Pistol
As manhood shall compound. Push home.

We’ll see. Go for it.

They draw.

Bardolph
By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll killhim; by this sword, I will.

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I swear by this sword, the first person to make a move, I'll kill.

Pistol
Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

You better be prepared to keep your oath.

Bardolph
Corporal Nym, and thou wilt be friends, be friends; anthou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee,put up.

If you and Corporal Nym won't be friends, then you can be my enemies, too. Prepare to fight.

Nym
I shall have my eight shillings I won from you at betting?

I just want my eight shillings.

Pistol
A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;And liquor likewise will I give to thee,And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.Is not this just? For I shall sutler beUnto the camp, and profits will accrue.Give me thy hand.

Okay, I will pay you, and give you some liquor. I offer you my hand in friendship, Nym. Give me your hand.

Nym
I shall have my noble?

You'll pay me.

Pistol
In cash most justly paid.

Yes, in cash.

Nym
Well, then, that's the humour of't.

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SCENE 1.

England. A castle

Enter HUBERT and EXECUTIONERS

HUBERT.
Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras. When I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair. Be heedful; hence, and watch.

Heat these irons hot for me; and you go and hide
behind the curtain. When I stamp my foot
upon the floor, rush out
and tie up the boy you find with me
tight to the chair. Keep alert; off you go, and watch out.

EXECUTIONER.
I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

I hope that your warrant gives you permission for this.

HUBERT.
Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you. Look to't.

Improper doubts! Don't worry. Get it done.

Exeunt

EXECUTIONERS
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Young lad, come out; I need to speak with you.

Enter ARTHUR

ARTHUR.
Good morrow, Hubert.

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Well, then, that’s that.

Re-enter Hostess.

Hostess
As ever you come of women, come in quickly to Sir John.Ah, poor heart! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Come as quickly to Sir John as you would to a woman. Ah, the poor man! He is so feverish, it’s sad to see. Sweet gentlemen, come to him.

Nym
The King hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.

The king has done him wrong. That’s that.

Pistol
Nym, thou hast spoke the right.His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym, you are right. His heart is broken.

Nym
The King is a good king; but it must be as it may; hepasses some humours and careers.

He is a good king, but be that as it may, he is fickle.

Pistol
Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

Let’s go see the knight, little lambs, for we will live.

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Scene II: Southampton. A council-chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bedford

'Fore God, his Grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

I swear before God, the king is bold to trust these traitors.

Exeter

They shall be apprehended by and by.

They will be arrested eventually.

Westmoreland

How smooth and even they do bear themselves!As if allegiance in their bosoms satCrowned with faith and constant loyalty.

They act all smooth, as if they were loyal and faithful men.

Bedford

The King hath note of all that they intend,By interception which they dream not of.

They never expected the king to find out what they were doing.

Exeter

Nay, but the man that was his bed-fellow,Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,That he should, for a foreign purse, so sellHis sovereign's life to death and treachery.

No, who would have expected the friend he spoiled would sell his king’s life for a little sum of foreign money?

Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry V, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and Attendants.

King

Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts.Think you not that the powers we bear with usWill cut their passage through the force of

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France,Doing the execution and the actFor which we have in head assembled them?

The winds are right for us to sail. My Lord of Cambridge, Lord of Masham, and my gentle knight, tell me what you think. Don’t you think the forces we have will be enough to cut through France and achieve our goal?

Scroop
No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

No doubt, my liege, if every man does his best.

King
I doubt not that, since we are well persuadedWe carry not a heart with us from henceThat grows not in a fair consent with ours,Nor leave not one behind that doth not wishSuccess and conquest to attend on us.

I’m sure everyone will, since we are all in agreement and desire success and conquest.

Cambridge
Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'dThan is your Majesty. There's not, I think, a subjectThat sits in heart-grief and uneasinessUnder the sweet shade of your government.

There has never been a king more feared or loved than you. Plus, there’s never been an issue before the government wanted more than this.

GREY

True; those that were your father's enemiesHave steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve youWith hearts create of duty and of zeal.

King
We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,And shall forget the office of our handSooner than quittance of desert and meritAccording to the weight and worthiness.

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We should be very thankful and remember the importance of our mission.

Scroop
So service shall with steeled sinews toil,And labour shall refresh itself with hope,To do your Grace incessant services.

Every man in your service should work hard and with hope.

King
We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,Enlarge the man committed yesterday,That rail'd against our person. We considerIt was excess of wine that set him on,And on his more advice we pardon him.

We will accept nothing less. Uncle Exeter, pardon the man who talked poorly about me yesterday. I think he just drank too much.

Scroop
That's mercy, but too much security.Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest exampleBreed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

That’s merciful, but don’t be too soft. Let him be punished and set forth as an example or else others may follow suit.

King
O, let us yet be merciful.

Oh, let’s be merciful.

CAMBRIDGE

So may your Highness, and yet punish too.

Grey
Sir,You show great mercy if you give him lifeAfter the taste of much correction.

Sir, you show him mercy, if you allow him to live after he has been corrected.

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King
Alas, your too much love and care of meAre heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!If little faults, proceeding on distemper,Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eyeWhen capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear careAnd tender preservation of our person,Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes.Who are the late commissioners?

You love and care for me so much. Don’t hold it against this poor man! If we can’t overlook such trivial crimes, how are we going to act when faced with capital crimes? Free this man, although Cambridge, Scroop and Grey would like to have him punished. Now, to our French dilemma: Who are the late commissioners?

Cambridge
I one, my lord.Your Highness bade me ask for it to-day.

I am, my lord. You asked me to come today.

Scroop
So did you me, my liege.

Me too, my liege.

Grey
And I, my royal sovereign.

And me, my king.

King
Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours.Read them, and know I know your worthiness.My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,We will aboard to-night.--Why, how now, gentlemen!What see you in those papers that you loseSo much complexion?--Look ye, how they change!Their cheeks are paper.--Why, what read you there,That have so cowarded and chas'd your bloodOut of appearance?

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Then here you go. Read them and know I know you are capable of this. My Lord Westmoreland ad Uncle Exeter, we will leave tonight. Now, gentlemen, what is in those papers that make you so pale? Look at how your faces have turned white as paper. What have you read that has made your blood disappear?

Cambridge
I do confess my fault,And do submit me to your Highness' mercy.

I confess my fault and appeal to your mercy.

Grey and Scroop
To which we all appeal.

We all appeal.

King
The mercy that was quick in us but late,By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd.You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy,For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

See you, my princes and my noble peers,These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,You know how apt our love was to accordTo furnish him with an appertinentsBelonging to his honour; and this manHath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'dAnd sworn unto the practices of FranceTo kill us here in Hampton; to the whichThis knight, no less for bounty bound to usThan Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, OWhat shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use,--May it be possible that foreign hireCould out of thee extract one spark of evilThat might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,That, though the truth of it stands off as grossAs black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.Treason and murder ever kept together,As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,Working so grossly in a natural causeThat admiration did not whoop at them;But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring inWonder to wait on treason and on murder;And whatsoever cunning fiend it wasThat wrought upon thee so prepposterouslyHath got the voice in hell for

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excellence;And other devils that suggest by treasonsDo botch and bungle up damnationWith patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'dFrom glist'ring semblances of piety.But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thusShould with his lion gait walk the whole world,He might return to vasty Tartar back,And tell the legions, "I can never winA soul so easy as that Englishman's."O, how hast thou with jealousy infectedThe sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?

Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,Not working with the eye without the ear,And but in purged judgement trusting neither?Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem.And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blotTo mark the full-fraught man and best induedWith some suspicion. I will weep for thee;For this revolt of thine, methinks, is likeAnother fall of man. Their faults are open.Arrest them to the answer of the law;And God acquit them of their practices!

Like the mercy you would have shown before. It is too late, and you shouldn’t dare talk of mercy. You are like dogs that turn on their masters. See here, my princes and noble peers, the Lord of Cambridge whom we have lavished with honor has sold us out to France for a few little crowns. He swore as well as this knight to kill us here in Hampton. What should I say to you, Lord Scroop? You are a cruel, ungrateful, and inhumane creature! You, who have been the closest to me and knew my heart and soul, would sell me out to murderers. I can barely comprehend it, but here it is in black and white, treason and murder. You have no reason to do this other than to be called a traitor. The devil could walk the entire earth and say, “An Englishman’s soul is easy to win.” You are infected with jealousy. You seemed serious and educated. You came from a noble family. You seemed religious and pious. You seemed to act justly and judiciously, but here you are fallen. I will cry for you. Arrest them and hold them to the full extent of the law. May God forgive you.

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Exeter
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

I arrest you and charge you with high treason, Richard Earl of Cambridge, Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and Thomas Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scroop
Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,And I repent my fault more than my death,Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,Although my body pay the price of it.

God has seen fit to reveal our purposes and I repent my actions and pay with my life. I ask you to forgive me.

Cambridge
For me, the gold of France did not seduce,Although I did admit it as a motiveThe sooner to effect what I intended.But God be thanked for prevention,Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

The gold of France didn’t seduce me, although it was a motivation. I am thankful we didn’t succeed and I ask God and you to forgive me.

Grey
Never did faithful subject more rejoiceAt the discovery of most dangerous treasonThan I do at this hour joy o'er myself,Prevented from a damned enterprise.My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

I rejoice at the discovery of this treason and the prevention of such a crime. Please forgive me, king.

King
God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.You have conspir'd against our royal person,Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffersReceived the golden earnest of our death;Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,His princes and his

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peers to servitude,His subjects to oppression and contempt,And his whole kingdom into desolation.Touching our person seek we no revenge;But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,Whose ruin you have sought, that to her lawsWe do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,Poor miserable wretches, to your death,The taste whereof God of his mercy giveYou patience to endure, and true repentanceOf all your dear offences! Bear them hence.

May God have mercy on you! Hear your sentence. You have conspired against this royal throne and joined with an enemy. You have taken the enemy's money and conspired to kill your king, place his princes and peers in servitude, and oppress his subjects to live in desolation. We do not seek revenge, but hold you to the law of our kingdom. Go, you poor miserable wretches, to your death and may God have mercy and give you patience to endure and truly repent all of your offences. Take them away.

Exit Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey guarded.

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereofShall be to you, as us, like glorious.We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,Since God so graciously hath brought to lightThis dangerous treason lurking in our wayTo hinder our beginnings. We doubt not nowBut every rub is smoothed on our way.Then forth, dear countrymen! Let us deliverOur puissance into the hand of God,Putting it straight in expedition.Cheerly to sea! The signs of war advance!No king of England, if not king of France!

Now, lords, as for France, I am sure we will be victorious, since God saw fit to bring this treachery to light. We should have no more trouble here on out. Let's put ourselves in God's hands and set sail for France.

Exit.

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Scene III: London. Before a tavern.

Enter Pistol, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy.

Hostess
Prithee, honey, sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Let me go with you to Staines, dear husband.

Pistol
No; for my manly heart doth yearn.Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,And we must yearn therefore.

No, because Falstaff is dead. Bardolph, Nym, Boy prepare yourselves.

Bardolph
Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either inheaven or in hell!

I wish I was with him, in heaven or hell.

Hostess
Nay, sure, he's not in hell. He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end and wentaway an it had been any christom child. 'A parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John!" quoth I; "what, man! be o' good cheer." So 'a cried out, "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, [and they were as cold as any stone;] and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

I'm sure he's not in hell. He was a christened as a child and in the

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Good morning, Hubert.

HUBERT.
Good morrow, little Prince.

Good morning, little Prince.

ARTHUR.
As little prince, having so great a tide
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

I am as small a prince as one who is going to be
such a much greater prince can be. You are sad.

HUBERT.
Indeed I have been merrier.

I have certainly been happier.

ARTHUR.
Mercy on me!
Methinks no body should be sad but I;
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me;
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, ist not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

God forgive me!
I imagine that nobody could be sad but me;
but I remember, when I was in France,
young gentlemen would be a sad as night
just for show. I swear by my kingdom,
that if I was out of prison and keeping sheep,
I would be as happy as the day is long;
I would be the same here except for my fear

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end he babbled on and cried out to God. I tried to tell him not to think of God, and then he asked me to put more clothes on him. From his feet on up, he was cold as stone.

Nym
They say he cried out of sack.

They say he cried about alcohol.

Hostess
Ay, that 'a did.

Yes.

Bardolph
And of women.

And he asked for women.

Hostess
Nay, that 'a did not.

No, he didn’t do that.

Boy
Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Yes, he did, and he said they were reincarnated devils.

Hostess
'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

He never would bear carnations. He didn’t like the color.

Boy
'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

He said the devil would get him due to women.

Hostess
'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he wasrheumatic, and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

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He did say something about women, mostly the whore of Babylon, but he was feverish.

Boy
Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Do you remember when he saw a flea on Bardolph’s nose and he said it was a black soul burning in hell?

Bardolph
Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire. That's all the riches I got in his service.

Well, the fuel that burned that fire is gone. That’s about all I ever got from him, was a drink.

Nym
Shall we shog? The King will be gone from Southampton.

Should we get going? The king will be gone from Southampton.

Pistol
Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.Look to my chattels and my movables.Let senses rule; the word is "Pitch and Pay."Trust none;For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakesAnd hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Let’s go. Kiss me, my love. Look after my property and possessions. Use common sense, and the rule is “Everyone must pay.” Don’t trust anyone, because oaths are as easily broken as straws. Men’s faith is broken as easily as wafers, so the only thing you can trust is what you can hold in your hand, my love. Go dry your eyes. Fellows-in-arms, let’s go to France and be like leeches, sucking their blood!

Boy
And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

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That’s not wholesome food, they say.

Pistol
Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Kiss her so we can leave.

Bardolph
Farewell, hostess.

Goodbye, hostess.

Kissing her.

Nym
I cannot kiss; that is the humour of it; but, adieu.

I can’t kiss anymore, and that’s that, but oh well. Goodbye.

Pistol
Let housewifery appear. Keep close, I thee command.

Be careful and stay true, I command you.

Hostess
Farewell; adieu.

Goodbye, farewell.

Exit.

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Scene IV: France. The King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, the Constable, and Others.

French King
Thus comes the English with full power upon us,And more than carefully it us concernsTo answer royally in our defences.Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,To line and new repair our towns of warWith men of courage and with means defendant;For England his approaches makes as fierceAs waters to the sucking of a gulf.It fits us then to be as providentAs fears may teach us out of late examplesLeft by the fatal and neglected EnglishUpon our fields.

Therefore, the English are coming with all of their forces. So, we must answer them with our defenses. Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, and Brabant and Orleans, quickly prepare our defense with courageous men. England is a fierce enemy and we must be ready. We can't delay, as we have before and neglect the English in our fields.

Dauphin
My most redoubted father,It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,But that defences, musters, preparations,Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,As were a war in expectation.Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forthTo view the sick and feeble parts of France.And let us do it with no show of fear;No, with no more than if we heard that EnglandWere busied with a Whitsun morris-dance;For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,Her sceptre so fantastically borneBy a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,That fear attends her not.

My fearsome father, we definitely have to arm ourselves against the enemy even in times of peace. We can't let our guard down. I think we should go visit the weakest areas of France, but show no fear in the process, as if England were just performing a dance. England, my dear king, has a poor leader. Her monarchy is so vain, shallow, silly, and young, that we needn't fear.

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Constable
O peace, Prince Dauphin!You are too much mistaken in this king.Question your Grace the late ambassadorsWith what great state he heard their embassy,How well supplied with noble counsellors,How modest in exception, and withalHow terrible in constant resolution,And you shall find his vanities forespentWere but the outside of the Roman Brutus,Covering discretion with a coat of folly;As gardeners do with ordure hide those rootsThat shall first spring and be most delicate.

Oh no, Prince Dauphin! I think you are mistaken about this king. Ask the ambassadors who just came back about how noble and competent his counselors are. You'll find out he has reason to be vain, and he hides his discretion within his youth, like gardeners who cover up delicate roots with mulch.

Dauphin
Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable;But though we think it so, it is no matter.In cases of defence 'tis best to weighThe enemy more mighty than he seems,So the proportions of defence are fill'd;Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scantingA little cloth.

I don't think so, my lord Constable. However, it doesn't matter, because we need to be prepared to fight regardless of the enemy's strength. So, we know what we must do.

French King
Think we King Harry strong;And, Princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;And he is bred out of that bloody strainThat haunted us in our familiar paths. Witness our too much memorable shameWhen Cressy battle fatally was struck,And all our princes captiv'd by the handOf that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,Mangle the work of nature and defaceThe patterns that by God and by French fathersHad twenty years been made. This is a stemOf that victorious stock; and let us fearThe native mightiness and fate of him.

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We should perceive Harry as a strong threat, and arm ourselves accordingly. His ancestors were a bloody line and he is made from the same cloth. Remember the embarrassment, when Edward the Black Prince of Wales captured all of our princes, while his father watched from a hilltop. History designed by God and our French fathers has been in the making the last twenty years, and here he is. Let us fear him and be ready.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger
Ambassadors from Harry King of EnglandDo crave admittance to your Majesty.

Ambassadors from King Harry of England wish to have word with you, your majesty.

French King
We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

Bring them in. We will see them now.

Exit Messenger and certain Lords.

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

The chase begins, friends.

Dauphin
Turn head and stop pursuit; for coward dogsMost spend their mouths when what they seem to threatenRuns far before them. Good my sovereign,Take up the English short, and let them knowOf what a monarchy you are the head.Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sinAs self-neglecting.

Stop pursuing and face them. Cowardly dogs always yell louder when the prey is far off. My good king, show the English what this monarch is made of. Self-love, my liege, is not as bad as self-neglect.

Re-enter Lords, with Exeter and train.

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French King
From our brother of England?

Are you from our brother England?

Exeter
From him; and thus he greets your Majesty:He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,That you divest yourself, and lay apartThe borrowed glories that by gift of heaven,By law of nature and of nations, longsTo him and to his heirs; namely, the crownAnd all wide-stretched honours that pertainBy custom and the ordinance of timesUnto the crown of France. That you may know'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claimPick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,He sends you this most memorable line,In every branch truly demonstrative;Willing you overlook this pedigree;And when you find him evenly deriv'd

From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,Edward the Third, he bids you then resignYour crown and kingdom, indirectly heldFrom him, the native and true challenger.

Yes, and he sends his greetings. He wishes you to relinquish the crown and all the properties and customs associated with the realm of France that is rightly his. He wants you to know this is not a claim of vengeance or vanity. He wants you to know he is the rightful heir of Edward the Third, and based on this information, you should resign your crown and kingdom.

French King
Or else what follows?

And, if I don’t?

Exeter
Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crownEven in your hearts, there will he rake for it.Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,That, if requiring fail, he will compel;And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,Deliver up the crown, and to take mercyOn the poor souls for whom this hungry warOpens his vasty jaws; and on your headTurning the

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widows' tears, the orphans' cries,The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,That shall be swallowed in this controversy.This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

If you don’t, he will declare war. He is coming with his army, like a storm or a god, and he wants you to give up the crown and spare the men who will certainly die in the war. This is his message, the same one he gave to Dauphin.

French King
For us, we will consider of this further.To-morrow shall you bear our full intentBack to our brother of England.

We must consider this. Tomorrow, we will let you know what we are going to do.

Dauphin
For the Dauphin,I stand here for him. What to him from England?

What does the king say about me?

Exeter
Scorn and defiance. Slight regard, contempt,And anything that may not misbecomeThe mighty sender, doth he prize you at.Thus says my king: an if your father's HighnessDo not, in grant of all demands at large,Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty,He'll call you to so hot an answer of itThat caves and womby vaultages of FranceShall chide your trespass and return your mockIn second accent of his ordinance.

He has nothing to say but scorn and defiance. After the gift you brought, he will call you to answer for your father’s decision, so that all of France will turn its back on you and laugh.

Dauphin
Say, if my father render fair return,It is against my will; for I desireNothing but odds with England. To that end,As matching to his youth and vanity,I did present him with the Paris balls.

If my father accepts the king’s demands, know it is against my will.

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I want nothing to do with England. I gave him a gift matching his youth and vanity.

Exeter
He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe;And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,As we his subjects have in wonder found,Between the promise of his greener daysAnd these he masters now. Now he weighs timeEven to the utmost grain. That you shall readIn your own losses, if he stay in France.

He’ll make the Parisian Louvre shake for it, too. You will find a great difference from the man he used to be and who he is now. You will regret it if he stays in France.

French King
To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

You will hear my decision tomorrow.

Exeter
Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our kingCome here himself to question our delay;For he is footed in this land already.

Let us know quickly or else the king will come here to find out what’s keeping us so long.

FRENCH KING

You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions.A night is but small breath and little pauseTo answer matters of this consequence.

Flourish. Exit.

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Act III

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that my uncle means to do me more harm;
he is afraid of me, and I am afraid of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No it certainly isn't; I wish to heaven
that I were your son, Hubert, and that you would love me.

HUBERT.
[Aside]If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

If I talk with him his innocent chatter
will inspire my mercy, which is dead now;
so I will get the business over quickly.

ARTHUR.
Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day;
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Are you ill, Hubert? You look pale today;
I swear, I wish that you were a little ill,
so that I could sit up all night to keep you company.
I believe I love you more than you do me.

HUBERT.
[Aside]His words do take possession of my bosom.-
Read here, young Arthur.[Showing a
paper]
[Aside]How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.-
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

His words have taken hold of my heart–
Read this, young Arthur.

What's this, foolish tears!
Driving dispassionate torture out of the door!
I must be quick, unless my strength falls

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Prologue

Enter Chorus

Chorus
Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,In motion of no less celerityThan that of thought. Suppose that you have seenThe well-appointed king at [Hampton] pierEmbark his royalty, and his brave fleetWith silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning.Play with your fancies; and in them beholdUpon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;Hear the shrill whistle which doth order giveTo sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but thinkYou stand upon the rivage and beholdA city on the inconstant billows dancing;For so appears this fleet majestical,Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,And leave your England, as dead midnight still,Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance.For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'dWith one appearing hair, that will not followThese cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;Behold the ordnance on their carriages,With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back,Tells Harry that the King doth offer himKatharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.The offer likes not; and the nimble gunnerWith linstock now the devilish cannon touches,

[Alarum, and chambers go off.]

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,And eke out our performance with your mind.

With your imagination see the king depart with his brave fleet from Hampton pier. Look at the men working on the ship and hear the whistle of orders being given as the sails open up to the creeping wind, pulling the huge ship through the sea. Although this looks like a city dancing in the wind, it is a navy leaving England for France. Imagine the ambassador returns from France with the offer of Katherine, the king’s daughter, as a dowry for the

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dukedoms. Since, the King does not like the offer, he prepares for battle. Imagine and watch our performance.

Exit.

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Scene I: France. Before Harfleur.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, and Soldiers with scaling ladders.

King
Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,Or close the wall up with our English dead.In peace there's nothing so becomes a manAs modest stillness and humility;But when the blast of war blows in our ears,Then imitate the action of the tiger;Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;Let it pry through the portage of the headLike the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm itAs fearfully as does a galled rockO'erhang and jutty his confounded base,Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spiritTo his full height. On, on, you noblest English,Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,Have in these parts from morn till even fought,And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.Dishonour not your mothers; now attestThat those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.Be copy now to men of grosser blood,And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,Whose limbs were made in England, show us hereThe mettle of your pasture; let us swearThat you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;For there is none of you so mean and base,That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,Straining upon the start. The game's afoot!Follow your spirit, and upon this chargeCry, "God for Harry! England and Saint George!"

Let’s try one more time, dear friends, to scale the wall or else die trying. In peace, nothing is so becoming a man as stillness and humility, but in times of war, he should imitate the actions of tiger and rage upon the enemy. Open up your senses and fight like your warring English ancestors. Show us what you are made of and honor your mothers and fathers. Good seamen, show your noble nature as we set forth. The time is now. Follow your heart and on command cry, “God for Harry, England, and Saint George!”

Exit. Alarum, and chambers go off.

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Scene II: The same.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bardolph
On, on, on, on, on! To the breach, to the breach!

On, on, on! To the wall! To the wall!

Nym
Pray thee, corporal, stay. The knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives. The humour of it is too hot; that is the very plain-song of it.

I beg you, corporal, not to go. It's too dangerous. I, myself, don't have enough lives to spare, and that's that.

Pistol
The plain-song is most just, for humours do abound."Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield,In bloody field,Doth win immortal fame."

That's true, but danger comes and goes. Men live and die, but with their sword and shield in battle, they win immortal fame.

Boy
Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all myfame for a pot of ale and safety.

I wish I was in an alehouse in London. I would trade all of the fame for a beer and safety.

Pistol
And I."If wishes would prevail with me,My purpose should not fail with me,

But thither would I hie."

And if I had my wishes, I would not fail, but live.

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Boy
"As duly, but not as truly,

As bird doth sing on bough."

True, but not possible.

Enter Fluellen.

Fluellen
Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt, you cullions!

Up to the wall, you dogs! Forward, you scumbags!

Driving them forward.

Pistol
Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould.Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,Abate thy rage, great Duke!Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Be merciful, great duke, to old men. Calm down. Go easy, dear man.

Nym
These be good humours! Your honour wins bad humours.

This is nonsense. Honor is unhealthy, if you ask me.

Exit all but Boy.

Boy
As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward. But his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any

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man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole afire-shovel.I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service. Their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

As young as I am, I have watched these three fools. I am their servant, their man, but if it was the other way around, none could be considered a man. Bardolph is a lily-livered, red-faced coward. Pistol is all talk, and Nym, who thinks quiet men are best and won't even say his prayers for fear someone would think he were a coward, has never hurt anyone but himself when he busted his drunken head against a post. They are thieves and liars. Bardolph stole a lute case, carried it for miles and sold it for three half pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in thievery. In Calais, they stole a fire shovel, which I knew wasn't theirs. They want me to get into the business, so I must leave them and find someone better to serve. Their villainous ways makes me sick.

Exit.

Re-enter Fluellen with Gower following.

Gower
Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines.The Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Captain Fluellen, you must come to the mines now. The Duke of Gloucester wants to speak with you.

Fluellen
To the mines! Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to cometo the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war. The concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, the athversary, you may discuss unto the Duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think 'a

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will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

To the mines! Tell the Duke it's not a good idea to go the mines. It goes against the disciplines of war. It's not a good place to fight the adversary. The French are already there and it will not work, by God.

Gower
The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege isgiven, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

The Duke of Gloucester, who is in command, is being led by an Irishman, a very gallant fellow.

Fluellen
It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Is it Captain Macmorris?

Gower
I think it be.

I think so.

Fluellen
By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify asmuch in his beard. He has no more directions in the truedisciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

By god, he is an ass. He doesn't know anything about the tactics of war.

Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy

Gower
Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Here he comes with Captain Jamy of the Scots.

Fluellen
Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that iscertain;

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and of great expedition and knowledge in the aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions. By Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Captain Jamy is a great gentleman for sure and very knowledgeable of the ways of war. By God, he will know what to do.

Jamy
I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Good day, Captain Fluellen.

Fluellen
God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Hello, Captain James.

Gower
How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines?Have the pioneers given o'er?

How are you, Captain Macmorris? Have you forgotten about the mines? Have the men given up?

Macmorris
By Chrish, la! 'tish ill done! The work ish give over, thetrompet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and myfather's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over. I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour. O, 'tish ill done, 'tish ill done; by my hand, 'tish ill done!

Christ, it’s horrible. The work is done and the trumpet sounded for retreat. I swear the work was not done well. I could have blown up the town in an hour, I swear, but the work wasn’t done.

Fluellen
Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to

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satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Captain Macmorris, I would like to talk with you about war tactics, particularly the Roman's, to see if we agree.

Jamy
It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

That would be good, good captains. As soon as I have time, we will discuss it.

Macmorris
It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the King, and the Dukes. It is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet call us to the breach, and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing. 'Tis shame for us all. So God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

This is no time for a discussion. Christ, save me. The day is hot and war is all around us. It's no time to have a conversation. The town is under raid and the battle trumpet is calling and we sit here talking. Shame on us. God save me. It's a shame to stand still when there are throats to be cut and work to be done.

Jamy
By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, I'll de gud service, or I'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and I'll pay't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

I swear before I sleep, I'll do some good work today or die trying, and that's the truth. I would love to hear you two discuss warfare, though.

Fluellen
Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there

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out of my eyes in tender effeminate tears–
can't you read it? Isn't it clearly written?

ARTHUR.
Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

To clear, Hubert, for such a dark purpose.
Must you burn both my eyes out with hot irons?

HUBERT.
Young boy, I must.

Young boy, I must.

ARTHUR.
And will you?

And will you?

HUBERT.
And I will.

And I will.

ARTHUR.
Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows-
The best I had, a princess wrought it me-
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lyen still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will.
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must. Will you put out mine eyes,

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is not many of your nation--

Captain Macmorris, I think there aren't many from your nation…

Macmorris
Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

My nation! What is my nation? You are a villain and a rascal. Who talks about my nation?

Fluellen
Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Look you, if you take what I'm saying wrong, Captain Macmorris, you don't know me very well. I am as good a man as you, by birth and the disciplines of war.

Macmorris
I do not know you so good a man as myself. So Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

I know no such thing, so by Christ, I will cut off your head.

Gower
Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Gentlemen, you both are out of line.

Jamy
Ah! that's a foul fault.

And that's a serious fault.

A trumpet sounds.

Gower

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The town sounds a parley.

The town is sounding the trumpet.

Fluellen
Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

Captain Macmorris, when there is a better time, I will show you I know more about warfare, and that's all.

Exit.

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Scene III: The same. Before the gates.

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King Henry and his train.

King
How yet resolves the governor of the town?This is the latest parle we will admit;Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,Or like to men proud of destructionDefy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,If I begin the battery once again,I will not leave the half-achieved HarfleurTill in her ashes she lie buried.The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,In liberty of bloody hand shall rangeWith conscience wide as hell, mowing like grassYour fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring infants.What is it then to me, if impious War,

Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,Do with his smirch'd complexion all fell featsEnlink'd to waste and desolation?What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,If your pure maidens fall into the handOf hot and forcing violation?What rein can hold licentious wickednessWhen down the hill he holds his fierce career?We may as bootless spend our vain commandUpon the enraged soldiers in their spoilAs send precepts to the leviathanTo come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,Take pity of your town and of your people,Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command,Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of graceO'erblows the filthy and contagious cloudsOf heady murder, spoil, and villainy.If not, why, in a moment look to seeThe blind and bloody soldier with foul handDefile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;Your fathers taken by the silver beards,And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'dDo break the clouds, as did the wives of JewryAt Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid,Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

How does the governor of the town want to resolve this? This is his last chance before I turn my men loose and let them do their worst. I am a soldier, and if I start to fight again, I will not stop

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until the town of Harfleur is ashes. The gates of mercy will be closed and my soldiers will have their way with your women and children. What is it to me, if in the battles of war, there is complete and utter destruction? What is it to me when you brought all of this on yourselves?
Why do I care if your maidens are violated and what can rein in wickedness once it is loose? Who can stop the blood-thirsty soldiers in the midst of their looting? Therefore, you men of Harfleur, take pity on your town and your people, while I still have command of my soldiers. If you don't give up, you will see bloody soldiers defile your shrieking daughters and old men killed. Your children will be placed upon pikes while their mothers how. Give up like the Jewish women during Herod's bloody slaughter. What do you say? Will you yield and avoid catastrophe or will you continue and be destroyed?

Governor
Our expectation hath this day an end.The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,Returns us that his powers are yet not readyTo raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;For we no longer are defensible.

Our hope and expectations have been dashed, because the Dauphin is not ready to send his powers to help us, so we yield our town and lives to you. Be merciful and enter our gates we can no longer defend.

King
Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French.Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,The winter coming on, and sickness growingUpon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

Open your gates. Come, Uncle Exeter, enter Harfleur and stay to fortify it against the French. Be merciful, dear uncle, because winter is coming and sickness grows among our soldiers. We will go to Calais tomorrow, but tonight we will stay in Harfleur.

Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.

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Scene IV: The French King's palace.

Enter Katharine and Alice.

Katharine
Alice, tu as ete en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice, you have been to England and know the language.

Alice
Un peu, madame.

A little, madam.

Katharine
Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne a parler.Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

Please teach me. I must learn English. What is the word for "la main?"

Alice
La main? Elle est appelee de hand.

"La main?" That is the hand.

Katharine
De hand. Et les doigts?

The hand. What about "les doigts?"

Alice
Les doigts? Ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je mesouviendrai. Les doigts? Je pense qu'ils sont appeles defingres; oui, de fingres.

Les doigts? Goodness, I have forgotten. Let me think. I believe it is fingers. Yes, it is fingers.

Katharine
La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense queje suis le bon ecolier; j'ai gagne deux mots d'Angloisvitement. Comment

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appelez-vous les ongles?

La main is hand and les doigts is fingers. I am a very good student. I know two words already. What is the word for "les ongles?"

Alice
Les ongles? Nous les appelons de nails.

"Les ongles?" That is nails.

Katharine
De nails. Ecoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand,de fingres, et de nails.

Nails. Listen, am I saying it right? Hand, fingers, nails.

Alice
C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Good job, madam. You speak English.

Katharine
Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Tell me the English word for "le bras."

Alice
De arm, madame.

Arm, madam.

Katharine
Et le coude?

And "le coud?"

Alice
D'elbow.

The elbow.

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Katharine
D'elbow. Je m'en fais la repetition de tous les motsque vous m'avez appris des a present.

Elbow. Let me practice all the words you've taught me.

Alice
Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

It may be too difficult.

Katharine
Excusez-moi, Alice; ecoutez: d'hand, de fingres, denails, d'arma, de bilbow.

I don't think so, Alice. Listen, hand, fingers, nails, arma, and bilbow.

Alice
D'elbow, madame.

Elbow, madam.

Katharine
O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! D'elbow.Comment appelez-vous le col?

Oh, I forgot! Elbow. What is the word for "le col?"

Alice
De nick, madame.

Neck, madam.

Katharine
De nick. Et le menton?

Nick. And "le menton?"

Alice
De chin.

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Le menton is chin.

Katharine
De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.

Neck and sin.

Alice
Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en verite, vous prononcez lesmots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Yes. Your Highness sounds just like a native speaker of English.

Katharine
Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu,et en peu de temps.

I will learn it quickly, I think, God willing.

Alice
N'avez-vous pas deja oublie ce que je vous ai enseigne?

You remember what I just taught you?

Katharine
Non, je reciterai a vous promptement: d'hand, defingres, de mails,--

Let me see. Hand, fingers, nails…

Alice
De nails, madame.

Nails…

Katharine
De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Nails, arm, ilbow.

Alice
Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

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Sorry, elbow.

Katharine
Ainsi dis-je; d'elbow, de nick, et de sin. Commentappelez-vous le pied et la robe?

That's what I said. Elbow, nick, and sin. What are the words for "le pied" and "la robe?"

Alice
De foot, madame; et de coun.

Foot, madam, and count.

Katharine
De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de sonmauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour lesdames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrais prononcer ces motsdevant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! lefoot et le coun! Neanmoins, je reciterai une autre fois ma lecon ensemble: d' hand, de fingres, de nails, d'arm, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Foot and count! Those are ugly words, for a respectable girl to say. I would not say those words in front of the lords of France. Ugh! Foot and count! However, I will say them once more. Hand, fingers, nails, arm, elbow, nick, sin, foot, and coun.

Alice
Excellent, madame!

Excellent, madam.

Katharine
C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous a diner.

That's enough for one day. Let's go eat.

Exit.

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These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you?

Have you the heart to do it? When you had a headache,
I tied my handkerchief around your forehead–
the best I had, a Princess made it for me–
and I never asked for it back;
at midnight I held your head in my hands;
and I tried to cheer up the dark time and make it
past like the minutes in the hour,
saying, “what do you need?" And “where does it hurt?"
Or “is there anything that I can do for you?"
Many sons of poor men would have just slept
and never spoken a loving word to you;
but to serve you in your sickness you had a prince.
Well, you may think that my love was a trick,
and call it cunning. Do, if you want to.
If heaven is determined that you must treat me badly,
well, then you must. Are you going to put out my eyes,
the eyes that never did and never will
so much as frown at you?

HUBERT.
I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

I have sworn to do it;
and I must burn them out with hot irons.

ARTHUR.
Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him-no tongue but Hubert's.

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Scene V: The same.

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, the duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and Others.

French King
'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

It is true. He has passed the river Somme.

Constable
And if he be not fought withal, my lord,Let us not live in France; let us quit allAnd give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

If we don’t fight back, let’s not live in France and give all of our land to a barbarous people.

Dauphin
O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,The emptying of our fathers' luxury,Our scions put in wild and savage stock,Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,And overlook their grafters?

My God! Are we forgetting what our fathers did?

Bourbon
Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!Mort de ma vie! if they march alongUnfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,To buy a slobbery and a dirty farmIn that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Normans! Norman bastards! If we don’t fight back, I will sell my land for a filthy farm on the isle of Albion.

Constable
Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,Let us not hang like roping iciclesUpon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty peopleSweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!Poor we may

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call them in their native lords.

God of battles! Where did they get their power? Is our blood so frosty, while theirs is running hot? Let's not hang around like icicles, while these cold brutes drop sweat upon our fields!

Dauphin
By faith and honour,Our madams mock at us, and plainly sayOur mettle is bred out, and they will giveTheir bodies to the lust of English youthTo new-store France with bastard warriors.

I swear our women make fun of us and say our courage is all gone, and they will give themselves to the English youth to breed new French warriors.

Bourbon
They bid us to the English dancing-schools,And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos;Saying our grace is only in our heels,And that we are most lofty runaways.

They say the English are taking us to school and we are running away from their approach.

French King
Where is Montjoy the herald? Speed him hence.Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edgedMore sharper than your swords, hie to the field!Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,Alencon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,Beaumont, Grandpre, Roussi, and Fauconberg,Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,For your great seats now quit you of great shames.Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our landWith pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur.Rush on his host, as doth the melted snowUpon the valleys, whose low vassal seatThe Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.Go down upon him, you have power enough,And in a captive chariot into RouenBring him our prisoner.

Where is Montjoy, the herald? Bring him here quickly. Let him greet England with our sharp defiance. Get up, princes and go to the field. Charles Delabreth, high constable of France; you dukes

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of Orleans, Bourbon, and Berri, Alencon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy; Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont, Beaumont, Grandpre, Roussi, and Fauconberg; Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois show your bravery and fight Harry of England who sweeps through our land stained with the blood of Harfleur. Rush upon him like the snowy Alps and bring him back as our prisoner.

Constable
This becomes the great.Sorry am I his numbers are so few,His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march;For I am sure, when he shall see our army,He'll drop his heart into the sink of fearAnd for achievement offer us his ransom.

We will be great in number and he will be so few with his soldiers suffering with sickness and starvation. I am sure when he sees our army his heart will be filled with fear and he will give up.

French King
Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on Montjoy,

And let him say to England that we sendTo know what willing ransom he will give.Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Therefore, Lord Constable, hurry up Montjoy. Let him ask England what they will give us for the King's ransom. Prince Dauphin, you will stay with us here in Rouen.

Dauphin
Not so, I do beseech your Majesty.

No, please, your majesty.

French King
Be patient, for you shall remain with us.Now forth, Lord Constable and princes all,And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

Be patient. You will stay with us. Now, Lord Constable and princes, quickly bring us the news of England's downfall.

Exit.

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Scene VI: the English camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen, meeting.

Gower
How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

How is it going, Captain Fluellen? Are you coming from the bridge?

Fluellen
I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Yes, and I can assure you they are well committed at the bridge.

Gower
Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Fluellen
The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and aman that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my live, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not--God be praised and blessed!--any hurt in the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world, but I did see him do as gallant service.

The Duke of Exeter is well and unhurt. He keeps the bridge courageously and with excellent discipline. There is an old lieutenant at the bridge who is as brave as Mark Antony. He is a nobody, but he is performing a great service.

Gower
What do you call him?

What is his name?

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Fluellen
He is call'd Aunchient Pistol.

He is called Pistol.

Gower
I know him not.

I don’t know him.

Enter Pistol.

Fluellen
Here is the man.

Here he is.

Pistol
Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours.The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Captain, I need to ask you for a favor. The Duke of Exeter loves you.

Fluellen
Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Praise God, I have earned his love.

Pistol
Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,And of buxom valour, hath by cruel fateAnd giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,That goddess blind,That stands upon the rolling restless stone--

Bardolph, a good and valiant soldier, has encountered the cruel fate of blind Fortune’s fickle wheel…

Fluellen
By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is paintedblind, with a muffler afore his eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, tosignify to you, which is the

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moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it. Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pistol, Fortune is blind and holds a wheel of chance to show you the inconstancy of fate. She stands upon a rolling stone to show you the variability of luck. The poet who describes Fortune does an excellent job at explaining the moral.

Pistol
Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must 'a be,--A damned death!Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free,And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate.But Exeter hath given the doom of deathFor pax of little price.Therefore, go speak; the Duke will hear thy voice;And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cutWith edge of penny cord and vile reproach.

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Fortune is Bardolph’s foe and frowns on him. He stole a picture from church and must be hanged. A terrible death! A death for dogs. Let him go free and not suffocate on the end of a rope. Please, go talk to the duke. He will listen to you. Don’t let Bardolph’s life be ended this way. I will pay you back, if you will talk to him.

Fluellen
Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Lieutenant Pistol, I partly understand what you want.

Pistol
Why then, rejoice therefore.

Good.

Fluellen
Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the Duketo use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; fordiscipline ought to be used.

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Lieutenant, it’s not good. Look, if he were my brother, I would want the duke to use his discretion and discipline him with execution, if necessary.

Pistol
Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy friendship!

Well, then die and go to hell! Forget our friendship!

Fluellen
It is well.

Oh, it’s just as well.

Pistol
The fig of Spain.

Forget you!

Exit.

Fluellen
Very good.

Very good.

Gower
Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal. I rememberhim now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Why, I remember that fellow. He is a fake rascal and a thief.

Fluellen
I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

You should have heard him at the bridge, speaking as bravely as anyone. But it’s all well. I promise you when the time is right.

Gower

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Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names; and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

It is a fool, a rogue, who goes to wars now and then just to call himself a soldier. They can remember great commanders' names and talk about this breach or convoy or who was brave, or disgraced, or shot. They turn their experience into a means to trick others. You must beware of soldiers like these or be taken by them.

Fluellen
I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is. If I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [Drum heard.] Hark you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

I know, Captain Gower, he is not the man he'd like for people to think he is. And, given a chance, I will tell him what I think.

Drum heard.

Listen, the king is coming and I must speak with him from the bridge.

Drum and colors. Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

God bless your Majesty!

God bless your majesty!

King
How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge?

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How are you, Fluellen? Are you coming from the bridge?

Fluellen
Ay, so please your Majesty. The Duke of Exeter has verygallantly maintain'd the pridge. The French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

Yes, your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has maintained the bridge. The French are gone. The Duke is a master and he ran them off. He is a brave man.

King
What men have you lost, Fluellen?

What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Fluellen
The perdition of the athversary hath been very great, reasonable great. Marry, for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your Majesty know the man. His face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

The enemy lost many, but I don’t think the duke lost a man, but one, who will be executed for robbing a church. His name is Bardolph, if you know him. His face is red and filled with whelps. He blows his nose making it red, but I guess he won’t be blowing it anymore.

King
We would have all such offenders so cut off; and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compell'd from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

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Ah, only people in this iron age could do it!
The iron on its own, although heated redhot,
coming near these eyes would drink my tears,
and extinguish its fiery anger
with the stuff of my innocence;
and after that it would rust away
as punishment for having fire to harm my eyes.
Are you more stubborn and hard than forged iron?
If an angel had come to me
and told me that Hubert would put out my eyes,
I wouldn't have believed him–I only believe it when I hear it from Hubert.

HUBERT.
[Stamps]Come forth.

Re-enter EXECUTIONERS, With cord, irons, etc.

Do as I bid you do.

Come out.

Do as I tell you.

ARTHUR.
O, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Oh save me, Hubert, save me! I am blinded
just by the fierce looks of these bloodthirsty men.

HUBERT.
Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Give me the iron and tie him up here.

ARTHUR.
Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! Drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

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We want all such offenders cut off. No one is to take anything while we march, unless it is paid for. None of the French are to be abused or mistreated, because the gentlest player for a kingdom always wins.

A trumpet sounds. Montjoy enters.

Montjoy
You know me by my habit.

You can tell who I am.

King
Well then I know thee. What shall I know of thee?

Well, then I know you. What do you have to say?

Montjoy
My master's mind.

I'm here to speak my master's mind.

King
Unfold it.

Go ahead.

Montjoy
Thus says my King: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuk'd him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettishness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose

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condemnation is pronounc'd. So far my King and master; so much my office.

My king says to tell you though we seem dead, we were just asleep. We could have rebuked you at Harfleur, but we were waiting until the perfect time. England must turn back, admit his weakness, and we will be merciful. Therefore, think about what you are asking and the losses we have already taken in addition to the disgrace we have digested, which is far weightier than yours. You can do nothing to make amends for your actions. You have betrayed your men who will be condemned.

King
What is thy name? I know thy quality.

What is your name? You seem familiar.

Montjoy
Montjoy.

Montjoy

King
Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,And tell thy King I do not seek him now,But could be willing to march on to Calais

Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so muchUnto an enemy of craft and vantage,My people are with sickness much enfeebled,My numbers lessen'd, and those few I haveAlmost no better than so many French;Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,I thought upon one pair of English legsDid march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,That I do brag thus! This your air of FranceHath blown that vice in me. I must repent.Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,My army but a weak and sickly guard;Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,Though France himself and such another neighbourStand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.Go, bid thy master well advise himself.If we may pass, we will; if we be hind'red,We shall your tawny ground with your red bloodDiscolour; and so, Montjoy, fare you well.The sum of all our answer is but this:We would not seek a battle, as we are;Nor, as we are, we say we will

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not shun it.So tell your master.

You do a good job. Now, go back and tell the king I am not seeking him now. But I could be persuaded to march on to Calais, if he would like. However, I shouldn't admit my intentions. My people are sick and weak. The number of my soldiers is down and those I have, whom I thought were worth three Frenchmen, are not well. Let me not brag, God. Go tell your master I am ready to repent, and even though my desires are worthless and my army is weak, we are coming. This is for your trouble, Montjoy. Go tell your master if he resists us, we will paint the ground blood red. Tell your master we do not seek a battle, but we will not avoid one.

Montjoy
I shall deliver so. Thanks to your Highness.

I will deliver your message. Thanks, your highness.

Exit.

Gloucester
I hope they will not come upon us now.

I hope they don't attack us now.

King
We are in God's hands, brother, not in theirs.March to the bridge; it now draws toward night.Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,And on to-morrow bid them march away.

We are in God's hands, not the French. It's almost night time, so march to the bridge. We will camp beyond the river and tomorrow, we will march.

Exit.

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Scene VII: The French camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleans, and Dauphin with others.

Constable
Tut! I have the best armour of the world.Would it were day!

Bull! I have the best armor in the world. I wish it were day!

Orleans
You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

You do have an excellent armor, but don't forget about my horses.

Constable
It is the best horse of Europe.

You do have the best horse in Europe.

Orleans
Will it never be morning?

Will it never be morning?

Dauphin
My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armour?

My lord of Orleans and my lord high Constable, are you talking of horses and armor?

Orleans
You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Yes, and you have the best of both as any prince in the world.

Dauphin
What a long night is this! I will not change my horse withany that treads but on four pasterns. Ca, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les

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narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk. he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

What a long night this is! I would not trade my horse for another. He bounds from the earth like Pegasus. I feel like I am flying when I sit on him. The earth sings at the touch of his hoof which is as musical as the pipe of Hermes.

Orleans
He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

He’s the color of nutmeg.

Dauphin
And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus. He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him. He is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts.

And he has the heat of ginger. He is a beast fit for Perseus, pure air and fire. He is only calm when he is mounted by his rider. All other horses pale in comparison.

Constable
Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Indeed, my lord, he is an excellent horse.

Dauphin
It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

He is the prince of horses. His neigh is like the bidding of a king and he demands honor.

Orleans
No more, cousin.

No more, cousin.

Dauphin

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Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey. It is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: "Wonder of nature,"--

No, the man has no sense if he can't praise my horse. He is as worthy a subject for a king. I even wrote a sonnet based on him: "Wonder of nature…"

Orleans
I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

I heard a sonnet about one's mistress that started the same way.

Dauphin
Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courser,for my horse is my mistress.

Then, they must have copied mine, because my horse is my mistress.

Orleans
Your mistress bears well.

Your mistress serves you well.

Dauphin
Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of agood and particular mistress.

Exactly why I call her my mistress.

Constable
Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shookyour back.

That's not what I saw yesterday when she threw you off her back.

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Dauphin
So perhaps did yours.

Maybe yours did.

Constable
Mine was not bridled.

Mine wasn’t bridled.

Dauphin
O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like akern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your straitstrossers.

Perhaps she is too old and gentle, so you rode like an Irishman, without pants.

Constable
You have good judgment in horsemanship.

You are a good judge of horsemanship.

Dauphin
Be warn'd by me, then; they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Well, let me warn you. He that rides like that falls into trouble. I’d rather have my horse than my mistress.

Constable
I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

I’ll keep my mistress.

Dauphin
I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

I tell you, Constable, at least my mistress has her own hair.

Constable
I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow tomy mistress.

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I could make the same boast, if my mistress was a pig.

Dauphin
"Le chien est retourne a son propre vomissement, et latruie lavee au bourbier." Thou mak'st use of anything.

“The dog returns to his own vomit and the pig to its mud.” You would make anything your mistress.

Constable
Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any suchproverb so little kin to the purpose.

Yet, I don’t use my horse for my mistress or any other think like it.

Rambures
My Lord Constable, the armour that I saw in your tentto-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

My lord Constable, are there stars or suns on the armor I saw in your tent tonight?

Constable
Stars, my lord.

Stars, my lord.

Dauphin
Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

I hope some of them will fall tomorrow.

Constable
And yet my sky shall not want.

But, my sky will not be left in want.

Dauphin
That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'tweremore honour some were away.

You wear too many, anyway.

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Constable
Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot aswell, were some of your brags dismounted.

Not as many as the praises you heap upon your horse.

Dauphin
Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall bepaved with English faces.

I still can’t give him enough praises. Will it ever be day? I will ride a mile tomorrow and pave the way with Englishmen.

Constable
I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way. But I would it were morning; for I would fain be aboutthe ears of the English.

I wouldn’t say that. You shouldn’t brag, but I do wish it was morning, because I am ready to face the English.

Rambures
Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Would anyone like to bet me twenty prisoners?

Constable
You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

You have to get them, first.

Dauphin
'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself.

It’s midnight. I’m going to get prepared.

Exit.

Orleans
The Dauphin longs for morning.

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The Dauphin can’t wait until morning.

Rambures
He longs to eat the English.

He’s ready to eat the English.

Constable
I think he will eat all he kills.

I think he will be able to eat all he kills.

Orleans
By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

I swear by the white hand of my lady, he is a brave prince.

Constable
Swear by her foot that she may tread out the oath.

You’d be better off to swear by her foot.

Orleans
He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

He is the most active gentleman in France.

Constable
Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Acting is activity, and he’s always doing that.

Orleans
He never did harm, that I heard of.

He never has harmed anyone that I know of.

Constable
Nor will do none to-morrow. He will keep that goodname still.

Nor will he tomorrow. He will keep his good name, still.

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I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily;
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Alas, why'd you need to be so terribly rough?
I won't struggle, I'm standing as still as a stone.
For heavens sake, Hubert, don't let them tie me!
No, listen to me, Hubert! Send these men away,
and I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not move, or wince, or say a word,
or look angrily at the iron;
only send these men away and I will forgive you,
whatever torture you put on me.

HUBERT.
Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Go and stand in the next room; leave me alone with him.

EXECUTIONER.
I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

I'm well pleased to be excused doing this.

Exeunt EXECUTIONERS

ARTHUR.
Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look but a gentle heart.
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Alas, it seems I have sent away my friend!
He looked stern but had gentle heart.
Bring him back, so his compassion can
inspire yours.

HUBERT.
Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Come, boy, get ready.

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Orleans
I know him to be valiant.

I think he is courageous.

Constable
I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Someone who knows him better than you told me that.

Orleans
What's he?

Who?

Constable
Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he car'd notwho knew it.

He told me so himself, and he said he didn’t care who knew it.

Orleans
He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Well, he doesn’t have to be brave. It’s not a hard virtue to see.

Constable
By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it but hislackey. 'Tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it willbate.

I swear, sir, valor is never easy to see. No one has ever seen him be brave, but his servant, and then it was short-lived.

Orleans
"Ill will never said well."

You shouldn’t speak ill of him.

Constable
I will cap that proverb with "There is flattery in friendship."

And, flattery is found among friends.

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Orleans
And I will take up that with "Give the devil his due."

Just, giving the devil his due.

Constable
Well plac'd. There stands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with "A pox of the devil."

That’s a good word for him, the devil.

Orleans
You are the better at proverbs, by how much "A fool'sbolt is soon shot."

You are better at using proverbs for a fool shoots quickly and often misses his mark.

Constable
You have shot over.

You have over shot your friend.

Orleans
'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

It’s not the first time.

Enter a messenger.

Messenger
My Lord High Constable, the English lie within fifteenhundred paces of your tents.

My lord, high Constable, the English are within fifteen hundred feet from your tents.

Constable
Who hath measur'd the ground?

Who measured the ground?

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Messenger
The Lord Grandpre.

The Lord Grandpre.

Constable
A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day!Alas, poor Harry of England, he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Now, that’s a valiant gentleman. I wish it were day! I bet poor Harry of England doesn’t though.

Orleans
What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of hisknowledge!

He is a wretched and stupid fellow to bring his fat-headed followers to France, where he doesn’t know anything.

Constable
If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

If the English had any sense, they’d run away.

Orleans
That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

They don’t have any brains in their heads or else they couldn’t wear such heavy armor.

Rambures
That island of England breeds very valiant creatures. Their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

The island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their dogs are of unmatchable courage.

Orleans
Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples! You may as well

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say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

They’re foolish dogs to run blind into the mouth of a bear that will crush their heads like apples! You might as well say they are valiant fleas eating their breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Constable
Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs inrobustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then, give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

We men must feel sorry for these dogs that left their brains behind with their wives. Then they are given them meals of beef and iron to eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orleans
Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Yes, but these English are out of beef.

Constable
Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs toeat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm. Come, shall we about it?

Then I hope we find tomorrow they don’t have the stomachs to fight. Now, it’s time to prepare. Shall we go?

Orleans
It is now two o'clock; but, let me see, by tenWe shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

It’s only two o’clock, but let me see, by ten tomorrow, we will each have a hundred Englishmen.

Exit.

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Act IV

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Prologue

Enter Chorus.

Chorus
Now entertain conjecture of a timeWhen creeping murmur and the poring darkFills the wide vessel of the universe.From camp to camp through the foul womb of nightThe hum of either army stilly sounds,That the fix'd sentinels almost receiveThe secret whispers of each other's watch;Fire answers fire, and through their paly flamesEach battle sees the other's umber'd face;Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighsPiercing the night's dull ear; and from the tentsThe armourers, accomplishing the knights,With busy hammers closing rivets up,Give dreadful note of preparation.The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,And the third hour of drowsy morning name.Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,The confident and over-lusty FrenchDo the low-rated English play at dice;And chide the cripple tardy-gaited NightWho, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limpSo tediously away. The poor condemned English,Like sacrifices, by their watchful firesSit patiently and inly ruminateThe morning's danger; and their gesture sad,Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,Presented them unto the gazing moonSo many horrid ghosts. O now, who will beholdThe royal captain of this ruin'd bandWalking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,Let him cry, "Praise and glory on his head!"For forth he goes and visits all his host,Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.Upon his royal face there is no noteHow dread an army hath enrounded him;Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colourUnto the weary and all-watched night,But freshly looks, and over-bears attaintWith cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;That every wretch, pining and pale before,Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.A largess universal like the sunHis liberal eye doth give to every one,Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle allBehold, as may unworthiness define,A little touch of Harry in the night.And so our scene must to the battle fly,Where--O for pity!--we shall much disgraceWith four or five most vile and ragged foils,Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,Minding true things by what their mock'ries be.

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Now entertain a brief passing of time when night surrounds the earth. From camp to camp, hear the hum of army sounds and the secret whispers of each sentinel's watch. Men answer fire with fire, staring into the other's face. Horses threaten other horses with high-pitched neighs, piercing the soundless night. From tents, you hear the men being placed in their armor. Take note of the dreadful preparation for war. The country cocks crow and the clocks toll the third hour of morning. The proud and over-lusty French, secure in their numbers, go to meet the English as night passes, like an ugly limping witch. The poor condemned English wait like sacrifices by their fire and think about the morning's danger. Their faces are sad and lean, and their coats are worn from war. Behold the royal captain going from tent to tent crying, "Praise and glory be!" He bids them good morning with a modest smile and calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen. He appears unaware of the condition of his men, but looks fresh and cheerful so every man may take comfort from him. He looks upon each man, cold with fear, and gives them a piece of himself. Now, our scene takes us to battle at Agincourt. Watch our performance and remember our story.

Exit.

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Scene I: The English camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King
Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;The greater therefore should our courage be.Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!There is some soul of goodness in things evil,Would men observingly distil it out;For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,Which is both healthful and good husbandry.Besides, they are our outward consciences,And preachers to us all, admonishingThat we should dress us fairly for our end.Thus may we gather honey from the weed,And make a moral of the devil himself.

Gloucester, it’s true we are in great danger, so we must be more courageous. Good morning, brother Bedford. God almighty, there are still some good found among evil. Our bad neighbor makes us early risers, which is both healthy and noble. Besides, they are like preachers to us, reprimanding us so we should be ready for the end, so we may take the good from the bad and find the moral of all this.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:A good soft pillow for that good white headWere better than a churlish turf of France.

Good morning, old Sir Thomas Erpingham. I bet you wish you had a soft pillow for that white head than the hard ground of France.

Erpingham
Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,Since I may say, "Now lie I like a king."

Not so, my king, this lodging is just fine by me, since I can say, “Now I lay just like a king.”

King
'Tis good for men to love their present painsUpon example; so the spirit is eased;And when the mind is quick'ned, out of doubt,The

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organs, though defunct and dead before,Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,With casted slough and fresh legerity.Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,Commend me to the princes in our camp;Do my good morrow to them, and anonDesire them all to my pavilion.

It’s good for men to embrace their present pains to ease their spirits when their minds are filled with doubt. It awakens the body and gives a fresh perspective on life. Lend me your cloak, Sir Thomas. Both of you, give my pardons to the princes in our camp and tell them
good morning. Tell them they are welcome in my tent, if they would like.

Gloucester
We shall, my liege.

We will, my liege.

Erpingham
Shall I attend your Grace?

Should I go, your grace?

King
No, my good knight;Go with my brothers to my lords of England.I and my bosom must debate a while,And then I would no other company.

No, my good knight, go with my brothers to my lords of England. We must talk awhile and then I want to be alone.

Erpingham
The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

May the Lord in heaven bless you, noble Harry!

Exit all but King Henry.

King
God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

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God have mercy, old heart! You speak cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pistol
Qui va la?

Who are you?

King
A friend.

A friend.

Pistol
Discuss unto me; art thou officer?Or art thou base, common, and popular?

Are you an officer or are you a common man?

King
I am a gentleman of a company.

I am a gentleman of one of the companies.

Pistol
Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

Do you carry a pike?

King
Even so. What are you?

Yes. What are you?

Pistol
As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

I am a gentleman as good as the emperor.

King
Then you are a better than the King.

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ARTHUR.
Is there no remedy?

Is there nothing to be done?

HUBERT.
None, but to lose your eyes.

Nothing, you must lose your eyes.

ARTHUR.
O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

I wish to heaven that there was just a speck in yours,
a grain, dust, a gnat, a stray hair,
any irritation to your eyesight!
Then, feeling how revolting small things there are,
you would see how horrible your evil plan is.

HUBERT.
Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

Is that all you have to say? Enough, hold your tongue.

ARTHUR.
Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes.
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

Hubert, the speech of a pair of tongues
is not enough to plead for a pair of eyes.
Don't make me hold my tongue, don't make me, Hubert;

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Then you are better than the king.

Pistol
The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,A lad of life, an imp of fame;Of parents good, of fist most valiant.I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-stringI love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

The king is a great man with a heart of gold. He is all about life, not fame. He comes from good parents and is most valiant. I would kiss his dirty shoe. I love him. What is your name?

King
Harry le Roy.

Harry LeRoy.

Pistol
Le Roy! a Cornish name. Art thou of Cornish crew?

That’s a Cornish name. Are you Cornish?

King
No, I am a Welshman.

No, I am a Welshman.

Pistol
Know'st thou Fluellen?

Do you know Fluellen?

King
Yes.

Yes.

Pistol
Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pateUpon Saint Davy's day.

Then, tell him, I’m going to knock his block off on St. Davy’s day.

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King
Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lesthe knock that about yours.

You better not wear your dagger in your hat or he might knock yours off.

Pistol
Art thou his friend?

Are you his friend?

King
And his kinsman too.

And his relative, too.

Pistol
The figo for thee, then!

To hell with you, then!

King
I thank you. God be with you!

Thanks. God be with you!

Pistol
My name is Pistol call'd.

My name is Pistol.

Exit.

King
It sorts well with your fierceness.

The name suits your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower

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Captain Fluellen!

Captain Fluellen!

Fluellen
So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, youshall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp. I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

In the name of Jesus, speak lower. It's a shame when people aren't aware of the laws of war. It would do you some good to examine the wars of Pompey, the Great. You will surely find no silliness in his camp, only the ceremonies and seriousness of war.

Gower
Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Why? The enemy is loud. You hear them all night.

Fluellen
If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? In your own conscience, now?

Should we be fools, if the enemy is? Think about it.

Gower
I will speak lower.

I will be quieter.

Fluellen
I pray you and beseech you that you will.

I hope so.

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Exit Gower and Fluellen.

King
Though it appear a little out of fashion,There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

It may not be popular, but there is much care in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court
Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaksyonder?

Brother John Bates, isn't that the morning breaking over there?

Bates
I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire theapproach of day.

I think it is, but we are in no hurry for it.

Williams
We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinkwe shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

We see the beginning of a new day, but I don't think we will see the end. Who goes there?

King
A friend.

A friend.

Williams
Under what captain serve you?

What captain do you serve?

King
Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

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I serve under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Williams
A good old commander and a most kind gentleman. Ipray you, what thinks he of our estate?

He is a good old commander and kind gentleman. May I ask, what he thinks of our situation?

King
Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to bewash'd off the next tide.

He thinks we look like men wrecked on a beach about to be swept out to sea.

Bates
He hath not told his thought to the King?

Has he told the king?

King
No; nor it is not meet he should. For though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man as I am. The violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

No, and I don’t think he should. Even though I am telling you, the king is a man and can see the situation. He feels just like a man, and he fears just like a man, but he can’t show it like a man or else his men would sense it and become disheartened.

Bates
He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were

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quit here.

He may appear courageous, but I bet he wishes he were in the Thames up to his neck. I know I would if I were him, I am so ready to be done here.

King
By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King: I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

Honestly, I don't think he would rather be anywhere but here.

Bates
Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

Then, I wish he were here alone for he would surely be ransomed and many men's lives would be spared.

King
I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the King's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

I guess you don't love him so much, if you wish he were here alone, unless you are saying that just to feel out other men. I could not die anywhere as happily as with the king. His cause is just and his argument is honorable.

Williams
That's more than we know.

You know more than us.

Bates
Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Yes, or you know more than we should. Regardless of the valor in his argument, we are his subjects and must follow him.

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Williams
But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all, "We died at such a place"; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it; who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

If his cause is not good, he has a heavy reckoning to make, when all the legs, arms, and heads, chopped off in battle, join together on Judgment Day and cry, “We died at France.” There are a few who will die well in battle, but how can a person expect forgiveness when they spent their lives killing? If these men go without God’s grace, the king will have a heavy price to pay, because who of his subjects could refuse him.

King
So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcil'diniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so. The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to thearbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of Peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punish'd for before-breach of the

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King's laws in now the King's quarrel. Where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

So, if a son, dutiful to his father, is sent to commit sins upon the sea, the punishment should be on his father's head, or if a servant, under his master's command, gets robbed and killed, then it is the master's fault that sent him. It is not the fault of the father, the master or the king, because the others offer their deaths when they offer their services. Anyway, has there ever been a king whose men were blameless? Some may have been guilty of murder while others of stealing. If these men escaped prosecution at home, they cannot escape God's. War is a holy instrument of justice. So, some men pay for their crimes with their lives in the king's war. The king is no guiltier of their damnation as he was their earlier crimes. Every man is responsible for his own soul. Therefore, every man should make amends for their sins so in death they will have a clear conscience. And, if he doesn't die, he can live to tell his story to the glory of God.

Williams
'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the King is not to answer for it.

It's certain that any man who dies from illness, the illness is the fault of the king.

Bates
I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

I don't want him to answer for me, and I willingly will fight for him.

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King
I myself heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

I heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Williams
Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when ourthroats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

He said that to make us fight harder, but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed and we won't know the difference.

King
If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

If I live to see it, I won't believe him ever again.

Williams
You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! Come, 'tis a foolish saying.

You go tell him, then. What a pathetic threat! You may as well try to turn the sun to ice. "You'll never trust his word again." What a stupid thing to say.

King
Your reproof is something too round. I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

You are out of line. I would be angry if I had the time.

Williams
Let it be a quarrel between us if you live.

Well, if we live, let it be a quarrel between us.

King
I embrace it.

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I will.

Williams
How shall I know thee again?

How will I know you again?

King
Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Give me something to remember you by and I will wear it in my bonnet. Then, if you acknowledge it, I will quarrel with you.

Williams
Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

Here’s my glove. Give me one of yours.

King
There.

There.

Williams
This will I also wear in my cap. If ever thou come to meand say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand I will take thee a box on the ear.

I will wear it in my cap, and if you ever come to me and say, “This is my glove,” I will box you on the ear with this hand.

King
If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

If I live to see it, I will challenge you.

Williams
Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

You might as well be hanged.

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or, Hubert, if you like, cut out my tongue,
and let me keep my eyes. Oh, spare my eyes,
even if just so I can look at you!
Look, I swear, the instrument is cold
and cannot harm me.

HUBERT.
I can heat it, boy.

I can heat it, boy.

ARTHUR.
No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserved extremes. See else yourself:
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

No, by heaven; the fire is dead from grief,
as it was made to comfort us, at being used
in such a terrible way. Look for yourself:
there is no evil in this burning coal;
the breath of heaven has blown out his spirit,
and piled the ashes of repentance on his head.

HUBERT.
But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

But I can bring back to life with my breath, boy.

ARTHUR.
An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes,
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy lacking uses.

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King
Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

I will do it, even in front of the king.

Williams
Keep thy word; fare thee well.

Keep your word. Goodbye.

Bates
Be friends, you English fools, be friends. We haveFrench quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

Be friends, you English fools. We have enough French quarrels for you to worry about.

King
Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to onethey will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the King himself will be a clipper.Upon the King! Let us our lives, our souls,Our debts, our careful wives,Our children, and our sins lay on the King!We must bear all. O hard condition,Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breathOf every fool, whose sense no more can feelBut his own wringing! What infinite heart's-easeMust kings neglect, that private men enjoy!And what have kings, that privates have not too,Save ceremony, save general ceremony?And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st moreOf mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?O Ceremony, show me but thy worth!What is thy soul of adoration?Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,Creating awe and fear in other men?Wherein thou art less happy being fear'dThan they in fearing.What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure!Think'st thou the fiery fever will go outWith titles blown from adulation?Will it give place to flexure and low bending?Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;I am a king that find thee, and I

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know'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,The farced title running 'fore the King,The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pompThat beats upon the high shore of this world,No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremony,--Not all these, laid in bed majestical,Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,Who with a body fill'd and vacant mindGets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,But, like a lackey, from the rise to setSweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all nightSleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,And follows so the ever-running year,With profitable labour, to his grave:And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.The slave, a member of the country's peace,Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wotsWhat watch the King keeps to maintain the peace,Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Indeed, the French may bet twenty one they will beat us, but we will cut them down alongside the king tomorrow.

Exit soldiers.

I swear, let us lay our lives, our souls, our debts, our wives, our children, and our sins on the king! I must bear it all. What a hard life to live, born with greatness and subject to every fool. What a king must bear, that a private man enjoys! What's the difference between a king and a common man. Just general ceremony? What kind of god suffers more than mortals? What is the payment? What's it all worth? What makes a soul more worthy of adoration? Place and position in life to create fear in other men, while you are more unhappy being feared than the ones who are actually fearful? What good is useless flattery instead of sincere love? I am sick of all the ceremony. Give me a cure! Do you think a title gives so much credit men are eager to bend their knee? It's all a vain dream. I understand you, ceremony. I am a king, and I know nothing will help the king sleep like the common man, with an empty mind and full belly rests peacefully. He never wakes in the night, tormented like a child of hell. After years of labor he goes to his grave and rests in peace. He is better off than a king. He enjoys peace in his country without worrying about how to maintain it.

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Enter Erpingham

Erpingham
My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,Seek through your camp to find you.

My lord, your nobles are looking for you throughout the camp.

King
Good old knight,Collect them all together at my tent.I'll be before thee.

Good old knight, get them all together at my tent. I’ll be right there.

Erpingham
I shall do't, my lord.

I’ll do it, my lord.

Exit.

King
O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts.Possess them not with fear. Take from them nowThe sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbersPluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,O, not to-day, think not upon the faultMy father made in compassing the crown!I Richard's body have interred new,And on it have bestow'd more contrite tearsThan from it issued forced drops of blood.Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold upToward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have builtTwo chantries, where the sad and solemn priestsSing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;Though all that I can do is nothing worth,Since that my penitence comes after all,Imploring pardon.

Oh God of battles! Make my soldiers’ hearts steel. Take away their fear and their sense of revenge, if the enemy is too great. Oh Lord, don’t think about the way my father took the crown today. Oh not today! I have cried more tears over Richard’s body than he drew from this world. I employ five hundred people to pray for my absolution twice a day, and I’ve built two churches to house

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priests who sing continually for Richard’s soul. I will do more, but nothing is worth your pardon.

Enter Gloucester

Gloucester
My liege!

My liege!

King
My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay;I know thy errand, I will go with thee.The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

Is that you, Gloucester? Yes, I know why you’re here. I will go with you. Today, my friends and everything wait upon me.

Exit.

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Scene II: The French camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and others.

Orleans
The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!

The sun is shining upon our armor. Get up, my lords!

Dauphin
Montez a cheval! My horse, varlet! lackey! ha!

Get on your horse. Get my horse! Ha!

Orleans
O brave spirit!

Oh, brave spirit!

Dauphin
Via! les eaux et la terre.

I will ride him through floods and fields.

Orleans
Rien puis? L'air et le feu.

What about through air and fire?

Dauphin
Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Just the heavens, cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my Lord Constable!

Hello, my lord, Constable!

Constable

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Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

Hey, are our horses ready to serve us?

Dauphin
Mount them, and make incision in their hides,That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!

When you mount them, cut them in their hides so the blood may spin out into the eyes of the English. Give them any extra courage you have, ha!

Rambures
What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Do you want them to weep blood from our horses? How will we see their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Messenger
The English are embattl'd, you French peers.

The English are ready, my French lords.

Constable
To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!Do but behold yon poor and starved band,And your fair show shall suck away their souls,Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.There is not work enough for all our hands;Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veinsTo give each naked curtle-axe a stain,That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,Who in unnecessary action swarmAbout our squares of battle, were enowTo purge this field of such a hilding foe,Though we upon this mountain's basis byTook stand for idle speculation,But that our honours must not. What's to say?A very little little let us do,And all is done. Then let the trumpets soundThe tucket sonance and the note to mount;For our approach

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shall so much dare the fieldThat England shall crouch down in fear and yield.

To your horses, you gallant princes! Straight to your horses! Look upon the poor and starved band of men. Your appearance will suck away their souls, leaving them just empty shells of men. There isn't enough work for all of us or enough blood in all their veins to stain one of our axes. Let's just blow on them and watch our breath knock them down. It's true our peasants and servants are enough to purge the battlefield of our enemy. We stand here for them to see, but that doesn't honor us. So, let's do the little that must be done. Then let the trumpets play to announce our approach and watch England crouch down in fear and give up.

Enter Grandpre.

Grandpre
Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,Ill-favouredly become the morning field.Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,And our air shakes them passing scornfully.Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps;The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticksWith torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jadesLob down their heads, drooping the hides and hips,The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bitLies foul with chew'd grass, still, and motionless;And their executors, the knavish crows,Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.Description cannot suit itself in wordsTo demonstrate the life of such a battle,In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Why are you still here, my lords? The poor English are already on the field. Their ragged flags are flying as French air blows them about scornfully. Mars, the god of war, will not spend much on this battle. The horsemen look through their rusty helmets like frozen sticks. With torches in their hands, they sit on horses whose heads hang low showing the bones of their hips as they tug at the grass. The crows are flying high impatiently waiting their deaths. There aren't any words in life to describe this lifeless battle.

Constable
They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

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They have said their prayers and they are ready for death.

Dauphin
Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suitsAnd give their fasting horses provender,And after fight with them?

Should we send them food and new armor, or give their horses provisions before we fight them?

Constable
I stay but for my guard; on to the field!I will the banner from a trumpet take,And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

I’m waiting on my banner man, but never mind. To the field! I will take the banner from a trumpeter. Let’s hurry. Come on! The sun is high and we are wasting daylight.

Exit.

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Scene III: The English camp.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with his entire host: Salisbury and Westmoreland.

Gloucester
Where is the King?

Where is the king?

Bedford
The King himself is rode to view their battle.

He has ridden to see the battle for himself.

Westmoreland
Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

They have three thousand fighting men.

Exeter
There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

That’s five to one, and they are all fresh.

Salisbury
God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge.If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

God be with us! These are fearsome odds. God be with you, princes. I’m going to my men. If we don’t meet again until heaven then, know I consider you all, Bedford, Gloucester, Exeter, warriors! Goodbye!

Bedford
Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee!

Farewell, Salisbury, and good luck!

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Exeter
Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day!And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

Goodbye, kind lord. Fight valiantly today, and although I don't have to tell you, you are the epitome of courage.

Exit Salisbury.

Bedford
He is as full of valour as of kindness,Princely in both.

He is as courageous as he is kind.

Enter the King.

Westmoreland
O that we now had hereBut one ten thousand of those men in EnglandThat do no work to-day!

Oh, I wish we had one ten-thousandth of the men in England who have no work today!

King
What's he that wishes so?My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin.If we are mark'd to die, we are enowTo do our country loss; and if to live,The fewer men, the greater share of honour.God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;It yearns me not if men my garments wear;Such outward things dwell not in my desires;But if it be a sin to covet honour,I am the most offending soul alive.No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.God's peace! I would not lose so great an honourAs one man more, methinks, would share from meFor the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,That he which hath no stomach to this fight,Let him depart. His passport shall be made,And crowns for convoy put into his purse.We would not die in that man's companyThat fears his fellowship to die with us.This day is call'd the feast of Crispian.He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,And rouse him at the name of

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If you do, you will only be making it blush
with shame at your behaviour, Hubert.
No, maybe it will sparkle in your eyes,
and, like a dog that is forced to fight,
bite his master who is urging him on.
Everything you want to harm me with
refuses to do so; it's only you who lacks
the mercy which fierce fire and iron offers,
a creature who should be able to show mercy.

HUBERT.
Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Well, I must think of what's best; I won't touch your eyes
for all the treasure that your uncle has.
But I swore, and I intended, boy,
to burn them out with this iron here.

ARTHUR.
O, now you look like Hubert! All this while
You were disguis'd.

Oh, now you look like Hubert! All this time
you were disguised.

HUBERT.
Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Quiet; no more. Goodbye.
Your uncle must believe that you are dead:
I'll give these cruel spies false reports;
and, pretty child, sleep without fear, safe in the knowledge
that Hubert will not harm you
for all the wealth in the world.

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Crispian.He that shall live this day, and see old age,Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian."Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,And say, "These wounds I had on Crispian's day."Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,But he'll remember with advantagesWhat feats he did that day. Then shall our names,Familiar in his mouth as household words,Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb'red.This story shall the good man teach his son;And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,From this day to the ending of the world,But we in it shall be remembered,We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.For he to-day that sheds his blood with meShall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,This day shall gentle his condition;And gentlemen in England now a-bedShall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaksThat fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

What is the kind of person who makes such a wish? My cousin, Westmoreland? No, my cousin, if we are to die, we are enough and our country doesn’t lose anymore men. If we live, then we share more honor. God’s will is what I pray. By God, I do not want any gold. I don’t care who feeds off my demise. It doesn’t bother me, if people borrow my clothes. I am not a material man. But, if it’s a sin to want honor, then I am the most sinful soul alive. No, I swear, my cuz, I don’t wish for any more men from England. God’s peace! I don’t want to lose honor in the eyes of my men, so if anyone doesn’t wish to fight, let him leave. Tell them, Westmoreland, a passport will be made and money will be provided for the voyage home. Today is the Feast of Saint Crispian, and anyone who lives to see this day will stand tall in the future. He who lives today, and sees old age will tell everyone about the scars he received on Saint Crispian’s Day. He’ll never forget what feats he accomplished this day. Our names will be engraved in his memory, Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester. Today will make a story he will tell his son. From now on, the Feast of Saint Crispian will never pass that we won’t be remembered. We few, we happy few, we band of brothers. Any who sheds his blood with me will be my brother, no matter how awful. This day will make him anew. Gentlemen, men in their beds in England will wish they were here and consider themselves lesser men compared to any who fought

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Enter York.

York
My lord, most humbly on my knee I begThe leading of the vaward.

My lord, I beg you, on bended knee, to let me lead the vanguard.

King
Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away;And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march. God's will be done.

Exit.

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Scene IV: The field of battle.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and Boy.

Pistol
Yield, cur!

Stop, dog!

French Soldier
Je pense que vous etes le gentilhomme de bonne qualite.

You are a gentleman with high ranks.

Pistol
Qualitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman?What is thy name? Discuss.

Are you a gentleman? What is your name? Tell me.

French Soldier
O Seigneur Dieu!

Oh, Seigneur Dieu!

Pistol
O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman.Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,Except, O signieur, thou do give to meEgregious ransom.

Oh, Signieur Dew, be a gentleman and pardon my words. You will be killed with my sword, unless you pay me for your ransom.

French Soldier
O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitie de moi!

O, prenez miericord! Ayez pitie de moi! Have mercy! Have pity on me!

Pistol
Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys,Or I will fetch thy rim

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Oh, I'm begging you, for the love of God, spare me! I am a gentleman from a good family. Spare me and I will give you two hundred ecus.

Pistol
What are his words?

What did he say?

Boy
He prays you to save his life. He is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundredcrowns.

He begs you to spare his life. He is a gentleman of a good family and he is willing to give you two hundred crowns for his life.

Pistol
Tell him my fury shall abate, and IThe crowns will take.

Tell him I'll take the money.

French Soldier
Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Young man, what does he say?

Boy
Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucunprisonnier; neanmoins, pour les ecus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberte, le franchisement.

He says it would be breaking an oath to pardon any prisoner. However, for the money, he is willing to free you.

French Soldier
Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercimens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombe entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et tres distingue seigneurd'Angleterre.

Thank you, thank you! I am lucky to have fallen into the hands of a knight, the most noble gentleman of England.

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Pistol
Expound unto me, boy.

Tell me what he said.

Boy
He gives you upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

He thanks you and considers you the bravest Englishman.

Pistol
As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.Follow me!

As I bleed him dry, I will show some mercy, today. Follow me!

Boy
Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.

Follow the captain.

Exit Pistol and French Soldier.

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true, "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound." Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys with the luggage of our camp. The French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys.

I never heard a voice with so much sense from such an empty heart. The saying, “The empty vessel makes the greatest sound,” must be true. Bardolph and Num had ten times more valor than this raging devil. They are both hanged and so will he, if he steals anything. I must stay with the servants and the camp’s luggage. The French could make good prey of us if they knew.

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ARTHUR.
O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Oh heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

HUBERT.
Silence; no more. Go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

Silence; no more. Stick close to me.
I'm taking a great risk for you.

Exeunt

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Exit.

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Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!Let's die in honour! Once more back again!And he that will not follow Bourbon now,Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,Like a base pandar, hold the chamber doorWhilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Shame, shame, and more shame! Let’s die with honor. Let’s go back once again. Anyone who will not return with me can back with his hat in his hand and stand by the bedroom door of his daughter being taken by a slave.

Constable
Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

We need order! Let’s go together, if we must die.

Orleans
We are enow yet living in the fieldTo smother up the English in our throngs,If any order might be thought upon.

We are not enough to take England, if you want to talk about order.

Bourbon
The devil take order now! I'll to the throng.Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

To hell with order, now! I’ll go into battle. Let life be short or shame will be too long.

Exit.

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Isn’t that the same thing?

Gower
I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon. His father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

I think he was born in Macedon. His father was Philip of Macedon, I think.

Fluellen
I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, Captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; it is call'd Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

I think it is Macedon. Macedon and Monmouth are very similar if you look at a map. They both have rivers. Wye river is in Monmouth, but I can’t remember what the other river is. If you compare Alexander’s and Harry’s lives, they are not very different. God knows, you know, in his anger and bad moods, along with ale, Alexander killed his best friend, Cleitus.

Gower
Our King is not like him in that. He never kill'd any ofhis friends.

Our king is not like him in that. He never killed any of his friends.

Fluellen
It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales outof my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it. As Alexander kill'd his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right

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stones thrown from Assyrian slings. In addition, tell them we're going to execute the men we have. No Frenchmen will have mercy. Go tell them.

Enter Montjoy.

Exeter
Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Here comes the herald of the French, my king.

Gloucester
His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

He looks more humble than before.

King
How now! what means this, herald? Know'st thou notThat I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?Com'st thou again for ransom?

Hey! What now, herald? Don't you know these fine bones are not for ransom? Have you come again?

Montjoy
No, great King;I come to thee for charitable license,That we may wander o'er this bloody fieldTo book our dead, and then to bury them;To sort our nobles from our common men.For many of our princes--woe the while!--Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbsIn blood of princes; and their wounded steedsFret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rageYerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,To view the field in safety, and disposeOf their dead bodies!

No, great king. I come to you for your charity. We would like to look over this bloody field for our dead so we may bury them. We would like to sort our nobles from the common men because there are many princes dead in the field. We would also like to get the horses that are on the field stomping the bodies. Please let us onto the field, great king, to find the bodies and bury them.

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SCENE 2.

England. KING JOHN'S palace

Enter KING JOHN, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other LORDS

KING JOHN.
Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Here I sit once again, once again with my crown,
and, I hope, looked upon by happy eyes.

PEMBROKE.
This once again, but that your Highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.

To say once again, except that your Highness wished,
was unnecessary: you had the crown before,
and your great royalty was never taken away,
the loyalty of men was never stained with rebellion;
the land was not troubled by demands
for any desired change or better leader.

SALISBURY.
Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

So, to be given a double ceremony,
to add to a title that was rich before,

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They did, Fluellen.

Fluellen
Your Majesty says very true. If your Majesties is rememb'red of it, the Welshmen did good service in garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your Majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

If I remember correctly, the Welshmen fought bravely in a garden where they grew leeks. Now wearing leeks in Monmouth caps is a badge of honor. I believe you wear a leek on Saint Davy's Day, your Majesty.

King
I wear it for a memorable honour;For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

I wear it to honor their memory. You know I am Welsh.

Fluellen
All the water in Wye cannot wash your Majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that. Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases His grace, and His majesty too!

All the water in the Wye could not wash out your majesty's Welsh blood. May God bless it and keep it safe, as long as it pleases Him and your majesty!

King
Thanks, good my countryman.

Thanks, my good countryman.

Fluellen
By Jeshu, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it. I will confess it to all the 'orld. I need not be asham'd of your Majesty, praised be God, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

By God, I am your majesty's countryman. I don't care who knows

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I will, my liege, I swear on my life.

King
Who serv'st thou under?

Who do you serve under?

Williams
Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Captain Gower, my liege.

Fluellen
Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge andliteratured in the wars.

Gower is a good captain, very knowledgeable in the art of war.

King
Call him hither to me, soldier.

Call him to me, soldier.

Williams
I will, my liege.

I will, my liege.

Exit.

King
Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap. When Alencon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm. If any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alencon, and an enemy to our person. If thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Here Fluellen, wear this in your cap as a favor for me. I took this glove from Alencon when we were down together. If any man challenges this he is a friend to Alencon, and our enemy. If you encounter anyone like this, arrest him, if you love me.

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Fluellen
Your Grace doo's me as great honours as can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects. I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrief'd at this glove; that is all. But I would fain see it once, an please God of His grace that I might see.

It would be an honor. I would like to find any man with two legs who would take offense at this glove. I would hate to see it just once, and I hope I do, God willing.

King
Know'st thou Gower?

Do you know Gower?

Fluellen
He is my dear friend, an please you.

He is my dear friend, if it pleases you.

King
Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Then I ask you to go find him and bring him to my tent.

Fluellen
I will fetch him.

I will.

Exit.

King
My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.The glove which I have given him for a favourMay haply purchase him a box o' the ear.It is the soldier's; I by bargain shouldWear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick.If that the soldier strike him, as I judgeBy his blunt bearing he will keep his word,Some sudden mischief may arise of it;For I do know Fluellen valiantAnd, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,And quickly will return an injury.Follow, and see there

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be no harm between them.Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

My Lord of Warwick and my brother, Gloucester, follow Fluellen. The glove I gave him may get him a knock on the head. It's the soldier's. I should wear it myself. Follow him, good cousin Warwick, and if that soldier follows his oath make sure no harm comes to them. You go with me, Uncle Exeter.

Exit.

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or in England!

Gower
How now, sir! you villain!

What's going on? You villain!

Williams
Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Did you think I would break my oath?

Fluellen
Stand away, Captain Gower. I will give treason hispayment into plows, I warrant you.

Stand back, Captain Gower. I will give him what he's got coming to him. I warn you!

Williams
I am no traitor.

I am no traitor!

Fluellen
That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his Majesty'sname, apprehend him; he's a friend of the Duke Alencon's.

That's a lie. I charge you in the name of his majesty. Arrest him. He's a friend of the Duke Alencon.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warwick
How now, how now! what's the matter?

Hey! What's the matter?

Fluellen
My lord of Warwick, here is--praised be God for it!--a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shalldesire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty.

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to gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
to put perfume on a violet,
to polish ice, or add another colour
to the rainbow, or try to add to
the sunlight with the light of a candle,
is wasteful and foolishly excessive.

PEMBROKE.
But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Except for your royal insistence,
this act is like an old story retold
and, in this retelling, it is troublesome,
because this is the wrong time for it.

SALISBURY.
In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And like a shifted wind unto a sail
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

This is disfiguring the ancient and well-known
face of the simple old rules;
like a changing wind with a sail
it makes the course of thoughts change,
it disturbs and worries contemplation,
makes good opinions seem bad, makes truth seem like lies,
putting on such a newly made robe.

PEMBROKE.
When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by th' excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault

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you acted. I ask you accept some of the blame because if I had known it was you, I would not have offended you. Please, forgive me.

King
Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;And wear it for an honour in thy capTill I do challenge it. Give him his crowns;And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns and give it to this fellow. Keep it, young man, and wear it for honorably in your cap, until I challenge you for it. Give him the money, and captain, you must be friends with him.

Fluellen
By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, andquarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

This man is brave enough. Here is twelve pence for you. Go and serve God, I pray. Stay out of trouble and I promise you a long, healthy life.

Williams
I will none of your money.

I don’t want any of your money.

Fluellen
It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? Your shoes is not so good. 'Tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

I want you to have it. Use it to mend your shoes. Don’t be filled with pride. Your shoes are no good.

Enter an English Herald.

King
Now, herald, are the dead numb'red?

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credit for this victory. To God be the glory.

Fluellen
Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell howmany is kill'd?

It’s not lawful, if it pleases your majesty, to tell how many are dead?

King
Yes, Captain; but with this acknowledgment,That God fought for us.

Yes, captain, but when we acknowledge it, it will show God fought for us.

Fluellen
Yes, my conscience, He did us great good.

Yes, I know, he did us great good.

King
Do we all holy rites.Let there be sung Non nobis and Te Deum,The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,And then to Calais; and to England then,Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

We must observe all holy rites. Sing “Non Nobis” and “Te Deum” Let the dead be buried. Then we must go to Calais and to England. There have never been happier men to return home.

Exit.

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Prologue

Enter Chorus.

Chorus
Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,That I may prompt them; and of such as have,I humbly pray them to admit the excuseOf time, of numbers, and due course of things,Which cannot in their huge and proper lifeBe here presented. Now we bear the KingToward Calais; grant him there; there seen,Heave him away upon your winged thoughtsAthwart the sea. Behold, the English beachPales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the KingSeems to prepare his way. So let him land,And solemnly see him set on to London.So swift a pace hath thought that even nowYou may imagine him upon Blackheath,Where that his lords desire him to have borneHis bruised helmet and his bended swordBefore him through the city. He forbids it,Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;Giving full trophy, signal, and ostentQuite from himself to God. But now behold,In the quick forge and working-house of thought,How London doth pour out her citizens!The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,Like to the senators of the antique Rome,With the plebeians swarming at their heels,Go forth and fetch their conquering Caesar in;As, by a lower but loving likelihood,Were now the general of our gracious empress,As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,How many would the peaceful city quit,To welcome him! Much more, and much more cause,Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;As yet the lamentation of the FrenchInvites the King of England's stay at home,--The Emperor's coming in behalf of France,To order peace between them;--and omitAll the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,Till Harry's back-return again to France.There must we bring him; and myself have play'dThe interim, by rememb'ring you 'tis past.Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advanceAfter your thoughts, straight back again to France.

Those of you who have not heard the story, trust me. I beg your pardon for the lack of time and if we have left out any details. We could not present them all. Now, we see the king going toward

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Calais. Afterwards, see him upon the sea, and then the English beach. Men flood the beach. Wives and boys shout and clap, drowning out the deep, loud sea and preparing the way for the king. Now, he is in London where his lords want to see his dented helmet and bent sword. He forbids it, not being vain and filled with pride. He gives all the credit to God. Behold now the citizens of London pouring out. The mayor and all his constituents swarm at their heels like the senators of ancient Rome to see their Caesar. Imagine the queen returning home from victory in Ireland, and how many people would come out to see him. There were much more to welcome Harry. Now, see him in London, coming home from the mourning of France. The emperor is coming on behalf of France to put order and peace between them. Remember this has taken place as we return to France.

Exit.

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you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals. Come, there is sauce for it.

When it’s God’s will. In the meantime, I would like for you to live and eat your food. Come on, here’s some sauce for it.

Strikes him.

You call'd meyesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day asquire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mocka leek, you can eat a leek.

You called me out yesterday, but I will make you a lowly squire today. Now, if you can mock a leek, you can eat one.

GOWER

Enough, captain; you have astonish'd him.

Fluellen
I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I willpeat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good foryour green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Go ahead and eat. Would you like some more sauce? There is not enough leek to swear by.

Pistol
Must I bite?

Must I bite it?

Fluellen
Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of questiontoo, and ambiguities.

Without a doubt.

Pistol
By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat andeat, I swear--

I swear by this leek, I will get revenge. I swear as I eat it.

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Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

When workmen try to do better than well,
they defeat their own skill in doing so;
often trying to repair a fault
makes the fault worse when repairing it,
like patches put on a little damage
which look worse in trying to hide it
than the damage did before it was patched.

SALISBURY.
To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your Highness
To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your Highness will.

This is what we advised you before
you were crowned for the second time; but your Highness
decided to overrule us; and we were all well pleased,
since everything that we want and believe
must be matched with what your Highness decides.

KING JOHN.
Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with. Meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

I have given you some reasons for this
second coronation, and I think they are good ones;
and when my fear is lessened I will give you more,
stronger ones. Meanwhile just say
what you think is not good and want changed,
and you will see clearly how willing I am
both to hear and to grant your requests.

PEMBROKE.
Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,

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Fluellen
Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce toyour leek? There is not enough leek to swear by.

Eat it all. Don't throw any away. The skin is good for your broken head. Next time you see leeks, I dare you to mock at them. That's all.

Pistol
Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Shut your mouth. I am eating it.

Fluellen
Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you,throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb.When you take occasions to see leeks herefter, I pray you,mock at 'em; that is all.

Pistol
Good.

Good.

Fluellen
Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to healyour pate.

Yes, leeks are good. Here is some money to heal your wounds.

Pistol
Me a groat!

Money, for me?

Fluellen
Yes, verily and in truth you shall take it; or I haveanother leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Yes. Take it or I have another leek in my pocket for you to eat.

Pistol

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I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

I’ll take your money as a reminder of revenge.

Fluellen
If I owe you anything I will pay you in cudgels. Youshall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels.God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

If I owe you anything, I’ll pay you in beatings. God be with you, keep you safe, and heal your head.

Exit.

Pistol
All hell shall stir for this.

All hell will break for this.

Gower
Go, go; you are a couterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mockat an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel. You find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

Go on. You are a fake, cowardly villain. How dare you mock an ancient tradition steeped in honor, but not back it up with actions? I have seen you mocking this man more than once. You thought, because he could not speak English well, he couldn’t handle you. Let this be a lesson to you. Farewell.

Exit.

Pistol
Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spitalOf malady of France;And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.Old I do wax; and from my weary

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limbsHonour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn,And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

Is Fortune is playing housewife with me? My Nell has died and she was my last hope. I am getting old and have nothing left. I will return to stealing and my former life. First, I'll steal away to England, and steal some more when I get there. I'll tell everyone these wounds are from the French wars.

Exit.

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Scene II: France. A royal palace.

Enter, at one door King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel the Princess Katharine, Alice and other Ladies; the Duke of Burgundy and his train.

King
Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!Unto our brother France, and to our sister,Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishesTo our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;And, as a branch and member of this royalty,By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

May this meeting be peaceful. We wish health to our brother France and good wishes to our sister and Princess Katharine. We salute you, Duke of Burgundy, and wish good health to all the French princes and peers.

French King
Right joyous are we to behold your face,Most worthy brother England; fairly met!So are you, princes English, every one.

We are happy to see you, most worthy brother England and noble English princes.

Queen Isabel
So happy be the issue, brother England,Of this good day and of this gracious meetingAs we are now glad to behold your eyes;Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in themAgainst the French that met them in their bentThe fatal balls of murdering basilisks.The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,Have lost their quality; and that this dayShall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

I salute you, English princes.

Burgundy
My duty to you both, on equal love,Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,With all my wits, my pains, and

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strong endeavours,To bring your most imperial MajestiesUnto this bar and royal interview,Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.Since then my office hath so far prevail'dThat, face to face and royal eye to eye,You have congreeted, let it not disgrace meIf I demand, before this royal view,What rub or what impediment there is,Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,Should not in this best garden of the world,Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd,And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,Corrupting in it own fertility.Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leasThe darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,Doth root upon, while that the coulter rustsThat should deracinate such savagery;The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forthThe freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,Conceives by idleness, and nothing teemsBut hateful docks, rough thistles, kexes, burs,Losing both beauty and utility;And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.Even so our houses and ourselves and childrenHave lost, or do not learn for want of time,The sciences that should become our country;But grow like savages,--as soldiers willThat nothing do but meditate on blood,--To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,And everything that seems unnatural.Which to reduce into our former favourYou are assembled; and my speech entreatsThat I may know the let, why gentle PeaceShould not expel these inconveniencesAnd bless us with her former qualities.

I give my duty to both of you, great kings of France and England! I have worked with everything I am to bring your majesties to this meeting. Since I have accomplished my job, please allow me to ask for peace. Shouldn’t France have as much? She has been chased too long and her fertility compromised with disorder. Her once beautiful flowers are dead. Our children grow like soldiers, meditating on death. Everything is in total disarray; therefore, I must ask for peace, so we may return to our former state.

King
If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,Whose want gives growth to the imperfectionsWhich you have cited, you must buy that peaceWith full accord to all our just demands;Whose tenours

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and particular effectsYou have enschedul'd briefly in your hands.

If you would like peace, whose absence has caused these imperfections, all you must do is agree to our just demands.

Burgundy
The King hath heard them; to the which as yetThere is no answer made.

The king has heard them, but he has yet to answer.

King
Well, then, the peace,Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Well, peace lies in his answer.

French King
I have but with a cursorary eyeO'erglanc'd the articles. Pleaseth your GraceTo appoint some of your council presentlyTo sit with us once more, with better heedTo re-survey them, we will suddenlyPass our accept and peremptory answer.

I have looked over them briefly. If it pleases your grace, I would like to appoint some of your councilmen here to sit with us and go over them again. Then, I will give my answer.

King
Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,Warwick, and Huntington, go with the King;And take with you free power to ratify,Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms bestShall see advantageable for our dignity,Anything in or out of our demands,And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

We will, brother. Go with him, uncle Exeter, brother Clarence, brother Gloucester, Warwick and Huntingdon. You have free reign to accept or change the terms as you see fit. Will you, fair sister, go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Queen Isabel

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Our gracious brother, I will go with them.Haply a woman's voice may do some good,When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

Our gracious brother, I will go with them. A woman’s voice may do some good when they disagree.

King
Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:She is our capital demand, compris'dWithin the fore-rank of our articles.

Leave our cousin Katharine here with us. She is our main demand.

Queen Isabel
She hath good leave.

She may stay.

Exit all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.

King
Fair Katharine, and most fair,Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier termsSuch as will enter at a lady's earAnd plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Fair Katharine, will you allow me to plead my love for you?

Katharine
Your Majesty shall mock me; I cannot speak yourEngland.

Your majesty, you mock me. I can’t speak English.

King
O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with yourFrench heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

If you love me, I don’t care if you speak English. Do you like me?

Katharine
Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell wat is "like me."

Pardon me, I don’t know the words “like me.”

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Henry
An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

You are like an angel.

Katharine
Que dit-il? Que je suis semblable a les anges?

What is he saying? I am an angel?

Alice
Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

Yes, your grace, that's what he said.

King
I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

I did, dear Katharine, and I am not ashamed to say it again.

Katharine
O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

Oh, Lord! Men are such liars.

King
What says she, fair one? That the tongues of men are full of deceits?

What did she say? Men are liars?

Alice
Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princess.

Yes, she said that the tongue of man is full of lies.

King
The Princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canstspeak no better English; for if thou couldst, thou wouldstfind me such a plain king

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curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what say'st thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

If you would like for me to write poetry or dance for you, then I am defeated. I am not a writer or a dancer, but I am strong. If I could win a lady at games or by jumping into my saddle in full armor, then I would do so for you. I am just an honest man. If you can love a man like me, look at me. Take me as I am, dear Kate, a plain fellow without any charm. I have a good heart which will remain true to you. If you would have a man like me, take me, take this soldier, take this king. What do you say? Tell me.

Katharine
Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

Is it possible for me to love the enemy of France?

King
No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it, I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

No, it's not possible, but in loving me you will love the friend of France. I love France so much I want it for myself, and when France is mine, France is yours.

Katharine
I cannot tell wat is dat.

I don't understand.

King
No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband'sneck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et

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To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them- but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur, whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument:
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears-which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong-should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Then, as I'm the spokesman for all of these,
and know what they think in their hearts,
both for myself and for them, but chiefly
for your safety, which myself and them
do everything they can for, heartily request
that Arthur should be freed: his imprisonment
is making the whispers of discontent
erupt into a dangerous argument:
if you have a right to all your possessions,
then why are you so afraid, which they say is
a sign of wrong doing, that you imprison
your young kinsman, and suffocate him
with a lack of education, and refuse his youth
the great benefits of good exercise?
So that your enemies at this time cannot have
this to use as an excuse, let the request you told us
to make be that you give him his freedom;
we only ask this for our own good insofar as
our good depends on your good,
and it will do you good to set him free.

KING JOHN.

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English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? Shall we not? What say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Do any of your neighbors know, Kate? I'll ask them. You know they love me. At night, in your bedroom, you will tell this gentlewoman about me, what parts you love. Don't mock me too much, because I love you. If you are ever mine, Kate, and I have feeling you will, we will have many sons. If not, I will go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? what do you think, my flower?

Katharine
I do not know dat.

I don't know.

King
No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise. Do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part ofsuch a boy; and for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katherine du monde, mon tres cher et divin deesse?

Of course not. Promise me you will try to have a son. I will do my part. Believe me. What's your answer, (In French.) my most precious and divine goddess?

Katharine
Your Majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de mostsage damoiselle dat is en France.

Your majesty, your French is well enough to fool the wisest French lady.

King
Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost,notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith,

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Kiss.

Alice
Your Majestee entendre bettre que moi.

You understand better than me.

King
It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

It is not appropriate for ladies in France to kiss before they are married, right?

Alice
Oui, vraiment.

Yes.

King
O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion. We are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss; therefore, patiently and yielding.

Oh Kate, nice customs bow before great kings. Dear Kate, you and I can't be restrained by a list of a country's customs. We set the customs, Kate, and the freedom goes with our positions to silence any who would criticize, like me when I silence you for upholding the old tradition of refusing me a kiss.

Kisses her.

You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Your lips are magical, Kate. There is more eloquence in one touch of them than in all the tongues of the French council. You could

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persuade Harry of England better than a king. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the French King and his Queen, Burgundy, and other Lords.

Burgundy
God save your Majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

God save the king! Are you teaching our princess, English?

King
I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how much I love her. That is good English.

Burgundy
Is she not apt?

How does she feel?

King
Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Our language barrier is rough, cuz, and I not a smooth man. So, having neither the voice nor the art of flattery in me, I can’t bring about the spirit of love in her.

Burgundy
Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up Love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

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Pardon me, but if you want to make her love you by Cupid's bow, he must come naked. Since she is just a maiden and a modest virgin, you can't blame her for not wanting him to come. It's hard for a young lady to resign herself to loving a man.

King
Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Yet, young girls wink and act coy all the time while love is brewing.

Burgundy
They are then excus'd, my lord, when they see not what they do.

Then they are excused for not knowing what they do, my lord.

King
Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Then teach your cousin, my lord.

Burgundy
I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning; for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

I will give her a wink to consent, my lord, if you will teach her my meaning. Young girls are like flies at Bartholomew's Eve, when they are blind they are easily handled.

King
This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

This moral is to give it time and wait until summer. Then, she must still be blinded by my love for me to catch her.

Burgundy

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As love is, my lord, before it loves.

Like love, my lord, before it learns to love.

King
It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Okay. Some of you may wish to thank me because I can't see one fair French city with one fair French maid in my way.

French King
Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath [never] ent'red.

Oh yes you do, my lord. You see cities that appear like maidens because they haven't been touched.

King
Shall Kate be my wife?

Will Kate be my wife?

French King
So please you.

If it pleases you.

King
I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

I am content to wait upon the cities as long as she comes with them. She is the obstacle and the device to achieving my goals.

French King
We have consented to all terms of reason.

We have agreed to all the reasonable terms.

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King
Is't so, my lords of England?

Is it true, my lords of England?

Westmoreland
The king hath granted every article;His daughter first, and then in sequel all,According to their firm proposed natures.

The king has agreed to every article. His daughter first, and then in sequence according to their purposes.

Exeter
Only he hath not yet subscribed this: where your Majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your Highness in this form and with this addition, in French, Notre tres-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Heritier de France; and thus in Latin, Praeclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliae et Haeres Franciae.

Although, he has not agreed to call you by your French title, Notre tres cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Hertier de France.

French King
Nor this I have not, brother, so deniedBut our request shall make me let it pass.

I am willing to agree to this if you demand it.

King
I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,Let that one article rank with the rest;And thereupon give me your daughter.

Then, I ask you to accept it like the rest and give me your daughter.

French King
Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise upIssue to me; that the contending kingdomsOf France and England, whose very shores look paleWith envy of each other's happiness,May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunctionPlant neighbourhood and

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Christian-like accordIn their sweet bosoms, that never war advanceHis bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

Take her, my son, and give me grandchildren to look after the contending kingdoms of France and England. I hope it ends the hatred and brings about peace so, we may never fight again.

All
Amen!

Amen!

King
Now, welcome, Kate; and bear me witness all,That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

Now, welcome, Kate, and everyone be my witness that I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

Trumpet sounds.

Queen Isabel
God, the best maker of all marriages,Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!As man and wife, being two, are one in love,So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,To make divorce of their incorporate league;That English may as French, French Englishmen,Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

May God, the best marriage maker, combine your hearts as one and your realms! As man and wife are one in love, may also your kingdoms, so they may never have discord again. May English and French receive each other in good will. Amen!

All
Amen!

Amen!

King

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Let it be so. I do commit his youth
To your direction.

Let it be so. I entrust this youth
to your guardianship.

Enter HUBERT

[Aside]Hubert, what news with you?

Hubert, what's the news?

PEMBROKE.
This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine;
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Doth show the mood of a much troubled breast,
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

This is the man who should have done the bloody deed:
he showed his warrant to a friend of mine;
the look in his eye shows that he has committed some
terrible wicked sin; that stern face of his
reveals the mood of a very troubled heart,
and I fear that he has performed the thing
which we were so afraid he had been ordered to do.

SALISBURY.
The colour of the King doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set.
His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

The King's face goes red and pale, alternating
between his desires and his conscience,
like heralds running between two terrible armies.
He's so full of passion he must explode.

PEMBROKE.
And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence

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Henry VI: Part 1
In Plain and Simple English

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King Henry
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE
JOAN LA PUCELLE, Commonly called Joan of Arc

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle

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SCENE: Partly in England, and partly in France

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SCENE I

Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on
by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester,
Protector; the Duke of Exeter, the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of

Winchester, Heralds, &c.

BEDFORD.
Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Hang the skies with black, day give way to night!
Comets, showing the change of times and nations,
stream your crystal tails across the sky,
and with them whip the horrid rebellious stars
which agreed to let Henry die!
King Henry the Fifth, too great for a long life!
England never lost such a valuable king.

GLOUCESTER.
England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams:
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

England never had a true king until him.

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The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

And when he does, I fear that out of him will come
the revolting stench of the death of a sweet child.

KING JOHN.
We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

We cannot stop the strong hand of death.
Good lords, although I still want to give you what you want,
what you asked for is dead and gone:
he has told me that Arthur died tonight.

SALISBURY.
Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Indeed, we were afraid his illness was incurable.

PEMBROKE.
Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd either here or hence.

Indeed, we heard how near death he was,
before the child even thought he was ill.
This must be answered for either here or in future.

KING JOHN.
Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Why are you frowning at me like that?
Do think that I have influence over destiny?
Do I control the pulse of life?

SALISBURY.
It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it.

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He was a king blessed by Jesus;
the French won't find Judgement Day
as terrible as facing him.
He fought his battles for God:
the prayers of the church ensured his success.

GLOUCESTER.
The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

The church! Where are they? If the churchmen hadn't prayed,
he would not have died so soon:
all you want is a girlish prince,
whom you can dominate like a schoolboy.

WINCHESTER.
Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Gloucester, whatever we want, you are Regent,
and you have command over the Prince and the country.
Your wife is arrogant; she's the one who dominates you,
more than God or religious churchmen can.

GLOUCESTER.
Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Do not speak of religion, for you love worldly things,
and you never go to church at any time of year,
except to say prayers against your enemies.

BEDFORD.
Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.

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Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invocate:
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Caesar or bright--

Stop these arguments and be peaceful:
let's go to the altar: heralds, attend us:
instead of gold, will make an offering of our weapons,
as we have no use for them now, now that Henry is dead.
We can expect the future to be wretched,
and babies shall drink the tears of their mothers,
the island shall feed on salt tears alone,
and there will be none but women left to mourn the dead.
Henry the Fifth, I summon up your ghost:
make this country prosperous, keep it from civil war,
fight the influence of the unlucky planets!
Your soul will make far more glorious start
than Julius Caesar, or bright–

[Enter a Messenger.]

MESSENGER.
My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

My honourable lords, good health!
I bring you sad news from France,
of loss, slaughter and frustration:
Guienne, Champagne, Reims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, they have all been lost.

BEDFORD.
What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns

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with hardly six thousand men in his force,
and he was encircled and set upon
by twenty three thousand French.
He had no time to get his men into battle order;
he had no pikes to put in front of his archers,
and had to make do with sharp stakes cut from the hedges
which they stuck irregularly in the ground,
to stop the cavalry from breaking through.
The fight continued for more than three hours,
and brave Talbot did miraculous things with his
sword and spear, unimaginable things.
He sent hundreds to hell, and nobody could resist him.
In his anger he killed those all around him.
The French said that the devil had taken up arms,
and the whole army watched him astonished.
His soldiers, seeing his undaunted spirit,
all shouted out, " To Talbot, to Talbot!",
And rushed into the heart of the battle.
The battle would then have been completely won,
if Sir John Fastolfe hadn't been a coward.
He was at the back, having been placed there
to follow them and provide reinforcements,
but he fled like a coward, having not struck a single blow.
So the general ruin and slaughter grew.
They were surrounded with their enemies.
A low villain, to win the approval of the Dauphin,
stabbed Talbot in the back with a spear–
someone whom all of France, with all their army there,
did not dare to look one time in the face.

BEDFORD.
Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

Has Talbot been killed? Then I will kill myself,
as punishment for living the good life here,
while such a great leader, lacking assistance,
was betrayed to his horrible enemies.

MESSENGER.

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O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Oh no, he lives; but he is a prisoner,
along with Lord Scales, and Lord Hungerford:
most of the rest have been killed or otherwise are prisoners like them.

BEDFORD.
His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne:
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

Nobody but I shall pay the ransom for him:
I'll throw the Dauphin headfirst from his throne:
his crown shall be the price he pays for my friend;
I'll exchange four of their lords for this one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; I'm going to work;
I'm going to light a bonfire in France to
celebrate the feast of our great Saint George:
I shall take ten thousand soldiers with me,
and all of Europe shall quake at their bloody deeds.

MESSENGER.
So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

You will need them; for Orleans is under siege;
the English army has become weak and faint:
the Earl of Salisbury is desperate for supplies,
and can hardly keep his men from mutiny,
since they are so few, and are confronted by so many.

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I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office:
The King from Eltham I intend to steal,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

Everyone has his job and duty to do:
I have been left out; there's nothing left for me.
But I won't be left out for long:
I intend to smuggle the king away from Eltham,
and become the one who steers the path of the country.

[Exeunt.]

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So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

It is obvious foul play; and it's shameful
that one of the great should do such a horrible thing.
May you get what you deserve! And so, farewell.

PEMBROKE.
Stay yet, Lord Salisbury, I'll go with thee
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle
Three foot of it doth hold-bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

Wait, Lord Salisbury, I'll go with you
and find the inheritance of this poor child,
his little kingdom of his early grave.
The lad who had a right to this whole island
has just three feet of it –what a wicked world!
This must not be tolerated: it will be revealed
to all our detriment, and before long I'm sure.

Exeunt LORDS

KING JOHN.
They burn in indignation. I repent.
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

Enter a MESSENGER

A fearful eye thou hast; where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm.
Pour down thy weather-how goes all in France?

They burn with indignation. I repent.
There is no solid foundation to be found in blood,
no certainty of life to be found in the death of others.
[Enter a messenger]
You look scared; where is the blood

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SCENE II.

France. Before Orleans

[Sound a Flourish. Enter Charles, Alencon, and Reignier, marching with Drum and Soldiers.]

CHARLES.
Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

What the god of war really intends, on heaven
or on earth, is not clear today:
recently he favoured the English side;
now we have triumphed; he favours us.
What important towns are there that we don't have?
We can rest easy here near Orleans,
while from time to time the starving English, like pale ghosts,
weakly attack us for an hour each month.

ALENCON.
They want their porridge and their fat bull beeves
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

They are missing their porridge and their beef:
they should be fed like mules,
with nosebags over their heads,
or they will look pitiful, like drowned mice.

REIGNIER.
Let's raise the siege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;

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And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Let's lift the siege: why are we wasting time here?
Talbot, whom we used to fear, has been captured:
there's nobody here but the madman Salisbury;
and he can waste away his anger in impotent worrying,
he doesn't have the men or the money to make war.

CHARLES.
Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or flee.

[Exeunt.]

Here alarum; they are beaten back by the English, with great loss. Re-enter Charles, Alencon, and Reignier.

Sound the charge! We will rush at them.
Now for the honour of the desperate French!
I forgive anyone for my death if he kills me
for going back a single foot or retreating.

CHARLES.
Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Whoever saw anything like it? What men I have!
Dogs! Cowards! Bastards! I would never have fled,
only they left me surrounded by my enemies.

REIGNIER.
Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Salisbury is a desperate murderer;
he fights like one who doesn't care if he lives.

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She carries herself well, from first impressions.

PUCELLE.
Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promised and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you may see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dauphin, I was born the daughter of a shepherd,
and I have had no sort of education;
Heaven and our gracious Lady have been pleased
to shed their light on my low position.
So, while I tended to my lambs
and exposed my cheeks to the burning sun,
the mother of God condescended to come to me
and in a majestic vision,
told me to leave my low occupation
and save my country from disaster:
she promised her help and that we would definitely win.
She revealed herself in all her glory,
and, where I was black and swarthy before,
she shone her clear rays upon me, to give me
the beauty I now have, which you can see.
Ask me any question you want
and I will answer without thinking;

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you can test my bravery through single combat, if you dare,
and you will find that I am greater than a woman.
You must know this: you will be lucky,
if you take me on as your partner in war.

CHARLES.
Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms;
Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

You have amazed me with your elevated language;
I'll just ask for this proof of your bravery,
that you take me on in single combat,
and if you win, what you say is true;
otherwise I won't believe a word.

PUCELLE.
I am prepared: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side,
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's church-yard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

I am ready: here is my sharp sword,
decorated with five fleur-de-lis on each side,
which I selected from amongst a great deal of old iron
at Touraine, in Saint Katherine's churchyard.

CHARLES.
Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

Then attack, in the name of God; I'm not afraid of any woman.

PUCELLE.
And while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from a man.

And while I live, I'll never run from any man.

Here they fight, and Joan La Pucelle overcomes.

CHARLES.

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Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

That's enough; you are an Amazon,
and you fight with the sword of Deborah.

PUCELLE.
Christ's Mother helps me, else I were too weak.

The mother of Christ helps me, or I could never do this.

CHARLES.
Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Whoever is helping you, you must tell me:
I am burning with desire for you;
you have conquered my heart and my hands at once.
Excellent Maid, if that is your name,
let me be your servant and not your king:
this is the French Dauphin who begs this from you.

PUCELLE.
I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

I must not give into any sort of love,
for I am a servant of those in heaven:
when I have driven all your enemies away,
then I will think of a reward.

CHARLES.
Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

In the meantime look favourably on your kneeling worshipper.

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PUCELLE.
Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I 'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.

I have been given the task of whipping the English.
I shall certainly lift the siege tonight:
expect a late Saint Martin's summer, wonderful days,
now that I have come into these walls.
Glory is like the ripples on the water,
which never ceases to grow bigger,
until it has spread so far it disappears to nothing.
With the death of Henry the English ripples end;
the glories it encompassed are gone.
Now I am like the proud invading ship
which carried Caesar and his fate at once.

CHARLES.
Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Was Muhammad inspired by a dove?
Then you are inspired by an eagle.
Neither Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
nor the daughters of Saint Philip, were like you.
Bright star of Venus, fallen down to earth,
how can I worship you enough?

ALENCON.

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that I have seen filling those cheeks?
A foul sky like this won't clear without a storm,
let it all pour out–what's happening in France?

MESSENGER.
From France to England. Never such a pow'r
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them,
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arriv'd.

France is coming to England. No country
ever raised such a force
for a foreign expedition.
They have learned from copying your speed,
so that when you are told that they are preparing
you will get the news that they have arrived.

KING JOHN.
O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Oh, where have our spies been drunk?
Where did they sleep? How careless has my mother been,
that such an army could be raised in France,
and her not hear of it?

MESSENGER.
My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust: the first of April died
Your noble mother; and as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before; but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard-if true or false I know not.

My lord, her ears
are blocked with dust: your noble mother died
on the first of April; and I have heard, my lord,
the Lady Constance died in a fit

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Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

No more delay, let us lift the siege.

REIGNIER.
Woman, do what thou canst to save our honors;
Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized.

Woman, do what you can to save our honour;
drive them out of Orleans and become famous throughout history.

CHARLES.
Presently we 'll try: come, let's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

We'll try at once: come, let's start:
if she is false I will never trust any prophet.
[Exeunt.]

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May the lord protect him! That's the answer we give him:
we're only obeying orders.

GLOUCESTER.
Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I 'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile the Lieutenant speaks within.

Whose orders? Who has any power here except me?
I am the only protector of the kingdom.
Open the gates, I shall answer for you:
will I be disobeyed like this by dung shovellers?

WOODVILE.
What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

What's this noise? What traitors are these?

GLOUCESTER.
Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloucester that would enter.

Lieutentant, is that you I can hear?
Open the gates; it's Gloucester here, and I want to come in.

WOODVILE.
Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Be patient, noble duke; I cannot open the gates;
the Cardinal of Winchester has forbidden it:
I have direct orders from him
that neither you nor any of your men can be let in.

GLOUCESTER.

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here's Beaufort, who has no regard for God or the King,
who has commandeered the Tower for his own use.

WINCHESTER.
Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

Here's Gloucester, an enemy to citizens,
one who always wants war and never peace,
taking your money out of your purses in levies,
who wants to rule over religion,
because he is protector of the kingdom,
and wants the armour out of the Tower,
so he can crown himself king and depose the prince.

GLOUCESTER.
I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

I'll give you your answer with blows, not words.

Here they skirmish again.

MAYOR.
Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife
But to make open proclamation:
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

There's nothing I can do about this battle
but to make an open announcement:
come, officer; as loud as you can.

OFFICER.
All manner of men assembled here in arms
this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge
and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to
your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or
use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon

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three days before; but I heard this from
idle gossip–I don't know if it's true or false.

KING JOHN.
Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those pow'rs of France
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

Disaster, don't rush on so quickly!
Make peace with me, until I have pacified
my unhappy peers! What! Mother dead!
How unruly then my lands in France are!
Who is leading those French forces
that you tell me have landed here?

MESSENGER.
Under the Dauphin.

They are led by the Dauphin.

KING JOHN.
Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter the BASTARD and PETER OF POMFRET

Now! What says the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

You have made me dizzy
with all this bad news.
[Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret]
Now! What news do you have
of your business? Don't try and put
more bad news in my head, because it's full.

BASTARD.
But if you be afear'd to hear the worst,

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used a secret grating of iron bars
to get into that tower over there to overlook the city,
and so to discover the best way
they could damage us with shot or attacks.
To stop this trouble,
I have got a cannon aimed at it;
I have been watching the past three days,
to see if I could see them.
Now you watch, for I can't stop here any longer.
If you see anyone, come and tell me,
you will find me at the Governor's.

[Exit.]

BOY.
Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Father, I can promise you; don't you worry;
if I can see them, I shan't be troubling you.

[Exit.]

[Enter, on the turrets, the Lords Salisbury and Talbot,
Sir William Glansdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and others.]

SALISBURY.
Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Talbot, my life, my joy, come back!
How were you treated as a prisoner?
How did you manage to get released?
Come up here, please, and tell me all about it.

TALBOT.
The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchanged and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far

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His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it,
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not die whiles--
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
As who should say 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.'
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn;
Wretched shall France be only in thy name.

[Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.]

What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

[Enter a Messenger.]

What bit of bad luck have we suddenly had?
Speak, Salisbury; at least, speak if you can.
How are you, you model soldier?
You've lost one of your eyes and the side of your cheek?
Damned tower, and damn the fatal hand
that caused this terrible tragedy.
Salisbury triumphed in thirteen battles:
he was the first man to train Henry the Fifth in warfare.
He never left off fighting
while there were any trumpets sounding or drums beating.
Are you still alive, Salisbury? Although you cannot speak,
you have one eye to look to heaven for grace.
The sun looks at the world with one eye.
Heaven, if you don't show mercy to Salisbury
then you will show grace to no man alive.
Carry his body away–I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, are you still alive?

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Speak to Talbot, look at him.
Salisbury, comfort yourself with this;
you won't die while–
he signals with his hand and is smiling at me
as if he's saying, “when I am dead and gone,
make sure you take revenge for me on the French."
Plantagenet, I will do so; I'll be like Nero,
playing on the lute while he watches the towns burn:
France will be terrified just to hear my name.
What's this fuss? What are these storms in the heavens?
Where does all this noise and disturbance come from?

MESSENGER.
My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

My Lord, the French have formed up for an attack:
the Dauphin has come to lift the siege,
he has joined forces with one Joan la Pucelle,
a newly discovered holy prophetess.

[Here SALISBURY lifteth himself up and groans.]

TALBOT.
Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.
Frenchmen, I 'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I 'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we 'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Listen to how the dying Salisbury groans!
He hates the fact that he cannot get revenge.
Frenchmen, I'll treat you like Salisbury would wish:
Pucelle or puzzle, dolphin or dogfish,
I'll stamp out your hearts with my horse's heels,
and make a swamp of your mixed brains.
Carry Salisbury to his tent for me,

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and then we'll see what these bastard Frenchmen are made of.

[Alarum. Exeunt.]

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SCENE V. The same.

[Here an alarum again: and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter Joan La Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter Talbot.]

TALBOT.
Where is my strength, my valor, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them:
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

[Re-enter La Pucelle.]

Here, here she comes. I 'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I 'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

What has happened to all my brave forces?
The English troops are retreating, I cannot stop them:
a woman dressed in armour is chasing them.

Here she comes. I shall fight you;
if you are the Devil or the Devil's mother, I'll beat you:
I'll get your blood running, you are a witch,
and I'll send back your soul to the one whom you serve.

PUCELLE.
Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

Come, come, I must bring you down.

[Here they fight.]

TALBOT.
Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I 'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

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Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

But if you're afraid to hear the worst,
then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

KING JOHN.
Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bear with me cousin, I was overwhelmed
by the tide of bad news; but now I can breathe again
above the flood, and can hear
what anyone has to say, whatever it is.

BASTARD.
How I have sped among the clergymen
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams.
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear;
And here's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your Highness should deliver up your crown.

The business I have done amongst the clergymen
will be shown by the sums I have collected.
But as I travelled around the country,
I find that the people are in a strange mood;
they are full of rumours and idle dreams,
they don't know what they're afraid of, but they are very afraid;
and here's a prophet that I brought with me
from out of the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
with many hundreds following him;
and he was singing to them, in coarse vulgar rhymes,
that before noon on the next Ascension Day
your Highness would give up his crown.

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Act II

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SCENE I. Before Orleans.

[Enter a Sergeant of a band, with two Sentinels.]

SERGEANT.
Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

Sirs, take your places and remain vigilant:
if you hear any noise or see any soldiers
near to the walls, made some signal
to let the guardhouse know.

FIRST SENTINEL.
Sergeant, you shall. [Exit Sergeant.]
Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

Sergeant, we will.
So poor common soldiers
have to stand out in the rain and cold, in the dark,
keeping watch while others sleep in their quiet beds.

[Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and forces,
with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march.]

TALBOT.
Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon and Picardy are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Lord Regent, and famed Burgundy,
who in joining with us has made the regions of Artois,

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Now it shall be seen just how much
I am prepared to do to do my duty
for you, Salisbury, and for the rights
of English King Henry.

SENTINEL.
Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!

Arm yourselves! The enemy is attacking!

[Cry: 'St George,' 'A Talbot.']

[The French leap over the walls in their shirts.
Enter, several ways, the Bastard of Orleans, Alencon, and
Reignier, half ready, and half unready.]

ALENCON.
How now, my lords! what, all unready so?

What's this, my Lord! What, all so unprepared?

BASTARD.
Unready! aye, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Unprepared! Yes, and glad to have such a lucky escape.

REIGNIER.
'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

I knew it was time to wake and leave our beds,
when I heard the alarm at our bedroom doors.

ALENCON.
Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Of all the things I've seen since I became a soldier,
I have never heard of anything
as adventurous or desperate as this.

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BASTARD.
I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

I think this Talbot is a devil from hell.

REIGNIER.
If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favor him.

If he's not from hell, the heavens certainly favour him.

ALENCON.
Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.

Here comes Charles: I'm amazed how quickly he moved.

BASTARD.
Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Well, he had holy Joan to defend him.

[Enter Charles and La Pucelle.]

CHARLES.
Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Is this your cunning plan, you deceitful woman?
Did you decide to soften us up
by letting us get a little gain,
so that now we might lose ten times as much?

PUCELLE.
Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

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Why is Charles so suspicious of his friend?
Do you expect my power to be the same at all times?
Must I rule everything, sleeping or waking,
or are you going to place all the blame on me?
Useless soldiers! If you'd kept a good watch,
this sudden problem would never have arisen.

CHARLES.
Duke of Alencon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Duke of Alencon, this is your fault,
as you were captain of the watch tonight,
and you didn't fulfil your responsibility.

ALENCON.
Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

If you'd all guarded your quarters as well
as the ones I was guarding,
we wouldn't have been caught so shamefully off guard.

BASTARD.
Mine was secure.

Mine were secure.

REIGNIER.
And so was mine, my lord.

And so were mine, my lord.

CHARLES.
And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way should they first break in?

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KING JOHN.
Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

You idle dreamer, why were you doing that?

PETER.
Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

Because I know that that is what will happen.

KING JOHN.
Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return,
For I must use thee.

Exit HUBERT with PETER

O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Hubert, take him away; put him in prison;
and at noon on that day on which he says
I shall give up my crown let him be hanged.
Put him in prison; then come back,
for I need you.

Oh my gentle cousin,
have you heard the latest news about who has come?

BASTARD.
The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it;
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

The French, my lord; everyone is talking about it;
besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,

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My lord, you must not reject her polite request.

TALBOT.
Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled:
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honors bear me company?

You can trust me not to; when the whole world of men
couldn't persuade with their speechmaking,
a woman's politeness can still win:
and so tell her I give my thanks,
and I will humbly agree to visit her.
Will your honours come with me?

BEDFORD.
No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Certainly not; that would be bad manners:
I've heard it said that uninvited guests
are often most welcome when they go.

TALBOT.
Well then, alone, since there 's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, Captain. [Whispers] You perceive my mind?

Well then I'll go alone, if there is no alternative,
to test this lady's hospitality.
Come here, captain. [Whispers] You know what I'm thinking?

CAPTAIN.
I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

I do, my lord, and I'll do as you say.

[Exeunt.]

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SCENE III. Auvergne. The Countess's castle.

[Enter the Countess and her Porter.]

COUNTESS.
Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Porter, remember my orders;
when you've carried them out, bring me the keys.

PORTER.
Madam, I will.

I will, madam.

[Exit.]

COUNTESS.
The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumor of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

The plot is set: if everything works out,
I shall be as famous for this exploit
as the Scythian Tomyris was for Cyrus' death.
This fearsome knight has a great reputation,
and it is matched by his achievements:
I want my eyes and ears to be witnesses,
to give their judgement on these great reports.

[Enter Messenger and Talbot.]

MESSENGER.
Madam,
according as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

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Madam,
as your ladyship desired,
as you asked in your message, Lord Talbot has come.

COUNTESS.
And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

And he is welcome. What! Is this him?

MESSENGER.
Madam, it is.

Madam, it is.

COUNTESS.
Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Is this the one who has whipped France?
Is this Talbot, who is so feared around the country
that his mothers use his name to quiet their babies?
I see the stories are mythical and false:
I thought I would have seen some Hercules,
a second Hector, in his stern looks,
and his great muscular limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
This weak and wrinkled shrimp can't possibly
strike such fear into his enemies.

TALBOT.
Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I 'll sort some other time to visit you.

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I certainly am.

COUNTESS.
Then have I substance too.

Then I have the real thing too.

TALBOT.
No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceived, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

No, no, I am just a shadow of myself:
you are mistaken you're not seeing the real thing;
what you can see is just the smallest part,
with the least humanity in it:
I tell you, madam, if the whole of me were here,
it is so enormous
your roof wouldn't be able to hold it.

COUNTESS.
This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

You are talking in riddles;
you are here, but you're not here:
how can those two opposites make sense?

TALBOT.
That will I show you presently.

[Winds his horn. Drums strike up: a peal of ordnance. Enter Soldiers.]

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,

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with their eyes as red as a newly lit fire,
and others besides, going to look for the grave
of Arthur, whom they say was killed tonight
on your orders.

KING JOHN.
Gentle kinsman, go
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Sweet kinsman, go
and join their company.
I have a way to win back their love;
bring them to me.

BASTARD.
I will seek them out.

I will go and find them.

KING JOHN.
Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

No, but hurry; put your best foot forward.
Oh, don't let me have any native enemies
while opposing foreigners frighten my towns
with dreadful displays of harsh invasion!
Be like Mercury, have winged feet,
and go from them back to me as quickly as thought.

BASTARD.
The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

The spirit of the time shall show me how to be quick.

KING JOHN.

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With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

I'll show you that now.

What do you say, madam? Do you now believe
that Talbot is just a shadow of himself?
These are my body, muscles, arms and strength,
with which I have been chaining your rebellious necks,
destroying your cities and towns,
making them desolate in an instant.

COUNTESS.
Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Victorious Talbot! Excuse my ill-treatment:
I find you are just as great as your reputation,
and that there's more to you than meets the eye.
Don't let my assumptions make you angry;
I'm sorry that I didn't show you the respect
of treating you as the person you are.

TALBOT.
Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me;
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Don't worry about it, fair lady; and don't misunderstand
the mind of Talbot, as you mistook
the way his body was made.
What you have done has not offended me;

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I don't want any recompense,
except that, with your permission, we should like
to taste your wine and try your food;
soldiers are always hungry.

COUNTESS.
With all my heart, and think me honored
To feast so great a warrior in my house.

Certainly, and I would count it an honour
to feed such a great warrior in my house.

[Exeunt.]

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And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Since you are tongue tied and don't wish to speak,
you can show your thoughts in sign language.
That person who is a true born gentleman
and has faith in his noble birth,
if he thinks that I have spoken the truth,
let him pick a white rose from this bush with me.

SOMERSET.
Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

Let the one who is not a coward or flatterer,
who dares to stick to the truth,
pick a red rose from this bush with me.

WARWICK.
I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

I don't like taking sides,
but without any sort of low motives
I shall pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

SUFFOLK.
I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal I think he held the right.

I shall pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
and furthermore say I think he was in the right.

VERNON.
Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

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Wait, lords and gentlemen, and pick no more,
until you have agreed that the person who has
the fewest roses picked from the tree
should accept the other is in the right.

SOMERSET.
Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Good Master Vernon, you're quite right:
if I have the fewest, I shall give in without speaking.

PLANTAGENET.
And I.

I agree.

VERNON.
Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Then for the obvious truth of the case,
I shall pluck this pale and virginal blossom,
giving my judgement on the side of the white rose.

SOMERSET.
Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Don't prick your finger as you pick it,
in case you bleed and paint the white rose red,
and fall on my side, against your will.

VERNON.
If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.

If I am to bleed for my opinion, my lord,
my opinion shall be my doctor

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and keep me on the side I've chosen.

SOMERSET.
Well, well, come on: who else?

Very good, come on: who else?

LAWYER.
Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;

[To Somerset.]

In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Unless my studying and my books are wrong,
your argument was mistaken;
and so I pick a white rose too.

PLANTAGENET.
Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Now, Somerset, where is your case?

SOMERSET.
Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Here in my scabbard, thinking of ways
I can dye your white rose bloody red.

PLANTAGENET.
Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

In the meantime your cheeks imitate our roses;
they look pale with fear, having seen
the truth on our side.

SOMERSET.
No, Plantagenet,

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Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Don't be so scornful, Plantagenet.

PLANTAGENET.
Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

Proud Pole, I shall, and I scorn you and him.

SUFFOLK.
I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

I'll shove my share of that back down your throat.

SOMERSET.
Away, away, good William de la Pole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

Come away, good William de la Pole!
We're giving this peasant too much honour by talking to him.

WARWICK.
Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Now, I swear, you are insulting him, Somerset;
his grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
the third son of Edward the Third, King of England:
do unmarked peasants spring from such heritage?

PLANTAGENET.
He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

He's relying on the laws of this place,
or otherwise, coward that he is, he wouldn't dare say it.

SOMERSET.
By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.

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Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

By God, I'll say this
on any piece of ground in Christendom.
Wasn't your father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
executed for treason in the days of our late King?
And, due to his treason, haven't you lost your rights,
your place amongst the old noble families?
His sin is still living in your blood;
and until you're given your place back, you are a peasant.

PLANTAGENET.
My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

My father was arrested, not penalised,
condemned to die for treason, but not a traitor;
and I'll prove that to better men than Somerset,
if time allows me.
As for your accomplice Pole and you yourself,
I'll make a mental note
to punish you for your attacks:
remember it and don't complain you haven't been warned.

SOMERSET.
Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colors for thy foes,
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Yes and you will find we're ready for you;
you'll know we're your enemies from our colours,

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Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.

Said like a spirited noble gentleman.

Exit BASTARD

Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Follow him; he may need
some messenger between me and the peers;
let that be you.

MESSENGER.
With all my heart, my liege.

With all my heart, my lord.

Exit

KING JOHN.
My mother dead!

My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT

HUBERT.
My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

My Lord, they say that five moons were seen tonight;
four were still, and the fifth span around
the other four in an astonishing way.

KING JOHN.
Five moons!

Five moons!

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which my friends shall wear, in spite of you.

PLANTAGENET.
And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

And I swear, in recognition of my bloodthirsty hate,
myself and my party will always
wear this pale and angry rose,
until it dies with me in my grave,
or grows along with my rank.

SUFFOLK.
Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so farewell until I meet thee next.

Off you go, and may your ambition choke you!
And so farewell until I see you next.

[Exit.]

SOMERSET.
Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard.

Enough of you, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard.

[Exit.]

PLANTAGENET.
How I am braved and must perforce endure it!

What challenges I have to put up with!

WARWICK.
This blot that they object against your house
Shall be wiped out in the next parliament
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.

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Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

This stain that they say is on your house
shall be wiped out in the next Parliament,
that was called for the truce between Winchester and Gloucester;
and if you are not then made Duke of York,
then I shall not be called Warwick.
Meanwhile, as a sign of my love for you,
against proud Somerset and William Pole,
I shall wear this rose for your party:
and I predict this: this brawl today,
which grew to become this disagreement in the Temple garden,
shall, between the red rose and the white,
mean the death of a thousand souls.

PLANTAGENET.
Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Good Master Vernon, I am obliged to you,
that you would pick a flower on my behalf.

VERNON.
In your behalf still will I wear the same.

I shall wear it on your behalf.

LAWYER.
And so will I.

And so will I.

PLANTAGENET.
Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

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Thank you, kind sir.
Come, let the four of us go to dinner: I dare say
blood will be spilt over this quarrel some other day.

[Exeunt.]

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SCENE V. The Tower of London.

[Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and Jailers.]

MORTIMER.
Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

Kind guardians of my weakened fading age,
let the dying Mortimer have a rest here.
Long imprisonment has made my limbs feel like
those of a man just pulled off the rack;
and these grey hairs, the forerunners of death,
aged like Nestor through ages of care,
say that the end of Edmund Mortimer is near.
These eyes, like lamps whose oil is running out,
grow dim, reaching their end;
weak shoulders, overloaded with grief,
and feeble arms, like a shrivelled vine
that trails its dead branches along the ground:
both these feet, which are numb and unsupportive,
and cannot support this lump of clay,
are filled with the desire to speed to the grave,
knowing that it will be my only comfort.
But tell me, jailer, will my nephew come?

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Firstly, lean your old back against my arm;
and, when you've done that, I'll tell you my problem.
Today, arguing over a legal case,
there was an exchange of words between myself and Somerset;
during this he used his extravagant tongue
to make remarks about my father's death:
this slander rendered me speechless,
otherwise I would have paid him back in the same kind.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
for the honour of a true Plantagenet,
and for the sake of family loyalty, tell me the reason
my father, Earl of Cambridge, was beheaded.

MORTIMER.
That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

The same reason, fair nephew, that I have been imprisoned,
and have spent my entire youth
inside a horrid dungeon, to pine away,
that is what killed him.

PLANTAGENET.
Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Give me more details as to the reason,
for I do not know and I cannot guess.

MORTIMER.
I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent;
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.

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The reason moved these warlike lords to this
Was, for that--young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body--
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They labored to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress.
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

I will, if my failing breath allows me,
and death does not take me before my story is finished.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather of the current king,
overthrew his nephew Richard, the son of Edward,
the firstborn and the lawful heir
of Edward, the third King in that line,
and during his reign the Percys of the North,
thinking his overthrow extremely unjust,
attempted to place me on the throne.
The reason these warlike lords had for this was
that–with young Richard dead,
leaving no direct heir–
I was next in line through birth and ancestry:
for on my mother's side I am descended
from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son
of King Edward the Third, whereas he
is descended from John of Gaunt,
only fourth in that heroic genealogy.

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But you can see that in this noble great attempt
at installing the rightful heir on the throne
I lost my freedom and they lost their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
succeeding his father Bolingbroke, ruled,
your father, then Earl of Cambridge–descended
from famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York–
married my sister, your mother,
and again, out of pity at my horrid predicament,
raised an army, intending to free me
and give me the Crown.
But that noble Earl failed like the rest,
and was beheaded. So the Mortimers,
who have the right to the title, were suppressed.

PLANTAGENET.
Of which, my lord, your honor is the last.

And you are the last of them, my lord.

MORTIMER.
True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

True, and you see I have no children,
and that my halting words show I am dying:
you are my heir; I want you to think about what that means:
but be careful what you do with your discoveries.

PLANTAGENET.
Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Your grave warnings will be noted:
but still, I think that my father's execution
was nothing less than the act of a bloody tyrant.

MORTIMER.
With silence, nephew, be thou politic:

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HUBERT.
Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously;
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

Old men and witches in the streets
prophesy danger from it;
they are all talking about the death of young Arthur;
and when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
and whisper to each other;
and the one who's talking grabs the wrist of his listener,
and the listener works his face
with frowns, nods, rolling eyes.
I saw a smith standing like this with his hammer,
whilst his iron cooled on the anvil,
open mouthed while he listened to the news of a tailor;
he stood with his shears and tape measure in his hand,
wearing slippers which in his hurry he had
wrongly put on the opposite feet,
telling a tale of many thousands of warlike French
who were lined up and ready for battle in Kent.
Another skinny unwashed workman
interrupted him and spoke about Arthur's death.

KING JOHN.
Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

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Act III

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Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts are sifted
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Arrogant priest, this place demands I keep calm,
or you would be punished for your insult.
Do not think that just because I wrote down
the details of your revolting terrible crimes
that I have made anything up or cannot
repeat orally what I have written.
No, bishop, such is your blatant wickedness,
your lecherous, dirty and disloyal goings on,
that even children talk about your arrogance.
You are an evil moneylender,
perverse by nature, an enemy to peace,
lusty and profligate–more than suits
a man of your calling and rank.
As for your treachery, what could be more obvious
than that you laid traps to take my life,
at London Bridge as well as at the Tower?
Also, I'm afraid, if your thoughts could be read,
the King, your sovereign, does not quite escape
the envious malice in your puffed up heart.

WINCHESTER.
Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do?--except I be provoked.
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incensed the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good--

Gloucester, I spurn you. Lords, do me the honour

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Yes, like an outlaw who stays in a castle
and uses it to help his thievery.

WINCHESTER.
Unreverent Gloster!

Irreverent Gloucester!

GLOUCESTER.
Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

You are reverent
when doing your spiritual job, not in your life.

WINCHESTER.
Rome shall remedy this.

Rome shall make you pay for this.

WARWICK.
Roam thither, then.

Go there then.

SOMERSET.
My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

My lord, you really must stop this.

WARWICK.
Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Yes, make sure the Bishop is not oppressed.

SOMERSET.
Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

I think my lord should be religious,
and show the respect religious men deserve.

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Thy hand hath murd'red him. I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Why are you trying to worry me like this?
Why do you speak so often about the death of young Arthur?
It was you who murdered him. I had a great reason
for wanting him dead, but you had no reason to kill him.

HUBERT.
No had, my lord! Why, did you not provoke me?

I had no reason, my lord! Why, did you not order me?

KING JOHN.
It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

It is the curse of kings that they are surrounded
by slaves who think that their moods are orders
to attack the bodies of others,
and that the wink of a person in authority
is the same as a law; they think they know what
a dangerous king means, when he might be frowning
just because of his mood rather than what he wants.

HUBERT.
Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

Here are your sealed written orders for what I did.

KING JOHN.
O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,

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Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Oh, when Judgement Day comes,
this writing and this seal
will be the evidence which sends me to hell!
How often the presence of the means to do wrong
encourages one to do wrong! If you hadn't been standing by,
a fellow marked out by the hand of nature
as one designed to do shameful deeds,
I would not have thought of this murder;
but, observing your horrible face,
seeing that you were suited to bloody villainy,
good to be used for dangerous purposes,
I faintly mentioned Arthur's death to you;
and you, to get the favour of a king,
didn't care about killing a prince.

HUBERT.
My lord-

My lord–

KING JOHN.
Hadst thou but shook thy head or made pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!

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My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs;
Nay, in the body of the fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

If you had just shaken your head or paused,
when I hinted at what I planned,
or turned a doubtful eye to my face,
telling me to say what I meant outright,
deep shame would have struck me down, made me stop,
and your worries might have created worries in me.
But you understood what I was hinting at,
and you hinted that you were ready to do this sin;
without a pause you let your heart agree to,
and after that your rough hand to do,
the deed which both of us dared not speak aloud.
Get out of my sight, I don't want to see you again!
My nobles have left me; my country is under attack
even at my gates with foreign armies;
and within my body,
this prison of blood and breath,
there is a civil war going on
between my conscience and the death of my cousin.

HUBERT.
Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never ent'red yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

Arm yourself against your other enemies,
I will make peace between you and your soul.
Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine

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is still unsullied and innocent,
not covered in blood.
My heart has never entertained
the dreadful notion of committing murder
and you have wronged my nature,
for however rough the outside looks
it covers a mind that is too good
to become the butcher of an innocent child.

KING JOHN.
Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

Is Arthur alive? Oh, hurry to the peers,
confront their anger with this news
and make them obedient again!
Forgive the comments that I made in anger
against your appearance; my anger made me blind,
and imagining the bloodshed I thought you had done
made you look more hideous than you are.
Oh, do not answer me; but bring the angry lords
to my room as quick as you can.
I am wasting time with my request; run faster than I ask you.

Exeunt

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SCENE 3.

England. Before the castle

Enter ARTHUR, on the walls

ARTHUR.
The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away.
As good to die and go, as die and stay.
[Leaps down]
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!
[Dies]

The wall is high, but I will still jump down.
Good ground, pity me and don't hurt me!
Hardly anyone knows me; if they did
this sailor boy's disguise makes me unknowable.
I am afraid; and yet I'll risk it.
If I get down and don't break my limbs,
there are a thousand ways for me to escape.
I might just as well die escaping as die staying.
[Leaps down]
Alas! The spirit of my uncle is in the stones.
Heaven receive my soul, and England keep my bones!

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT

SALISBURY.
Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Lords, I will meet him at St Edmundsbury;
this will make us safe, and we must accept

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this kind offer in this dangerous time.

PEMBROKE.
Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

SALISBURY.
The Count Melun, a noble lord of France,
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.

Count Melun, a noble lord of France,
who privately told me that the Dauphin's love
is much more comprehensive than is written down.

BIGOT.
To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Then let us meet him tomorrow morning.

SALISBURY.
Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Or rather let us set out then; it will be
a journey of two long days, lords, before we meet.

Enter the BASTARD

BASTARD.
Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The King by me requests your presence straight.

Good to see you once again today, upset lords!
Through me the king asks you to go and see him at once.

SALISBURY.
The King hath dispossess'd himself of us.
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.

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Return and tell him so. We know the worst.

The King has lost us.
We will not line his thin stained cloak
with our honour, nor shall we wait on the foot
that leaves a bloody footprint wherever it walks.
Go back and tell him so. We know the worst.

BASTARD.
Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Whatever you think, I think that good words are the best.

SALISBURY.
Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

We are being guided by our sorrows, not our manners.

BASTARD.
But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

But there is no reason for your sorrow;
therefore you should be showing some manners now.

PEMBROKE.
Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Sir, allowances can be made for anger.

BASTARD.
'Tis true-to hurt his master, no man else.

That's true–allowing it to hurt his master, and no one else.

SALISBURY.
This is the prison. What is he lies here?

This is the prison. Who is this lying here?

PEMBROKE.
O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

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The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Oh death, made so proud by destroying this pure princely beauty!
There is no grave to hide this action.

SALISBURY.
Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

It's as if murder hates what he himself has done,
and leaves it out in the open to encourage revenge.

BIGOT.
Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Or, when he sentenced this beauty to a grave,
decided that it was too precious for the grave.

SALISBURY.
Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard, or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? Could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Sir Richard, what do you think? Have you seen,
or have you read or heard, or could you think?
Or do you almost think, even though you see,
that you see? Could you possibly have these thoughts
without this evidence? This is the very top,
the very highest point of
murder; this is the bloodiest shame,
the wildest savagery, the most evil stroke,
that blind anger or staring rage
ever did to cause tears of soft regret.

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PEMBROKE.
All murders past do stand excus'd in this;
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times,
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

This murder will excuse all the ones in the past;
this one, so unique and inimitable,
will make sins yet to be committed
seem holy and pure,
and make deadly bloodshed just a joke,
when compared to this horrible sight.

BASTARD.
It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

It is a damnable and bloody deed;
the graceless action of a vicious man,
if it is in fact the work of a man.

SALISBURY.
If that it be the work of any hand!
We had a kind of light what would ensue.
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the King;
From whose obedience I forbid my soul
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand
By giving it the worship of revenge.

If it was the work of a man!
We had a hint as to what would happen.
This is the shameful work of Hubert;

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the orders come from the King;
I forbid my soul to obey him,
kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
and in front of his dead excellence
I take a holy vow
that I will never indulge myself in any pleasure,
never enjoy anything,
never know rest or leisure,
until I have given this hand back its glory
by worshipping it with revenge.

PEMBROKE. and BIGOT.
Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

We religiously swear the same.

Enter HUBERT

HUBERT.
Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.
Arthur doth live; the King hath sent for you.

Lords, I have rushed as fast as I can to find you.
Arthur is alive; the King has sentfor you.

SALISBURY.
O, he is bold, and blushes not at death!
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Oh, he is bold, he doesn't blush at death!
Get out of here, you horrible villain, begone!

HUBERT.
I am no villain.

I am no villain.

SALISBURY.
Must I rob the law?[Drawing his
sword]

Must I steal the executioner's job?

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BASTARD.
Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Your sword is bright, sir; put it away.

SALISBURY.
Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Not until I put it inside a murderer.

HUBERT.
Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.

Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
by heaven, I think my sword is a sharp as yours.
I don't want you, Lord, to forget yourself,
and to risk taking on my strong skills;
in case I, seeing your rage, forget
your worthiness, your greatness and your nobility.

BIGOT.
Out, dunghill! Dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Damn you, dunghill! Do you dare to challenge a nobleman?

HUBERT.
Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Not on my life; but I still would dare to defend
my innocent life against an emperor.

SALISBURY.
Thou art a murderer.

You are a murderer.

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HUBERT.
Do not prove me so.
Yet I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Do not make me be one.
But I am not one. Whoever says that speaks falsely,
not truthfully; someone who does not speak truthfully is lying.

PEMBROKE.
Cut him to pieces.

Cut him to pieces.

BASTARD.
Keep the peace, I say.

Keep the peace, I say.

SALISBURY.
Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Stand aside, or I will hurt you, Faulconbridge.

BASTARD.
Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury.
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

You would be better off hurting the devil, Salisbury.
If you just frown on me, or move towards me,
or try to shame me in your rash anger,
I'll strike you dead. Put away your sword at once;
or I will give you and your toasting iron such a thrashing
that you'll think the devil has come from hell.

BIGOT.
What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?

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Second a villain and a murderer?

What are you going to do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Support a villain and a murderer?

HUBERT.
Lord Bigot, I am none.

Lord Bigot, I am not one.

BIGOT.
Who kill'd this prince?

Who killed this prince?

HUBERT.
'Tis not an hour since I left him well.
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

I left him in good health not an hour ago.
I respected him, I loved him, and will weep
for the rest of my days over the loss of his sweet life.

SALISBURY.
Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Don't trust those cunning tears of his,
for villainy can always summon them up;
and he, who has had lots of practice, makes it look
as if they are rivers of remorse and innocence.
Come away with me, all of you whose souls despise
the unclean reek of the slaughterhouse;
I am choking on this smell of sin.

BIGOT.

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Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Let's go to Bury, to the Dauphin!

PEMBROKE.
There tell the King he may inquire us out.

Tell the King he can find us there.

Exeunt LORDS

BASTARD.
Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Here's a fine thing! Did you know about this job?
If you did this murder, Hubert, you are dammed
beyond the infinite reach of mercy.

HUBERT.
Do but hear me, sir.

Just listen to me, sir.

BASTARD.
Ha! I'll tell thee what:
Thou'rt damn'd as black-nay, nothing is so black-
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer;
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Ha! I'll tell you what:
you are damned as black–no, there is nothing as black–
you are more deeply damned than Prince Lucifer;
there isn't a devil in hell as ugly as you
will be, if you killed this child.

HUBERT.
Upon my soul-

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I swear on my soul–

BASTARD.
If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

If you only agreed
to this terrible deed, you should despair;
and if you need a cord, the smallest thread
that a spider ever span out of her womb
will do for strangling you; a reed will make a beam
to hang you from; or if you want to drown yourself,
just put a little water in a spoon
and it will be like the whole ocean,
enough to suffocate such a villain.
I have very strong suspicions of you.

HUBERT.
If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

If by action, agreement, or sinful thinking,
I was guilty of stealing away that sweet breath
which was contained within this beautiful body,
may hell run out of tortures to use on me!
I left him healthy.

BASTARD.
Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.

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How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by th' teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace;
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed. I'll to the King;
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

Go, carry him in your arms.
I am bewildered, I think, and I have lost my way
amongst the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy it is for you to pick up the whole of England
in the person of this dead royal body!
The life, rights and truth of this whole country
have gone to heaven; and now England is left
to push and shove, and to tear apart in their teeth
the unruled powers of the great nation.
Now the dog of war raises his angry hackles
to fight for the stripped bones of majesty
and snarls in the gentle face of peace;
now forces from abroad and civil discontent
come together as one; great chaos awaits,
like a raven hovering over a sick man,
following the general collapse when the throne is stolen.
It will be a lucky man who manages
to ride out the storm. Carry away that child,
and follow me quickly. I'll go to the king;
there are a thousand things which need seeing to,
and heaven is frowning over the country.

Exeunt

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Act V

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SCENE 1.

England. KING JOHN'S palace

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH, and attendants

KING JOHN.
Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

So I have surrendered my crown
into your hand.

PANDULPH.
[Gives back the crown]Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

Take it back again
from my hand, as a representative of the Pope,
take back your royal greatness and authority.

KING JOHN.
Now keep your holy word; go meet the French;
And from his Holiness use all your power
To stop their marches fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemp'red humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick
That present med'cine must be minist'red
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Now keep your holy word; go and meet French;
and use all power you have from the Pope
to stop their advances before we are overcome.
Our discontented counties are rebelling;
our people are refusing to obey,

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swearing allegiance and pledging their souls
to foreign blood and royalty.
This flood of disordered moods
can only be abated by you.
So don't wait; the time is so sick
that it must be given medicine at once
or it will be followed by incurable collapse.

PANDULPH.
It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war
And make fair weather in your blust'ring land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

It was I who started this storm,
due to your insult to the Pope;
but since you have sweetly reconverted,
I shall calm down this storm of war
and bring fair weather to your windy land.
Remember on every Ascension day like this
your oath of service to the Pope,
and I will go and make the French retreat.

Exit

KING JOHN.
Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Is this Ascension Day? Didn't the prophet
say that before Ascension day at noon
I should give up my crown? Well I have.
I imagined that I would be forced to;
but, thank heaven, it was only voluntary.

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Enter the BASTARD

BASTARD.
All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle. London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

All of Kent has surrendered; only Dover Castle
has resisted. London has welcomed,
like a kind host, the Dauphin and his forces.
The nobles will not listen to you, they have gone
to offer their services to your enemy;
and wild confusion is buzzing around
the small number of your fearful friends.

KING JOHN.
Would not my lords return to me again
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Wouldn't my Lords come back to me
after they heard young Arthur was alive?

BASTARD.
They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robbed and ta'en away.

They found him dead, and thrown into the street,
an empty casket from which some damnable hand
had robbed and taken away the jewel of life.

KING JOHN.
That villain Hubert told me he did live.

That villain Hubert told me he was alive.

BASTARD.
So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.

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But wherefore do you droop? Why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of war
When he intendeth to become the field;
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there, and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said! Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

I swear he thought that that was true.
But why are you drooping? Why do you look so sad?
Be as great in action as you have been in thought;
don't let the world see fear and doubt
ruling the eye of the King.
Be as active as the situation; fight fire with fire;
threaten those who threaten you, and stare down
arrogant terror; so inferior people,
who copy the greatness of their betters,
will become great through your example
and gather up dare dauntless resolve.
Go, and shine like the God of War
when he intends to join the battle;
showed bravery and great confidence.
What, shall they look for the lion in his den,
andfrighten him there, make him tremble?
Oh, don't say that! Go out, and run
to meet the opposition farther from the doors
and fight with him before he gets so close.

KING JOHN.
The legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;

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And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

The Pope's representative has been here,
and I have arranged a happy peace with him;
he has promised to make the Dauphin
withdraw his forces.

BASTARD.
O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
A cock'red silken wanton, brave our fields
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms.
Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or, if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

What a shameful alliance!
Shall we, standing in our own country,
bow down and ask for compromise,
ingratiate ourselves, speak sweetly and make
shameful truces with invaders? Shall a beardless boy,
a spoilt silky brat, show off in our fields
and learn to fight on our warlike soil,
mocking the air with his flags carelessly waving,
and not be stopped? Let us take up arms, my lord.
Perhaps the cardinal might be able to make peace;
or, if he does, let it be said that at least
they saw that we could have defended ourselves.

KING JOHN.
Have thou the ordering of this present time.

You have command in this situation.

BASTARD.
Away, then, with good courage!

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Yet, I know
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

Come on then, and be confident!
but I know that we could easily beat a better enemy.

Exeunt

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SCENE 2.

England. The DAUPHIN'S camp at Saint Edmundsbury

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and
soldiers

LEWIS.
My Lord Melun, let this be copied out
And keep it safe for our remembrance;
Return the precedent to these lords again,
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

My Lord Melun, copy this out
and keep it safe as a reminder;
take the original back to these lords,
so that, having our fair order written down,
both we and they, when we look over these notes,
will know why we made this holy oath,
and keep our faith firm and unbreakable.

SALISBURY.
Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unurg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand

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Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger-march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks-I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause-
To grace the gentry of a land remote
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore,
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Nobody on this side shall ever break it.
And, noble Dauphin, although we swear
voluntarily and give you our consent to your
proceedings without force; still believe me, prince,
I'm not happy that this time is so wounded
that it has to be cured with a horrible revolt,
and that we have to heal the disease of one wound
by making many. And it grieves my soul,
that I must unsheathe my sword
and make widows with it! In the place where
people appeal to Salisbury for
honourable rescue and defence!
But things are so wrong
that for the healthy cure of the time
we can only deal with the one who has dealt
out harsh injustice and confused wrongs.
Isn't it shameful, my sorrowing friends,
that we, the sons and children of this island,
were born to see such a sad time is this;
in which we follow a foreigner, march
across her sweet lands, and reinforce
the ranks of her enemies–I must stand aside and weep
at the stain of this enforced action–
to adorn the nobility of a remote country,

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and follow their unfamiliar banners here?
What, here? Oh nation, if only you could move!
If only Neptune, whose ocean surrounds you,
could carry you away from knowledge of yourself–
handicap you–to a pagan shore,
where these two Christian armies could join
their harmful power together in alliance,
and not spend it on such unneighbourly activities!

LEWIS.
A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This show'r, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm;
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enrag'd,
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself. So, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

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You show a noble spirit in saying this;
and the great loyalties wrestling in your heart
make an earthquake of nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat you have fought
between what you were compelled to do and what was right!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
that runs in silver streams down your cheeks:
my heart has been melted by a lady's tears,
just an ordinary flood;
but this stream of such manly drops,
this shower, blown up by the storm in your soul,
amazes me, more so than
if I had seen the heights of heaven
absolutely covered with fiery meteors. Look up, renowned Salisbury,
and with a great heart push this storm away:
leave these tears to the eyes of babies
who never saw the whole world in conflict,
and never met fortune except in good circumstances,
with warm blood, happiness and gossiping.
Come, come; you shall gain as much
from this action as
I will myself: so, nobles, shall you all,
everyone who joins forces with me.
[Enter Pandulph]
And just then, I think, an angel spoke:
look, here comes the Pope's representative
to give us permission from the agent of heaven,
to seal our actions as being right
with holy breath.

PANDULPH.
Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this: King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome.
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion fostered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace

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And be no further harmful than in show.

Greetings, noble Prince of France!
This is the news: King John has reconciled
himself with Rome; the spirit that so rebelled
against the holy Church, the great city and
seat of Rome, has come back.
So take down your military flags
and calm the savage spirit of wild war,
so that, like a lion raised by hand,
it may lie gently at the foot of peace
and only look dangerous.

LEWIS.
Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is 't not I
That undergo this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game

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To will this easy match, play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Your Grace must excuse me, I will not retreat:
I am too noble to the used as a tool,
to be under the control of another,
to be a useful serving man and instrument
of any royal state throughout the world.
It was your words which first fanned the flames
of war between this punished kingdom and myself,
and gave reasons for it to carry on;
it's now far too big to be blown out
by the same weak breath which started it.
You taught me how to know what was right,
and showed me why I should conquer this land,
indeed, you were the one who encouraged me;
and now you come to tell me that John has made
his peace with Rome? What does that peace matter to me?
Through the honour of my marriage I am
the next in line to claim this land after young Arthur;
and, now it is half won, must I retreat
because John has made his peace with Rome?
Am I the slave of Rome? What money has Rome spent,
what men has it given, what arms has it sent,
to support this action? Aren't I the one
who's paid for all this? Who else but me,
and those who are subject to my claim,
have sweated in this business and supported this war?
Haven't I heard these islanders shouting out
“Long live the King!" as I won over their towns?
Don't I hold all the best cards in the game
to win this easy victory for a crown?
Show I now hand over the whole set?
No, no, I swear on my soul, I shall never do it.

PANDULPH.
You look but on the outside of this work.

You only understand the outside of this business.

LEWIS.

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Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.
 [Trumpet sounds]
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Outside or inside, I will not go back
until my attempt is glorified
with the great success I hoped for
before I raised this brave army,
and chose these fiery spirits
to face down conquerors, and to win fame
even in the jaws of danger and death.
[Trumpet sounds]
what loud trumpet is this calling us?

Enter the BASTARD, attended

BASTARD.
According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak.
My holy lord of Milan, from the King
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

According to the general rules of the world,
listen to me: I have been sent to speak.
My holy Lord of Milan, I have come
from the King, to find out what you have done for him;
what I say depends upon your answer.

PANDULPH.
The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

The Dauphin is too wilful and contrary,

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and will not agree to my pleas;
he outright says that he will not retreat.

BASTARD.
By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well. Now hear our English King;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd, and reason too he should.
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The King doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door.
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman-
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No. Know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o'er his aery tow'rs
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

By all the blood that fury ever breathed,
the young man speaks well. Now hear our English king,
for this is what he royally says through me:
he is ready, and he has reason to be–
this apelike rude approach,

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this show in armour and foolish revelling,
this beardless cheek with his boyish troops,
the king smiles at; and he is well-prepared
to beat this little war, this pigmy army,
right out of his lands–
the hand that had the strength to come up to your door,
to beat you and make you bolt it,
to make you dive like buckets into hidden wells,
to crouch in the straw of your stables,
to lie like pawns locked up in chests and trunks,
to hug your pigs, to look for sweet safety
in vaults and prisons, and to shiver and shake
even when you heard your national bird crowing,
thinking that the noise was an armed Englishman;
will that victorious hand be held back here,
who beat you in your own rooms?
No: the brave king is prepared
like an eagle hovering over his high nests,
ready to swoop on any annoyance which comes near.
And you degenerate ungratefulrebels,
you bloody Neros, ripping up the womb
of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
for your own ladies and pale faced girls
come tripping after the drums like Amazons,
with their thimbles changed into armed gloves,
their needles into lances, and their gentle hearts
changed to fierce and bloody thoughts.

LEWIS.
There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Stop your bravado there, and turn away in peace;
we admit that you can outquarrel us. Farewell;
our time is too precious to us to be wasted
on such a brawler.

PANDULPH.
Give me leave to speak.

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Give me permission to speak.

BASTARD.
No, I will speak.

No, I will speak.

LEWIS.
We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war,
Plead for our interest and our being here.

I will listen to neither of you.
Strike up the drums; let the voice of war
speak for our interests and our rights.

BASTARD.
Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
And echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine:
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder; for at hand-
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need-
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
and so will you, when you're beaten. Just start
making a noise with your drums,
close by there is a drum ready prepared
to make a noise just as loud as yours:
sound another and you will be matched with one
just as loud as yours which will shake the skies
and imitate the growling thunder; for close by–
not trusting this weak delegate here,
whom he has used as a joke rather than because he needed him–
is warlike John; and along with him there is

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the skeleton of death, whose work this day
is to gobble up many thousands of Frenchmen.

LEWIS.
Strike up our drums to find this danger out.

Beat our drums to reveal this danger.

BASTARD.
And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

And don't doubt that you will find it, Dauphin.

Exeunt

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SCENE 3.

England. The field of battle

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT

KING JOHN.
How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

How is the battle going with us? Oh, tell me, Hubert.

HUBERT.
Badly, I fear. How fares your Majesty?

Badly, I'm afraid. How is your Majesty doing?

KING JOHN.
This fever that hath troubled me so long
Lies heavy on me. O, my heart is sick!

This fever that has bothered me for so long
it is very strong. Oh, I am sick to my heart!

Enter a MESSENGER

MESSENGER.
My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your Majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.

My lord, your brave kinsman, Faulconbridge,
request that your Majesty leaves the battlefield
and send him a message via me as to where you go.

KING JOHN.
Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Tell him I'll go towards Swinstead, to the abbey there.

MESSENGER.
Be of good comfort; for the great supply

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That was expected by the Dauphin here
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands;
This news was brought to Richard but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

Be consoled; for the great force
that the Dauphin was expecting here
was wrecked three nights ago on Goodwin Sands;
Richard has just received the news.
The French are fighting defensively, and retreating.

KING JOHN.
Ay me, this tyrant fever burns me up
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

Alas, this overbearing fever burns me up
and won't let me celebrate this good news.
Go towards Swinstead; put me on my litter;
weakness overcomes me, and I am faint.

Exeunt

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SCENE 4.

England. Another part of the battlefield

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and BIGOT

SALISBURY.
I did not think the King so stor'd with friends.

I didn't think that the King had such support.

PEMBROKE.
Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Back into battle; put courage into the French;
if they fail, we fail too.

SALISBURY.
That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

That devilish bastard Faulconbridge,
against all the odds, is keeping his side afloat.

PEMBROKE.
They say King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

They say that King John has left the battlefield, very sick.

Enter MELUN, wounded

MELUN.
Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Take me to the English rebels.

SALISBURY.
When we were happy we had other names.

When things were going well we were called differently.

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PEMBROKE.
It is the Count Melun.

It is the Count Melun.

SALISBURY.
Wounded to death.

Fatally wounded.

MELUN.
Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many moe with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Flee, noble Englishmen, you have been sold out;
unpick your rude rebellion,
and resume the loyalty you had before.
Look for King John and fall at his feet;
for if the French win this great battle,
we intend to pay you back for your efforts
by cutting off your heads. This is what the King of France
has sworn, along with me and many others,
on the altar at St Edmundsbury;
on the same altar where we swore to you
dear friendship and everlasting love.

SALISBURY.
May this be possible? May this be true?

Can this be possible? Can it be true?

MELUN.

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Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do will the day,
He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east;
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives.
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The love of him-and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman-
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Do I not have horrible death within my sight,
only just hanging on to life
which is bleeding away, like a waxwork
dissolving in the fire?
What in the world would make me now lie to you,
when I will soon be unable to lie at all?
Why should I be false, since it is true
that I must die here and go and live where there is only truth?
I say again, if Louis wins the battle,
he has promised that those eyes of yours
will never see another sunrise:
this very night, his black poisonous breath
is already curling around the burning top
of the old, feeble sun, worn out by the day,

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on this evil night, you shall cease to breathe,
paying the price for what is seen as treachery
with the terrible fine of all your lives,
if Louis wins the battle with your help.
Give my greetings to a man called Hubert who's with your king:
my love for him, and also the fact that
my grandfather was an Englishman,
provokes my conscience to say all this.
In payment for that, I pray you, carry me away
from the noise and clamour of the battlefield,
where I can think what's left of my thoughts
in peace, and separate my body from my soul
with contemplation and prayer.

SALISBURY.
We do believe thee; and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight,
And happy newness, that intends old right.

We believe you; and curse me
if I don't love the way
things are turning out, which means
we can undo our cursed retreat,
and like a flood which has abated
we can leave our foulness and unusual course,
bow down within the frontiers we overcame,
and run obediently and calmly on
to our ocean, our great King John.
I shall help to carry you away from here;
for I can see the cruel agony of death
right in your eyes. Let's go, my friends! A new escape;
a happy newness, taking us back to our old position!

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Exeunt, leading off MELUN

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SCENE 5.

England. The French camp

Enter LEWIS and his train

LEWIS.
The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set,
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
When English measure backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tott'ring colours clearly up,
Last in the field and almost lords of it!

It seemed to me that the sun in heaven didn't want to set,
but stayed to make the western sky blush,
when the English meekly
retreated. Oh, we succeeded bravely,
when we said good night to them
after such bloodthirsty work with
a needless volley of artillery;
we rolled up our waving banners,
the last ones on the battlefield and almost the lords of it!

Enter a MESSENGER

MESSENGER.
Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Where is my Prince, the Dauphin?

LEWIS.
Here; what news?

Here; what's the news?

MESSENGER.
The Count Melun is slain; the English lords
By his persuasion are again fall'n off,

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And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Count Melun has been killed; the English lords
have retreated again on his advice,
and your forces, which you have been waiting for so long,
are shipwrecked and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

LEWIS.
Ah, foul shrewd news! Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary pow'rs?

Such foul and damned news! Damn your very heart!
I didn't think that I would be so sad tonight
as this has made me. Who said that
King John escaped an hour or two before
the obscuring night parted our tired armies?

MESSENGER.
Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Whoever said it, it is true, my lord.

LEWIS.
Keep good quarter and good care to-night;
The day shall not be up so soon as I
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

Keep a careful guard tonight;
the sun will not have risen before
I start my plans for tomorrow.

Exeunt

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SCENE 6.

An open place wear Swinstead Abbey

Enter the BASTARD and HUBERT, severally

HUBERT.
Who's there? Speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Who's there? Speak out! Speak quickly, or I'll shoot.

BASTARD.
A friend. What art thou?

A friend. Who are you?

HUBERT.
Of the part of England.

On the side of England.

BASTARD.
Whither dost thou go?

Where are you going?

HUBERT.
What's that to thee? Why may I not demand
Of thine affairs as well as thou of mine?

*What business is that of yours? Why can't I ask
what you're doing the same way you're asking me?*

BASTARD.
Hubert, I think.

You are Hubert, I think.

HUBERT.
Thou hast a perfect thought.
I will upon all hazards well believe

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Thou art my friend that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?

You think right.
I would bet anything
that you must be my friend if you know my voice so well.
Who are you?

BASTARD.
Who thou wilt. And if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Whoever you want me to be. And if you want,
you can be friendly enough to me to think
that on one side I am descended from the Plantagenets.

HUBERT.
Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame. Brave soldier, pardon me
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Useless memory! You and the blind night
have embarrassed me. Brave soldier, excuse me
for not recognising your voice.

BASTARD.
Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Come, come; forget the formalities, what's the news?

HUBERT.
Why, here walk I in the black brow of night
To find you out.

Why, I have been walking through the dark night
looking for you.

BASTARD.
Brief, then; and what's the news?

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You've done it, then; and what's the news?

HUBERT.
O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Oh, my sweet sir, news which is suitable for the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.

BASTARD.
Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Tell me the results of this bad news;
I'm not a woman, it won't make me faint.

HUBERT.
The King, I fear, is poison'd by a monk;
I left him almost speechless and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

I'm afraid that the King has been poisoned by a monk;
I left him almost unable to speak and escaped
to tell you of this evil, so that you might
be more prepared to deal with the emergency
than if you had found out later.

BASTARD.
How did he take it; who did taste to him?

Why did he eat it; who was his food taster?

HUBERT.
A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out. The King
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

A monk, I'm telling you; a complete villain,
whose bowels suddenly exploded. The King
is still speaking, and there's a chance he may recover.

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BASTARD.
Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

Who did you leave looking after his Majesty?

HUBERT.
Why, know you not? The lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majesty.

Why, haven't you heard? The lords have all come back,
and brought Prince Henry with them;
at his request the King has pardoned them,
and they are all with his Majesty.

BASTARD.
Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide-
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the King;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come.

Hold back your anger, mighty heaven,
and do not tempt us to do more than we are capable of!
I tell you, Hubert, half of my forces tonight,
walking over these marshes, have been washed away by the tide–
these Lincoln marshes have swallowed them;
I, on a good horse, only just escaped.
Lead the way! Take me to the king;
I'm afraid that he'll be dead before I get there.

Exeunt

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SCENE 7.

The orchard at Swinstead Abbey

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT

PRINCE HENRY.
It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain.
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

It's too late; all of his lifeblood
has been corrupted, as well as his pure brain,
which some imagine is where the soul lives,
which shows by the strange comments that it makes
that it is about to die.

Enter PEMBROKE

PEMBROKE.
His Highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

His Highness is still speaking, and believes
that if he was brought into the open air
it would soften the burning
of the evil poison which is attacking him.

PRINCE HENRY.
Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage?

Bring him out into the orchard here.
Is he still raving?

Exit BIGOT

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PEMBROKE.
He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

He's calmer
than when you left him; just now he sung.

PRINCE HENRY.
O vanity of sickness! Fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

The deceitfulness of sickness! When you reach
these outer limits you do not know you're there.
Death, having triumphed over the outer shell,
disappears from it and he now attacks
the mind, which he pricks and wounds
with great throngs of strange fantasies,
which, as they press forward on that last defence,
destroy themselves. It's strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet of this pale faint swan
who sings a sad hymn for his own death
and with his weak voice sings
his soul and body to their eternal rest.

SALISBURY.
Be of good comfort, Prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Console yourself, Prince; for you were born
to bring order to this chaos
which he has left so formless and rough.

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Re-enter BIGOT and attendants, who bring in KING JOHN in a chair

KING JOHN.
Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom
That all my bowels crumble up to dust.
I am a scribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Ah, that's better, now my soul has elbow room;
it can't get out of windows or doors.
There is such a hot summer in my heart
that my bowels crumble into dust.
I am a scribbled picture drawn with a pen
on a parchment, and this fire
shrivels me up.

PRINCE HENRY.
How fares your Majesty?

How is your Majesty?

KING JOHN.
Poison'd-ill-fare! Dead, forsook, cast off;
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much;
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful you deny me that.

Poisoned–bad food! Dead, forsaken, lost;
and none of you will ask the winter to come
and push his icy fingers into my mouth,
or let the rivers of my kingdom run through
my burning heart, nor ask the North

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to send his harsh winds to kiss my parched lips
and comfort me with the cold. I'm not asking much from you;
I'm asking for cold comfort; and you are so ungenerous
and so ungrateful that you won't let me have it.

PRINCE HENRY.
O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

I wish that my tears had some power
to give you relief!

KING JOHN.
The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

The salt in them is hot.
There is a hell inside me; and the poison
is a devil put in there to attack
the unsaveable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD

BASTARD.
O, I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleen of speed to see your Majesty!

Oh, I am boiling with the rush I have had
to charge here to see your Majesty!

KING JOHN.
O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye!
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair;
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

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Oh cousin, you have come in time to close my eyes!
The ropes of my heart are cracked and burnt,
and all the sails that should drive my life
are hanging by one thread, a tiny hair;
my heart has only one weak string left,
which is holding out only until I can hear your news;
and then what you see will just be a lump of earth,
a counterfeit of destroyed royalty.

BASTARD.
The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where God He knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my pow'r,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

The Dauphin is coming this way,
and only God knows how we will repel him;
in the night I lost the best part of my forces,
which I was taking the opportunity to move,
and in the Washes they were taken by surprise,
swept away by an unexpected flood.

[The KING dies]

SALISBURY.
You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege! my lord! But now a king-now thus.

You are telling this fatal news to a dead man.
My lord!My lord!Just now he was a king, now this.

PRINCE HENRY.
Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

That is how I must carry on, and how I will end.
what guarantee is there in the world, what hope, what support,
when this was once a king, and is now clay?

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BASTARD.
Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your pow'rs? Show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Have you gone?I am only remaining
to take revenge on your behalf,
and then my soul shall be your servant in heaven
as it still is on earth.
Now, you stars that are moving in your correct orbits,
where are your powers? Show me how you have returned to your loyalties,
and come back with me at once
to throw destruction and eternal shame
out of the weak door of our shrinking country.
Let us go hunting at once, or we shall be hunted;
the Dauphin is charging up behind us.

SALISBURY.
It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

It seems that you don't know what we do:
Cardinal Pandulph is resting inside,
he came from the Dauphin half an hour ago,
and brings offers of peace from him
that we can accept honourably,
and will let us stop this war at once.

BASTARD.

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He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

He will be more agreeable to peace terms
when he sees us strongly prepared for our defence.

SALISBURY.
Nay, 'tis in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal;
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

No, it's almost done already;
he has sent many carriages down
to the coast, and left his negotiations
in the hands of the cardinal;
you and I and other lords,
if you agree, will meet with him this afternoon
to bring about a happy ending to this business.

BASTARD.
Let it be so. And you, my noble Prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

I agree.And you, my noble Prince,
with the other princes who can best be spared,
will attend to the funeral of your father.

PRINCE HENRY.
At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

He must be buried at Worcester;
that's what he ordered.

BASTARD.
Thither shall it, then;
And happily may your sweet self put on

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The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

He'll be taken there then;
your sweet self can happily assume
the title and rule of the country!
In all humilty I offer you on my knees
my faithful service,
and eternal loyalty.

SALISBURY.
And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

And we all offer you the same love,
to be yours, pure, forever.

PRINCE HENRY.
I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

I have a kind soul that would like to thank you,
and only knows how to do it with tears.

BASTARD.
O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

Let's not waste time in excessive mourning,
as we have had so much of that to do already.
This England never has, and never will,
been subjugated by a conqueror,
except when it has first weakened itself.

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Now that we are all united once again,
the whole world could attack us at once
and we would thrash them.We shall never have any regrets,
as long as England stays true to itself.

Exeunt

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King Richard the Second

In Plain and Simple English

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Characters

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster - uncle to the King

EDMUND LANGLEY, Duke of York - uncle to the King

HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, son of John of Gaunt, afterwards King Henry IV

DUKE OF AUMERLE, son of the Duke of York

THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk

DUKE OF SURREY

EARL OF SALISBURY

EARL BERKELEY

BUSHY - Favorites of King Richard

BAGOT - Favorites of King Richard

GREEN -Favorites of King Richard

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his son

LORD Ross

LORD WILLOUGHBY

LORD FITZWATER

BISHOP OF CARLISLE

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER

LORD MARSHAL

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SIR STEPHEN SCROOP

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON

CAPTAIN of a band of Welshmen

TWO GARDENERS

QUEEN to King Richard

DUCHESS OF YORK

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, widow of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester

LADY attending on the Queen

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants

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SCENE: England and Wales

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Act I

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SCENE I.

London. The palace

Enter RICHARD, JOHN OF GAUNT, with other NOBLES and attendants

KING RICHARD.
Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son,
Here to make good the boist'rous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Old John of Gaunt, venerable Lancaster,
have you, according to your promise and oath,
brought Henry Hereford, your bold son, here
to confirm his recent strong accusations,
which at the time we hadn’t time to listen to,
against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

GAUNT.
I have, my liege.

I have, my lord.

KING RICHARD.
Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Tell me, furthermore, have you asked him
if he's accusing the Duke due to an old grudge,
or truly, like a good subject,
on genuine grounds of treachery?

GAUNT.
As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him

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Aim'd at your Highness-no inveterate malice.

As far as I could find out on that question,
because he felt that there was some hatred
in him towards your Highness–there is no grudge.

KING RICHARD.
Then call them to our presence: face to face
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak.
High-stomach'd are they both and full of ire,
In rage, deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Then call them here: I shall hear
the accuser and the accused speak freely,
face-to-face and frowning brow to brow.
They are both high-spirited and full of anger,
when they're raging they are as deaf as the sea, quick as fire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE and MOWBRAY

BOLINGBROKE.
Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

May my gracious king, my most loving lord,
have many years of happy days ahead of him!

MOWBRAY.
Each day still better other's happiness
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

May you increase the happiness of others every day,
until the heavens, jealous of Earth's good luck,
call you to them.

KING RICHARD.
We thank you both; yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object

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Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

I thank you both; but one of you is lying,
you can see that from the reason you are here;
that is, to accuse each other of high treason.
My cousin Hereford, what is your accusation
against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

BOLINGBROKE.
First-heaven be the record to my speech!
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tend'ring the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven-
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish-so please my sovereign-ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword may prove.

Firstly, may Heaven witness what I say!
I come into your royal presence as a witness,
caring about the precious safety of my prince,
free of any other illegitimate grudge.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, I turn to you,
and take good note of my greeting; for what I say
I will answer for with my body upon this earth,
or my immortal soul will answer for it in heaven–
you are a traitor and a villain,
too nobly born to be so, and too bad to live,
as the more lovely and clear the sky is
the uglier the clouds in it seem.
Once more, to confirm your disgrace,
I stuff the name of traitor into your throat,
and ask–if my King permits–that before I leave,

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that I may back up my words with my sword.

MOWBRAY.
Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd and nought at an to say.
First, the fair reverence of your Highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime let this defend my loyalty-
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie

Don't assume the coldness of my words indicates a lack of passion.
The argument between the two of us
can't be decided the way women do,
shouting bitter words at each other;
blood must be spilled to settle this.
But I'm not going to pretend I'm so calm
that I will stand here and say nothing.
Firstly, my respect for your Highness stops me
from giving my speech free rein,
because otherwise I would go on
until I had shoved that accusation of treason back down his throat;
if he wasn't so nobly born,
and wasn't related to my lord,
I would defy him, and spit on him,
call him a slanderous coward, and a villain,

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and to prove it I would give him odds,
and fight him even if I was forced to run on foot
to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
or any other inhospitable place
where an Englishman dares to tread.
In the meantime, let this prove my loyalty–
I swear on my soul that he is lying.

BOLINGBROKE.
Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the King;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.
By that and all the rites of knighthood else
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke or thou canst worst devise.

Pale trembling coward, I throw my glove down,
and renounce my kinship to the King;
I renounce any claim to my royal blood,
which you use as an excuse not to attack me out of fear, not respect.
If your guilty fear has left you enough strength
to take up my challenge, then pick it up.
Through that and all other ceremonies of knighthood
I will prove to you, man-to-man, that what
I have said is true and that you are lying.

MOWBRAY.
I take it up; and by that sword I swear
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder
I'll answer thee in any fair degree
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial;
And when I mount, alive may I not light
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

I accept it; and I swear by the sword
which was used to confer my knighthood
that I will answer it in any fair
and chivalrous trial;

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and once I've started, may I not come out
alive, if I am a traitor or am making unjust accusations!

KING RICHARD.
What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

What is my cousin charging Mowbray with?
It would have to be very bad to convince me
to have the slightest suspicion of him.

BOLINGBROKE.
Look what I speak, my life shall prove it true-
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your Highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides, I say and will in battle prove-
Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye-
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood;
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

Listen to what I say, I'll prove it with my life:
Mowbray received eight thousand gold coins
to pay your Highness' soldiers,
and he used this for improper purposes,
like a false traitor, and bloody villain;
besides which I say, and will prove in battle,

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either here, or anywhere else that has ever
been seen by an Englishman,
that all the treason for the past eighteen years
that has been designed and plotted in this country
has had lying Mowbray as its inspiration;
furthermore I will say, and will prove
by taking his bad life as punishment,
that he plotted the death of the Duke of Gloucester,
inciting his credulous adversaries, and subsequently, like a
cowardly traitor,
slaughtered that innocent soul with horrible bloodshed,
and that blood now cries out from the speechless
depths of the Earth, like that of Abel,
asking me to hand out justice and punishment;
and I swear by my noble ancestors
that I shall do it, or forfeit my life.

KING RICHARD.
How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

How determined he is on this!
Thomas of Norfolk, what do you say to this?

MOWBRAY.
O, let my sovereign turn away his face
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

O, let my King turn his face away,
and block his ears for a little while,
until I have finished my criticism of this one of royal blood,
which will show what a foul liar this man is, hated by God and his
fellow man.

KING RICHARD.
Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and cars.
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood

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Should nothing privilege him nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mowbray, my eyes and ears are impartial.
If he were my brother, even if he were the heir to my kingdom,
as he certainly is the son of my father's brother,
I swear by the power of my sceptre
that his close relationship to me
will not give him any privileges nor bias
the unwavering firmness of my soul.
He's my subject, Mowbray; so are you:
I give you the right to speak freely and without fear.

MOWBRAY.
Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburs'd I duly to his Highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death-
I slew him not, but to my own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon; and I hope I had it.
This is my fault. As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.

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In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your Highness to assign our trial day.

Then, Bolingbroke, your lies come through your throat
from deep down in your heart.
I paid out three quarters of the money I was given
for the war at Calais to his Highness' soldiers;
the other part I kept with permission,
because my royal lord owed it to me
as the remainder of the money I spent
when I went to France for his marriage negotiations:
now take that lie back. As for the death of Gloucester,
I did not kill him, but to my shame
I did neglect my sworn duty in that case.
My noble Lord of Lancaster,
the honourable father of my enemy,
I did once set an ambush to kill you,
a sin that tormented my sorrowful soul;
but before I last took the sacrament
I confessed it, and expressly asked
for your Grace to pardon me, and I hope you did.
That is my crime–as for the other accusations,
they come from the bitterness of a villain,
a blasphemous and degenerate traitor,
which I will strongly refute,
and I reciprocally throw down my glove
on this terrible traitor's foot,
to prove that I am a loyal gentleman
with honest blood running through my veins.
So that I can prove this I beg that
your Highness will set a day for us to fight.

KING RICHARD.
Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood-
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision.
Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed:
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

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Angry gentleman, take my advice;
Let’s get rid of this fever without letting blood–
this is my prescription, though I'm not a doctor;
great hatred cuts too deeply.
Forgive and forget; stop and be reconciled:
the doctors say this is not a month for bloodletting.
Good uncle, let's nip this in the bud;
I'll calm down the Duke of Norfolk, you calm down your son.

GAUNT.
To be a make-peace shall become my age.
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

It suits my age to be a peacemaker.
Throw down the Duke of Norfolk's glove, my son.

KING RICHARD.
And, Norfolk, throw down his.

And, Norfolk, throw down his.

GAUNT.
When, Harry, when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

Come on, Harry, why are you waiting?
You should obey, I shouldn't have to ask again.

KING RICHARD.
Norfolk, throw down; we bid.
There is no boot.

Norfolk, throw it down; I order you.
There is no alternative.

MOWBRAY.
Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot;
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death, that lives upon my grave
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffl'd here;

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Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

I throw myself, great King, at your feet;
you have command of my life, but not my honour:
my duty owes you my life; but my honourable name,
that will live upon my grave after I'm dead,
I will not let you have for dishonour.
I have been disgraced, accused and dishonoured here,
stabbed to the soul with the poisonous spear of slander,
and nothing can make this good except for the
lifeblood of the one who slandered me.

KING RICHARD.
Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage-lions make leopards tame.

You must overcome your anger:
give me his glove–lions rule over leopards.

MOWBRAY.
Yea, but not change his spots. Take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

Yes, but they can't change his spots. Take away my dishonour,
and I will give up my glove. My dear dear lord,
the purest treasure that we have in our life on Earth
is a spotless reputation; take that away,
and men are just gilded soil or painted clay.
A good spirit in a loyal heart is worth
More than the most precious jewel.
My honour is my life; they are intertwined;

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if you take my honour from me, my life is ended:
so, my dear lord, let me test my honour;
I live for it, and I will die for it.

KING RICHARD.
Cousin, throw up your gage; do you begin.

Cousin, throw me your glove, you start.

BOLINGBROKE.
O, God defend my soul from such deep sin!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

May God defend me against committing such a terrible sin!
Should I surrender in sight of my father?
Or discredit my noble birth out of cowardice
in front of this cowardly bastard? Before my tongue
wounds my honour with such a pathetic insult
or agrees to such a dishonourable truce, my teeth shall
tear it out as a punishment for its cowardice
and spit it bleeding in disgrace into the place
were dishonour is hiding, Mowbray's face.

Exit GAUNT

KING RICHARD.
We were not born to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day.
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we can not atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.
Lord Marshal, command our officers-at-arms

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Be ready to direct these home alarms.

I was not born to ask, but to order;
since I can't make you be friendly,
be ready, on pain of death, to appear
at Coventry, upon St Lambert's day.
There your swords and lances will decide
this hateful argument between you;
since I can't reconcile you, I shall see
justice decide who will win the knightly combat.
Lord Marshal, order our officers-at-arms
to prepare matters for this domestic battle.

Exeunt

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SCENE II.

London. The DUKE OF LANCASTER'S palace

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT with the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

GAUNT.
Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims
To stir against the butchers of his life!
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Alas, my blood relationship to Woodstock
is a greater motive for me than your urgings
to take action against his murderers!
But since punishment lies in the hands
of the one who ordered the crime,
we must leave judgment to the will of heaven,
which, when it sees the time is right,
will rain hot punishment down upon the offenders.

DUCHESS.
Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root.
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! That bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self mould, that fashion'd thee,

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Made him a man; and though thou livest and breathest,
Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt-it is despair;
In suff'ring thus thy brother to be slaught'red,
Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? To safeguard thine own life
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

Doesn't the fact that he was your brother spur you on?
Doesn't any love burn in your old blood?
Edward's seven sons, of whom you are one,
were like seven vials of his holy blood,
or seven sweet branches springing from the same root.
Some of those seven have dried up through the course of nature,
some of those branches have been cut by destiny;
but Thomas my dear Lord, my life, my Gloucester,
one vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
a flourishing branch from his royal root,
has been cracked, and all the precious liquor has been spilt,
chopped down, his summer leaves are all faded,
by the hand of envy, and the bloody axe of a murderer.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was yours! You were made in the same bed,
the same womb, from the same material, in the same mould;
and though you are living and breathing,
you are killed with him; you are playing
a large part in your father's death
if you stand by and watch your wretched brother die,
who was the image of your father.
This is not patience, Gaunt, it is despair;
in allowing your brother to be killed like this
you are opening the doorway to your own murder,
showing how you can be butchered too.
What we call patience in lowborn men
is pale cold cowardice in the hearts of the noble.
What can I say? The best way to protect your own life
is to take revenge for my husband's death.

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GAUNT.
God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.

The argument is with God; because God's representative,
his deputy, chosen by him,
caused his death; if it was wrong to do so,
let God take revenge; I can never
attack the minister of God.

DUCHESS.
Where then, alas, may I complain myself?

Alas, then where can I address my complaints?

GAUNT.
To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Address them to God, the defender and champion of widows.

DUCHESS.
Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom
That they may break his foaming courser's back
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife,
With her companion, Grief, must end her life.

Alright, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
You are going to Coventry, to see
our cousin Hereford and evil Mowbray fight.
May my husband's wrongs give power to Hereford's spear,

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so that it can pierce the breast of the butcher Mowbray!
Or, if he is unlucky enough to miss on his first charge,
may Mowbray's sins lie so heavily upon him
that the weight breaks the back of his foaming charger,
and throws the rider headfirst to the ground,
a helpless coward at the mercy of my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; I was once your brother's wife,
now I must live out my life with grief as my companion.

GAUNT.
Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry.
As much good stay with thee as go with me!

Sister, farewell; I must go to Coventry.
May as much good stay with you as goes with me!

DUCHESS.
Yet one word more- grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight.
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all- nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him- ah, what?-
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

Just one more word–grief bounces when it falls,
not through its empty hollowness, but because of its weight.
I'm leaving before I have begun,
for sorrow is not over just because it seems to be.
Remember me to your brother Edmund York.
That's all–no, don't go like that,
though this is all, don't go so quickly;

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I'll remember other things. Tell him–ah, what?–
To come and see me at Plashy as soon as he can.
Alas, and what shall good old York see there
apart from empty rooms and bare walls,
servants' quarters without servants, untrodden floors?
What welcome will he hear there except for my groans?
So remember him to me; don't let him go
to that place that is so full of sorrow.
I will go there all alone, and all alone I shall die;
this is the last time my weeping eyes shall see you.

Exeunt

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SCENE III.

The lists at Coventry

Enter the LORD MARSHAL and the DUKE OF AUMERLE

MARSHAL.
My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford armed?

AUMERLE.
Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Yes, fully; he's eager to get started.

MARSHAL.
The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appelant's trumpet.

The Duke of Norfolk, lively and brave,
is just waiting for the summons of the trumpet.

AUMERLE.
Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Majesty's approach.

Well then, the fighters are ready, we just need
to wait for the arrival of his Majesty.

The trumpets sound, and the KING enters with his nobles, GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, and others. When they are set,
enter MOWBRAY, Duke of Nor folk, in arms, defendant, and a HERALD

KING RICHARD.
Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms;
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

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Marshal, ask that knight over there
why he has come here armoured;
ask him his name; and according to the rules
ask him to swear that his cause is just.

MARSHAL.
In God's name and the King's, say who thou art,
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.
Speak truly on thy knighthood and thy oath;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!

In the name of God and the King, say who you are,
and why you have come here armoured as a knight;
say who you have come to fight, and what your quarrel is with him.
Speak truthfully for your knighthood and your oath;
and so may heaven and your bravery defend you!

MOWBRAY.
My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath-
Which God defend a knight should violate!-
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me.
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
I have come here to fulfil the oath I swore–
May God never let a knight break his oath!–
To show both my loyalty and my honesty
to God, my King, and my descendants,
against the Duke of Hereford who accuses me;
and, by the grace of God and with the help of my strength,
to show him, in defending myself,
to be a traitor to my God, my king, and to me.
And as I am fighting for truth, may heaven defend me!

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The trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, appellant, in armour, and a HERALD

KING RICHARD.
Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Marshal, asked that armoured knight
who he is and why he has come here
dressed ready for war;
and, according to the law,
make him swear to the justice of his cause.

MARSHAL.
What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

What is your name? And why have you come here
before King Richard in his royal jousting field?
Who have you come to fight? What's your quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, and may heaven help you!

BOLINGBROKE.
Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me.
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

I am Harry of Hereford, Lancaster,
and Derby; I have come here with my armour
to prove, by the grace of God and my own bravery,
by fighting Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
that he is a traitor, foul and dangerous

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to the God of heaven, King Richard, and to me.
And as I am fighting for truth, may heaven defend me!

MARSHAL.
On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the Marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Let no person, on pain of death, be so bold
or foolhardy as to interfere with the proceedings,
except for the Marshal and the officers
appointed to run this affair.

BOLINGBROKE.
Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majesty;
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage.
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Lord Marshal, let me kiss the hand of my king,
and kneel before his Majesty;
Mowbray and myself are like two men
who have sworn to go on a long and tiring pilgrimage.
So let us have a formal leavetaking
and bid a loving farewell to all our friends.

MARSHAL.
The appellant in all duty greets your Highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

The plaintiff pays his respects to your Highness,
and asks if he can kiss your hand and bid you farewell.

KING RICHARD.
We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

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I shall come down and embrace him.
My cousin Hereford, may you have whatever fortune
your cause deserves in this royal fight!
Farewell, relative; if you spill your blood today,
we may grieve for it, but we cannot take revenge.

BOLINGBROKE.
O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear.
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat
And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt,
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

Oh, let no noble eye shed any tears
for me, if I am wounded by Mowbray's spear!
In this fight against Mowbray I am as confident as a falcon
when it attacks a bird.
My loving lord, I bid you farewell;
the same to you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
I am not sick, although I am facing death,
I am lusty, young, and happy.
Now, as in English banquets, I shall take
the sweetest thing last, to make the end sweetest.
Oh you, the procreator of my blood,
whose youthful spirits reborn in me
lift me up with a double strength
to reach for a victory that would otherwise be unattainable,

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strengthen my armour with your prayers,
and reinforce the point of my lance with your blessings,
so it can go through Mowbray's armour as if it were wax,
and let the brave achievements of his son
give new honour to the name of John of Gaunt.

GAUNT.
God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant, and live.

May God give you success in your noble cause!
May your efforts be as swift as lightning,
and let your blows, raining down,
fall like stunning thunder on the helmet
of your malign opposed enemy.
Summon up your young courage, be brave, and live.

BOLINGBROKE.
Mine innocence and Saint George to thrive!

My innocence and St George will let me live!

MOWBRAY.
However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.
As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

Whatever God or fortune give to me,
living or dying I am true to King Richard,

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a loyal, just and upright gentleman.
No slave was ever happier
to throw off the chains of slavery, and embrace
his golden freedom,
than my dancing soul is happy
to begin this combat with my enemy.
You great King, and my fellow peers,
accept my wishes for a long and happy life.
I'm going into battle as peacefully and happy
as if to a dance: truth gives me a quiet mind.

KING RICHARD.
Farewell, my lord, securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

Farewell, my lord, I can see bravery
and virtue firmly fixed in your looks.
Order the combat to begin, Marshal.

MARSHAL.
Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
take your lance; and may God defend the just!

BOLINGBROKE.
Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

My faith that this will happen is strong as a castle, I second you.

MARSHAL.
[To an officer] Go bear this lance to Thomas,
Duke of Norfolk.

Go and take this lance to Thomas,
Duke of Norfolk.

FIRST HERALD.
Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,

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On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his King, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
stands here representing his God, his king, and himself,
on penalty of being shown to be false and blasphemous,
to prove that the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
is a traitor to his God, his king, and him;
and he challenges him to step up for the fight.

SECOND HERALD.
Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal,
Courageously and with a free desire
Attending but the signal to begin.

Here stands Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
on penalty of being shown to be blasphemous and false,
both to defend himself, and to prove
that Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
is disloyal to God, his king, and to himself,
he is waiting courageously and with free will
for the signal for the combat to begin.

MARSHAL.
Sound trumpets; and set forward, combatants.
[A charge sounded]
Stay, the King hath thrown his warder down.

Sound the trumpets; advance, combatants.
[A charge is sounded]
Wait, the King has thrown down his baton.

KING RICHARD.
Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again.
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound

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While we return these dukes what we decree.

A long flourish, while the KING consults his Council

Draw near,
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' sword;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boist'rous untun'd drums,
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood-
Therefore we banish you our territories.
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Let them both put aside their helmets and their spears,
and come back to their chairs.
Gather round me, and let the trumpets sound,
while I inform these dukes what I have decided.

Come close,
and listen to my decision.
Because the earth of our kingdom should not be stained
with the sweet blood of those who grew from it;
and because my eyes hate the horrible sight
of wounds cut with a neighbour's sword,
and because we believe that it was pride,
ambitious thoughts reaching up to the sky,
causing envy of your rivals, which started you
disturbing the peace, which in this sweet country
is like the breath of a sleeping baby;

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this is what got the war drums beating,
which started the horrible discordant wail of the trumpets,
and the clashing racket of iron weapons wielded in anger,
which could drive beautiful peace away from our kingdom
and make us have to wade through the blood of our kindred–
so we exile you from our lands.
You, cousin Hereford, on pain of death,
will not come back into our fair lands
until ten years have passed,
you must live abroad as an exile.

BOLINGBROKE.
Your will be done. Limit must my comfort be-
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me,
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

Your will be done. I must take comfort from the fact
that the sun that warms you here will shine on me,
and the golden beams that are lent to you here
will also fall on me and sweeten my exile.

KING RICHARD.
Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The sly slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;
The hopeless word of 'never to return'
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Norfolk, you get a heavier sentence,
which I pass with some regret:
time will not measure
the limitless period of your exile;
I give you the hopeless sentence of
being permanently exiled, on pain of death.

MOWBRAY.
A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highness' mouth.
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,

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Have I deserved at your Highness' hands.
The language I have learnt these forty years,
My native English, now I must forgo;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now.
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

A heavy sentence, my most royal lord,
and one I didn't expect to hear from your Highness.
I deserved a better reward, not such a great injury
from the hands of your Highness as to be
sent away into the world.
The language I have learnt for the past forty years,
my native English, I must now forget;
now my tongue is no more use to me
than a violin or a heart that has no strings;
or like a lovely instrument in its case–or
if it is out that is placed in the hands
of one who doesn't know how to tune it or play it.
You have made my tongue a prisoner in my mouth,
fenced in twice by my teeth and lips,
and my dull and empty ignorance
becomes my jailer.
I am too old to learn from a nanny,
too far gone in years to be a pupil now:
so what is your sentence but a speechless death,
which robs my tongue of its right to speak its native language?

KING RICHARD.
It boots thee not to be compassionate;
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

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Feeling sorry for yourself will not help you;
sentence has been passed, it's too late to complain.

MOWBRAY.
Then thus I turn me from my countrv's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

Then I will turn away from my country's light,
to go and live in the darkness for ever.

KING RICHARD.
Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God,
Our part therein we banish with yourselves,
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, so help you truth and God,
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This louring tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Come back, and make an oath to go with you.
Put your exiled hands on my royal sword;
swear by the duty that you owe to God
(the duty you owe me disappears with your exile)
to keep the oath we place on you:
you must swear by God and truth that you will never
come together in your exile;
you must never see each other;
you must not write to each other; never greet each other again,
you must never join your hatreds together;
never arrange to meet
to construct any plots against
me, my office, my subjects or my country.

BOLINGBROKE.
I swear.

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I swear.

MOWBRAY.
And I, to keep all this.

And so do I, I shall keep to this.

BOLINGBROKE.
Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy.
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our souls had wand'red in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land-
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Norfolk, I address you though you are still my enemy.
If the king had allowed it, by this time
one of our souls would be wandering in the air,
exiled from the weak tomb of our flesh,
in the same way as our flesh is exiled from this land–
confess your treason before you flee the country;
since you have a long journey, do not take with you
the heavy burden of a guilty soul.

MOWBRAY.
No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue.
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray:
Save back to England, an the world's my way.

No, Bolingbroke; if I was ever traitor,
may my name be blotted out of the book of life,
and let me be exiled from heaven as I am exiled from here!
But God, you, and I all know what you are;
and I'm afraid the King will regret this all too soon.
Farewell, my lord. I can never go astray now,
unless I come back to England, I can walk wherever in the world I

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like.

Exit

KING RICHARD.
Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart. Thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away. [To BOLINGBROKE] Six frozen winters
spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Uncle, I can see the grief in your heart in the
glistening of your eyes. Your sad face
takes four years off the term
of his exile.[To Bolingbroke] When six cold winters have passed,
you will be welcomed home from your banishment.

BOLINGBROKE.
How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of Kings.

What a great period can be spanned with one word!
Four slow winters and four lusty springs
vanish with a word: this is the power of kings.

GAUNT.
I thank my liege that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby,
For ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

I thank my lord that he has shortened my son's
exile by four years on my account;
but I shall gain little advantage from that,
for before the six years that he is

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sentenced to are up,
my ancient light will have
been extinguished by time;
my candle will have burnt out,
andthe blindness of death will stop me from seeing my son.

KING RICHARD.
Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Why, uncle, you have many years left to live.

GAUNT.
But not a minute, King, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou can'st help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

But, King, you cannot give me an extra minute;
you can shorten my days with miserable sadness,
and take nights away from me, but you cannot add a day;
you can help time to line my face with wrinkles,
but you can't stop a single one of them growing;
your words can easily buy my death,
but your whole kingdom can't buy my life back once I'm dead.

KING RICHARD.
Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave.
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?

Your son is exiled on wise advice,
to which you agreed.
Why does our sentence now seem so bad?

GAUNT.
Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,

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To smooth his fault I should have been more mild.
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say
I was too strict to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

Things which taste sweet can often upset the digestion.
You asked me to rule as a judge; I would rather
that you asked me to argue as a father.
Oh, if it had been a stranger, not my child,
I would not have punished him so harshly.
I wanted to avoid accusations of bias,
and by doing so destroyed my own life.
Alas, I hoped that some of you would say
that I was being too strict in exiling my own son;
but you allowed my unwilling tongue
to commit this harm against myself.

KING RICHARD.
Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him so.
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, say the same to him.
I have banished him for six years, and he shall go.

Flourish. Exit KING with train

AUMERLE.
Cousin, farewell; what presence must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.

Cousin, farewell; what I can't hear from your own mouth,
let me know in your letters.

MARSHAL.
My lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As far as land will let me by your side.

My lord, I won't say goodbye, for I will ride
with you to the frontiers of the kingdom.

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GAUNT.
O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?

Why are you saving your words,
not answering your friends?

BOLINGBROKE.
I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

I have too few words to say goodbye,
my tongue is not rich enough to show
the wealth of grief that is in my heart.

GAUNT.
Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Your sadness is only at your exile for a time.

BOLINGBROKE.
Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

For all that time joy will be absent, grief present.

GAUNT.
What is six winters? They are quickly gone.

What are six winters? They will pass quickly.

BOLINGBROKE.
To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

For happy men; sorrow makes every hour seem like ten.

GAUNT.
Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Think of it as a holiday you are taking for pleasure.

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BOLINGBROKE.
My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

If I misdescribed it like that my heart would sigh,
it thinks of this as an enforced pilgrimage.

GAUNT.
The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.

Think of your weary dull journey as
a setting in which you will place
the precious jewel of your return home.

BOLINGBROKE.
Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

No, it's more like every tedious step I take
will remind me how far I am travelling
away from the jewels that I love.
I am condemned to spending years
wandering abroad; and in the end,
when I regain my freedom, all I shall have
when I come home is sorrow.

GAUNT.
All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the King did banish thee,
But thou the King. Woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,

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And not the King exil'd thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Every place the sun shines on
is a happy one and a good shelter for the wise man.
You must learn to think like this:
necessity creates its own virtues.
Don't think that the King has exiled you,
but that you have exiled the king. Sorrow is greater
when you do not face it courageously.
Go, say I sent you away to seek your fortune,
and not that the King banished you; or pretend
that there is a fatal plague in our air
and that you are fleeing to a more healthy climate.
Think of what is dearest to you, and imagine
that you are journeying towards it, not away from it.
Imagine that the singing birds are musicians,
the grass you walk on the carpet of the royal chamber,
the flowers fair ladies, and your steps are no more
than a delightful dance;
snarling sorrow has less power to harm
the man who mocks it and doesn't care.

BOLINGBROKE.
O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more

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Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Oh, who can keep warm
by thinking of the frosty Caucasus?
Who can take the edge off his hunger
by imagining a feast?
Who can run naked through the snow of December
by imagining the heat of summer?
Oh no, remembering good things
just makes the bad things seem worse.
The bite of sorrow it is at its worst
when it just breaks the skin, to make a festering sore.

GAUNT.
Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way.
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Come, come, my son, I'll go with you on your way.
If I had your youth and cause, I would not stay.

BOLINGBROKE.
Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil,
adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can:
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn English man.

So, farewell to the land of England; sweet soil,
goodbye;
my mother, and my nurse, that still carries me!
Wherever I wonder, I can boast of this:
although I am exiled, I am still a true born English man.

Exeunt

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SCENE IV.

London. The court

Enter the KING, with BAGOT and GREEN, at one door;
and the DUKE OF AUMERLE at another

KING RICHARD.
We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

It was noted. Cousin Aumerle,
how far did you accompany high Hereford?

AUMERLE.
I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

I took high Hereford, if that's what you call him,
just to the next highway, and left him there.

KING RICHARD.
And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

And tell me, how many tears were shed when you parted?

AUMERLE.
Faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

I swear, none for me; except that the north-east wind,
which was blowing bitterly in our faces,
made our eyes water, and so perhaps that
caused a tear at our empty farewell.

KING RICHARD.
What said our cousin when you parted with him?

What did my cousin say when you left him?

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AUMERLE.
'Farewell.'
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word 'farewell' have length'ned hours
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

'Farewell.'
And, as I didn't want to be so false
as to use the word, I pretended
that I was so overwhelmed with grief
that I was unable to speak.
Indeed, if the word 'farewell' could have extended time
and added years to his short exile,
I would have given him a thousand farewells;
but since it wouldn't, he got none from me.

KING RICHARD.
He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends';
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

He is my cousin, cousin; but it's doubtful,

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when the period of exile has expired,
if our kinsman will come to see his friends.
Bushy, Bagot here, Green, and myself
noticed how he courted the common people;
he seemed to insinuate himself into their hearts
by pretending to be humble and friendly;
how he seemed to worship slaves,
wooing poor craftsmen with smiles
and modest endurance of his fate,
as if he wanted to carry their affection into exile with him.
He tipped his hat to an oyster seller;
a pair of carters wished him Godspeed
and he bowed the knee to them,
saying, 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends'–
as if my England really belonged to him,
and he would be the next one to rule them.

GREEN.
Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts!
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yicld them further means
For their advantage and your Highness' loss.

Well, he is gone; let those thoughts go with him!
Now, we must formulate a plan for dealing with
the rebels in Ireland, my lord,
any delay will give them greater opportunities
to take advantage and damage your Highness.

KING RICHARD.
We will ourself in person to this war;
And, for our coffers, with too great a court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

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Enter BUSHY

Bushy, what news?

I will go to this war myself in person;
and as the Exchequer has become somewhat impoverished
through keeping too large a court and being too generous
I shall have to lease out the tax-raising rights;
the income from that will give me enough
to deal with the current business. If that's not enough,
our stand-ins at home shall be given blank cheques,
which they can make the richest men sign
to provide us with large sums of gold,
and they can send these on to us to supply our needs;
I will go to Ireland at once.
[Enter Bushy]
Bushy, what news is there?

BUSHY.
Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken; and hath sent poste-haste
To entreat your Majesty to visit him.

Old John of Gaunt is seriously ill, my lord,
it came upon him suddenly; he has sent urgent messages
begging your Majesty to visit him.

KING RICHARD.
Where lies he?

Where is he?

BUSHY.
At Ely House.

At Ely House.

KING RICHARD.
Now put it, God, in the physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.

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Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him.
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late!

Now, God, put it in the doctor's mind
to help him straight into his grave!
The money from his estate will pay
for the equipment of our soldiers in these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go and visit him.
May God speed us there, and may we be too late!

ALL.
Amen.

Amen.

Exeunt

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ACT II.

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SCENE I.

London. Ely House

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT, sick, with the DUKE OF YORK, etc.

GAUNT.
Will the King come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

Will the King come, so I may use my last breath
to give sensible advice to this hotheaded youth?

YORK.
Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Don't trouble yourself, or fight for breath;
he doesn't listen to advice.

GAUNT.
O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony.
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their words -in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before.
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

Oh, but they say the speech of dying men
holds the attention like great music.
When you don't have many words, you don't waste them;
those for whom it is painful to speak speak the truth.
Someone whose time is running out is listened to more
than someone whom youth and leisure has taught to speak
smoothly;

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people take more note of a man's ending than his earlier life.
The setting sun, the last phrase of a piece of music,
the last taste of sweet things, stay sweetest the longest,
stay in the memory longer than things long past.
Though Richard wouldn't listen to my advice during my life,
he might listen to what I have to say as I'm dying.

YORK.
No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity-
So it be new, there's no respect how vile-
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose.
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

No; his ears are blocked with other flattering voices,
praises, which can make the sensible stupid,
sexual verses, whose poisonous sound
young men have always liked to listen to;
reports of the fashions in great Italy,
whose manners our backward copying nation
limps after, making a poor imitation.
What frivolous thing is there in the world–
as long as it's new, he doesn't care how horrid–
that isn't quickly brought to his attention?
Then good advice comes all too late
where reason is overcome by desire.
Don't advise him, he does as he pleases.
You are short of breath, advising him would be a waste of it.

GAUNT.
Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,

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For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder;
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scept'red isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out-I die pronouncing it-
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

I feel like a prophet with new inspiration,
and as I die I predict this of him:
his foolish angry eruption cannot last,
for raging fires soon burn themselves out;
it can drizzle for hours, but sudden storms are quickly over;
someone who rides too fast too early will tire themselves;

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if you eat too fast you will choke;
such vanity is like the insatiable cormorant,
which once it's eaten everything starts on itself.
This royal seat of Kings, this ruling land,
the home of Majesty, the throne of war,
this other Eden, second paradise,
this fortress built by nature for herself
against infection and attacks, this fortunate race of men, this little world,
this precious stone set in the silver sea,
which serves as a defensive wall,
or like a moat around the house,
against the jealousy of less happy nations;
this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
this nurse, this breeding ground of royal kings,
feared due to their ancestry, and famous for their parentage,
celebrated for their deeds in faraway lands,
for Christian service and true chivalry,
as they showed in their efforts in Israel,
recapturing the grave of Jesus;
this land of such sweet souls, this dear dear land,
loved for her reputation throughout the world,
is now rented out–I announce it as I die–
like a field or a smallholding.
England, ringed round with the victorious sea,
his rocky shore beats back the jealous attacks
of the ocean, is now enslaved by shame,
tied up with rotten inky documents;
England, that used to conquer others,
has shamefully conquered itself.
Ah, I wish the scandal would vanish with my life,
how happy I would be to die then!

Enter KING and QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT,
Ross, and WILLOUGHBY

YORK.
The King is come; deal mildly with his youth,
For young hot colts being rag'd do rage the more.

The King has come; treat him calmly, because

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rash young men answer anger with anger.

QUEEN.
How fares our noble uncle Lancaster?

How is our noble uncle Lancaster?

KING RICHARD.
What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

What hope is there, man? How is old Gaunt?

GAUNT.
O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old.
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast-I mean my children's looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

Oh, how suited that name is to my constitution!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and age has made me gaunt.
Grief has kept me from eating;
who can abstain from meat and not be gaunt?
I have stayed awake for a long time guarding sleeping England;
that makes you thin, and thinness makes you gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed themselves with,
I abstain from–I mean looking at my children;
starving me of that, you have made me gaunt.
I am gaunt for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
her hollow womb only accepts bones.

KING RICHARD.
Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Can a sick man make such good wordplay with his name?

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GAUNT.
No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

No, it's misery which enjoys mocking itself:
since you have tried to end my family name,
I mock it, great King, to flatter you.

KING RICHARD.
Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Should dying men flatter those who are still alive?

GAUNT.
No, no; men living flatter those that die.

No, no; living men flatter those who die.

KING RICHARD.
Thou, now a-dying, sayest thou flatterest me.

You, who are dying, say you are flattering me.

GAUNT.
O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.

Oh no! You are dying, although I am sicker.

KING RICHARD.
I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

I am well, I'm breathing, and I see you ill.

GAUNT.
Now He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:

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A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not King.
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;
And thou-

Now the one who made me knows I see you ill,
I have ill vision and also I can see illness within you.
Your deathbed is your whole country,
where your reputation is sick,
and you, being too careless a patient,
hand your holy body over to be cured
by those doctors that first wounded you:
a thousand flatterers sit within your crown,
whose circumference is no bigger than your head,
and yet, trapped within such small boundaries,
there is an evil no smaller than your whole land.
Oh, if your grandfather had been a prophet
and seen how his grandson would destroy his family,
he would have taken your opportunities out of your reach,
stopping you before you could assume the crown
which you are now madly going to throw away yourself.
Why, cousin, if you ruled the whole world,
it would be shameful to rent out this land;
but as this land is all you rule over,
isn't it more shameful to put this shame on it?
You are now the landlord of England, not its King,
your great office is mortgaged to the law,
and you–

KING RICHARD.

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A lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

A crazy half witted fool,
taking advantage of the privileges of the sick,
who dares with your cold criticism
to make me turn pale, draining the royal blood
out of my face with anger.
I swear by my truly royal majestic throne
that if you weren't the brother of the son of great Edward
this tongue which you let run so freely
would become the axe which cuts off your disrespectful head.

GAUNT.
O, Spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd.
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul-
Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!-
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave.
Love they to live that love and honour have.

Oh, do not spare me, my brother Edward's son,
just because I was his father Edward's son;
you have already spilt that blood and
drunkenly swilled it like a pelican.
My brother Gloucester, a simple well-meaning soul,

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whom I hope has got a good welcome in heaven,
can be a good witness to the fact
that you don't care about spilling Edward's blood.
Add yourself to my current illness,
let your unkindness be like a scythe,
chopping down at once an already dying flower.
Live with your shame, but your shame won't die with you!
May these words torture you forever!
Carry me to my bed, then to my grave–
love the ones who are living who still have love and honour.

Exit, borne out by his attendants

KING RICHARD.
And let them die that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

And let the ones who are old and sullen die;
you are both, and both are suitable for the grave.

YORK.
I do beseech your Majesty impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him.
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

I beg your Majesty to regard his words as
the product of his illness and his age.
He loves you, I swear, and you're as dear to him
as Harry Duke of Hereford, if he were here.

KING RICHARD.
Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Right, you are right: Hereford's love is like his;
mine is like theirs; that's how everything is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

NORTHUMBERLAND.
My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your

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Majesty.

My lord, old Gaunt sends your Majesty his compliments.

KING RICHARD.
What says he?

What does he say?

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Nay, nothing; all is said.
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

No, nothing; all has been said.
His tongue is now mute;
old Lancaster has spent his words, his life and all.

YORK.
Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

Let York be the next man to be so bankrupt!
Though death is poor, it ends the pain of life.

KING RICHARD.
The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars.
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

The ripest fruit falls first, and so he does;
his time is up, and so is our pilgrimage.
So much for that. Now for the Irish wars.
We must overthrow those shaggy headed fighters,
who are a poison in a place where no other

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apart from them is allowed to survive.
As this great business must be paid for,
to help us we shall take possession of
the plate, money, revenues, and goods
which our uncle Gaunt owned.

YORK.
How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first.
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was against the French
And not against his friends. His noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between-

How long will I put up with this? Ah, how long
shall my sense of duty make me endure evil?
Neither Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's exile,
nor Gaunt's criticisms, nor England's suffering,
nor the blocking of poor Bolingbroke's
marriage, nor my own disgrace,
have ever made me shed a tear,
or frown once in the face of my king.
I am the last son of noble Edward,
of whom your father, the Prince of Wales, was the first.
There was never a fiercer lion in battle,

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never a gentler lamb in peace,
than that young and regal gentleman.
You have his face, that's how he looked,
when he was the same age as you;
when he fought it was with the French,
and not with his friends; his noble hand
only spent what he had won, and didn't spend
what his triumphant father had won;
he did not have any family blood on his hands,
they were bloody with that of his family's enemies.
Oh Richard! York has gone mad in his grief,
otherwise he would never compare–

KING RICHARD.
Why, uncle, what's the matter?

Why, uncle, what's the matter?

YORK.
O my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardoned, am content withal.
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself-for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God-God forbid I say true!-
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his off'red homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

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Oh my lord,
please excuse me; if not, I'm pleased
not to be excused, I'll be happy whatever.
Do you want to grab into your hands
the property and titles of exiled Hereford?
Isn't Gaunt dead? And isn't Hereford alive?
Wasn't Gaunt fair? Isn't Harry good?
Didn't the one deserve to have an heir?
Isn't his heir a son who deserved his inheritance?
Take Hereford's rights away, and remove
all thethings he is due by custom from history;
then don't let tomorrow follow on from today:
don't be who you are. For how are you a king
except by the fair rules of inheritance?
Now before God–may God forbid this happens!–
If you wrongly seize Hereford's rights,
revoke the legal permission that he has
to claim his father's lands
and reject his offers of loyalty,
you are calling down a thousand dangers on your head,
you will lose a thousand well disposed hearts,
and you will make my sensitive mind think
things which honour and loyalty should not.

KING RICHARD.
Think what you will, we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Think what you like, I am taking
his plate, his goods, his money and his lands.

YORK.
I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell.
What will ensue hereof there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good.

I won't stand by and watch. My lord, farewell.
Nobody can tell what will come of this;
but we can clearly see that bad behaviour
never leads to a good outcome.

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Exit

KING RICHARD.
Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow.
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our Uncle York Lord Governor of England;
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our queen; to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Bushy, go straight to the Earl of Wiltshire;
tell him to come to us at Ely House
to see to this business. Tomorrow
I shall go to Ireland, I think it's time.
In my absence I appoint
my uncle York Lord Governor of England;
he is fair, and has always been good to me.
Come on, my queen; tomorrow we must part;
let's be jolly, for we don't have long.

Flourish. Exeunt KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE, GREEN, and BAGOT

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

ROSS.
And living too; for now his son is Duke.

And living too; for his son is now Duke.

WILLOUGHBY.
Barely in title, not in revenues.

Hardly in name, not in income.

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NORTHUMBERLAND.
Richly in both, if justice had her right.

If there was any justice he would be rich in both.

ROSS.
My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburdened with a liberal tongue.

My heart is full; but it must remain silent,
in case, speaking, it would say too much.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak
more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

No, say what you're thinking; don't let anyone
repeat your words to do you harm!

WILLOUGHBY.
Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of
Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Do you have something to say about the Duke of Hereford?
If that's the case, spit it out, man;
I'm eager to hear good things about him.

ROSS.
No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

I can't do any good for him;
unless you think it's good to pity him,
stripped of all his inheritance.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are
borne

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In him, a royal prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The King is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Now, I swear to God, it's shameful that such wrongs are suffered
by him, a royal prince, and many others
of his noble blood in this declining country.
The King is not himself, he is led astray
by flatterers; and what they will say to him
out of pure hate, against any of us,
will make the King launch harsh attacks
against us, our lives, our children and our heirs.

ROSS.
The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes;
And quite lost their hearts; the nobles hath he find
For ancient quarrels and quite lost their hearts.

He has piled exorbitant taxes on the common people;
he has completely lost their hearts; he has fined the
noblemen for ancient quarrels and lost them too.

WILLOUGHBY.
And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what;
But what, a God's name, doth become of this?

And every day new taxes are invented,
blank cheques, forced loans, I don't know what else;
what in God's name will all this lead to?

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Wars hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath
not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble ancestors achiev'd with blows.
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

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It hasn't gone on wars, for he hasn't been to war,
he has cravenly won through negotiation
what his ancestors achieved with force.
He has spent more on peace than they did on war.

ROSS.
The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

The Earl of Wiltshire is farming the country.

WILLOUGHBY.
The King's grown bankrupt like a broken man.

The King has gone bankrupt like a ruined man.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Criticism and disillusionment hang over him.

ROSS.
He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

He can't afford these Irish wars,
despite his excessive taxation,
except by robbing the exiled Duke.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
His noble kinsman-most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

His noble relative–what a degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this terrible storm blowing,
and yet we don't try to find shelter;
we see the wind about to tear down our sails,
and yet we don't take them down, we die through our arrogance.

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ROSS.
We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

We can see exactly the calamity coming to us;
and the danger is now unavoidable,
the crash is inevitable.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

It is not, where there's life
there's still hope; but I can't say
how close our rescue is.

WILLOUGHBY.
Nay, let us share thy thoughts as thou dost ours.

No, let us share your thoughts as you share ours.

ROSS.
Be confident to speak, Northumberland.
We three are but thyself, and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore be bold.

Speak with confidence, Northumberland.
We three are just like you, and so speaking to us
is just like thinking; so speak out.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Then thus: I have from Le Port Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint-
All these, well furnish'd by the Duke of Britaine,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,

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Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Then this is it: I have received from Port le Blanc,
a bay in Brittany, news that
Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,
who recently deserted the Duke of Exeter,
his brother, recently Archbishop of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint–
these men have been well equipped by the Duke of Brittany
with eight warships, three thousand soldiers,
who are coming here as quickly as they can,
and intend to land soon on our northern shores.
Maybe they would have come before, but they have been waiting
for the king to leave for Ireland.
Ifyou want to throw off our slavish burdens,
repair the broken wing of our limping country,
take the dishonoured crown back out of pawn,
wipe off the dust which is hiding the gold of the sceptre,
and restore the dignity of the throne,
then hurry away with me to Ravenspurgh;
but if you are fainthearted and don't dare to do so,
stay here, don't say anything, and I will go alone.

ROSS.
To horse, to horse! Urge doubts to them that fear.

Get the horses! Only the fainthearted will doubt.

WILLOUGHBY.
Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

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If my horse holds out, I'll be first there.

Exeunt

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SCENE II.

Windsor Castle

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT

BUSHY.
Madam, your Majesty is too much sad.
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Madam, your Majesty is much too sad.
When you parted from the king you promised
that you would set aside harmful depression
and keep your spirits up.

QUEEN.
To please the King, I did; to please myself
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet again methinks
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles. At some thing it grieves
More than with parting from my lord the King.

I said that to please the King; I can't do it
to please myself; however I don't know why
I have become quite so depressed
apart from the fact that I've had to say farewell
to someone as sweet as my Richard. But I have a feeling
that's there is a bad time brewing,
coming towards me, and I am disturbed
for no reason. Something is upsetting me
more than just my parting from my lord the King.

BUSHY.
Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;

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For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects,
Like perspectives which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion-ey'd awry,
Distinguish form. So your sweet Majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Find shapes of grief more than himself to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious Queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not-more is not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Every real sorrow has twenty shadows,
which look like sorrow but are not;
the sorrowing eye, covered with blinding tears,
splits one thing into many objects,
like a perspective picture which, observed face on,
shows nothing but confusion–looked at from an angle,
you can see the shape. So your sweet Majesty,
looking slantwise at your lord's departure,
finds more things than that to worry about;
if you look at it clearly those are nothing but
shadows that don't exist. So, most gracious Queen,
don't weep for more than your lord's departure–there is nothing more;
or if there is, it's just created by your sorrow,
which real sadness makes you weep for imaginary things.

QUEEN.
It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise. Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad
As-though, on thinking, on no thought I think-
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

You may be right, but deep down
I feel differently. Whatever the case,
I can't help being depressed; so deeply depressed
that even though I try not to think
I end up feeling crushed under the weight of nothingness.

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BUSHY.
'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

That's just your imagination, my gracious lady.

QUEEN.
'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve;
'Tis in reversion that I do possess-
But what it is that is not yet known what,
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

It's anything but: imagination still springs
from some previous sorrow; this isn't the case,
for nothing created my current grief,
or someone else's suffering it at the moment;
I will get it when they have finished with it–
but what this unknown thing could be,
I can't say; I suppose you would call it a nameless dread.

Enter GREEN

GREEN.
God save your Majesty! and well met, gentlemen.
I hope the King is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

God save your Majesty! Good to see you, gentlemen.
I hope the King has not set sail for Ireland yet.

QUEEN.
Why hopest thou so? 'Tis better hope he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope.
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

Why do you hope that? You should be hoping he has;
his plans demand speed, the quicker he is the better chance.
So why do you hope he's not sailed?

GREEN.
That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power

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And driven into despair an enemy's hope
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurgh.

So that he, our hope, might have recalled his forces
and destroyed the hopes of our enemies
who have got a strong foothold in this country.
The exiled Bolingbroke has forgiven himself,
and has arrived safely, looking for battle,
at Ravenspurgh.

QUEEN.
Now God in heaven forbid!

God forbid that this is true!

GREEN.
Ah, madam, 'tis too true; and that is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Ah, madam, it's too true; and what's worse,
Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
the Lords of Ross, Beaumon, and Willoughby,
with all their powerful friends, have joined him.

BUSHY.
Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And all the rest revolted faction traitors?

Why have you not declared Northumberland
and all the rest of the rebels as traitors?

GREEN.
We have; whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broken his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

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We have; which made the Earl of Worcester
break his staff, resign his stewardship,
and he has fled with all the household servants
to Bolingbroke.

QUEEN.
So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir.
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

So, Green, you are the midwife of my sorrow,
and Bolingbroke is the miserable birth of it.
Now my suspicions have been confirmed,
and, gasping like a mother who's just given birth,
I suffer woe on woe, sorrow on sorrow.

BUSHY.
Despair not, madam.

Do not despair, madam.

QUEEN.
Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope-he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Who's going to stop me?
I will despair, and fight against
cheating hope–he is a flatterer,
a parasite, he postpones death,
which can gently remove the burden of life,
while false hope makes us suffer it to the end.

Enter YORK

GREEN.
Here comes the Duke of York.

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Here comes the Duke of York.

QUEEN.
With signs of war about his aged neck.
O, full of careful business are his looks!
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

With his arm around his old neck.
He looks anxious and preoccupied!
Uncle, for God's sake, say something hopeful.

YORK.
Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts.
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home.
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

If I did, I would be being dishonest.
Hope is in heaven; and we are on earth,
where there is nothing but treachery, care and sorrow.
Your husband has gone to save his far-off lands
while others come to take his lands at home.
Here am I, left to prop up his country,
who, weak with age, cannot even support myself.
This is the sickness brought on by his excesses;
now he'll see what those friends who flattered him are like.

Enter a SERVINGMAN

SERVINGMAN.
My lord, your son was gone before I came.

My lord, your son had gone before I came.

YORK.
He was-why so go all which way it will!

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The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold, take my ring.

Had he–well then whatever happens, happens!
The nobles have fled, the common people are unsympathetic
and will, I fear, fight for Hereford.
Sir, go to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;
tell her to send me a thousand pounds at once.
Wait, take my ring.

SERVINGMAN.
My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,
To-day, as I came by, I called there-
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

My Lord, I had forgotten to tell your lordship,
today, as I passed by, I called in there–
but the rest will upset you.

YORK.
What is't, knave?

What is it, scoundrel?

SERVINGMAN.
An hour before I came, the Duchess died.

The Duchess had died an hour before I arrived.

YORK.
God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do. I would to God,
So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come, sister-cousin, I would say-pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,

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And bring away the armour that is there.
 Exit SERVINGMAN
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how or which way to order these affairs
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen.
T'one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; t'other again
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.-Come, cousin,
I'll dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster up your men
And meet me presently at Berkeley.
I should to Plashy too,
But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And everything is left at six and seven.

May God have mercy, what a tide of sorrow
comes rushing over this sad land at once!
I don't know what to do, I wish to God,
as long as it wasn't because of any disloyalty,
that the King had cut my head off with my brother's.
What, has nobody sent messages to Ireland?
How shall we pay for these wars?
Come, sister–cousin, I should say, please excuse me.
Go, fellow, go home, get some carts
and bring the armour which is there.
Gentlemen, will you go and gather your forces?
If I say I know how to deal with this business
which has been thrust so chaotically into my hands,
don't believe me. They are both my kinsmen:
one is my king, who I am bound by oath and
duty to defend; but then the other
is my kinsman, whom the king has wronged,
and my conscience and my kinship with him tells me to side with him.
Well, we must do something. Come, cousin,
I'll see you safe. Gentleman, go and gather your forces,
and meet me at once at Berkeley.
I should go to Plashy too,
but there isn’t time. Everything is disordered,
it's all at sixes and sevens.

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Exeunt YORK and QUEEN

BUSHY.
The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland.
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all unpossible.

It's a good wind to take news to Ireland,
but none comes back. It's completely impossible
for us to raise forces which could
match the enemy.

GREEN.
Besides, our nearness to the King in love
Is near the hate of those love not the King.

Besides, our love for the King is pretty much equal
to the hatred of those who do not love him.

BAGOT.
And that is the wavering commons; for their love
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

And those are the changeable common people; their love
depends on their purses; anyone who empties them
puts the same amount of hate in their hearts.

BUSHY.
Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

And so the king is widely condemned for that.

BAGOT.
If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the King.

If judgement depends on them, we are condemned too,
because of our closeness to the King.

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GREEN.
Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristow Castle.
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Well, I will seek refuge at once in Bristow Castle.
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

BUSHY.
Thither will I with you; for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.
Will you go along with us?

I'll go there with you; we won't get
any favours from the common people,
they'll just tear us to pieces like dogs.
Will you come along with us?

BAGOT.
No; I will to Ireland to his Majesty.
Farewell. If heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

No; I will go to the king in Ireland.
Farewell. If my suspicions are correct,
we three shall never meet again.

BUSHY.
That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

That depends on whether York manages to defeat Bolingbroke.

GREEN.
Alas, poor Duke! the task he undertakes
Is numb'ring sands and drinking oceans dry.
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once-for once, for all, and ever.

Alas, poor Duke! He might as well try
to count the sand and drink the oceans dry.
For every one who fights on his side, thousands will desert.
Farewell at once–for once, for all, and for ever.

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BUSHY.
Well, we may meet again.

Well, we may meet again.

BAGOT.
I fear me, never.

I fear we never will.

Exeunt

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SCENE III.

Gloucestershire

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, forces

BOLINGBROKE.
How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?

How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel.
But theirs is sweet'ned with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoy'd. By this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Believe me, noble Lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.
These wild high hills and rough uneven roads
make our journey seem longer and more tiring,
and yet your fair speech has been like sugar,
making this hard journey sweet and delightful.
But I think about what a weary journey
it will be from Ravenspurgh to the Cotswolds
for Ross and Willoughby, without your company,
which I must say has very much compensated for
the tedious process of my travels.

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But their journey is sweetened with the hope of gaining
the benefits which I now have,
and to hope for happiness is almost as good
as having it. This will make the journey seem
shorter for the weary lords, as your noble company
has done for me.

BOLINGBROKE.
Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Your kind words are worth much more
than my company. But who is this?

Enter HARRY PERCY

NORTHUMBERLAND.
It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.
Harry, how fares your uncle?

It is my son, young Harry Percy,
sent from my brother Worcester, wherever he is.
Harry, how is your uncle getting on?

PERCY.
I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of
you.

I thought, my lord, that I would have learned that from you.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Why, is he not with the Queen?

Why, is he not with the Queen?

PERCY.
No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the King.

No, my good lord; he has left the court,

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broken his staff of office, and sent away
all the King's servants.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together.

Why did he do this?
He wasn't that way inclined last time we spoke.

PERCY.
Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford;
And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there;
Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.

Because your lordship has been declared a traitor.
But he, my lord, has gone to Ravenspurgh,
to offer his services to the Duke of Hereford;
he sent me over via Berkeley, to discover
what forces the Duke of York had raised there;
then I have orders to go on to Ravenspurgh.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Have you forgotten the Duke of Hereford, boy?

PERCY.
No, my good lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

No, my good lord; I can't forget something
which I have never known; as far as I know,
I have never seen him in my life.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

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Then get to know him now; this is the Duke.

PERCY.
My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

My gracious lord, I offer you my service,
such as it is, being tender, raw and young;
it will get better with time, and be able
to serve you better, with better reward.

BOLINGBROKE.
I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

I thank you, kind Percy; and rest assured
that nothing makes me happier
than remembering my good friends in my heart;
as my fortunes increase with your love,
you shall be rewarded.
I make this contract with my heart, and seal it with a handshake.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
How far is it to Berkeley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

How far is it to Berkeley? And what event
keeps good old York there with his forces?

PERCY.
There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour-
None else of name and noble estimate.

There is the castle, by that stand of trees,

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guarded by three hundred men, my reports say;
inside are the Lords of York, Berkeley and Seymour–
nobody else of importance.

Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
their horses are bloody with spurring, they are bright red with hurry.

BOLINGBROKE.
Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor. All my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Welcome, my lords. I know you're following, for love,
a banished traitor. All I can offer you
at the moment is intangible thanks, but when I get more,
I will reward your love and your efforts.

ROSS.
Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

WILLOUGHBY.
And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

And is worth far more than the work we had to gain it.

BOLINGBROKE.
Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

More thanks, the Treasury of the poor;
until my potential fortune is realised

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take my thanks as an IOU. But who is this?

Enter BERKELEY

NORTHUMBERLAND.
It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

I think it is my Lord of Berkeley.

BERKELEY.
My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

BOLINGBROKE.
My lord, my answer is-'to Lancaster';
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue
Before I make reply to aught you say.

My lord, my answer is–‘to Lancaster’;
I have come to find that title in England;
and you must use it to me
before I reply to anything you say.

BERKELEY.
Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come-what lord you will-
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.

Don't mistake me, my lord; I have no intention
of depriving you of any of your honourable titles.
I come to you, my lord–whatever lord you want to be–
from the most gracious regent of this land,
the Duke of York, to ask why you are
taking advantage of the King's absence
and disturbing the peace of the country with your forces.

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Enter YORK, attended

BOLINGBROKE.
I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his Grace in person. My noble uncle!

I don't need to pass on my message through you;
here comes his grace in person. My noble uncle!

[Kneels]

YORK.
Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Show me your humble heart, don't just kneel,
anybody can fake that.

BOLINGBROKE.
My gracious uncle!-

My gracious uncle!–

YORK.
Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more 'why?'-why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed King is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,

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Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise the
And minister correction to thy fault!

Tut tut!
Don't call me your grace, and don't call me uncle.
I am not a traitor's uncle; and that the word “grace"
in the mouth of the ungracious is a blasphemy.
Why have those exiled and banned legs
dared to set foot on a grain of England's soil?
More importantly, why? Why have they dared to march
so many miles across her peaceful lands,
frightening her pale faced villages with war
and flourishing your hated weapons?
Have you come because the God appointed king is not here?
Why, foolish boy, the King has been left behind,
his power lies within my loyal heart.
If I still possessed my passionate youth,
as I did when brave Gaunt, your father, and myself,
rescued the Black Prince, that young earthly Mars,
from out of the ranks of so many thousand Frenchmen,
how quickly then this arm of mine,
now handicapped with shaking, would punish you,
and show you the error of your ways!

BOLINGBROKE.
My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it and wherein?

My gracious uncle, let me know what my fault is;
how has it shown itself?

YORK.
Even in condition of the worst degree-
In gross rebellion and detested treason.
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

By committing the worst thing that can be done–
horrible rebellion and hated treason.
You are an exile, and you have come here
before your term was up,

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bearing arms against your king.

BOLINGBROKE.
As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye.
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive. O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King in England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave.
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold;
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And I challenge law-attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

I was exiled as Hereford; I have returned as Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beg your Grace
to consider my complaints impartially.
You are my father, for I think that I can see
old Gaunt alive in you. Oh then my father,
do you agree that I should be condemned to be
a wandering vagabond, that my rights and property
should be torn out of my arms by force, and given away
to vulgar wastrels? Why was I born?
If my cousin the king is king of England,
it must be granted that I am the Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin;
if you had died first, and he had been crushed like this,
his uncle Gaunt would have been a father to him,

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discovering his wrongs and hunting them down.
I have been forbidden the rights to my title,
but my official documents prove I should have them.
My father's property has all been confiscated and sold,
and all the profits from that are being misused.
What do you think I should do? I am a subject,
and I am challenging the law; I am not allowed an attorney,
and so I am putting my claim for my
rightful inheritance in person.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
The noble Duke hath been too much abused.

The noble duke has suffered too much injustice.

ROSS.
It stands your Grace upon to do him right.

Your Grace is obliged to do right by him.

WILLOUGHBY.
Base men by his endowments are made great.

Low men have been given his inheritance.

YORK.
My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong-it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

My Lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have appreciated the wrongs my cousin has suffered,
and done all I could to put them right;
but to come like this, carrying weapons,
to be his own carver and cut out his path,
to set things right by doing wrong–that cannot be;
and anybody who helps him with this

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loves rebellion, and is a rebel.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
The noble Duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him never see joy that breaks that oath!

The noble duke has sworn he's only here
to get what is his; and we have solemnly sworn
to help him regain his rights;
and may anyone who breaks that oath never be forgiven!

YORK.
Well, well, I see the issue of these arms.
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left;
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the King;
But since I cannot, be it known unto you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Well, well, I can see where this war will end.
I cannot stop it, I must admit,
because my forces are weak and inadequate;
but if I could, I swear by God,
I would arrest you all and make you bow
to the royal mercy of the King;
but since I cannot, I shall tell you
that I will remain neutral. So, farewell;
unless you wish to come into the castle,
and stay there for tonight.

BOLINGBROKE.
An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your Grace to go with us
To Bristow Castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,

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Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

We will accept that offer, uncle.
But we must persuade your Grace to come with us
to Bristow Castle, which they say is held
by Bushy, Bagot and their accomplices,
the parasites of this society,
whom I have sworn to weed out and throw away.

YORK.
It may be I will go with you; but yet I'll pause,
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are.
Things past redress are now with me past care.

I might possibly go with you; but I will think about it,
because I'm very reluctant to break the laws of our country.
You are neither friends nor foes, but you are welcome.
I no longer care about things which I can't change.

Exeunt

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SCENE IV.

A camp in Wales

Enter EARL OF SALISBURY and a WELSH CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN.
My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves. Farewell.

My Lord of Salisbury, we have waited ten days,
and valiantly kept our countrymen together,
and yet we have heard no news from the King;
therefore we shall leave. Farewell.

SALISBURY.
Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Stay just another day, you trusty Welshman;
the King puts all his trust in you.

CAPTAIN.
'Tis thought the King is dead; we will not stay.
The bay trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap-
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war.
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell. Our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard their King is dead.

It's thought the King is dead; we won't stay.
The bay trees in our country are all shrivelled,
and meteors terrify the fixed stars of heaven;
the pale faced moon looks bloodily on the earth,

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and haggard looking prophets whisper of terrible changes;
rich men look sad, and scoundrels dance and leap–
one in fear of losing what they have,
the other to have those things through riot and war.
These signs are omens of the death of all of kings.
Farewell. My countrymen have gone and fled,
certain that Richard their king is dead.

Exit

SALISBURY.
Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
The sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest;
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

Ah, Richard, with the eyes of sorrow,
I can see your glory like a shooting star
falling from the heavens onto the low earth!
The sun is setting weeping in the West,
showing the storms to come, sorrow and unrest;
your friends have fled to serve your enemies;
and everything is going against you.

Exit

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ACT III.

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SCENE I.

BOLINGBROKE'S camp at Bristol

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND,
PERCY, ROSS, WILLOUGHBY,
BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners

BOLINGBROKE.
Bring forth these men.
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls-
Since presently your souls must part your bodies-
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths:
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean;
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs;
Myself-a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me-
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks and fell'd my forest woods,
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impresе, leaving me no sign
Save men's opinions and my living blood
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them delivered over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bring out these men.

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Bushy and Greene, I will not torment your souls,
since soon they will be leaving your bodies,
by dwelling too much on your evil lives,
that would be uncharitable; but, to wash your blood
from my hands, I will reveal in public
some of the reasons why you must die:
you led a Prince, a Royal King, astray,
the gentleman who was fortunate in his birth and body,
you made him unhappy and soiled him;
your sinful behaviour has created a sort
of divorce between his queen and him,
broken the covenant of the royal marriage,
and stained the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
with tears, caused by your foul behaviour;
I myself–a prince by birth,
a close relation of the King, and loved by him,
until you persuaded him to misunderstand me–
have suffered from the wrongs you have done,
and breathed my English breath in foreign climates,
eating the bitter bread of exile,
while you grew fat on my estates,
vandalised my parks and cut down my forests,
smashed my windows with my coat of arms on them,
defaced my motto, leaving no sign,
apart from men's opinions and my physical presence,
to show the world that I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than double this,
condemns you to death. Take them away
to be executed and given to death.

BUSHY.
More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

My execution is more welcome to me
Than Bolingbroke is to England. Lords, farewell.

GREEN.
My comfort is that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

I am comforted to think that heaven will take us in,

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and torment those who do this injustice with the pains of hell.

BOLINGBROKE.
My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.
Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND, and others, with the prisoners
Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated.
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be delivered.

My Lord Northumberland, see to their execution.

Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house;
for God's sake make sure she is fairly treated.
Tell her I send her my kind greetings;
take special care that this message is delivered.

YORK.
A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

I have sent a gentleman of mine
with letters which fully explain your love for her.

BOLINGBROKE.
Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices.
Awhile to work, and after holiday.

Thanks, kind uncle. Come, lords, let's go,
to fight with Glendower and his accomplices.
And we must work for a while, and then we shall rest.

Exeunt

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SCENE II.

The coast of Wales. A castle in view

Drums. Flourish and colours. Enter the KING, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE,
AUMERLE, and soldiers

KING RICHARD.
Barkloughly Castle call they this at hand?

Do they call this place Barkloughly Castle?

AUMERLE.
Yea, my lord. How brooks your Grace the air
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

Yes, my lord. How does your Grace like the air after your recent choppy journey on the sea?

KING RICHARD.
Needs must I like it well. I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs.
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So weeping-smiling greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favours with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee;
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords.

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This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Naturally I like it: I weep for joy
to stand again in my kingdom.
Dear earth, I salute you with my hand,
although rebels are insulting you with the hooves of their horses.
Like a mother who has been separated from her child for a long
time
plays fondly with it with smiles and tears when she meets,
so weeping, smiling, I greet you, my earth,
and lay my royal hands upon you;
do not feed the enemy of your king, my gentle earth,
nor give them any of your bounty to feed them,
but let your spiders that suck up your poison
and heavy footed toads lie in their way,
damaging their treacherous feet,
which trample over you with rebellious steps;
give my enemies stinging nettles;
and when they pick a flower from your earth,
please let it be guarded with a hidden adder,
whose forked tongue could with its fateful touch
gift death to your king's enemies.
Don't laugh at my talking to senseless things, lords:
this earth will be capable of feeling, and the stones
will turn into armed soldiers before her native king
will fall under the assault of foul rebellion.

CARLISLE.
Fear not, my lord; that Power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffered means of succour and redress.

Don't worry, my lord; the power that made you King
has the power to keep you king in spite of everything.
We must embrace the opportunities heaven gives us,
not neglect them; otherwise, if heaven desires
something we don't do, we are refusing the offer of heaven,

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refusing the means of help and revenge.

AUMERLE.
He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in power.

He means, my lord, that we are not doing enough;
meanwhile Bolingbroke, through our overconfidence,
is growing great and strong in wealth and power.

KING RICHARD.
Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders and in outrage boldly here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the Antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel. Then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY

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Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?

Discouraging cousin! Don't you know
that when the sun dips below the
horizon and lights the bottom of the world,
then the thieves and robbers roam about unseen
here, boldly committing murders and outrages;
but when the sun comes out from under the earth
he lights up the proud tops of the eastern pines,
and shines his light into every guilty hiding place,
then murder, treason and revolting sins,
having had the cloak of night plucked off their backs,
stand there naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
who has enjoyed himself all through the night,
while we were wandering down below,
will see us rising on our throne in the East,
his treason will light up his face,
he won't be able to tolerate the sight of day,
but frightened by himself he will tremble at his sin.
All the water in the rough rude sea
cannot wash off the anointing oil of a king;
the words of mortal men cannot overthrow
the deputy chosen by the Lord;
for every man that Bolingbroke has conscripted
to raise a harmful sword against my golden crown,
God has a glorious angel as a heavenly servant
for his Richard: so, if angels fight,
weak men must fall, for heaven still defends the just.

Welcome, my lord: how far away are your forces?

SALISBURY.
Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;

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For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

As close to you, my gracious lord,
as this weak arm is. Unhappiness guides my speech,
and makes me speak of nothing but despair.
I'm afraid, noble lord, you have come one day too late,
and that has lost you your chance of happiness on earth.
Oh, if it was only yesterday, if we could turn back time,
you would have twelve thousand fighting men!
Today, today, unhappy day, it's too late,
your happiness, friends, fortune and your country are all lost;
all the Welshmen, hearing you were dead,
have gone over to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.

AUMERLE.
Comfort, my liege, why looks your Grace so pale?

Be easy, my lord, why does your Grace look so pale?

KING RICHARD.
But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Previously I had the blood of twenty thousand men
lighting up my face, and they have fled;
and, until I get that much blood back again,
why shouldn't I look pale and dead?
Anyone who wants to be safe, run away;
Time has ruined my position.

AUMERLE.
Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

Be easy, my lord; remember who you are.

KING RICHARD.
I had forgot myself; am I not King?

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Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the King's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

I was forgetting myself; aren't I the King?
Wake up, you cowardly royal! You're asleep.
Isn't the King's name worth twenty thousand men?
Take up your arms, my name! A puny subject is striking
at your great glory. Don't be downcast,
you King's favourites; aren't we noble?
Let our thoughts be noble. I know my uncle York
has enough forces for us. But who is this coming?

Enter SCROOP

SCROOP.
More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

May my lord have more health and happiness
than my worried tongue can offer him.

KING RICHARD.
Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd.
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? Why, 'twas my care,
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us.
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, and decay-
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

My ears are open and my heart is ready.
The worst you can tell me is that I have lost worldly things.
Tell me, is my kingdom lost? Why, it was my burden,

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what loss is it to lose a burden?
Is Bolingbroke trying to be as great as me?
He shall not be greater; if he serves God,
I'll serve him too, and be his equal.
Are our subjects rebelling? We can't change that;
they are breaking their promise to God as well as to me.
Tell me of sorrow, destruction, ruin and decay–
the worst you can say is death, and he will always come.

SCROOP.
Glad am I that your Highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

I'm glad that your Highness is so prepared
to receive bad news.
Like a stormy day in summer
which makes the silver rivers burst their banks,
as if the whole world had dissolved into tears,
that's as high as the rage of Bolingbroke
has risen, flooding your fearful country
with hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
Old men have covered their bald heads with helmets
to fight your Majesty; boys, with unbroken voices,
try to speak like men, and slap their girlish hands
in awkward assaults on your crown;
your own archers are bending their bows
of deathdealing yew against your majesty;

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even servant women are wielding rusty pikes
against your throne: both the young and the old rebel,
and everything is going worse than I have power to describe.

KING RICHARD.
Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so in.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? Where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? Where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

You have told your tale too well.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? Where is Bagot?
What has happened to Bushy? Where is Green?
Why have they allowed the dangerous enemy
to walk into our kingdom unopposed?
If I win I shall have them executed for it.
I'll bet they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

SCROOP.
Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

They have certainly made peace with him, my lord.

KING RICHARD.
O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? Terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Oh villains, vipers, damn them eternally!
Dogs, who can be won over by any man!
Snakes, warmed by my own blood, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one three times worse than Judas!
Make peace, would they? May terrible hell make war
on their stained souls for this crime!

SCROOP.

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Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands; those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

I see that sweet love when changing his point of view
can turn to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Take your curse off their souls; they have made their peace
with their heads, and not with their hands; those whom you curse
have felt the heaviest wound of death
and are lying low in their graves.

AUMERLE.
Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Are Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire all dead?

SCROOP.
Ay, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

Yes, they were all executed at Bristol.

AUMERLE.
Where is the Duke my father with his power?

Where is my father the Duke with his forces?

KING RICHARD.
No matter where-of comfort no man speak.
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors and talk of wills;
And yet not so-for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and an, are Bolingbroke's.
And nothing can we can our own but death
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake let us sit upon the ground

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And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murder'd-for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell, king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
For you have but mistook me all this while.
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a king?

It doesn't matter where, let nobody talk about hope.
Let's talk about graves, worms and epitaphs,
let's make the dust our paper, and without tears
write of our sorrow on the face of the earth.
Let's choose executors and talk of our wills.
But let's not–for what can we leave
apart from our overthrown bodies to the grave?
Our lands, our lives and everything belong to Bolingbroke,
and there is nothing we can call our own except for death;
and that small mound of dead earth
which seals in and covers our bones.
For Godss sake let us sit upon the ground
and tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
how some have been deposed, some killed in war,
some haunted by the ghosts they have overthrown,
some poisoned by their wives, some killed when they were asleep,
all murdered–for within the hollow crown
which surrounds the mortal head of a king,
that's where death lives, the grinning skull sits there,

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laughing at his royalty and grinning at his ceremony,
allowing him a breath, a little scene,
to be a king, to be feared and kill with a look;
he fills him with selfishness and vanity,
makes him think the flesh which contains our life
is impregnable brass; and, once he's made him feel like this,
death comes in the end, and drills through his castle wall
with a little pin, and that's the end of the King!
Cover your heads, and don't make fun of flesh and blood
by worshipping it; throw away respect,
tradition, formality and ceremonial duty;
you have been mistaken about me all this time.
I live on bread like you, I feel needs,
I know sorrow, I need friends–when I'm like this,
how can you say to me that I am a king?

CARLISLE.
My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear and be slain-no worse can come to fight;
And fight and die is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

My lord, wise men never sit and bemoan their lot,
but find ways to ease their sorrows.
If you fear the enemy, since fear weakens your strength,
your weakness gives strength to your enemy,
and so your foolishness makes you fight against yourself.
Be afraid and be killed–perhaps the worst you can get from fighting;
to die fighting is to destroy death with death,
whereas to be afraid of death means you pay him your whole life.

AUMERLE.
My father hath a power; inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

My father has some forces; call him up,
and learn to make a whole from a part.

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KING RICHARD.
Thou chid'st me well. Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own.
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Your admonitions are correct. Proud Bolingbroke, I'm coming
to exchange blows with you to decide our fate.
This feverish fit of fear has blown over;
it will be easy to win our rights.
Tell me, Scroop, where is my uncle with his forces?
Speaks sweetly, man, although you look sour.

SCROOP.
Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state in inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

Men judge what time of day it is
by the colour of the sky;
so you can judge by my sorrowful eye
that I still have worse things to say.
I am a torturer, bit by bit
I parcel out the worst things that can be said:
your uncle York has joined forces with Bolingbroke;
all your northern castles have surrendered,
and all your knights of the south
have joined with him.

KING RICHARD.
Thou hast said enough.
[To AUMERLE] Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me

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forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint Castle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none. Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

You have said enough.
[To Aumerle] Damn you, cousin, who led me astray
from that sweet path of despair I was following!
Now what do you say? What hope do we have now?
By heaven, I will forever hate anyone who ever tells me
again to have hope.
Let's go to Flint Castle; there I shall pine away;
a King, the servant of sorrow, shall give in to his kingly sorrow.
Let the forces that I have go free; let them go
and plough the earth, if they have hopes that they can prosper,
I have none. Let no man speak against me on this,
their advice would be in vain.

AUMERLE.
My liege, one word.

dsMy lord, let me have just one word.

KING RICHARD.
He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers; let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

Anyone who wounds me with his flattery
is doubly wronging me.
Discharge my forces; let them go from here,
from Richard's night to the fair day of Bolingbroke.

Exeunt

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SCENE III.

Wales. Before Flint Castle

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND,
and forces

BOLINGBROKE.
So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

So from this information we learn
that the Welshmenhave disbanded; and Salisbury
has gone to meet the King, who recently landed
on this coast with a few private friends.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
The news is very fair and good, my lord.
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

The news is very good and favourable, my lord.
Richard has gone into hiding not far from here.

YORK.
It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say 'King Richard.' Alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

It would be more suitable for the Lord Northumberland
to say ‘King Richard’. What a sad day
when such a sacred king has to hide himself away!

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Your Grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

Your Grace misunderstands me; I only omitted
his title for the sake of brevity.

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YORK.
The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

There was a time
when if you had referred to him so briefly, he would
have shortened you as well,
for taking the head off his title, he would have taken your head.

BOLINGBROKE.
Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

Don't take more offence, uncle, than you should.

YORK.
Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake. The heavens are over our heads.

Don't take more liberties, good cousin, than you should,
in case you make a mistake. God is watching us.

BOLINGBROKE.
I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter PERCY

Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle yield?

I know it, uncle; and I don't want to go
against His will. But who is this?

Welcome, Harry. What, won't this castle surrender?

PIERCY.
The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

The castle is royally guarded, my lord,

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against your entrance.

BOLINGBROKE.
Royally!
Why, it contains no king?

Royally!
Why, is there a king in there?

PERCY.
Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone;
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

Yes, my good lord,
it does contain a king; King Richard is
within those walls of lime and stone;
and with him on the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, as well as a clergyman
of high position; I can't find out who he is.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Oh, I should imagine it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

BOLINGBROKE.
[To NORTHUMBERLAND] Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd
And lands restor'd again be freely granted;
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power

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And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen;
The which how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
[NORTHUMBERLAND advances to the Castle, with a trumpet]
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's tottered battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
My waters-on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

Parle without, and answer within; then a flourish.
Enter on the walls, the KING, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE,
AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.

Noble lord,
go to the rough walls of that ancient castle,
and through its ruined loopholes blow a trumpet
to announce your message, and tell them this:
Henry Bolingbroke
goes down on his knees and kisses King Richard's hand,
and sends assurances of his loyalty and faithfulness
to his royal person; I have come
to lay my arms and my forces at his feet,

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provided that my banishment is repealed
and that he freely grants the restoration of my lands;
if he doesn't, I'll use my superior forces
to lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
raining from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen–
my kneeling to him like this shows
just how unwilling Bolingbroke is
that such a crimson storm should soak the
fresh green ground of fair King Richard's land.
Go, tell him as much, while we exercise here
upon the grass of this plain.
Let us march without any drums threatening an advance,
so that from the tottering battlements of this castle
they will get a good view of our forces' strength.
I think King Richard and myself should meet
with no less fear than the elements
of fire and water, when they bring tears
to the cloudy cheeks of heaven with the thundering shock of their meeting.
He can be the fire, I'll be the surrendering water;
he can be angry, while I rain my waters
upon the earth–on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and take note of how King Richard looks.

See, see, King Richard himself appears,
like the red sun when it rises unhappily
from the fiery pillars of the East,
when it sees that the jealous clouds are determined
to dim his glory and to cover over
his bright journey to the West.

YORK.
Yet he looks like a king. Behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

And yet he looks like a king. Look, his eye,
as bright as an eagle's, flashes out
his controlling majesty. Alas, alas, how sorrowful,
if any harm comes to such a fair picture!

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KING RICHARD.
[To NORTHUMBERLAND] We are amaz'd; and thus long
have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful King;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends,
Yet know-my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, for yon methinks he stands,
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason; he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

I am astonished, I have stood here for some time
waiting to see you bend your knee in respect,
because I thought I was your lawful king;
and if I am, how dare your limbs forget
to show their respects in my presence?
If I am not, show me the hand of God
that has dismissed me from my position;
for I am certain that no mortal hand
can grab the sacred handle of my sceptre,
unless he is blaspheming, stealing or rebelling.

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And though you think that everyone has wounded
their souls, as you have done, by turning away from me,
and that I am powerless and friendless,
you should know, my master, omnipotent God,
is gathering plagues on my behalf
in his clouds, and they will strike
your as yet unborn children, unconceived,
you who lift your servant's hands against my head,
and threaten the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, for I think that's him over there,
that every step he takes in my country
is dangerous treason. He has come to open
the purple book of bloody war.
But before the crown he seeks can live in peace
ten thousand bloody heads of mothers' sons
shall stain the flowers of this English land,
changing the complexion of her maidenly pale peace
to scarlet anger, covering
the grass of her fields with the blood of good Englishmen.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
The King of Heaven forbid our lord the King
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees;
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And as I am a gentleman I credit him.

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May God forbid that our lord the King
should be attacked in such a rough way
by his own citizens! Your trebly noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, humbly kisses your hand,
and swears by the honourable tomb
that stands over your royal grandfather's bones,
and by the royal blood of both of you,
which streams from the same glorious spring,
and by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
and by his own worth and honour,
by anything that can be sworn or said,
that he has only come here to claim
his rightful inheritance, and to beg
his immediate reinstatement on his knees,
and as soon as you, as King, agree to it,
he will leave his glittering weapons to rust,
send his warhorses back to the stables, and give his heart
to the faithful service of your Majesty.
He swears this as he is a prince and an honest man;
and, as a gentleman, I believe him.

KING RICHARD.
Northumberland, say thus the King returns:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
[To AUMERLE] We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Northumberland, tell him this is the King's reply:
his noble cousin is very welcome here;
and every one of his reasonable demands
shall be fulfilled without argument.
[To Aumerle] We are lowering ourselves, cousin, aren't we,
to make such a poor show and to speak so fairly?
Shall we call Northumberland back, and send
defiant messages to the traitor, and so die?

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AUMERLE.
No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

No, my good lord; let's fight with gentle words
until time gives us friends, and friends lend us the help of their swords.

KING RICHARD.
O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man should take it off again
With words of sooth! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Oh God, oh God! Why did this tongue of mine
that imposed the dreaded sentence of exile
on that proud man remove it with
appeasing words! I wish I was as great
as my grief, or smaller than my name!
Or that I can forget what I have been!
Or that I could forget what I now have to be!
Are you swelling, proud heart? I'll give you an opportunity to beat,
since your enemies have the opportunity to beat both you and me.

AUMERLE.
Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

Northumberland is coming back from Bolingbroke.

KING RICHARD.
What must the King do now? Must he submit?
The King shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? A God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,

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My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave-
Or I'll be buried in the king's high way,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live,
And buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus: to drop them still upon one place
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid-there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? Will his Majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

Now what must the King do? Must I surrender?
The King shall do it. Must he be overthrown?
The King will be happy. Must he lose
his title of King? In God's name, let it go.
I'll exchange my jewels for a set of beads;
my gorgeous palace for hermit’s cave;
my fine clothes for a beggar's gown;
my ornamental goblets for a wooden dish;
my sceptre for a pilgrim's walking stick;
all my subjects for a pair of statues of saints,
and my great kingdom for a little grave,
a little little grave, an obscure grave,
or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
on some common trade route, where the feet of my subjects

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can trample over their king's head by the hour;
for where I am now they are treading on my heart:
once I'm buried, why not on my head?
Aumerle, my tenderhearted cousin, you're weeping!
We'll make a storm with hated tears;
those and our sighs will beat down the summer corn,
and cause a famine in this rebellious land.
Or shall we be light-hearted with our sorrows,
and make some pretty game with our falling tears?
Like letting them all drop in one place,
until they have gouged out a pair of graves for us
in the earth, and we are placed within them–there lie
two kinsmen who dug their graves with their own tears!
Wouldn't that be funny? Well, well, I see
I'm just joking, and you laugh at me.
Most mighty Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
what does King Bolingbroke say? Will his Majesty
give Richard permission to live until Richard dies?
You go and ask him, and Bolingbroke will say "yes".

NORTHUMBERLAND.
My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may it please you to come down?

My lord, he is waiting to speak with you in the
lower courtyard; would you please come down?

KING RICHARD.
Down, down I come, like glist'ring Phaethon,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.

Down, down I come, like shining Phaeton,
unable to manage the unruly horses.
In the lower court? Low court, where kings become low,
answering the summonses of traitors, bowing down to them.
In the lower court? Come down? Down, court! Down, King!
Night owls are howling when ascending larks should be singing.

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Exeunt from above

BOLINGBROKE.
What says his Majesty?

What does his Majesty say?

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man;
Yet he is come.

Sorrow and heartfelt grief
make him speak foolishly, like a madman;
but he is coming.

Enter the KING, and his attendants, below

BOLINGBROKE.
Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his Majesty. [He kneels down]
My gracious lord-

Everybody stand aside,
and show due respect to his Majesty.
My gracious lord–

KING RICHARD.
Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
[Touching his own head] Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Fair cousin, you are insulting your princely knee
by kissing the lowly earth with it.
I would rather that my heart felt your love
than my unimpressed eye see your formal politeness.
Get up cousin, up; I know in your heart you think
that you are at least as high as me, however low

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you bend your knees.

BOLINGBROKE.
My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

My gracious lord, I've only come to claim what is mine.

KING RICHARD.
Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

You have what's yours, and I am yours, and so is everything.

BOLINGBROKE.
So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

I only want, my most respected lord,
whatever you think I deserve for my true service.

KING RICHARD.
Well you deserve. They well deserve to have
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hands; nay, dry your eyes:
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on towards London. Cousin, is it so?

You deserve much. Anyone who knows the
strongest and surest way to get what they want deserves to have it.
Uncle, give me your hands; no, dry your eyes:
tears show love, but don't help anyone.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
although you are old enough to take my position.
I'll give you whatever you want, and willingly;
for I must do whatever force tells me to do.
Let's march towards London. Cousin, is that what you want?

BOLINGBROKE.
Yea, my good lord.

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Yes, my good lord.

KING RICHARD.
Then I must not say no.

Then I must agree.

Flourish. Exeunt

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SCENE IV.

The DUKE OF YORK's garden

Enter the QUEEN and two LADIES

QUEEN.
What sport shall we devise here in this garden
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

What game shall we play here in this garden
to rid ourselves of our unhappiness?

LADY.
Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Madam, we'll have a game of bowls.

QUEEN.
'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

It will remind me that the world is full of rough spots
and that my luck curves away from me.

LADY.
Madam, we'll dance.

Madam, we'll dance.

QUEEN.
My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;
Therefore no dancing, girl; some other sport.

My legs cannot enjoy delightful music,
when there is no music in my heart;
so no dancing, girl; some other game.

LADY.
Madam, we'll tell tales.

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Madam, we can tell stories.

QUEEN.
Of sorrow or of joy?

Sad ones or happy ones?

LADY.
Of either, madam.

Either sort, madam.

QUEEN.
Of neither, girl;
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;
For what I have I need not to repeat,
And what I want it boots not to complain.

Neither sort, girl;
a happy one would remind me of my sorrow,
as I'm completely lacking in happiness;
or a sad one, having a full weight of sadness,
would add more sorrow to my lack of happiness;
I don't need to be reminded of what I have
and there's no point in complaining about what I lack.

LADY.
Madam, I'll sing.

Madam, I'll sing.

QUEEN.
'Tis well' that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep.

You're lucky you have reason to;
but you would please me better if you wept.

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LADY.
I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

I could weep, madam, if it would do you good.

QUEEN.
And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a GARDENER and two SERVANTS

But stay, here come the gardeners.
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They will talk of state, for every one doth so
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.

And I could sing for joy, if weeping would do me any good,
and I would never have to ask you to weep for me.

But wait, here come the gardeners.
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
I'll bet my wretchedness against a row of pins
that they will talk of the state of the country,
everyone does in changing times: sorrow leads to sorrow.

[QUEEN and LADIES retire]

GARDENER.
Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds which without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Go and tie up those dangling apricots,

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like badly behaved children, they make their parent
bend with the strain of their terrible weight;
shore up the bending twigs.
Go, and like an executioner
cut off the heads of the flowers which are growing too fast,
that have grown too high in our kingdom:
everything in our government must be level.
While you're doing that, I will dig out
the dirty weeds which steal away
the fertility of the soil from the good flowers.

SERVANT.
Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Why should we, within our fences,
keep to the law, and form and proper proportions,
showing our good management like a model,
when our sea walled garden, the whole country,
is full of weeds; her fairest flowers are overrun,
her fruit trees are unpruned, her hedges are ruined,
her flowerbeds in a mess, and her healthy herbs
are covered with caterpillars?

GARDENER.
Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf;
The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke-
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Hold your tongue.
The one who allowed this disorder to grow
has now encountered his own autumn;

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the weeds he sheltered under his broad spreading leaves
that looked as though they were holding up as they were eating away at him,
have been pulled up roots and all by Bolingbroke–
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy and Green.

SERVANT.
What, are they dead?

What, are they dead?

GARDENER.
They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful King. O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself;
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live;
Had he done so, himself had home the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

They are; and Bolingbroke
has captured the wasteful king. Oh, what a pity it is
that he didn't manage his country
as we manage this garden! At the right time of year
we cut the bark, the skin of our fruit trees,
in case its blood and sap should grow too thick,
and it chokes itself with too much richness;
had he done so to great and upcoming men
they might have lived to produce the fruits of their service,
and he could have enjoyed them. We cut away
superfluous branches, so that the fruitful ones can live;
if he had done that, he would still have the crown,
which he has thrown away through his idleness.

SERVANT.
What, think you the King shall be deposed?

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What, do you think the King will be overthrown?

GARDENER.
Depress'd he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's
That tell black tidings.

He's already been beaten, and doubtless
he will be overthrown. Letters came last night
to a dear friend of the good Duke of York's
that contained bad news.

QUEEN.
O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking!
[Coming forward]
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by this ill tidings? Speak, thou wretch.

Oh, not saying anything is killing me!
You, you copy of old Adam, told to tend this garden,
how dare your harsh rude tongue speak this unpleasant news?
What Eve, what snake, has suggested to you
that you should make mankind fall again?
Why do you say King Richard has been overthrown?
Do you dare, you who is not much more than earth,
predict his downfall? Tell me where, when and how,
you heard this bad news. Speak, you wretch.

GARDENER.
Pardon me, madam; little joy have
To breathe this news; yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke. Their fortunes both are weigh'd.
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,

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And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you will find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Forgive me, madam; it gives me no pleasure
to speak this news; but what I say is true.
King Richard is a prisoner in the firm custody
of Bolingbroke. Their fortunes are balanced.
On your lord's side there is only himself,
and a few trifles which make him lighter;
on the side of great Bolingbroke,
apart from himself, are all the English peers,
and with them he completely outweighs King Richard.
Hurry to London, and you will find this is the case;
I'm just saying what everybody knows.

QUEEN.
Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou thinkest
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go
To meet at London London's King in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gard'ner, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow!

Quick misfortune, that is so swift,
wasn't your mission to come to me,
and I'm the last one to know? Oh, you think
you can serve me last, so I will keep your sorrow
in my heart for longest. Come, ladies, we shall go
and meet London's King in his sorrow in London.
What, was this what I was born for, that my sorrow
would grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardner, for telling me this sad news,
I pray to God that none of your plants ever grow!

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Exeunt QUEEN and LADIES

GARDENER.
Poor Queen, so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace.
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

Poor Queen, if it meant your position would get no worse,
I would wish for your curse to come true.
She let a tear fall here; in this place
I will grow a bank of rue, the sour herb of grace.
Rue will shortly be seen growing here for pity,
in the memory of a weeping queen.

Exeunt

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ACT IV.

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SCENE I.

Westminster Hall

Enter, as to the Parliament, BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY,
FITZWATER, SURREY, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, the ABBOT OF
WESTMINSTER,
and others; HERALD, OFFICERS, and BAGOT

BOLINGBROKE.
Call forth Bagot.
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind-
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Summon Bagot.
Now, Bagot, speak openly–
what do you know about noble Gloucester's death;
who planned it with the king, and who carried out
the bloody job of his untimely murder?

BAGOT.
Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Then bring out Lord Aumerle.

BOLINGBROKE.
Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Cousin, come out, and look at that man.

BAGOT.
My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted
I heard you say 'Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English Court
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?'

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Amongst much other talk that very time
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

My Lord Aumerle, I know your bold tongue
doesn't like to take back its words.
In that deadly time when Gloucester's death was planned
I heard you say 'Haven't I a long arm,
that can reach from the peaceful English court
as far as Calais, to kill my uncle?'
Amongst many other things said at that time
I heard you say that you would turn down
an offer of hundred thousand crowns rather
than see Bolingbroke return to England;
you also added how good the death of your
cousin would be for the country.

AUMERLE.
Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death
That marks thee out for hell. I say thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, through being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Princes, and noble lords,
how shall I answer this low man?
Shall I dishonour my noble birth so much
as to answer him back in his own terms?
I must either do that or have my honour stained
by the accusations of his slanderous lips.
There is my glove, that seals your death
that will send you to hell. I say you are lying,
and will prove this by taking your

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lifeblood, although it's far too low
to stain the shining steel of my knight's sword.

BOLINGBROKE.
Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Bagot, hold back; you won't accept the challenge.

AUMERLE.
Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.

I wish it was the best knight in this gathering–
apart from one–who had made me so angry.

FITZWATER.
If that thy valour stand on sympathy,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.
If thou deniest it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

If your bravery depends on rank,
there is my glove, Aumerle, to match yours.
I swear by the fair sun which lights you now,
I heard you say, and say boastingly,
that you were the cause of the death of noble Gloucester.
If you deny it twenty times, you are lying;
and I will stick the lie back into your heart,
where it was made, with the point of my sword.

AUMERLE.
Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Coward, you wouldn't dare.

FITZWATER.
Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

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I swear, I wish we could do it now.

AUMERLE.
Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Fitzwater, you are damned to hell for this.

PERCY.
Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal as thou art an unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aumerle, you are lying; he is being as honourable
in this challenge as you are being unfair;
and to prove that you are here is my glove,
I shall make you answer for it with your death.
Pick it up, if you dare.

AUMERLE.
An if I do not, may my hands rot off
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

And if I don't, may my hands rot off
and never again wave my revengeful sword
over the glittering helmet of my enemy!

ANOTHER LORD.
I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be halloa'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun. There is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

I lay down the same challenge, damned Aumerle;
and encourage you with as many lies
as can be shouted in your treacherous ear
in the course of the day. There is my challenge;
take it up, if you dare.

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AUMERLE.
Who sets me else? By heaven, I'll throw at all!
I have a thousand spirits in one breast
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Who else attacks me? By heaven, I'll have at you all!
There's a thousand times more bravery in my heart
than there is in twenty thousand of you.

SURREY.
My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

My Lord Fitzwater, I remember well
the exact time you and Aumerle spoke.

FITZWATER.
'Tis very true; you were in presence then,
And you can witness with me this is true.

It's very true, you were there then,
and you can confirm the truth of what I say.

SURREY.
As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

You are as false, by heaven, as heaven is true.

FITZWATER.
Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey, you are lying.

SURREY.
Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword
That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

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Dishonourable boy!
My sword will give such heavy punishment for that lie
that it shall hand out vengeance and revenge
until you, the liar, and the lie both lie
in the earth as quietly as your father's skull.
As proof of that, there's my challenge;
take it on, if you dare.

FITZWATER.
How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at Calais.

How foolishly you spur on an already running horse!
If I dare to eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I will dare to meet Surrey in a wild place
and spit on him whilst saying he's a liar,
a liar, a liar. There is my glove,
to hold you to my violent punishment.
As I mean to thrive in this new order,
Aumerle is as guilty as I say.
Besides, I heard the exiled Norfolk say
and that you, Aumerle, sent two of your men
to execute the noble duke at Calais.

AUMERLE.
Some honest Christian trust me with a gage
That Norfolk lies. Here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Some honest Christian lend me a glove
so I can prove that Norfolk lies. I make my challenge,
if he can be called back to accept it.

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BOLINGBROKE.
These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repeal'd-repeal'd he shall be
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and signories. When he is return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

These arguments will all wait under the challenge
until Norfolk is recalled–he shall be recalled
and, although he is my enemy, he shall be given back
all his lands and estates. When he comes back,
he shall take up this challenge of Aumerle's.

CARLISLE.
That honourable day shall never be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

That honourable day will never be seen.
Many times the exiled Norfolk fought
for Jesus Christ in glorious Christian battles,
carrying the sign of the Christian cross
against black pagans, Turks and Saracens;
and, exhausted with battle, he retired
to Italy; and there, at Venice, he gave
his body to the pleasant earth of that country
and his pure soul to his captain, Christ,
for whom he had fought for so long.

BOLINGBROKE.
Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?

CARLISLE.

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As surely as I live, my lord.

As surely as I'm alive, my lord.

BOLINGBROKE.
Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

May his sweet soul go in peace to join
good old Abraham! You accusing lords,
all your arguments wait under their challenges
until I set a date for their trials.

Enter YORK, attended

YORK.
Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him-
And long live Henry, fourth of that name!

Great Duke of Lancaster, I have come to you
from crestfallen Richard, who has willingly
appointed you as his heir, and he hands his glorious sceptre
into your royal hand.
Climb onto his throne, now you are his successor–
and long live Henry, fourth king of that name!

BOLINGBROKE.
In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

In the name of God, I will take the royal throne.

CARLISLE.
Marry, God forbid!
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence

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Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! Then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy-
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you woe.

No, God forbid!
Although I may be the lowest ranked person here,
I may be the most suitable to tell the truth.
I wish to God that there was anyone in this noble gathering
who was noble enough to be a fair judge
of noble Richard! Then true nobility would
show him not to commit such a terrible wrong.
What subject can pass sentence on his king?
And who is there here who is not Richard's subject?

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Even thieves aren't judged when they are absent,
however guilty they appear,
so will the representative of God's majesty,
his captain, steward, chosen deputy,
anointed, crowned, in office for many years,
be judged by his subjects and the words of his inferiors,
when he himself is not present? Oh forbid it, God,
don't let these refined souls in a Christian country
do such a hateful, black, obscene deed!
I am a subject, speaking to subjects,
inspired by God to speak out for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
is a foul traitor to the proud king of Hereford,
and if you crown him, this is what I predict:
the blood of the English will fertilise the ground,
and future times will suffer for this foul act,
peace will find its place with Turks and infidels,
and, in this home of peace, terrible wars
will set brother against brother, countryman against countryman.
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
will live here, and this land shall be called
the plain of Golgotha, covered in dead men's skulls.
Oh, if you raise this family above that one
that will prove to be the deadliest division
that ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, don't do it,
otherwise your children and your grandchildren will cry out
against you in sorrow.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

You have argued well, sir; and, for your efforts,
I arrest you on a charge of capital treason.
My Lord of Westminster, make it your duty
to keep him safe until the day of his trial.
Do you agree, my lords, to grant the request of the Commons?

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BOLINGBROKE.
Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

Bring Richard here, so that he can surrender
in open view; that way we can proceed
without any suspicion.

YORK.
I will be his conduct.

I shall bring him here.

Exit

BOLINGBROKE.
Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
Little are we beholding to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Lords, you who are here under my arrest,
find your bail against the day of your trial.
I owe little to your love,
and I didn't ask you for much help.

Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and OFFICERS
bearing the regalia

KING RICHARD.
Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men. Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry 'All hail!' to me?
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the King! Will no man say amen?

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Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, amen.
God save the King! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither?

Alas, why have I been summoned by a King
before I have thrown off the royal habits
I had when I ruled? I have hardly learned yet
to manoeuvre, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give sorrow time to teach me how to
be so submissive. But I clearly remember
the faces of these men. Weren't they mine?
Didn't they sometimes call out ‘We salute you!’ to me?
That's what Judas did to Christ; but out of twelve men
all but one were loyal to him; out of twelve thousand I don't have one.
God save the King! Will no man agree to that?
Do I have to be the priest and the responder? Well then, amen.
God save the King! Although I am not him;
and yet, amen, if heaven thinks I am.
What have you summoned me for?

YORK.
To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer-
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

To willingly perform the task which you
offered through your royal exhaustion–
tohand over your country and your crown
to Henry Bolingbroke.

KING RICHARD.
Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown.
Here, cousin,
On this side my hand, and on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water.
That bucket down and full of tears am I,

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Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Give me the crown. Here, cousin, take the crown.
Here, cousin,
my hand is on this side, yours on that.
Now this golden crown is like a deep well
that has two buckets, filling each other;
the empty one always swinging in the air,
the other low down, unseen, and full of water.
I am the lower bucket, full of tears,
drowning in grief, while you climb up high.

BOLINGBROKE.
I thought you had been willing to resign.

I thought you were willing to resign.

KING RICHARD.
My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Yes, to resign my crown; but my sorrows are still mine.
You may overthrow my glory and my position,
but not my sorrows; I'm still king of those.

BOLINGBROKE.
Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

You hand some of your cares to me with your crown.

KING RICHARD.
Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

You taking on cares does not take them from me.
My sorrow is that I have lost care by finishing with old cares;
your sorrow is that you've gained care, being loaded with new cares.

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The cares I give away still stay with me;
they go with the crown, but they stay with me.

BOLINGBROKE.
Are you contented to resign the crown?

Are you content to resign the crown?

KING RICHARD.
Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths;
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny.
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast an achiev'd.
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit.
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!
What more remains?

Yes, no; no, yes; for I must be nothing;
therefore no ' no', for I resign to you.
Now, see how I undermine myself.
I give you this heavy weight from off my head,
and this clumsy sceptre from my hand,
the pride of royal power from out of my heart;
I wash away the anointing oil with my tears,
with my own hands I give you my crown,
with my own tongue I reject my holy position,
with my own breath I release all who have sworn oaths to me;

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I give up all ceremony and majesty;
I give up my manors, rents and revenues;
I reject all my acts, decrees and statutes.
May God pardon all the promises to me that have been broken,
and keep all the promises that are made to you unbroken!
Make me, who has nothing, be grieved with nothing,
and may you who has won everything be pleased with everything.
May you live long sitting in Richard's seat,
and soon bury Richard in his grave.
God save King Henry, no longer king Richard says,
and give him many years of sunny days!
What is left?

NORTHUMBERLAND.
No more; but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

That's enough; all you need to do now is read out
these accusations, these grievous crimes
committed by you and your followers
against the state and best interest of this land;
so that men, hearing you confess to them
can judge that you are rightly overthrown.

KING RICHARD.
Must I do so? And must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity-yet you Pilates

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Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

Do I have to? And must I unravel
all my intertwined foolishness? Sweet Northumberland,
if everything you've done wrong was written down,
wouldn't you be ashamed to read them out
in such fair company? If you did
you would find one awful item there
concerning the overthrow of a king
and the breaking of a strong oath,
marked with a blot, damned in the book of heaven.
No, all of you who stand looking at me
as I am tormented with my wretchedness,
although some of you, like Pilate, wash your hands
and pretend to show pity–yet you Pilates
have delivered me to my bitter cross,
and water cannot wash away your sins.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
My lord, dispatch; read o'er these
articles.

My Lord, get it over with; read these articles.

KING RICHARD.
Mine eyes are full of tears; I cannot see.
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
T'undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

My eyes are full of tears; I cannot see.
And yet the salt water does not make them so blind
that they cannot see this group of traitors here.
No, if I take a look at myself
I find I am a traitor with the rest of them;
for I have here given my agreement

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to take away the ceremonial robes of a king;
I have made glory low, and royalty a slave,
proud majesty a subject, my state a peasant.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
My lord-

My lord–

KING RICHARD.
No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no tide-
No, not that name was given me at the font-
But 'tis usurp'd. Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke
To melt myself away in water drops!
Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

No lord of yours, you haughty insulting man;
no man's lord. I have no name, no title;
no, not even that name that was given to me at my christening,
it has been stolen. What a terrible thing,
that I have reached such an age
and now don't know what name to call myself!
I wish I was a fake king made of snow,
standing under the sun of Bolingbroke,
so that I could melt away in drops of water!
Good King, great King, though not greatly good,
if my words still have any power in England,
let me order a mirror to be brought here at once,
so it can show me what my face looks like
now it has lost its majesty.

BOLINGBROKE.
Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

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Some of you go and fetch a looking glass.

Exit an attendant

NORTHUMBERLAND.
Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

Read out this paper while we're waiting for the mirror.

KING RICHARD.
Fiend, thou torments me ere I come to hell.

You devil, you torture me before I get to hell.

BOLINGBROKE.
Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

Stop asking him, my Lord Northumberland.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
The Commons will not, then, be satisfied.

The Commons will not be satisfied if he doesn't read it.

KING RICHARD.
They shall be satisfied. I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter attendant with glass

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine
And made no deeper wounds? O flatt'ring glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That like the sun did make beholders wink?
Is this the face which fac'd so many follies

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That was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face;
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[Dashes the glass against the ground]
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport-
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

They will be satisfied. I will read enough
when I have seen the very book
where my sins are written, and that is my face.

Give me that mirror, and I will read from it.
No deeper wrinkles yet? Has sorrow struck
so many blows upon my face
and not made deeper wounds? Oh flattering glass,
like my followers when I was fortunate,
you are deceiving me. Was this the face
that managed to keep ten thousand men as part
of his household? Was this the face
that made onlookers squint as if looking at the sun?
Is this the face which committed so many follies
and was at last stared down by Bolingbroke?
There is a brittle glory shining in this face;
this face is as brittle as glory,
for there it is, smashed into a hundred splinters.
Make a note, silent King, of the moral of this–
see how quickly my sorrow destroyed my face.

BOLINGBROKE.
The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

The imitation of your sorrow has destroyed
the imitation of your face.

KING RICHARD.
Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see.
'Tis very true: my grief lies all within;
And these external manner of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief

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That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.
There lies the substance; and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Say that again.
The imitation of my sorrow? Hah! Let's see.
It's very true: all my sorrow is within;
all these external laments
are just imitations of the unseen sorrow
that swells in silence inside the tortured soul.
There is the substance of it; and I thank you, King,
for your great gift, not only giving me
reason to be sad, but showing me the way
to mourn for it. I'll ask you one favour,
and then I shall be gone and give you no more trouble.
Will you grant it?

BOLINGBROKE.
Name it, fair cousin.

Name it, fair cousin.

KING RICHARD.
Fair cousin! I am greater than a king;
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Fair cousin! I am greater than a king;
for when I was a king, my flatterers
were just my subjects; now I am a subject,
I have a king here as my flatterer.
Being so great, I don't need to beg.

BOLINGBROKE.
Yet ask.

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Just ask.

KING RICHARD.
And shall I have?

And shall I have it?

BOLINGBROKE.
You shall.

You shall.

KING RICHARD.
Then give me leave to go.

Then let me leave.

BOLINGBROKE.
Whither?

To go where?

KING RICHARD.
Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Wherever you want, to get me out of your sight.

BOLINGBROKE.
Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

Go, some of you escort him to the Tower.

KING RICHARD.
O, good! Convey! Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

O, good! Escort! You are all escorts,
all swiftly promoted due to the fall of a true king.

Exeunt KING RICHARD, some Lords and a Guard

BOLINGBROKE.

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On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation. Lords, prepare yourselves.

I set aside next Wednesday for my
solemn coronation. Lords, make your preparations.

Exeunt all but the ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, and AUMERLE

ABBOT.
A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

We have seen a sorry sight here.

CARLISLE.
The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

The sorrow is yet to come; children not yet born
will suffer as a result of today's events.

AUMERLE.
You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

You holy clergymen, don't you have a way
to remove this stain from the country?

ABBOT.
My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day.

My lord,
before I freely speak my mind about that,
you will not only swear by the sacrament

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that you will keep my plans secret, but also that
you will do whatever I invent.
I see that you are frowning in anger,
your heart is full of sorrow, and your eyes are full of tears.
Come home with me to supper; I will outline
a plot which will make us all happy.

Exeunt

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ACT V.

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SCENE 1.

London. A street leading to the Tower

Enter the QUEEN, with her attendants

QUEEN.
This way the King will come; this is the way
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true King's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD and Guard

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither. Yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

The king will come this way; this is the way
to Julius Caesar's evil tower,
to which my condemned lord
has been sent as a prisoner by haughty Bolingbroke.
Let's rest here, if there is any rest anywhere
on this rebellious earth for the queen of a true King.

But look, or rather don't look, there
is my fair rose withered.But look up, look,
you who dissolve into pity like dew,
and wash him clean again with the tears of true love.
Ah, you, you are like the ruins of old Troy;
you model of honour, you tomb of King Richard,
you are not King Richard; you beautiful inn,
why should hard faced grief visit you,

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when triumph visits every common alehouse?

KING RICHARD.
Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden. Learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house.
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have thrown down.

Don't grieve so, fair woman, do not
write me off so soon. Learn, good soul,
to think of our former position as a happy dream;
having woken up, we can see the truth of
what we are: I am the sworn brother, my sweet,
of grim necessity; and he and I
will be together until death. Take yourself to France,
and retreat into some religious house.
We must work to win a new crown in heaven,
as we have lost the one we had on earth.

QUEEN.
What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weak'ned? Hath Bolingbroke depos'd
Thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpow'r'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take the correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and the king of beasts?

What, has my Richard been transformed and weakened
both in body and mind? Has Bolingbroke overthrown
your intellect? Has he been in your heart?
The dying lion puts out his paw
and wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
at his downfall; are you going to be like a schoolboy,

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taking your punishment mildly, kissing the cane,
and bow down to rage with low humbleness,
you who are a lion and the king of beasts?

KING RICHARD.
A king of beasts, indeed! If aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometimes queen, prepare thee hence for France.
Think I am dead, and that even here thou takest,
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds;
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

A king of beasts, indeed! If it had only been of beasts,
I would still be a happy king of men.
My good once upon a time Queen, go to France.
Imagine that I am dead, and that even now you are making
your last living farewell to me, as if you were at my deathbed.
In thedull nights of winter sit by the fire
with good old people, and let them tell you stories
of sad things which happened long ago;
and before you say good night, to cap their sorry tales
tell them of my sad story,
and send the listeners off weeping to their beds;
because the unfeeling sticks will sympathise
with the heavy words your tongue shall speak,
and out of pity they will put out the fire;
and some will mourn with ashes, black as coal,
the overthrow of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND attended

NORTHUMBERLAND.

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My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all swift speed you must away to France.

My lord, Bolingbroke has changed his mind;
you must go to Pomfret, not to the tower.
And, madam, arrangements have been made for you:
you must go as quickly as possible to France.

KING RICHARD.
Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think
Though he divide the realm and give thee half
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think that thou, which knowest the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked men converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.

Northumberland, you ladder with which
the climbing Bolingbroke gets onto my throne,
it won't be very far in the future
before foul sin gathers pace
and explodes into destruction. Even if he
splits the kingdom and gives you half you will think
it is too little, since you helped him to get the whole thing;
and he shall think that you, who knows the way
to install kings who have no right to be there, will,
with just a little provocation, know how to find
a way of throwing him headlong from his stolen throne.
The love of wicked men converts itself to fear,
fear turns to hate, and that hate brings one or both
the danger and death they deserve.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

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My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

I take responsibility for my guilt, that's the end of it.
Say goodbye, and go; you must part at once.

KING RICHARD.
Doubly divorc'd! Bad men, you violate
A twofold marriage-'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France, from whence set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.

Divorced twice! Bad men, you have broken
two marriages–the one between me and my crown,
and then the one between me and my married wife.
Let me kiss away the promise between you and me;
and yet I can't, because it was made with a kiss.
Pull us apart, Northumberland; I go north,
where shivering cold and disease fills the air;
my wife goes to France, from where she set out with great ceremony,
when she came here she was like a sweet May day,
she is sent back like Halloween or the shortest day.

QUEEN.
And must we be divided? Must we part?

And must we be split up? Must we part?

KING RICHARD.
Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from
heart.

Yes my love, hand from hand and heart from heart.

QUEEN.

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Banish us both, and send the King with me.

Banish us both, and send the King with me.

NORTHUMBERLAND.
That were some love, but little policy.

That would show love, but not sense.

QUEEN.
Then whither he goes thither let me go.

Then let me go with him.

KING RICHARD.
So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.

So two, weeping together, make one sorrow.
You weep for me in France, I shall weep for you here;
better to be far apart than close but not close enough.
Go, measure your journey with sighs; I shall measure mine with groans.

QUEEN.
So longest way shall have the longest moans.

So the longest journey will have the longest moans.

KING RICHARD.
Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being
short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

As I'm going the shortest way, I will groan twice with every step, and measure my way with a heavy heart.

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Come, come, let's be brief in our wooing of sorrow,
as when we marry it our grief will be so long.
Close our mouths with one kiss, and part in silence;
so I give you mine, and I take your heart.

QUEEN.
Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

Give me mine back; it's not fair
to ask me to keep and kill your heart.
So, I have my own back, now go,
so that I can try to kill it with a groan.

KING RICHARD.
We make woe wanton with this fond delay.
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

We are making sorrow grow with this tender foolish delay.
Once more, goodbye; let sorrow say the rest.

Exeunt

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SCENE II.

The DUKE OF YORK's palace

Enter the DUKE OF YORK and the DUCHESS

DUCHESS.
My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins' coming into London.

My lord, you told me you would tell me the rest
of the story of our cousins' arrival in London,
when your weeping made you break off the story.

YORK.
Where did I leave?

How far had I got?

DUCHESS.
At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgoverned hands from windows' tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

To that sad point, my lord,
when vulgar badly ruled hands threw dust
and rubbish on King Richard's head from their windows.

YORK.
Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
'Jesu preserve thee! Welcome, Bolingbroke!'

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Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus, 'I thank you, countrymen.'
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,
mounted on a hot and fiery horse
which seemed to sympathise with its aspiring rider,
kept on his way with a slow but regal pace,
while everybody cried ‘God save you, Bolingbroke!’
You would have thought the windows themselves were speaking,
so many, both young and old, greedily wanted to
get a glimpse of his face; you would have thought all the walls
were covered with posters which all read
‘Jesus save you! Welcome, Bolingbroke!’
Meanwhile he, turning from one side to the other,
bareheaded, bowed lower than the neck of his proud horse,
spoke these words, ‘I thank you, countrymen.’
And so he did this and moved along.

DUCHESS.
Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

Alas, poor Richard! Where was he riding while this was going on?

YORK.
As in a theatre the eyes of men
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried 'God save him!'
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

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To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

It was as if in a theatre when a
skilful actor leaves the stage, and the audience
glances at the one who comes on next,
finding his prattle tedious;
that was how, or with even more contempt, men
scowled on gentle Richard; no man cried 'God save him!'
No happy tongue welcomed him home;
but dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
which he shook off with such gentle sadness,
his face alternating between tears and smiles,
the signs of his sorrow and endurance,
that if God had not, for some great purpose, hardened
the hearts of men, they would surely have melted,
and even barbarians would have pitied him.
But heaven orders these events,
and we must be happy to follow them.
We are now sworn subjects of Bolingbroke,
and I now recognise his position.

DUCHESS.
Here comes my son Aumerle.

Here comes my son Aumerle.

YORK.
Aumerle that was
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And madam, you must call him Rutland now.
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

He was Aumerle,
but he has lost his title for being Richard's friend,
and madam, you must now call him Rutland.
I have sworn to his loyalty in Parliament
and promised that he will follow the newly created king.

Enter AUMERLE

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DUCHESS.
Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new come spring?

Welcome, my son. Who are the violets which now
cover the green fields of this new spring?

AUMERLE.
Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not.
God knows I had as lief be none as one.

Madam, I don't know, nor do I much care.
God knows I don't care if I'm one or not.

YORK.
Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? Do these justs and triumphs hold?

Well, behave yourself well in this new springtime,
so that you won't be cut down before your prime.
What news from Oxford? Are they still having these jousts and processions?

AUMERLE.
For aught I know, my lord, they do.

For all I know, my lord, they are.

YORK.
You will be there, I know.

I know you will be there.

AUMERLE.
If God prevent not, I purpose so.

If God doesn't stop me, I intend to be.

YORK.
What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the writing.

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What's that seal that's hanging outside your shirt?
Why are you looking pale? Let me see the writing.

AUMERLE.
My lord, 'tis nothing.

My Lord, it's nothing.

YORK.
No matter, then, who see it.
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

It doesn't matter who sees it then.
You will do as I say; let me see the writing.

AUMERLE.
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

I beg your Grace to excuse me;
it's a matter of little importance
which for some reasons I don't want to be seen.

YORK.
Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear-

And for some reasons, sir, I intend to see it.
I fear, I fear–

DUCHESS.
What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is ent'red into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph-day.

Why should you fear?
It's nothing but some loan agreement he's taken out
for flashy clothes on the day of the triumph.

YORK.

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Bound to himself! What doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.

Has he made an agreement with himself? What would he be doing with his own bond? Wife, you are a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.

AUMERLE.
I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

I beg you to excuse me; I can't show it.

YORK.
I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
[He plucks it out of his bosom, and reads it]
Treason, foul treason! Villain! traitor! slave!

I will be obeyed; let me see it, I say.

Treason, foul treason! Villain! Traitor! Slave!

DUCHESS.
What is the matter, my lord?

What is the matter, my lord?

YORK.
Ho! who is within there?

Enter a servant

Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy, what treachery is here!

Hello! Who's in there?

Saddle my horse.
May God have mercy, what treachery this is!

DUCHESS.
Why, York, what is it, my lord?

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Why, York, what is it, my lord?

YORK.
Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.
Exit servant
Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.
Now, on my honour, by my life, my oath,
I will impeach the villain.

DUCHESS.
What is the matter?

What is the matter?

YORK.
Peace, foolish woman.

Be quiet, stupid woman.

DUCHESS.
I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle?

I won't be quiet. What is the matter, Aumerle?

AUMERLE.
Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Good mother, be content; it's only
a matter of my life.

DUCHESS.
Thy life answer!

Your life!

YORK.
Bring me my boots. I will unto the King.

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Bring me my boots. I shall go to the king.

His man enters with his boots

DUCHESS.
Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.

Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, you are stupefied.
Get out, villain! I never want to see you again.

YORK.
Give me my boots, I say.

Give me my boots, I say.

DUCHESS.
Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?

Why, York, what are you doing?
Will you not hide the misdemeanours of your own family?
Have we more sons? Or are we likely to have?
Hasn't my time for breeding run out?
Will you steal my fair son away from my old age
and take away my title of a happy mother?
Isn't he like you? Isn't he yours?

YORK.
Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.

You stupid mad woman,

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do you want to hide this conspiracy?
A dozen of them have here taken
a holy oath that they will
kill the King at Oxford.

DUCHESS.
He shall be none;
We'll keep him here. Then what is that to him?

He won't be one of them;
we'll keep him here. Then what does it matter?

YORK.
Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son
I would appeach him.

Get off, foolish woman! If he were my son twenty times over
I would still inform on him.

DUCHESS.
Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind.
He is as like thee as a man may be
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

If you had had the pain of his labour
as I have, you would show more pity.
But now I know what you think: you suspect
that I have been adulterous
and now he is a bastard, not your son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, don't think that.
He's like you as any man could be,
he doesn't resemble me, or any of my family,
and yet I love him.

YORK.
Make way, unruly woman!

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Out of the way, rebellious woman!

Exit

DUCHESS.
After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse;
Spur post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York;
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone.

Follow him, Aumerle! Take his horse;
ride as fast as you can and get to the King before him,
and ask for his pardon before you are accused.
I won't be far behind; although I am old,
I back myself to ride as fast as York;
and I will never get off my knees
until Bolingbroke has pardoned you. Go, go.

Exeunt

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SCENE III.

Windsor Castle

Enter BOLINGBROKE as King, PERCY, and other LORDS

BOLINGBROKE.
Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found.
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes
And beat our watch and rob our passengers,
Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

Can't anyone tell me about my profligate son?
It's fully three moths since I last saw him.
If there's any curse hanging over me it's him.
I wish to God, my lords, that he could be found.
Ask in London, in the taverns there,
for they say he goes to them daily
with lawless vulgar companions,
the type, they say, who stand in alleyways
and beat the watchmen and rob travellers,
and he, lusty and unmanly youth,
thinks it is a point of honour to support
such a dissipated crew.

PERCY.
My lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

My Lord, I saw the Prince some two days ago,
and told him of the triumphs to be held at Oxford.

BOLINGBROKE.

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And what said the gallant?

And what did the brave lad say?

PERCY.
His answer was, he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

He said that he would go into the slums,
and take a glove from the lowest creature there
and wear it as a favour; and in that way
he would unseat the strongest challenger.

BOLINGBROKE.
As dissolute as desperate; yet through both
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

As dissipated as he is desperate; but I can see
through those qualities to see a better hope, which age
may happily bring to fruition. But who is this?

Enter AUMERLE amazed

AUMERLE.
Where is the King?

Where is the King?

BOLINGBROKE.
What means our cousin that he stares and looks
So wildly?

Why is our cousin staring and looking
so wild?

AUMERLE.
God save your Grace! I do beseech your Majesty,
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

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God save your Grace! I beg your Majesty
to let me speak with you in private.

BOLINGBROKE.
Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

Exeunt PERCY and LORDS

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Withdraw, and leave us alone.

What is the problem with you, cousin?

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

May my knees never leave the earth,
may my tongue become stuck to the roof of my mouth,
unless I'm given a pardon before I get up or speak.

BOLINGBROKE.
Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

Is your fault something you have planned or something you've done?
If it's the first, however awful it is,
to win your love hereafter I pardon you.

AUMERLE.
Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Then give me permission to lock the door,
so that no man can come in until I have told my story.

BOLINGBROKE.

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Have thy desire.

Do as you wish.

[The DUKE OF YORK knocks at the door and crieth]

YORK.
[Within] My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Look out, my lord; guard yourself;
you have a traitor in there with you.

BOLINGBROKE.
[Drawing] Villain, I'll make thee safe.

Villain, I'll finish you.

AUMERLE.
Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.

Stop your revenging hand; you have no reason to fear.

YORK.
[Within] Open the door, secure, foolhardy King.
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Open the door, overconfident, foolhardy king.
Shall I, out of love, speak treason to your face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter YORK

BOLINGBROKE.
What is the matter, uncle? Speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

What is the matter, uncle? Speak;
get your breath back; tell us how close the danger is,
so that we can arm ourselves in preparation.

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YORK.
Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Read this writing here, and you will know
of the treason I cannot show in my hurry.

AUMERLE.
Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd.
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Remember, as you read, the promise you have given.
I have repented; don't read my name there;
my heart is no longer in league with my hand.

YORK.
It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

It was, villain, when your hand wrote it down.
I ripped it from the traitor's heart, King;
it's fear, not love, which makes him regretful.
Do not pity him, in case your pity becomes
a serpent that will sting you to your heart.

BOLINGBROKE.
O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

Oh terrible, strong and bold conspiracy!
Oh loyal father of a treacherous son!

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You high, perfect, silver fountain,
from which this stream has run
through muddy passages and polluted itself!
Your excessive good has converted itself to evil;
and your great goodness will excuse
this terrible stain in your wayward son.

YORK.
So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies.
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

So my virtue becomes the pimp for his vice,
and he diminishes my honour with his shame,
like profligate sons spending their hard-working fathers' gold.
My honour will live on when his dishonour is dead,
or in his dishonour my life is shamed;
you're killing me with his life–letting him breathe,
the traitor lives, the true man is put to death.

DUCHESS.
[Within]What ho, my liege, for God's sake, let me
in.

Hello, my lord, for God's sake, let me in!

BOLINGBROKE.
What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

What shrill voiced petitioner is making this great racket?

DUCHESS.
[Within] A woman, and thine aunt, great King; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door.
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

A woman, and your aunt, great king–it's me.
speak with me, pity me, open the door,

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someone is begging who has never begged before.

BOLINGBROKE.
Our scene is alt'red from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to 'The Beggar and the King.'
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in.
I know she is come to pray for your foul sin.

The scene has changed from a serious matter,
and has become “TheBeggar and the King".
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know she's come to intercede about your foul sin.

YORK.
If thou do pardon whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This fest'red joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

If you pardon anyone who begs you,
this forgiveness may engender more sins.
If you cut off this infected limb, the rest will remain sound;
if you leave it alone it will infect all the rest.

Enter DUCHESS

DUCHESS.
O King, believe not this hard-hearted man!
Love loving not itself, none other can.

King, don't believe this hardhearted man!
if you don't love your own offspring you can't love anyone.

YORK.
Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

You insane woman, what are you doing here?
Do you want to nourish yet another traitor?

DUCHESS.
Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege.

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Sweet York, be calm. Listen to me, gentle lord.

[Kneels]

BOLINGBROKE.
Rise up, good aunt.

Get up, good aunt.

DUCHESS.
Not yet, I thee beseech.
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Not yet, I beg you.
I will always walk on my knees;
and never know happiness again
until you give it to me; until you give me happiness
by pardoning Rutland, my wayward boy.

AUMERLE.
Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.

I second my mother's prayers by kneeling.

[Kneels]

YORK.
Against them both, my true joints bended be.
[Kneels]
Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

And I kneel in opposition to them both.
May things go badly for you, if you show any forgiveness!

DUCHESS.
Pleads he in earnest? Look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast.

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He prays but faintly and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside.
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees still kneel till to the ground they grow.
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayer ought to have.

Is he serious? Look at his face;
there are no tears in his eyes, his please are a joke;
his words come from his mouth, ours from our hearts.
He's only praying weakly and wants to be rejected;
we are praying with heart and soul and everything else.
I know he would gladly get off his knees;
ours shall stay kneeling until they grow into the ground.
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
ours have true passion and deep integrity.
Our prayers are out praying his; so grant them
the mercy which true prayer ought to gain.

BOLINGBROKE.
Good aunt, stand up.

Good aunt, stand up.

DUCHESS.
Do not say 'stand up';
Say 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say 'pardon,' King; let pity teach thee how.
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.

Do not say ‘stand up’;
First say you have pardoned him, then tell me to stand up.
If I were your nurse, teaching you to speak,
‘pardon’ would be the first word you learned.
I never longed to hear a word until now;
say ‘pardon,’ King; let pity teach you how.

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The word is short, but not as short as it is sweet;
‘pardon' is the most fitting word for the mouth of a king.

YORK.
Speak it in French, King, say 'pardonne moy.'

Says in French, King, say ' pardonne moy.'

DUCHESS.
Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sets the word itself against the word!
Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there;
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse.

Are you trying to teach forgiveness to destroy forgiveness?
Ah, my sour husband, my hardhearted Lord,
who puts one word against another!
Say ‘pardon’ the way we say it in our country;
the changing French we do not understand.
Your eye begins to show pity, let your tongue copy it;
or put your pitying heart in your ear,
so that on hearing our pleas and prayers
pity can make you say ‘pardon’.

BOLINGBROKE.
Good aunt, stand up.

Good aunt, stand up.

DUCHESS.
I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

I am not pleading to be allowed to stand;
pardon is the only thing I'm interested in.

BOLINGBROKE.

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I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

DUCHESS.
O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear. Speak it again.
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Oh the happy advantage gained from kneeling!
But I am sick with fear. Say it again.
Saying pardon twice does not divide it,
it makes it stronger.

BOLINGBROKE.
With all my heart
I pardon him.

With all my heart
I pardon him.

DUCHESS.
A god on earth thou art.

You are God on earth.

BOLINGBROKE.
But for our trusty brother-in-law and the Abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are.
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell; and, cousin, adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Apart from my trusty brother-in-law and the Abbot,
all the rest who are mixed up in this plot
shall find themselves destroyed at once.
Good uncle, help to send various forces

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to Oxford, or wherever these traitors are.
They shall not live in this world, I swear,
without me catching them, once I know where they are.
Uncle, farewell; and, cousin, goodbye;
your mother has prayed well, show you deserve it.

DUCHESS.
Come, my old son; I pray God make thee new.

Come, my old son; I pray to God to make you new.

Exeunt

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SCENE IV.

Windsor Castle

Enter SIR PIERCE OF EXTON and a servant

EXTON.
Didst thou not mark the King, what words he spake?
'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?'
Was it not so?

Didn't you notice the King, the words he spoke?
“Is there no friend who will rid me of this threat?"
Was that it?

SERVANT.
These were his very words.

Those were his very words.

EXTON.
'Have I no friend?' quoth he. He spake it twice
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?

“Have I no friend?" he said. He said it twice
and insisted on it twice, didn't he?

SERVANT.
He did.

He did.

EXTON.
And, speaking it, he wishtly look'd on me,
As who should say 'I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart';
Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come, let's go.
I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe.

And, when he said it, he looked at me hopefully,
as if he was saying, “I wish you were the man

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who could remove the cloud hanging over me";
he meant the King at Pomfret. Come, let's go.
I am the King's friend, and will get rid of his enemy.

Exeunt

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SCENE V.

Pomfret Castle. The dungeon of the Castle

Enter KING RICHARD

KING RICHARD.
I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world
And, for because the world is populous
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it. Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word,
As thus: 'Come, little ones'; and then again,
'It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.'
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penury

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Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. But whate'er I be,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd
With being nothing.[The music plays]
Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time. How sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans which strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell. So sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack of the clock.
This music mads me. Let it sound no more;
For though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

I have been thinking how I might compare
this prison where I live to the world;
and, because the world is full of people
and there is nobody here but myself,
I cannot do it. But I will puzzle it out.
My brain will be the female to my soul,
which will be the father, and these two will create
a generation of multiplying thoughts,

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and the same thoughts will fill up this little world,
with temperaments like the people of this world;
for no thought is happy. The better sort,
like thoughts of heavenly things, are mixed up
with scruples, and set one thing
against another, such as
“Come, little ones"; and then again,
“It is as hard to come to me as for a camel
to go through the eye of a needle".
Ambitious thoughts, they yearn for
unlikely things: as if these plain weak nails
could tear a hole through the hard stone
of this hard world, these rough prison walls;
and as they cannot, they die in their prime.
Thoughts which lean towards happiness deceive themselves,
thinking that they are not the first ones to feel like this,
nor shall be the last–like foolish beggars
who, sitting in the stocks, consoled themselves
that many have and many will also sit there;
and this thought gives them a kind of comfort,
placing their own misfortunes on the back
of those who have suffered before them.
So in my one person I play many people,
and none of them are happy. Sometimes I am King,
then treason makes me wish that I was a beggar,
and so I am. Then crushing poverty
makes me think I was better when I was a king;
then I am the king again, and in a while
I remember that Bolingbroke has taken my kingship,
and straightaway I am nothing. But whatever I am,
not I, nor any man alive,
can be pleased with anything, until he is relieved
by being nothing.

Is that music I hear?
Hah, hah! Keep time–how sour sweet music is
when it doesn't keep to the beat!
That is what happens with the music of men's lives.
My situation gives me the sensitivity
to hear tunelessness and lack of rhythm;
if it wasn't for my current situation,
I wouldn't be able to hear the discord:

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I wasted time, and now time is wasting me;
for time is now telling the time by me;
my thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they mark
their passing in my eyes, the outward sign,
to which my finger, like the hand of the dial,
is still pointing, wiping tears from them.
Now Sir, the sound which indicates the hour
is the clamorous groans that come from my heart,
which is the bell–so sighs, and tears, and groans,
indicate the minutes, the times, and the hours. But my time
is going on without me, Bolingbroke has it,
while I stand here fooling, a figure on his clock.
This music angers me. Don't let it play any more;
for though it has helped madmen recover their wits,
with me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet I bless the heart of the one who gives it to me,
for it is a sign of love; and love for Richard
is a rare jewel in this all hating world.

Enter a GROOM of the stable

GROOM.
Hail, royal Prince!

Greetings, royal Prince!

KING RICHARD.
Thanks, noble peer!
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Thank you, noble peer!
The cheapest Prince is ten groats too dear.
Who are you? And why have you come here,
where no man ever comes but for that sad dog
who brings me food to keep misfortune alive?

GROOM.
I was a poor groom of thy stable, King,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,

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With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it ern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary-
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

I was a poor groom in your stable, King,
when you were King; I was travelling to York
and, with much fuss, got permission
to look on the face of my one-time royal master.
Oh, how it grieved my heart, when I saw,
in the streets of London, that coronation day,
when Bolingbrokerode on Barbary, the roan horse–
the horse that you rode so often,
the horse that I so carefully groomed!

KING RICHARD.
Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Did he ride on Barbary? Tell me, sweet friend,
how did he perform?

GROOM.
So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

As proudly as if he didn't want to touch the ground.

KING RICHARD.
So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! Why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spurr'd, gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

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So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That nag ate bread from my royal hand;
that hand made him proud by stroking him.
Couldn't he stumble? Couldn't he fall down,
since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
of the proud man who stole his position on his back?
I forgive you, horse! Why do I criticise you,
since you, created to be subservient to man,
were born to carry? I was not born a horse;
and yet I carry a burden like an ass,
spurred, whipped and exhausted by bouncing Bolingbroke.

Enter KEEPER with meat

KEEPER.
Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

Fellow, on your way; you can't stay here any longer.

KING RICHARD.
If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

If you love me, it's time you went away.

GROOM.
My tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

My tongue does not dare to say what my heart feels.

Exit

KEEPER.
My lord, will't please you to fall to?

My lord, will you please tuck in?

KING RICHARD.
Taste of it first as thou art wont to do.

Taste it first as you usually do.

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KEEPER.
My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from the King, commands the contrary.

My Lord, I don't dare. Sir Pierce of Exton,
who arrived recently from the King, orders me not to.

KING RICHARD.
The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Made the devil take Henry of Lancaster and you!
I am sick of being patient.

[Beats the KEEPER]

KEEPER.
Help, help, help!

Help, help, help!

The murderers, EXTON and servants, rush in, armed

KING RICHARD.
How now! What means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[Snatching a weapon and killing one]
Go thou and fill another room in hell.
[He kills another, then EXTON strikes him down]
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
[Dies]

What's this! Why is death attacking me in this rough manner?
Villain, you are carrying the means of your own death.

Go and fill another room in hell.

The hand that strikes me down like that shall burn

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in eternal fire. Exton, your fierce hand
has stained the King's own land with the King's blood.
Climb, climb, my soul! Your seat is in heaven;
while my heavy body falls down, to die here.

EXTON.
As full of valour as of royal blood.
Both have I spill'd. O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear.
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

As full of bravery as of royal blood.
I have spilled both. Oh, I hope this is a good deed!
For now the devil, who told me I was doing the right thing,
says that this deed has been noted in hell.
I'll take this dead king to the living king.
Take the others out, and bury them here.

Exeunt

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SCENE VI.

Windsor Castle

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, the DUKE OF YORK, With other LORDS
and attendants

BOLINGBROKE.
Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Ciceter in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?

Kind uncle York, the latest news I've heard
is that the rebels have burnt down
our town of Cirencester in Gloucestershire;
but whether they have been captured or killed I have not heard.

Welcome, my lord. What's the news?

NORTHUMBERLAND.
First, to thy sacred state wish I all
happiness.
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

Firstly, to your holy majesty I wish all happiness.
The next news is, I have sent the heads of Salisbury, Spencer,
Blunt and Kent to London. The circumstances of their capture
are fully explained in this paper here.

BOLINGBROKE.
We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

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I thank you, kind Percy, for your efforts;
you shall be rewarded for them.

Enter FITZWATER

FITZWATER.
My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

My lord, I have sent the heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely
from Oxford to London;
two of the dangerous plotting traitors
who tried to fatally overthrow you at Oxford.

BOLINGBROKE.
Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Your efforts, Fitzwater, will not be forgotten;
I know that you are richly deserving.

Enter PERCY, With the BISHOP OF CARLISLE

PERCY.
The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

The great conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
consumed by guilt and depression,
has given his body up to the grave;
but here is Carlisle, still alive, to suffer
your kingly sentence, and the punishment for his pride.

BOLINGBROKE.
Carlisle, this is your doom:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,

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More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife;
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Carlisle, this is your punishment:
find some secret place, some respectable room,
bigger than you have now, and enjoy your life in it.
As long as you live in peace, you will die peacefully;
for although you have always been my enemy
I have seen great signs of honour in you.

Enter EXTON, with attendants, hearing a coffin

EXTON.
Great King, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear. Herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Great King, I present to you inside this coffin
the fear which was hanging over you. Inside here, dead,
lies the mightiest of your great enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, brought here by me.

BOLINGBROKE.
Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton, I do not thank you; for you have committed
a deed with your killing hand which stains
my reputation and this whole land.

EXTON.
From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

My lord, I did this thing on your orders.

BOLINGBROKE.
They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee. Though I did wish him dead,

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I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour;
With Cain go wander thorough shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent.
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after; grace my mournings here
In weeping after this untimely bier.

Those who need poison do not love poison,
and I do not love you. Though I wanted him dead,
I hate the murderer and love his victim.
You can take guilt as the payment for your efforts,
but you do not have my good word nor my princely favour;
go and wander through the shades of night with Cain,
and never show your face by day or by light.
Lords, I tell you that my soul is full of sorrow
that I should profit through the spilling of blood.
Come and mourn with me for that which I lament,
and put on mourning clothes at once.
I shall make a voyage to the Holy Land,
to wash this blood off my guilty hands.
March sadly afterwards; dignify my mourning
by weeping as you follow this too early funeral.

Exeunt

The End

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King Richard III

In Plain and Simple English

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Characters

EDWARD THE FOURTH

Sons to the King
EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES afterwards KING EDWARD V
RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK,

Brothers to the King
GEORGE, DUKE OF CLARENCE,
RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, afterwards KING RICHARD III

A YOUNG SON OF CLARENCE (Edward, Earl of Warwick)

HENRY, EARL OF RICHMOND, afterwards KING HENRY VII

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

JOHN MORTON, BISHOP OF ELY

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

DUKE OF NORFOLK

EARL OF SURREY, his son

EARL RIVERS, brother to King Edward's Queen

MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, her sons

EARL OF OXFORD

LORD HASTINGS

LORD LOVEL

LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN

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SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY

SIR JAMES TYRREL

SIR JAMES BLOUNT

SIR WALTER HERBERT

SIR WILLIAM BRANDON

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

SHERIFF OF WILTSHIRE

HASTINGS, a pursuivant

TRESSEL and BERKELEY, gentlemen attending on Lady Anne

ELIZABETH, Queen to King Edward IV

MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI

DUCHESS OF YORK, mother to King Edward IV

LADY ANNE, widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester

A YOUNG DAUGHTER OF CLARENCE (Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury)

Ghosts, of Richard's victims
Lords, Gentlemen, and Attendants; Priest, Scrivener, Page,

Bishops,
Aldermen, Citizens, Soldiers, Messengers, Murderers, Keeper

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SCENE: England

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ACT I

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SCENE 1.

London. A street

Enter RICHARD, DUKE OF RICHARD, solus

RICHARD.
Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I-that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass-
I-that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph-
I-that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them-
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King

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In deadly hate the one against the other;
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up-
About a prophecy which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul. Here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY

Brother, good day. What means this armed guard
That waits upon your Grace?

Now this miserable time
has been made wonderful by Edward;
and all the clouds that were hanging over our family
have sunk back into the sea.
Now our foreheads carry victorious wreaths,
our battered weapons are hung up as memorials,
great chaos has been changed to pleasant greetings,
grim marches to delightful music.
The terrible face of war has been smoothed over:
and now, instead of mounting armoured horses
to terrify his fearful enemies,
he dances lightly in a lady's bedroom
to the sexy music of a lute.
But I was not made for those flirtatious games,
or to look in the mirror of love;
I am poorly made and don't have the
wherewithal to dance in front of a amorously inclined lass:
I, who haven't been given the correct proportions,
who has been cheated of looks by deceitful Nature,
deformed, unfinished, sent into the world only
half made, before my time–
and I am so lame and unfashionable
that dogs bark at me if I stopnear them–
why, I, in this time of songs of peace,
have no pleasure to pass away the time,
unless it is to see my shadow on the ground,
and sing a song about my own deformities.
And therefore, since I cannot be a lover
to suit these pleasant days,

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I am determined I will be a villain,
and despise the idle pleasures of others.
I have constructed a plot, with a dangerous beginning,
through drunken prophesies, lies, and dreams,
to make my brother Clarence and the King
develop a deadly hatred for each other:
and if King Edward is as true and just
as I am cunning, lying, and treacherous,
then today Clarence should be imprisoned
due to a prophecy, which says that 'G'
will murder Edward's heirs–
I will bury my thoughts deep in my soul: here comes Clarence.

Good day, brother; why are you accompanied
by this armed guard?

CLARENCE.
His Majesty,
Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to th' Tower.

His Majesty,
out of concern for my safety, has appointed
this escort to take me to the Tower.

RICHARD.
Upon what cause?

For what reason?

CLARENCE.
Because my name is George.

Because my name is George.

RICHARD.
Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should, for that, commit your godfathers.
O, belike his Majesty hath some intent
That you should be new-christ'ned in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? May I know?

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Alas, my lord, that's no fault of yours:
he should imprison your godfathers for that.
Perhaps his Majesty has some plan
for you to be newly christened in the Tower.
But what's the problem, Clarence? May I know?

CLARENCE.
Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not; but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these
Hath mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

You shall know, Richard, when I do; for I tell you
that at the moment I don't; all I can discover is that
he has been listening to prophecies and dreams,
and out of the alphabet he has picked the letter G,
and says that a wizard told him that G
would disinherit his children;
and, as my name George begins with G,
he thinks that I must be that person.
It's this, and things like this, so I hear,
that has made his Highness imprison me now.

RICHARD.
Why, this it is when men are rul'd by women:
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is delivered?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

Why, this is what happens when men are ruled by women:
it's not the king who's sending you to the Tower;

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it's his wife, Lady Grey, Clarence, it's her
who has encouraged this absurdity.
Wasn't it her and that good holy man,
Antony Woodville, her brother,
that made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
from which he was released today?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

CLARENCE.
By heaven, I think there is no man is secure
But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her, for her delivery?

By heaven, I don't think anyone's safe
apart from the Queen's family and the nightly messengers
who go between the King and Mistress Shore.
Haven't you heard how humbly Lord Hastings
begged her for her forgiveness?

RICHARD.
Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what-I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

Humbly begging to her
got the Lord Chamberlain his freedom.
I tell you what, I think the best way for us
to keep the goodwill of the King
is to put ourselves at her service:
the jealous queen and her,
since our brother made them gentlewomen,
are great influences on the King.

BRAKENBURY.
I beseech your Graces both to pardon me:

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His Majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

I must ask your Graces to both excuse me:
his Majesty has given strict orders
that nobody is to speak privately with
your brother under any circumstances.

RICHARD.
Even so; an't please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man; we say the King
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the Queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
How say you, sir? Can you deny all this?

Very well; if you want to, Brakenbury,
you can listen to anything we say:
we are not discussing treason, man; we say the King
is wise and virtuous, and his noble Queen
nicely mature, fair and not jealous;
we say that Shore's wife is graceful,
with red lips, merry eyes, and she speaks well;
and that the Queen's relatives are made into gentlefolk.
What do you say to that, sir? Can you deny all this?

BRAKENBURY.
With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.

This is nothing to do with me, my lord.

RICHARD.
Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee,
fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly alone.

Nothing to do with Mistress Shore! I tell you, fellow,

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that anyone doing 'nothing' with her, apart from one,
would be well advised to do it in secret.

BRAKENBURY.
What one, my lord?

Who is the one, my lord?

RICHARD.
Her husband, knave! Wouldst thou betray me?

Her husband, scoundrel! Do you want to get me into trouble?

BRAKENBURY.
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me, and
withal
Forbear your conference with the noble Duke.

I beg your Grace to excuse me, and also
to stop talking with the noble duke.

CLARENCE.
We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will
obey.

We know your orders, Brakenbury, and will obey.

RICHARD.
We are the Queen's abjects and must obey.
Brother, farewell; I will unto the King;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in-
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister-
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Everybody must submit to the Queen.
Brother, farewell; I will go to the king;
and whatever service you want from me–
if you asked me to call King Edward's widow my sister–
I will do it to win your freedom.
In the meanwhile, this insult to our family

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affects me more than you can imagine.

CLARENCE.
I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

I know neither of us are happy about it.

RICHARD.
Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver or else lie for you.
Meantime, have patience.

Well, you won't be locked up for long;
I will free you or I'll take your place.
In the meantime, be patient.

CLARENCE.
I must perforce. Farewell.
Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and guard

I have no choice. Farewell.

RICHARD.
Go tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.
Simple, plain Clarence, I do love thee so
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? The new-delivered Hastings?

Go and walk the path from which you will never return.
Plain, simple Clarence, I love you so
that I will shortly send your soul to heaven,
if heaven will take the gift from me.
But who is this? The newly freed Hastings?

Enter LORD HASTINGS

HASTINGS.
Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

A very good day to my gracious lord!

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RICHARD.
As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

And the same to my good Lord Chamberlain!
I'm pleased to welcome you to freedom.
How did your lordship cope with imprisonment?

HASTINGS.
With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Patiently, noble lord, as prisoners have to;
but I shall make sure I repay those, my lord,
who caused my imprisonment.

RICHARD.
No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

No doubt, no doubt; and Clarence will as well;
for those who were your enemies are his,
and have treated him just as badly as you.

HASTINGS.
More pity that the eagles should be mew'd
Whiles kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

It's a great shame that eagles get locked up
while kites and buzzards are free to prey.

RICHARD.
What news abroad?

What news is there abroad?

HASTINGS.
No news so bad abroad as this at home:
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,

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And his physicians fear him mightily.

There's no news as bad as the news at home:
the King is sickly, weak and depressed,
and his doctors are very worried for him.

RICHARD.
Now, by Saint John, that news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long
And overmuch consum'd his royal person!
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he? In his bed?

Now, by St John, that news is certainly bad.
His lifestyle has been poor for too long,
he's worn out his royal body with excess!
It's very sad to think of.
Where is he? In his bed?

HASTINGS.
He is.

He is.

RICHARD.
Go you before, and I will follow you.
Exit HASTINGS
He cannot live, I hope, and must not die
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in to urge his hatred more to Clarence
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live;
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father;
The which will I-not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent
By marrying her which I must reach unto.

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But yet I run before my horse to market.
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

You go on ahead, and I will follow you.

I hope he will not live, but he must not die
before George has been hastened up to heaven.
I'll encourage Clarence's hatred of him
with lies backed up with stern arguments;
and, if my cunning plans succeed,
Clarence does not have another day to live;
once that's done, may God take King Edward also
and leave the world free for me.
Then I will marry Warwick's youngest daughter–
who cares if I killed her husband and her father?
The best way to make it up to the girl
would be to become her husband, and her father:
which I will, not so much for love
as for another secret plan,
which I need to marry her to fulfil.
But I'm getting ahead of myself:
Clarence is still alive, so is Edward and he is still king;
I must count my gains when they are gone.

Exit

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SCENE 2.

London. Another street

Enter corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, with halberds to guard it;
LADY ANNE being the mourner, attended by TRESSEL and BERKELEY

ANNE.
Set down, set down your honourable load-
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse;
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds.
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch
That makes us wretched by the death of thee
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view,
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him
Than I am made by my young lord and thee!
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And still as you are weary of this weight

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Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.
[The bearers take up the coffin]

Put down your honourable burden
(if one can be found on a hearse)
while I set the example of mourning
for the untimely death of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor stone dead image of a holy King,
the pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
you bloodless remains of that royal line:
May it be lawful for me to plead with your ghost
to hear the sorrowing of poor Anne,
the wife of your Edward, your slaughtered son,
stabbed by the same hand that wounded you.
Into these wounds that killed you
I pour my useless tears.
Curses on the hand that made these wounds;
cursed be the heart that could bring itself to do it;
May the blood of the bloodletter be cursed.
I wish for worse to happen to that horrible wretch,
who has made us wretched with your death,
than I wish to adders, spiders, toads,
or any creeping poisonous thing alive.
If he ever has a child, may it be an abortion:
monstrous, born too early,
with an ugly unnatural look
which terrifies the mother to see it,
and may it inherit his unhappiness.
If he ever marries, let his death
make her more miserable than
I am made by that of my young lord, and you.
Come, bring your holy burden to Chertsey,
taken from St Paul's to be buried there;
and whenever you get tired of the weight
you can rest, while I lament for King Henry's body.

Enter RICHARD

RICHARD.
Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Wait, you carrying that corpse, put it down.

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ANNE.
What black magician conjures up this fiend
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

What black magician has summoned up this devil
to stop kind and devoted deeds?

RICHARD.
Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!

Villains, put down the corpse; or, I swear by St Paul,
I'll make a corpse of the one who disobeys!

FIRST GENTLEMAN.
My lord, stand back, and let the coffin
pass.

My Lord, stand back and let the coffin pass.

RICHARD.
Unmannerd dog! Stand thou, when I command.
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Rude dog! You stop when I order.
Stop pointing your spear at me,
or, by St Paul, I'll knock you to the ground
and grind you with my heel, beggar, for your impudence.

[The bearers set down the coffin]

ANNE.
What, do you tremble? Are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

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What, are you trembling? Are you all afraid?
Alas, I do not blame you, for you are mortal,
and the eyes of mortals cannot bear the sight of the devil.
Away with you, you foul Minister of hell!
You only have power over his mortal body,
you cannot have his soul; so, go.

RICHARD.
Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Sweet saint, be kind, don't be so harsh.

ANNE.
Foul devil, for God's sake, hence and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O, gentlemen, see, see! Dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins where no blood dwells;
Thy deeds inhuman and unnatural
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heav'n, with lightning strike the murd'rer dead;
Or, earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered.

Foul devil, for God's sake, go away and don't bother us;
you have turned the happy earth into hell,
filling it with screams and curses.
If you enjoy seeing your horrible deeds,
look at this example of your butchery.
Oh gentlemen, look, look! The wounds of dead Henry
have reopened and are bleeding again.
Blush, blush, you foul twisted lump,
it’s your presence that makes this blood run
from cold and empty veins where there is no blood;

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your inhuman and unnatural deeds
have caused this unnatural flood.
O God, who made this blood, revenge his death!
O Earth, which drinks this blood, revenge his death!
Let either heaven strike the murderer dead with lightning,
or let the Earth open wide and consume him as quickly
as you have swallowed up the blood of this good king,
whom his devilish hand butchered.

RICHARD.
Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Lady, you are not being kind,
you should give back good for bad, blessings for curses.

ANNE.
Villain, thou knowest nor law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Villain, you don't obey the laws of God or man:
there is no animal so fierce that he doesn't feel some pity.

RICHARD.
But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

But I feel no pity, and so I am not an animal.

ANNE.
O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Amazing, when devils tell the truth!

RICHARD.
More wonderful when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes to give me leave
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

More amazing when angels are so angry.
Explain, you heavenly perfect woman,
what crimes I'm supposed to have committed,

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so that I can give you proof of my innocence.

ANNE.
Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
Of these known evils but to give me leave
By circumstance to accuse thy cursed self.

I will explain, you disease of a man,
the well-known facts of the matter just to
give myself permission to accuse you.

RICHARD.
Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Lady more beautiful than words can say,
give me a chance to excuse myself.

ANNE.
Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current but to hang thyself.

Man uglier than the heart could imagine,
the only way you could excuse yourself this is by hanging yourself.

RICHARD.
By such despair I should accuse myself.

If I did such a thing I would be accusing myself.

ANNE.
And by despairing shalt thou stand excused
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

And by doing it you would be acquitted
for taking proper revenge on yourself
who unjustly slaughtered others.

RICHARD.
Say that I slew them not?

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What if it wasn't me who killed them?

ANNE.
Then say they were not slain.
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Then they wouldn't be dead.
But they are dead, and, devil's slave, you killed them.

RICHARD.
I did not kill your husband.

I didn't kill your husband.

ANNE.
Why, then he is alive.

Well then, he must still be alive.

RICHARD.
Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.

No, he is dead, and killed by Edward.

ANNE.
In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murd'rous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

You're lying through your foul throat: Queen Margaret saw
your murderous sword covered with his warm blood;
the same sword that you tried to stab her with,
but your brothers pushed the point away.

RICHARD.
I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

I was provoked by the lies she told,
which placed guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

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ANNE.
Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dream'st on aught but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king?

You were provoked by your vicious mind,
that never thinks of anything but murder.
Did you not kill this king?

RICHARD.
I grant ye.

I grant you that.

ANNE.
Dost grant me, hedgehog? Then, God grant me to
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

You grant me that, hedgehog? Then, may God grant me
that you will be dammed for that wicked deed!
Oh, he was gentle, mild and good!

RICHARD.
The better for the King of Heaven, that hath
him.

Then he'll be well suited to the King of Heaven,
who has him now.

ANNE.
He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

He is in heaven, where you will never go.

RICHARD.
Let him thank me that holp to send him
thither,
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

He should thank me for helping to send him there,
he was more suited to that place than to Earth.

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ANNE.
And thou unfit for any place but hell.

And you are unsuited for any place apart from hell.

RICHARD.
Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

There is one place, if you will let me name it.

ANNE.
Some dungeon.

Some dungeon.

RICHARD.
Your bed-chamber.

Your bedroom.

ANNE.
Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

May there be no rest in any room where you sleep!

RICHARD.
So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

That's how it will be, madam,until I sleep with you.

ANNE.
I hope so.

That's what I hope.

RICHARD.
I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a slower method-
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,

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As blameful as the executioner?

I know this is how it will be. But, gentle Lady Anne,
let us leave off this sharp banter,
and talk more reasonably–
hasn't the person who caused these untimely deaths
of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
as much to blame as the executioner?

ANNE.
Thou wast the cause and most accurs'd effect.

You were the cause and the cursed effect.

RICHARD.
Your beauty was the cause of that effect-
Your beauty that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

It was your beauty that caused the effect–
your beauty that haunted me in my sleep
making me want to kill the whole world
if it meant I could spend one hour with you.

ANNE.
If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

If I thought that was true, I tell you, murderer,
that I would tear my looks to bits with my nails.

RICHARD.
These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it if I stood by.
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

My eyes could not tolerate the wreck of your beauty;
if I was there you would not be allowed to damage it.
It cheers up my whole day, my whole life
in the same way the world is cheered by the sun.

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ANNE.
Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

May black night overshadow your day, and death your life!

RICHARD.
Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Do not curse yourself, beautiful creature; you are my day and my life.

ANNE.
I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

I wish I was, so I could get revenge on you.

RICHARD.
It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

It's most unnatural to want to
take revenge on someone who loves you.

ANNE.
It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

It's entirely just and reasonable to want
to have revenge on the person who killed my husband.

RICHARD.
He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Lady, the one who took your husband away,
did it so you could find a better husband.

ANNE.
His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

There isn't a better one alive.

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RICHARD.
He lives that loves thee better than he could.

There is someone alive who loves you better than he could.

ANNE.
Name him.

Name him.

RICHARD.
Plantagenet.

Plantagenet.

ANNE.
Why, that was he.

Why, that was his name.

RICHARD.
The self-same name, but one of better nature.

The exact same name, but better made.

ANNE.
Where is he?

Where is he?

RICHARD.
Here.[She spits at him]Why dost thou spit
at me?

Here. Why are you spitting on me?

ANNE.
Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

I wish it was fatal poison, to get you!

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RICHARD.
Never came poison from so sweet a place.

No poison ever came from such a sweet place.

ANNE.
Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! Thou dost infect mine eyes.

And poison never hit a more horrible toad.
Get out of my sight! Thesight of you infects my eyes.

RICHARD.
Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Your eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

ANNE.
Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead!

I wish I had eyes like a basilisk, to strike you dead!

RICHARD.
I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops-
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks
Like trees bedash'd with rain-in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;
But, now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,

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My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[She looks scornfully at him]
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword]
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry-
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward-
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[She falls the sword]
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

I wish they were, so I could die at once;
for seeing them now is a living death.
Those eyes of yours have drawn salt tears from mine,
shamed them with these childish drops;
these eyes, which never shed a tear of remorse,
not when my father York and Edward wept
to hear the terrible moans of Rutland
when black faced Clifford attacked him with his sword;
nor when your warlike father told me the
sad story of my father's death, and like a child,
twenty times had to pause and weep,
so that the cheeks of all the bystanders were soaked
like trees covered with rain. At that sad time
my manly eyes refused to shed low tears;
and your beauty has drawn out these things
which those sorrows could not, and you have made me blind with weeping.
I never begged either friend or enemy:
my tongue has never learnt how to speak smooth sweet words;
but now I am trying to gain your beauty,
my proud heart begs, and makes my tongue speak.
[She looks scornfully at him]
Don't curl your lip like that, for it was made
for kissing, lady, not to show such contempt.

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If your vengeful heart can't forgive me,
here, I will lend you this sharp pointed sword,
and if you want to you can bury it into my
true heart, and release the soul of he who adores you,
I expose it here to the deadly blow,
and humbly beg for death on my knees.
[He exposes his chest and she points the sword at it]
No, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry–
but it was your beauty that inspired me.
No, do it: it was I who stabbed young Edward–
but it was your heavenly face that made me do it.
[She drops the sword]
Either pick up the sword or accept me.

ANNE.
Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Get up, deceiver; although I want you dead,
I will not be your executioner.

RICHARD.
Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Then tell me to kill myself, and I will do it.

ANNE.
I have already.

I have told you already.

RICHARD.
That was in thy rage.
Speak it again, and even with the word
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

That was when you were angry.
Tell me again, and as soon as you say it
this hand, which killed your love to get your love,
will, for love of you, kill a much truer love;

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you will be accessory to both their deaths.

ANNE.
I would I knew thy heart.

I wish I knew what's in your heart.

RICHARD.
'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

You've heard what I have said.

ANNE.
I fear me both are false.

I fear both your heart and your tongue are false.

RICHARD.
Then never was man true.

Then no man was ever true.

ANNE.
Well, put up your sword.

Well, put away your sword.

RICHARD.
Say, then, my peace is made.

Then tell me that we are friends.

ANNE.
That shalt thou know hereafter.

You will know that afterwards.

RICHARD.
But shall I live in hope?

But can I have hopes?

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ANNE.
All men, I hope, live so.

I hope that all men have hope.

RICHARD.
Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Agree to wear this ring.

ANNE.
To take is not to give. [Puts on the ring]

Taking is not giving.

RICHARD.
Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Look how my ringembraces your finger,
even as your breast embraces my poor heart;
wear both of them, as both of them are yours.
And if your poor devoted servant may
ask for just one favour from you,
you will make him happy forever.

ANNE.
What is it?

What is it?

RICHARD.
That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby House;
Where-after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears-

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I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

That you agree to leave these sad matters
to the one who has the most reason to be a mourner,
and go at once to Crosby House;
and after I have solemnly buried
this noble king at Chertsey monastery,
and wet his grave with my tears of repentance,
I will come to see you as soon as I can.
For many secret reasons, I beg you,
do me this favour.

ANNE.
With all my heart; and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

With all my heart; and it pleases me very much
to see that you are being so repentant.
Tressel and Berkeley, come along with me.

RICHARD.
Bid me farewell.

Give me your good wishes.

ANNE.
'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

It's more than you deserve;
but since you are teaching me how to flatter you,
imagine I have said farewell already.

Exeunt two GENTLEMEN With LADY ANNE

RICHARD.
Sirs, take up the corse.

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Sirs, pick up the body.

GENTLEMEN.
Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

And carry on to Chertsey, noble lord?

RICHARD.
No, to White Friars; there attend my coming.
Exeunt all but RICHARD
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her husband and his father-
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit at all
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman-
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royal-
The spacious world cannot again afford;
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halts and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while.
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marv'llous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body.
Since I am crept in favour with myself,

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I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

No, to Whitefriars; wait for me there.

Was a woman with these feelings ever wooed?
Was a woman with these feelings ever won?
I'll have her, but I won't keep her long.
What! I killed her husband and his father:
to win her when her hate for me is at its highest,
with curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
the bloody cause of her hatred close by,
with God, her conscience and these barriers
against me–
and I, with no friends to press my case
except for the devil and false looks–
and yet I can win her, and beat the world!
Ha!
Has she already forgotten that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I, some three months ago,
stabbed at Tewkesbury in my rage?
The world will never again see
as sweet or lovely a gentleman,
a great work of nature,
Young, brave, wise, and certainly royal.
And yet she will lower her eyes to me,
who made her a widow in a bed of sorrow?
She looks at me, whom the whole of cannot equal half of Edward?
On me, who limps and has this twisted body?
I bet my dukedom against a farthing,
I have been mistaken about my looks this whole time!
I swear on my life, she thinks–although I do not–
that I am a fine figure of a man.
I shall buy a looking glass,
and have a score or two of tailors
invent fashionable clothes for my body:
since I have now decided to like myself,
I shall keep my looks up with some expense.
But first I'll put this fellow in his grave,

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and then return, sorrowful, to my love.
Fair sun, shine out until I have bought a mirror,
so I can see my shadow as I go along.

Exit

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SCENE 3.

London. The palace

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and LORD GREY

RIVERS.
Have patience, madam; there's no doubt his Majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Be patient, madam: there's no doubt his Majesty
will soon be back to his normal self.

GREY.
In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse;
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

When he sees you think things are bad, it makes him worse;
therefore, for God's sake, comfort him
and cheer his Grace up by being merry.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
If he were dead, what would betide on me?

If he dies, what will happen to me?

GREY.
No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Nothing worse than the loss of such a husband.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

The loss of such a husband is the worst thing imaginable.

GREY.
The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son
To be your comforter when he is gone.

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The heavens have blessed you with a fine son
to look after you when he's gone.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Ah, he's young; and until he is grown he is
to be under the protection of Richard Gloucester,
a man who does not love me, nor any of you.

RIVER.
Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

Is it definite he will be the Protector?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
It is determin'd, not concluded yet;
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

It has been decided, but it's not definite yet;
but that's what must happen, if the king should die.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and DERBY

GREY.
Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Derby.

Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

BUCKINGHAM.
Good time of day unto your royal Grace!

Good day to your Royal Highness!

DERBY.
God make your Majesty joyful as you have been.

May God give your Majesty back her happiness.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

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The Countess Richmond, good my Lord
of Derby,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

My good Lord Derby, the Countess of Richmond
would hardly agree with your prayers.
But, Derby, despite the fact that she's your wife
and does not love me, I can assure you, my good lord,
that I don't hate you on account of her arrogance.

DERBY.
I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which I think proceeds
From wayward sickness and no grounded malice.

I beg you, either don't believe
the jealous lies offalse accusers;
or, if there are true accusations,
make allowances for her weakness, which I think comes
from a wandering mind, and no real hatred.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Saw you the King to-day, my Lord ofDerby?

Did you see the King today, Lord Derby?

DERBY.
But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

The Duke of Buckingham and I have
just come from visiting his Majesty.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
What likelihood of his amendment, Lords?

What chance is there of his recovery,

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my Lords?

BUCKINGHAM.
Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks
cheerfully.

A good chance I hope, madam; his Grace
is speaking cheerfully.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

May God give him health! Did you speak with him?

BUCKINGHAM.
Ay, madam; he desires to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Yes, madam; he wants to reconcile
the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
and them and the Lord Chamberlain;
and has summoned them to his royal presence.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Would all were well! But that will never be.
I fear our happiness is at the height.

I wish all was well! But it will never happen.
I fear this is as good as it will get.

Enter RICHARD, HASTINGS, and DORSET

RICHARD.
They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who is it that complains unto the King
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,

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Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

They have wronged me, and I will not tolerate it.
Who is it that complains to the King
that I, by God, am harsh and do not love them?
By holy Paul, those who fill the ears of his grace
with such disloyal rumours cannot love him much.
Because I do not flatter, and look sweet,
smile to men's faces, speak smoothly and deceptively,
grotesquely copy French manners,
this makes me an angry enemy.
Can't a simple man live, thinking no harm,
without his simple truth being abused
by these silky, cunning, ingratiating upstarts?

GREY.
To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Who of all the people here is your Grace speaking of?

RICHARD.
To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal Grace-
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!-
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

To you, who has neither honesty or grace.
When have I done you any harm? When I have I done you wrong,
you, or any of your party?
A plague on all of you! His royal Grace–
may God preserve him better than you would like!–
cannot lie quiet, hardly able to breathe, but
you must trouble him with your foolish complaints.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

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Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the
matter.
The King, on his own royal disposition
And not provok'd by any suitor else-
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself-
Makes him to send that he may learn the ground.

Brother of Gloucester, you are mistaken.
The King, through his own royal inclination,
and not encouraged by anybody else–
probably intending to investigate your inner hatred
that shows itself in your outward actions
against my children, brothers and myself–
has sent for you so he can ask for your reasons.

RICHARD.
I cannot tell; the world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

I can't tell; the world has become so bad
that wrens are hunting where eagles dare not perch.
Since every vulgar person became a gentleman,
there are many gentlemen who have become vulgar.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Come, come, we know your meaning,
brother Gloucester:
You envy my advancement and my friends';
God grant we never may have need of you!

Come now, we know what you're talking about, brother
Gloucester:
you are envious of my promotion and that of my friends;
may God grant that we never need to look for you for anything!

RICHARD.
Meantime, God grants that I have need of you.
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,

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Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce some two days since were worth a noble.

In the meantime, God has made it so that I need you.
My brother has been imprisonmened through your schemes,
I have been disgraced, and the nobility
held in contempt; while great promotions
are given daily to make nobles out of those
who two days ago were hardly worth a noble.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
By Him that rais'd me to this careful
height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his Majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

I swear by God who raised me to this onerous position
from the contented happiness I enjoyed,
I never turned his Majesty
against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
speaking on his behalf.
My Lord, these horrible suspicions of yours
do me a great injury.

RICHARD.
You may deny that you were not the mean
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

So you will deny that you were not the reason
for the recent imprisonment of my Lord Hastings.

RIVERS.
She may, my lord; for-

She can, my lord; for–

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RICHARD.
She may, Lord Rivers? Why, who knows
not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may-ay, marry, may she-

She can, Lord Rivers? Why, everybody knows that.
She may do more than deny that, sir:
she may help you to get many fine promotions
and then deny that she gave you a helping hand,
and say that you earned all those honours yourself.

RIVERS.
What, marry, may she?

May she indeed?

RICHARD.
What, marry, may she? Marry with a king,
A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.
Iwis your grandam had a worser match.

She may indeed. She can marry a King,
a bachelor, a handsome lad too.
I wish your grandmother had a lower match.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long
borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs.
By heaven, I will acquaint his Majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen with this condition-
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at.

Enter old QUEEN MARGARET, behind

Small joy have I in being England's Queen.

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My Lord of Gloucester, for too long I have tolerated
your blunt criticism and your bitter contempt.
By heaven, I shall tell his Majesty
of all those horrible taunts I have had to put up with.
I would rather be a serving maid in the country
than a great Queen, if it means having to
be treated with such angry contempt.

QUEEN MARGARET.
And less'ned be that small, God, I
beseech Him!
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

And I pray to God that he will stop!
Your honour, royalty and position are all due to me.

RICHARD.
What! Threat you me with telling of the
King?
Tell him and spare not. Look what I have said
I will avouch't in presence of the King.
I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tow'r.
'Tis time to speak-my pains are quite forgot.

What! Are you threatening me by saying you will tell the King?
Tell him, don't spare him. Everything I have says
I will swear to in the presence of the King.
I will chance being sent to the tower.
It is time to speak–my labours have been quite forgotten.

QUEEN MARGARET.
Out, devil! I do remember them to
well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Damn you, devil! I remember my labours all too well:
you killed my husband Henry in the Tower,
and Edward, my poor son, at Tewkesbury.

RICHARD.

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Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband
King,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs,
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood I spent mine own.

Before you were ever Queen, or your husband King,
I was his dogsbody in his great affairs,
I weeded out his proud enemies,
liberally rewarded his friends;
to make his blood royal I spilled my own.

QUEEN MARGARET.
Ay, and much better blood than his or
thine.

Yes, and much better blood than his or yours.

RICHARD.
In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

And all that time you and your husband Grey
were on the side of the house of Lancaster;
and, Rivers, so were you. Wasn't your husband
killed fighting for Margaret at St Albans?
Let me remind you, if you've forgotten,
what you were before now, and what you are now;
also, what I have been, and what I am.

QUEEN MARGARET.
A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

A murderous villain, and that's what you still are.

RICHARD.

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Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself-which Jesu pardon!-

Poor Clarence abandoned his father, Warwick,
yes, and perjured himself–may Jesus pardon him!–

QUEEN MARGARET.
Which God revenge!

May God avenge him!

RICHARD.
To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mewed up.
I would to God my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine.
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

To fight on Edward's side for the Crown;
and for his reward he is imprisoned.
I wish to God my heart was made of flint like Edward's,
or that Edward's was as soft and full of pity as mine.
I am too innocent for this world.

QUEEN MARGARET.
Hie thee to hell for shame and leave this
world,
Thou cacodemon; there thy kingdom is.

Go to hell in shame and leave this world,
you evil spirit; that's where your kingdom is.

RIVERS.
My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king.
So should we you, if you should be our king.

My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days
which you say caused us to be your enemies,
we followed our Lord, our sovereign king.
We should follow you, if you were king.

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RICHARD.
If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar.
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

If I were! I would rather be a beggar.
The thought of being king is far away from my heart!

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy were you this country's king,
As little joy you may suppose in me
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

You imagine, my lord, that you would get
little joy out of being the king of this country,
you may imagine I get the same lack of joy
from being the Queen of it.

QUEEN MARGARET.
As little joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. [Advancing]
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me.
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not that, I am Queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

She gets as little joy from it;
for I am her, and I have no joy at all.
I can no longer keep my patience.
Listen to me, you arguing thieves, who are falling out
in sharing what you have stolen from me.
Which of you can look upon me without trembling?
It's either because you are awed by me as my subjects
or scared of me because you are rebels.
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

RICHARD.
Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my

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sight?

Foul wrinkled witch, what are you doing in my presence?

QUEEN MARGARET.
But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make before I let thee go.

I am just explaining the damage you have done,
that I will make you pay for before I let you go.

RICHARD.
Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Weren't you banished on pain of death?

QUEEN MARGARET.
I was; but I do find more pain in
banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me;
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance.
This sorrow that I have by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

I was; but I find the punishment more painful
than any pain death could give me in my own home.
You owe me a husband and a son;
and you a kingdom; all of you loyalty.
The sorrow that I have is rightfully yours;
and all the pleasures you have stolen are mine.

RICHARD.
The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then to dry them gav'st the Duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland-
His curses then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

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The curse my noble father put on you,
when you put a paper crown on his soldier's head
and with your hatred drew tears from his eyes,
and then to dry them attacked the Duke
with the murder of the good blameless Rutland–
the curses he then gave you derived from
the bitterness of his soul have now fallen upon you;
and it's God, not me, who has punished your bloody deed.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
So just is God to right the innocent.

So God justly revenges the innocent.

HASTINGS.
O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Oh, it was the foulest deed to kill that baby,
the most merciless that has ever been heard of!

RIVERS.
Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Tyrants wept when they heard of it.

DORSET.
No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Everybody said punishment would come for it.

BUCKINGHAM.
Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Northumberland, who was there, wept to see it.

QUEEN MARGARET.
What, were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

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Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward our son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayest thou live to wail thy children's death,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many length'ned hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen!
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers. God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

What? Were you all snarling at each other before I came,
ready to grab each other by the throat,
and now you turn all your hatred on me?
Did York's dreadful curse have so much influence with heaven
that the death of Henry and my lovely Edward,
the loss of their kingdom, my sorrowful exile,
all have to happen to pay for that stroppy brat?
Can curses get through the clouds and into heaven?
Well then, dull clouds, get out of the way of my vigorous curses:
may your king die of excess, not through war,
as mine did of murder, to make him a king.
Edward your son, who is now Prince of Wales,
may he die in his youth through the same untimely violence
as that which Edward my son, who was Prince of Wales.
You, a Queen, in revenge for me who was a Queen,
may you outlive your glory as I wretchedly have:
may you live long to bemoan the death of your children,
and see someone else, as I see you now,
taking your rightful place, as you have taken mine;

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may your happiness die long before your death,
and after many long hours of grief may you
die neither a mother, a wife, nor the Queen of England.
Rivers and Dorset, you were bystanders,
and so were you, Lord Hastings, when my son
was stabbed with bloody daggers. I pray to God
that none of you may live to a normal age,
but will be cut off by some unexpected injury.

RICHARD.
Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd
hag.

Finish with your spell, you hateful withered hag.

QUEEN MARGARET.
And leave out thee? Stay, dog, for thou
shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog,
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell,
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb,
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested-

And leave you out? Wait, dog, for you will hear me.
If heaven has any terrible suffering in store
worse than that which I can wish upon you,
oh, let them keep it until your sins have reached their height,
and then let them hurl down their punishment
on you, who troubles the peace of this poor world!

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May the worm of conscience gnaw away at your soul!
May you suspect your friends of treachery while you are live,
and may your dearest friends be traitors!
May you never close your murderous eyes in sleep,
unless you suffer from terrible dreams
about a hell full of awful devils.
You are marked as a devil, you abortive snuffling pig,
who was marked at birth
as the slave of nature, and the son of health;
you are an insult to your poor mother's womb,
you are a hated child of your father's blood,
stained honour, you hated–

RICHARD.
Margaret!

Margaret!

QUEEN MARGARET.
Richard!

Richard!

RICHARD.
Ha?

What?

QUEEN MARGARET.
I call thee not.

I didn't call you.

RICHARD.
I cry thee mercy then, for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Then I must beg your pardon, for I thought
that you called me all those bitter names.

QUEEN MARGARET.
Why, so I did, but look'd for no reply.

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O, let me make the period to my curse!

Why, so I did, but I don't require an answer.
Oh, let me finish my curse!

RICHARD.
'Tis done by me, and ends in-Margaret.

It's finished as far as I'm concerned, and it shall curse Margaret.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Thus have you breath'd your curse
against yourself.

So you have cursed yourself.

QUEEN MARGARET.
Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my
fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

Poor fake Queen, false copy of my destiny!
Why are you being kind to that hunchbacked spider
whose deadly web surrounds you?
Fool, fool! You are sharpening the knife which will kill you.
The day will come when you will want me
to help you curse this poisonous hunchbacked toad.

HASTINGS.
False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

False prophesying woman, stop your frantic cursing,
in case you provoke us to lose our temper.

QUEEN MARGARET.
Foul shame upon you! you have all
mov'd mine.

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Foul shame on you! You have made me
lose mine.

RIVERS.
Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your
duty.

If you were well advised, you would learn your place.

QUEEN MARGARET.
To serve me well you all should do me
duty,
Teach me to be your queen and you my subjects.
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

You should properly all serve me,
and teach me to be your Queen and learn to be my subjects.
Oh, serve me well, and learn to do that!

DORSET.
Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

Don't argue with her; she's mad.

QUEEN MARGARET.
Peace, Master Marquis, you are malapert;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Peace, Master Marquis, you are impudent;
you have only just got your title, you hardly have authority.
I wish that with your new title you could understand
what it means to lose it and be miserable!
Those who have a high position are shaken by many events,
and if they fall they are smashed to pieces.

RICHARD.
Good counsel, marry; learn it, learn it, Marquis.

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Good advice indeed; learn it, learn it, Marquis.

DORSET.
It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

It applies just as much to you, my lord, as me.

RICHARD.
Ay, and much more; but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Yes, and more so; but I was so highborn
that our home is at the top of the cedar tree,
it plays with the wind, and ignores the sun.

QUEEN MARGARET.
And turns the sun to shade-alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.
O God that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it is won with blood, lost be it so!

And covers up the sun–alas! Alas!
Look at my son, now in the shadow of death,
whose brightness has all been covered up
by the eternal darkness of your cloudy anger.
You have built your home in our nest.
Oh God who sees it, do not tolerate it;
as it was won through blood, may it be lost in the same way!

BUCKINGHAM.
Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity!

Peace, peace, for shame, if not for kindness!

QUEEN MARGARET.
Urge neither charity nor shame to me.
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,

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And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame;
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Don't tell me to be either kind or ashamed.
You have dealt with me unkindly,
and you have shamefully kills all my hopes.
My kindness is horror, my life is my shame;
and in that shame, my sorrow still rages.

BUCKINGHAM.
Have done, have done.

Enough, enough.

QUEEN MARGARET.
O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy
hand
In sign of league and amity with thee.
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Oh princely Buckingham, I shall kiss your hand
as a sign of alliance and friendship with you.
May good things come to you and your noble house!
Your clothes are not stained with my family's blood,
and you don't come within the remit of my curse.

BUCKINGHAM.
Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Nor does anyone here; all curses ever do
are curse the one who utters them.

QUEEN MARGARET.
I will not think but they ascend the sky
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:

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Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

I believe that they will climb into the sky
and awake God from his peaceful sleep.
Oh Buckingham, look out for that dog there!
When he falls on you, he will bite you; and when he bites,
his poisonous teeth will give you a deadly infection:
have nothing to do with him, watch out for him;
sin, death, and hell, have all taken him for their own,
and all their ministers serve him.

RICHARD.
What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

What is she saying, my Lord Buckingham?

BUCKINGHAM.
Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Nothing I give any attention to, my gracious lord.

QUEEN MARGARET.
What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
counsel,
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess!
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

What, are you scorning my kind advice,
and soothing the devil I have warned you about?
Just remember this on another day,
when he will split your heart in two with sorrow,
and you will say poor Margaret was a prophetess!
May each of you suffer from his fate,
and may he suffer yours, and may all of you suffer God's!

Exit

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BUCKINGHAM.
My hair doth stand an end to hear her curses.

Her curses make my hair stand on end.

RIVERS.
And so doth mine. I muse why she's at liberty.

Mine too. I and wondering why she is free.

RICHARD.
I cannot blame her; by God's holy Mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

I can't blame her; by God's holy mother,
too many bad things have happened to her; and I am sorry
for the part I have played in that.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
I never did her any to my knowledge.

As far as I know I never did her any wrong.

RICHARD.
Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

But you have all the advantages from it.
I was too eager to help a certain person
who now is not at all eager to remember it.
Well, as for Clarence, he has been well paid;
he has been shut up in a pen to fatten for his trouble;
May God forgive those who are responsible!

RIVERS.
A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,

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To pray for them that have done scathe to us!

A virtuous and Christian conclusion,
praying for those who have done us harm!

RICHARD.
So do I ever-[Aside]being well advis'd;
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

I always do–[aside] it's the best thing;
for if I cursed those people, I would be cursing myself.

Enter CATESBY

CATESBY.
Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you, my gracious lords.

Madam, his Majesty is calling for you,
and for your grace, and you, my gracious lords.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Catesby, I come. Lords, will you go
with me?

Catesby, I'm coming. Lords, will you come
with me?

RIVERS.
We wait upon your Grace.

We will attend your Grace.

Exeunt all but RICHARD

RICHARD.
I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeed have cast in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham;

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And tell them 'tis the Queen and her allies
That stir the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Grey;
But then I sigh and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil.
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two MURDERERS

But, soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy stout resolved mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

I'm doing wrong, I'm starting the fight.
The secret mischiefs that I begin
I shall make sure others are blamed for.
Clarence, whom I have in fact thrown into the darkness,
I pretend to these simpletons I care for him;
particularly to Derby, Hastings, and Buckingham;
and I tell them that it is the Queen and her allies
who have stirred the king up against my brother the Duke.
Now they believe it, and so prepare my revenge
against Rivers, Dorset and Grey.
But then I sigh, and, quoting scripture,
tell them that God orders us to turn the other cheek:
and so I disguise my naked evil
with bits and pieces stolen from Holy Writ,
and seem to be a saint, when I am at my most devilish.

[Enter two murderers]

But, hush, here come my executioners.
Hello there, my hardy strong resolute mates!
Are you going to do this business?

FIRST MURDERER.
We are, my lord, and come to have the
warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

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We are, my lord, and have come to get the warrant,
so that we can gain access to him.

RICHARD.
Well thought upon; I have it here about me.
[Gives the warrant]
When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

Good thinking; I have it on me.
[Gives the warrant]
When you have finished, go to Crosby Place.
But, sirs, kill him quickly,
be hardhearted also, don't let him plead with you;
for Clarence speaks well, and might be able
to make you pity him, if you listen.

FIRST MURDERER.
Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to
prate;
Talkers are no good doers. Be assur'd
We go to use our hands and not our tongues.

Tut-tut, my lord, we will not stand around talking;
talkers are no good in action. I promise you
we are going to use our hands and not our tongues.

RICHARD.
Your eyes drop millstones when fools' eyes fall
tears.
I like you, lads; about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.

I can see you are not softhearted fools.
I like you, lads; go about your business at once;
go, go, hurry.

FIRST MURDERER.

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We will, my noble lord.

We will, my noble Lord.

Exeunt

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SCENE 4.

London. The Tower

Enter CLARENCE and KEEPER

KEEPER.
Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Why is your Grace looking so miserable today?

CLARENCE.
O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days-
So full of dismal terror was the time!

Oh, I have had a miserable night,
so full of terrible dreams, of ugly sights,
that, I swear by my faith as a Christian,
I wouldn't spend another night like it
even if it bought me a whole lifetime of happiness–
it was so miserable and terrifying!

KEEPER.
What was your dream, my lord? I pray you
tell me.

What did you dream, my lord? Please tell me.

CLARENCE.
Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And in my company my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along

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Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled, and in falling
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord, methought what pain it was to drown,
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears,
What sights of ugly death within my eyes!
Methoughts I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatt'red in the bottom of the sea;
Some lay in dead men's skulls, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatt'red by.

I thought I had escaped from the Tower,
and was on board ship crossing over to Burgundy;
I had my brother Gloucester with me,
who persuaded me to come from my cabin and walk
on the deck: from there we looked towards England,
and spoke of the thousand bad things that had happened
to us during the wars of York
and Lancaster. As we walked along
on the slippery deck,
I thought that Gloucester stumbled, and as he fell
he struck me (he was trying to save him) overboard,
into the waves of the sea.
Oh Lord! I thought I felt the pain of drowning:
what a dreadful noise of water there was in my ears;
what ugly sights of death I saw with my eyes!
I thought I saw a thousand terrible wrecks;
ten thousand men gnawed on by fish;
slabs of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearls,
stones and jewels beyond price,
all scattered on the bottom of the sea.
Some were inside the skulls of dead men, and had
crept into the holes where eyes once lived–
as if they were imitating eyes–reflecting gems,
that shone in the slimy bottom of the sea,

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and mocked the dead bones that were scattered all around.

KEEPER.
Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

You had time as you were dying
to look at all these secrets of the deep?

CLARENCE.
Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost, but still the envious flood
Stopp'd in my soul and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Who almost burst to belch it in the sea.

I thought I had; and I often tried
to give up the ghost, but the jealous water
crushed my soul and would not let it escape
into the empty vastness of the air;
it choked it within my breathless body,
which almost had to burst to let it out into the sea.

KEEPER.
Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

Didn't this awful agony wake you up?

CLARENCE.
No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life.
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who spake aloud 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud

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'Clarence is come-false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury.
Seize on him, Furies, take him unto torment!'
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made my dream.

No, no, my dream went into the afterlife.
Oh, what a storm began in my soul!
I thought that I crossed the sad stream
with that grim ferryman whom the poets write of,
into the kingdom of perpetual darkness.
The first person to greet my foreign soul
was my great father-in-law, famous Warwick,
who said aloud, ‘What penalty for perjury
can the dark ruler give to foolish Clarence?’
And so he vanished. Then a shadow like an angel
came wandering by, with bright hair
covered in blood; and he shrieked aloud,
‘Clarence has come: false, fleeing, perjured Clarence,
who stabbed me in the battle at Tewkesbury!
Seize him, Furies! Take him and torture him!’
At that, I thought, a legion of horrible Demons
surrounded me, and howled such hideous cries
in my ears that the noise itself
made me wake up trembling, and for a while afterwards
I couldn't believe that I wasn't in hell,
my dream had made such a terrible impression on me.

KEEPER.
No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

It's no wonder it frightened you, lord;
it makes me frightened just to hear you talking about it.

CLARENCE.
Ah, Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things
That now give evidence against my soul

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For Edward's sake, and see how he requites me!
O God! If my deep prayers cannot appease Thee,
But Thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute Thy wrath in me alone;
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
Keeper, I prithee sit by me awhile;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Oh, jailer, jailer, I have done things
for Edward's sake that I shall pay for in the
afterlife, and see how he repays me!
O God! If my best prayers cannot appease you,
and you insist on punishing my sins,
please only punish me;
spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
Jailer, please sit with me awhile;
my soul is heavy, and I should like to sleep.

KEEPER.
I will, my lord. God give your Grace good rest.

I will, my lord. May God give your Grace a good rest.

[CLARENCE sleeps]

Enter BRAKENBURY the Lieutenant

BRAKENBURY.
Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And for unfelt imaginations
They often feel a world of restless cares,
So that between their tides and low name
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Sorrow breaks up the seasons and the hours of rest,
makes the night morning and midday night.
Princes only have their titles as their glory,
external honours for inner turmoil;
instead of the pleasure we imagine they feel

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they often have a world of restless care,
so that when they fall low there is
often nothing different except for their outward title.

Enter the two MURDERERS

FIRST MURDERER.
Ho! who's here?

Hello! Who's this?

BRAKENBURY.
What wouldst thou, fellow, and how cam'st
thou hither?

What do you want, fellow, and how did you
get in here?

FIRST MURDERER.
I would speak with Clarence, and I came
hither on my legs.

I want to speak to Clarence, and I came
here on my legs.

BRAKENBURY.
What, so brief?

Is that it?

SECOND MURDERER.
'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious. Let
him see our commission and talk no more.

It's better than being long-winded, sir.
Have a look at our commission and let's have no more talk.
[BRAKENBURY reads it]

BRAKENBURY.
I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby,

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Because I will be guiltless from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleep; and there the keys.
I'll to the King and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

This orders me to hand over
the noble Duke of Clarence to you.
I will not question what this means,
because I don't want to be involved with any of it.
There is the duke lying asleep; and here are the keys.
I'll go to the king and tell him
that I have handed my prisoner over to you.

FIRST MURDERER.
You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom. Fare
you well.

Do that, sir; that's very wise. Farewell.

Exeunt BRAKENBURY and KEEPER

SECOND MURDERER.
What, shall I stab him as he sleeps?

Well, shall I stab him while he's asleep?

FIRST MURDERER.
No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when
he wakes.

No, he'll say it was a cowardly deed, when
he wakes up.

SECOND MURDERER.
Why, he shall never wake until the great
judgment-day.

But he won't wake up until
the day of judgement.

FIRST MURDERER.
Why, then he'll say we stabb'd him

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sleeping.

Well, then he'll say we stabbed him while he was asleep.

SECOND MURDERER.
The urging of that word judgment hath
bred a kind of remorse in me.

The mention of that word judgement has
made me feel kind of regretful.

FIRST MURDERER.
What, art thou afraid?

What, are you afraid?

SECOND MURDERER.
Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to
be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can
defend me.

Not of killing him, we have a warrant; part of
the damnation I will get for killing him, which no warrant can
clear me of.

FIRST MURDERER.
I thought thou hadst been resolute.

I thought you were resolved.

SECOND MURDERER.
So I am, to let him live.

And I am, to let him live.

FIRST MURDERER.
I'll back to the Duke of Gloucester and
tell him so.

I'll go back to the Duke of Gloucester and tell him so.

SECOND MURDERER.

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Nay, I prithee, stay a little. I hope this
passionate humour of mine will change; it was wont to
hold me but while one tells twenty.

No, please, wait a minute. I hope this
sudden passion of mine will fade; it usually
only lasts for twenty seconds.

FIRST MURDERER.
How dost thou feel thyself now?

How are you feeling now?

SECOND MURDERER.
Faith, some certain dregs of conscience
are yet within me.

I swear, there are still some dregs of conscience
within me.

FIRST MURDERER.
Remember our reward, when the deed's
done.

Think of the reward we shall get for the deed.

SECOND MURDERER.
Zounds, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

By God, he's dead; I'd forgotten about the reward.

FIRST MURDERER.
Where's thy conscience now?

Where is your conscience now?

SECOND MURDERER.
O, in the Duke of Gloucester's purse!

Oh, it's in the Duke of Gloucester's purse!

FIRST MURDERER.

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When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

When he opens his purse to give us our reward, your conscience will fly out.

SECOND MURDERER.
'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

It doesn't matter, let it go; it's not much use to anybody.

FIRST MURDERER.
What if it come to thee again?

What if it comes back to haunt you?

SECOND MURDERER.
I'll not meddle with it-it makes a man coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills a man full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that-by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turn'd out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and live without it.

I won't bother with it–it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal without it accusing him; a man cannot swear without it stopping him; a man cannot sleep with his neighbour's wife without it finding him out. It is a blushing shamefaced spirit that rebels in a man's heart; it makes everything difficult for a man; it once made me give back a purse of gold that I had found by accident. It will make any man who obeys it a beggar. It is thrown out of towns and cities as a dangerous thing; and every man who wants to live well tries to trust himself and live without it.

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FIRST MURDERER.
Zounds, 'tis even now at my elbow,
persuading me not to kill the Duke.

By God, it's here at my elbow even now,
trying to persuade me not to kill the Duke.

SECOND MURDERER.
Take the devil in thy mind and believe
him not; he would insinuate with thee but to make thee
sigh.

Stay faithful to the devil and don't pay it
any attention; it will only give you grief if you do.

FIRST MURDERER.
I am strong-fram'd; he cannot prevail with
me.

I'm strong-minded; it can't win me over.

SECOND MURDERER.
Spoke like a tall man that respects thy
reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

Spoken like a brave man who cares about
his reputation. Come, shall we get to work?

FIRST MURDERER.
Take him on the costard with the hilts of
thy sword, and then chop him in the malmsey-butt in the
next room.

Run him through the head with your sword up to
the hilt, and then chuck him in the barrel of malmsey
next door.

SECOND MURDERER.
O excellent device! and make a sop of
him.

A splendid trick! Make him a piece of dipping bread.

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FIRST MURDERER.
Soft! he wakes.

Quiet! He's waking up.

SECOND MURDERER.
Strike!

Strike!

FIRST MURDERER.
No, we'll reason with him.

No, we'll reason with him.

CLARENCE.
Where art thou, Keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

Where are you, jailer? Give me a cup of wine.

SECOND MURDERER.
You shall have wine enough, my lord,
anon.

You will have plenty of wine, my lord, soon.

CLARENCE.
In God's name, what art thou?

In God's name, who are you?

FIRST MURDERER.
A man, as you are.

A man, like you.

CLARENCE.
But not as I am, royal.

But not royal, as I am.

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SECOND MURDERER.
Nor you as we are, loyal.

And you are not loyal, as we are.

CLARENCE.
Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

Your voice is like thunder, but you look humble.

FIRST MURDERER.
My voice is now the King's, my looks
mine own.

I am speaking for the King, my looks are my own.

CLARENCE.
How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me. Why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

How darkly and how terribly you speak!
Your eyes terrify me. Why are you looking pale?
Who sent you here? Why have you come?

SECOND MURDERER.
To, to, to-

To, to, to-

CLARENCE.
To murder me?

To murder me?

BOTH MURDERERS.
Ay, ay.

Yes, yes.

CLARENCE.
You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,

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And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

You hardly have the heart to tell me so,
and so you cannot have the heart to do it.
How have I offended you, my friends?

FIRST MURDERER.
Offended us you have not, but the King.

It's the king you have offended, not us.

CLARENCE.
I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

I shall be reconciled with him.

SECOND MURDERER.
Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Never, my lord; and so prepare to die.

CLARENCE.
Are you drawn forth among a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge, or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart and lay no hands on me.
The deed you undertake is damnable.

Have you been chosen from the world of men
to slay the innocent? What have I done wrong?
Where is the evidence against me?
What jury has handed its evidence up
to the frowning judge, and who pronounced
the bitter sentence of death on poor Clarence?

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Unless I am convicted by the courts of law
then it is most unlawful to threaten me with death.
I order you, if you hope to be saved
by the dear blood of Christ shed for our grievous sins,
that you leave and do not lay your hands on me.
The thing you are doing is damnable.

FIRST MURDERER.
What we will do, we do upon command.

What we are doing is obeying orders.

SECOND MURDERER.
And he that hath commanded is our
King.

And the orders were given by our king.

CLARENCE.
Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the tables of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder. Will you then
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

Wrongheaded peasants! The great King of Kings
ordered in the commandments that
you shall not murder. Are you then going to
ignore his instructions and follow those of a man?
Be careful; for he has vengeance prepared
to throw down upon those who break his laws.

SECOND MURDERER.
And that same vengeance doth he hurl
on thee
For false forswearing, and for murder too;
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

The same vengeance he throws down on you
for perjuring yourself, and for murder too;

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you took an oath to fight
against the house of Lancaster.

FIRST MURDERER.
And like a traitor to the name of God
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sov'reign's son.

And like a traitor to the name of God
you broke your promise; and with your treacherous sword
you tore open the stomach of your king's son.

SECOND MURDERER.
Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and
defend.

Whom you had sworn to love and defend.

FIRST MURDERER.
How canst thou urge God's dreadful law
to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

How can you tell us to obey the great laws of God,
when you have broken them so badly?

CLARENCE.
Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murder me for this,
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet He doth it publicly.
Take not the quarrel from His pow'rful arm;
He needs no indirect or lawless course
To cut off those that have offended Him.

Alas! For whom did I commit that foul deed?
For Edward, my brother, for his sake.
He has not sent you to murder me for this,
for he is as guilty of that sin as I am.
If God wants to be avenged for the deed,

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you know that he will do it in public.
Do not steal his revenge from him;
he does not need secret or illegal assistance
to punish those who have offended him.

FIRST MURDERER.
Who made thee then a bloody minister
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

So who made you a bloody Minister of his
when the bravely charging Plantagenet,
that novice Prince, was struck dead by you?

CLARENCE.
My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

My brother's love, the devil, and my anger.

FIRST MURDERER.
Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy
faults,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Your brother's love, our duty, and your sins,
have driven us to come here now to kill you.

CLARENCE.
If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

If you love my brother, do not take me;
I am his brother, and I love him very much.
If you are hired for reward, go back,
and I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
who will give you a better reward for leaving me alive
than Edward will for news of my death.

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SECOND MURDERER.
You are deceiv'd: your brother Gloucester
hates you.

You are wrong: your brother Gloucester hates you.

CLARENCE.
O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear.
Go you to him from me.

Oh no, he loves me, I am special to him.
Go to him from me.

FIRST MURDERER.
Ay, so we will.

Yes, we shall.

CLARENCE.
Tell him when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship.
Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.

Tell him that when our royal father York
blessed his three sons with his victorious arm
and ordered us from the heart to love one another,
he had not considered how we might be parted.
Ask Gloucester to consider this, and he will weep.

FIRST MURDERER.
Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Yes, millstones; that's what he taught us to weep.

CLARENCE.
O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

Do not tell lies about him, he is kind.

FIRST MURDERER.

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Right, as snow in harvest. Come, you
deceive yourself:
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

As kind as snow at harvest time. Come, you
are deceiving yourself: it's he who sends us here to destroy you.

CLARENCE.
It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs
That he would labour my delivery.

That cannot be; he wept at my fate
and embraced me, and he swore, sobbing,
that he would work for my freedom.

FIRST MURDERER.
Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

Why, he does, he plans to send you
from the troubles of earth to the joys of heaven.

SECOND MURDERER.
Make peace with God, for you must die,
my lord.

Make your peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

CLARENCE.
Have you that holy feeling in your souls
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind
That you will war with God by murd'ring me?
O, sirs, consider: they that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

Are you holy enough in your souls
to advise me to make my peace with God,
and yet so unconcerned about your own souls
that you will go to war with God by murdering me?
Think about it, sirs: those who asked you to commit

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this deed will hate you for it.

SECOND MURDERER.
What shall we do?

What shall we do?

CLARENCE.
Relent, and save your souls.

Refuse, and save your souls.

FIRST MURDERER.
Relent! No, 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Refuse! No, that is cowardly and effeminate.

CLARENCE.
Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and entreat for me-
As you would beg were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

If you don't refuse you are beastly, savage, devilish.
If you were the son of a prince, which of you,
being penned up here as I am now,
would not beg for life,
if two murderers like yourselves came to you?
My friend, I see some pity in your face;
if your looks are not deceiving,
join my side and beg for me,
as you would beg if you were in my place.
What beggar does not pity a begging prince?

SECOND MURDERER.
Look behind you, my lord.

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Look behind you, my lord.

FIRST MURDERER.
[Stabbing him]Take that, and that. If all
this will not do,
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
Exit with the body

Take that, and that. If this hasn't done the job,
I'll drown you in the barrel of malmsey in there.

SECOND MURDERER.
A bloody deed, and desperately
dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder!

A bloody deed, horribly done!
How I would like to be like Pilate and wash my hands
of this horrible murder!

Re-enter FIRST MURDERER

FIRST MURDERER.
How now, what mean'st thou that thou
help'st me not?
By heavens, the Duke shall know how slack you have
been!

What's this, what do you think you're doing, not helping me?
By heaven, the Duke shall know how slack you have been!

SECOND MURDERER.
I would he knew that I had sav'd his
brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the Duke is slain.

I wish he could know that I had saved his brother!
You take the reward, and tell him what I say;
for I am sorry that the duke has been killed.

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Exit

FIRST MURDERER.
So do not I. Go, coward as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke give order for his burial;
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay.

I don't. Go, you coward.
Well, I'll go and hide the body in some hole,
until the Duke gives orders for him to be buried;
and when I have my reward, I shall disappear;
this matter will come out, and I mustn't be around when it does.

Exit

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ACT II

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SCENE 1.

London. The palace

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD sick, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET,
RIVERS,
HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others

KING EDWARD.
Why, so. Now have I done a good day's
work.
You peers, continue this united league.
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more at peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Hastings and Rivers, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Well, there we are. Now I have done a good day's work.
You peers, maintain this unity.
I am expecting any day now to have a visitor
from my Saviour to take me from here;
and my soul shall leave for heaven with an easier mind,
having made peace between my friends on earth.
Hastings and Rivers, take each other's hands;
ignore your hatred: swear to your love for each other.

RIVERS.
By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

By heaven, there is no hate left in my soul;
and I give my hand as a sign of the true love of my heart.

HASTINGS.
So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

I feel the same, and I swear the same truly!

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KING EDWARD.
Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest He that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Make sure you really mean this;
otherwise the supreme King of Kings
might discover your hidden deceit and make
one of you be the death of the other.

HASTINGS.
So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

All is well, I swear to my perfect love!

RIVERS.
And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

As do I, as I love Hastings with all my heart!

KING EDWARD.
Madam, yourself is not exempt from this;
Nor you, son Dorset; Buckingham, nor you:
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Madam, you are not exempt from this;
nor you, my son Dorset; nor you, Buckingham;
you have all formed parties against each other.
Wife, show love to Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
and do this genuinely.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
There, Hastings; I will never more
remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

There, Hastings; I will now forget
our former hatred, for as long as me and mine prosper!

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KING EDWARD.
Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love Lord
Marquis.

Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love Lord Marquis.

DORSET.
This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

I swear here that this exchange of love,
for my part, cannot be broken.

HASTINGS.
And so swear I.

And I swear the same.

[They embrace]

KING EDWARD.
Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Now, princely Buckingham, confirm this alliance
by embracing my wife's confederates,
and make me happy with your unity.

BUCKINGHAM.
[To the QUEEN]Whenever Buckingham
doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! This do I beg of God
When I am cold in love to you or yours.

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If Buckingham ever turns his hate
upon your Grace, if he does not cherish you
and yours with anything but loyal love, may God punish me
by making those who love me most hate me!
When I am in most need of a friend,
and certain that he is a friend, may he be
cunning, deceptive, treacherous and sly
to me! I beg that God will do this
if I am cold in my love for you and yours.

[They embrace]

KING EDWARD.
A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here
To make the blessed period of this peace.

This promise is good medicine, princely Buckingham,
for my sickly heart.
All we need now is my brother Gloucester to be here
to conclude this blessed peace.

BUCKINGHAM.
And, in good time,
Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliff and the Duke.

And, right on time,
here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the Duke.

Enter RICHARD, and RATCLIFF

RICHARD.
Good morrow to my sovereign king and
Queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

Good day to my sovereign king and Queen;
and, princely peers, good day to you!

KING EDWARD.
Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.

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Gloucester, we have done deeds of charity,
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

It has indeed been a happy day.
Gloucester, we have done kind deeds,
made peace out of conflict, love from hate,
between these haughty wrongly angry peers.

RICHARD.
A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe-
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
To any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;
Of you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset,
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Of you, Lord Woodville, and, Lord Scales, of you;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen-indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-night.
I thank my God for my humility.

Very blessed work, my sovereign lord.
Amongst this company of Princes–if any here
through wrong information or misapprehension
think of me as an enemy–
if I have done anything unwittingly, or in anger,
that anyone here objects to, I would like
to make my peace with him:
I would rather die than be enemies;
I hate it, and would like all good men to love me.

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First, madam, I beg that you and I may have true peace,
which I will gain through my devoted service;
and with you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
if there was ever any grudge between us;
and with you, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, with you,
who have all taken a dislike to me without reason:
dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen: indeed with all of you.
I do not know any Englishman alive
with whom I have any quarrel
greater than I have with a newborn infant–
I thank God for my humility.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
A holy day shall this be kept hereafter.
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

From now on this day shall be celebrated as a holiday.
I wish to God all arguments could be solved like this.
My sovereign lord, I beg your Highness
to accept our brother Clarence into your grace.

RICHARD.
Why, madam, have I off'red love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead?
[They all start]
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

Why, madam, have I offered my love for this,
to be mocked in the presence of the King?
Doesn't everybody know that the sweet Duke is dead?
[They all start]
It is not right to mock his corpse.

KING EDWARD.
Who knows not he is dead! Who knows
he is?

Doesn't everybody know he's dead! Who knows he is?

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QUEEN ELIZABETH.
All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Mighty heaven, what a world this is!

BUCKINGHAM.
Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Lord Dorset, do I look as pale as the rest of them?

DORSET.
Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

Yes, my good lord; and there is no man here
whose colour has not drained from his cheeks.

KING EDWARD.
Is Clarence dead? The order was revers'd.

Is Clarence dead? I revoked the order.

RICHARD.
But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bare the countermand
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, an not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

But he, poor man, died as a result of your first order,
which was carried there by a swift messenger;
some lazy cripple carried the counter order
that came too late to save him.
God knows that some, less noble and less loyal,
who have worse thoughts and worse blood,
deserved to get the treatment poor Clarence got,
and yet they are thought of as genuine!

Enter DERBY

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DERBY.
A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

Grant me a favour, your Majesty, for the service I have done!

KING EDWARD.
I prithee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Please, be quiet; my soul is full of sorrow.

DERBY.
I will not rise unless your Highness hear me.

I will not rise until your Highness listens to me.

KING EDWARD.
Then say at once what is it thou requests.

Then say quickly what you want.

DERBY.
The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

The power, Majesty, over my servant's life;
today he killed a rowdy gentleman
who was recently a servant to the Duke of Norfolk.

KING EDWARD.
Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother killed no man-his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? Who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? Who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me

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And said 'Dear Brother, live, and be a king'?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much race to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.[DERBY rises]
But for my brother not a man would speak;
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once beg for his life.
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this!
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah, poor Clarence!

Can my tongue sentence my brother to death,
and be used to pardon a slave?
My brother killed no one: his only fault was his thoughts,
and yet his punishment was a bitter death.
Who pleaded to me for him? Who, when I was angry,
kneeled at my feet and told me to think carefully?
Who spoke of brotherhood? Who spoke of love?
Who reminded me that the poor soul abandoned
the mighty Warwick, and fought for me?
Who reminded me that on the battlefield at Tewkesbury,
when Oxford stood over me, that he rescued me
and said, ‘Dear brother, live and be a king’?
Who reminded me that when we both lay in the battlefield
almost frozen to death, that he wrapped me
in his own clothes, and abandoned himself,
thin and naked, to the numbing cold of the night?
Brutal anger has sinfully torn all this
from my memory, and not one of you
was good enough to remind me of it.
But when your carters or your serving men

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have committed a drunken murder, and insulted
the precious face of our dear Lord,
you are straight down on your knees begging for pardon,
and I, unjustly, must give it to you.
But not one man spoke out for my brother,
and I, ungraciously, did not speak to myself on his
behalf, poor soul. Even the greatest of you
were in his debt while he was alive,
yet not one of you troubled to beg for his life.
O God, I feel justice will fall
on me, and you, and our families for this.
Come on, Hastings, help me to my room.
Ah, poor Clarence!

Exeunt some with KING and QUEEN

RICHARD.
This is the fruits of rashness. Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the King!
God will revenge it. Come, lords, will you go
To comfort Edward with our company?

This is what happens when things are decided in a hurry. Did you notice
how the guilty relatives of the Queen
looked pale when they heard of Clarence's death?
It was them who encouraged the King to order it!
God will take revenge. Come, Lords, will you come
with me to comfort Edward?

BUCKINGHAM.
We wait upon your Grace.

We shall come with your Grace.

Exeunt

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SCENE 2.

London. The palace

Enter the old DUCHESS OF YORK, with the SON and DAUGHTER of
CLARENCE

SON.
Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Good grandmother, tell us, is our father dead?

DUCHESS.
No, boy.

No, boy.

DAUGHTER.
Why do you weep so oft, and beat your breast,
And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son!'?

Then why are you always crying, and beating your chest,
and wailing, ‘Oh Clarence, my unhappy son!’?

SON.
Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
If that our noble father were alive?

Why do you look at us and shake your head,
calling us orphans, wretches, castaways,
if our noble father is alive?

DUCHESS.
My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the King,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

My pretty cousins, you both misunderstand me;

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I am lamenting the King's illness,
as I will hate to lose him, not your father's death;
it would be a waste of sorrow to mourn for someone who's already gone.

SON.
Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
The King mine uncle is to blame for it.
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

So you believe, grandmother, that he is dead.
My uncle the king is to blame for it.
God will take revenge; and I will beg
for him to do so in my prayers.

DAUGHTER.
And so will I.

And so will I.

DUCHESS.
Peace, children, peace! The King doth love you
well.
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Peace, children, peace! The King loves you very much.
You are ignorant of the ways of the world,
you cannot guess who caused your father's death.

SON.
Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloucester
Told me the King, provok'd to it by the Queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him.
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as a child.

Grandmother, we can; my good uncle Gloucester
told me that the King, egged on by the Queen,

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invented charges to have him imprisoned.
And when my uncle told me about it, he wept,
and pitied me, and affectionately kissed my cheeks;
he said to regard him as my father, and
that he would love me as dearly as his own child.

DUCHESS.
Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!
He is my son; ay, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

How terrible that deceit should assume such a gentle form,
and hide his deep sins behind a mask of virtue!
He is my son; that is shameful to me;
but he did not learn this deceit at my breast.

SON.
Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Do you think my uncle was lying, grandmother?

DUCHESS.
Ay, boy.

Yes, boy.

SON.
I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

I can't believe it. Listen! What's this noise?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, with her hair about her ears; RIVERS and DORSET after her

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Ah, who shall hinder me to wail and
weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul
And to myself become an enemy.

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Ah, who can stop me wailing and weeping,
cursing my fortune, and torturing myself?
I'll ally myself with black despair and attack my soul,
becoming my own enemy.

DUCHESS.
What means this scene of rude impatience?

What is the meaning of this vulgar hysteria?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
To make an act of tragic violence.
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's,
Or like obedient subjects follow him
To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.

I am marking an act of tragic violence.
Edward, my lord, your son, our King, is dead.
Why do the branches grow when the root is dead?
Why don't the leaves, lacking sap, die?
If you want to live, grieve; if you're going to die, do it quickly,
so that our swift winged souls may catch up with the King's,
following him like obedient subjects
into his new kingdom of eternal darkness.

DUCHESS.
Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his images;
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother
And hast the comfort of thy children left;
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands-

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Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I-
Thine being but a moiety of my moan-
To overgo thy woes and drown thy cries?

I share as much in your sorrow
as I shared in the rights to your noble husband.
I have wept for the death of a good husband,
and spent my life looking at his images:
but now two copies of his royal appearance
have been smashed to pieces by malignant death;
and all I have to comfort me is one false copy,
that makes me sorrowful to see my shame in him.
You are widowed–but you are a mother,
and have the comfort of your children left;
but death has snatched my husband from my arms
and torn my two crutches from my feeble hands:
Clarence and Edward. Oh, what good reasons I have,
your sorrows being just a fraction of mine,
to exceed your lamenting and drown out your cries.

SON.
Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death!
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Ah, aunt, you did not weep at the death of our father!
How can we help you with similar tears?

DAUGHTER.
Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

You did not support us in our fatherless distress;
and so may the sorrow of your widowhood be unmourned in the same way!

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints.
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward!

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I don't need your help in sorrowing;
I can do enough on my own.
The streams of all springs run into my eyes,
so that I, being under the influence of the watery moon,
can send out a flood of tears to drown the world.
Alas for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

CHILDREN.
Ah for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence!

Alas for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence!

DUCHESS.
Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Alas for both, both of them mine, Edward and Clarence!

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
What stay had I but Edward? and he's
gone.

What support did I have apart from Edward? And he is gone.

CHILDREN.
What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

What support did we have apart from Clarence? And he is gone.

DUCHESS.
What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

What supports did I have but those two? And they are gone.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Was never widow had so dear a loss.

No widow ever suffered such a grievous loss.

CHILDREN.
Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

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No orphans ever suffered such a grievous loss.

DUCHESS.
Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas, I am the mother of these griefs!
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I:
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she.
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they.
Alas, you three on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentation.

No mother ever suffered such a grievous loss.
Alas, I am the mother of these sorrows!
Their sorrows are partial, mine are overwhelming.
She weeps for Edward, and so do I:
I weep for Clarence, and she does not.
These children weep for Clarence, and so do I:
I weep for Redwood, and they do not.
Alas, you three, with your triple distress,
Pour all your tears on me! I am the nurse to your sorrow,
and I will feed it with wailing.

DORSET.
Comfort, dear mother. God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis called ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Be calm, dear mother. God is very displeased
that you are ungrateful for his deeds.
In the ordinary way of the world it is called ungrateful
to be sullenly unwilling to repay a debt
which was generously and kindly lent;
it is much worse to be ungrateful to heaven,
when it reclaims this royal person it lent to you.

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RIVERS.
Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son. Send straight for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Madam, consider, like a good mother,
the young Prince, your son. Sent forhim at once;
let him be crowned; that's where your comfort lies.
Bury your desperate sorrow in the grave of dead Edward,
and grow your happiness from the throne of the living Edward.

Enter RICHARD, BUCKINGHAM, DERBY,
HASTINGS, and RATCLIFF

RICHARD.
Sister, have comfort. All of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Sister, be comforted. All of us have reason
to be sorrowful at the death of our leader;
but wailing about it won't do any good.
Madam, my mother, I beg you to forgive me;
I did not see your Grace. I humbly kneel
and ask for your blessing.

DUCHESS.
God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

God bless you; may he make you meek, with
love, charity, obedience and true duty!

RICHARD.
Amen![Aside]And make me die a good old
man!
That is the butt end of a mother's blessing;

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I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

Amen! [Aside] And let me die a good old man!
That is the usual end of a mother's blessing;
I'm amazed that her grace left it out.

BUCKINGHAM.
You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing
peers,
That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love.
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swol'n hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept.
Me seemeth good that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

You sad princes and brokenhearted peers,
who all share this great weight of sorrow,
now help each other with your love for each other.
Although we have now lost our king,
we now have the benefit of his son.
Join together your passionate hearts,
which were recently estranged, you must
keep the peace that was recently established.
It seems to me the best thing to do is for
the young prince to be fetched from Ludlow, with a small
entourage, and brought to London, to be crowned as king.

RIVERS.
Why with some little train, my Lord of
Buckingham?

Why with a small entourage, Lord Buckingham?

BUCKINGHAM.
Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous

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By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd;
Where every horse bears his commanding rein
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Well, my lord, in case the newly healed strife
should break out again amongst the public,
which would be that much more dangerous
due to his youthful and unguided position;
every horse is carrying his own reins,
and can go wherever he pleases,
and in my opinion we must prevent
any fear of harm, as well as actual harm.

RICHARD.
I hope the King made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

I hope the King brought peace to all of us;
I am certainly determined to maintain the agreement.

RIVERS.
And so in me; and so, I think, in all.
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd;
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham
That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

And so am I, and so, I think, is everybody.
But, since it is still young, it should not be
placed in a position where it could be breached,
which could happen in a large crowd;
therefore I agree with noble Buckingham
that it is right that only a few should fetch the Prince.

HASTINGS.
And so say I.

I agree.

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RICHARD.
Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you, my sister, will you go
To give your censures in this business?

Then let it be so; and let us decide
who are the ones who shall go at once to Ludlow.
Madam, and you, my sister, will you go
to give your advice on this business?
ELIZ & DUCHESS With all our hearts.

Gladly.

Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and RICHARD

BUCKINGHAM.
My lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,
For God sake, let not us two stay at home;
For by the way I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

My lord, whoever travels to the Prince,
for God's sake, make sure we to do not stay at home;
for along the way I'll find a chance,
as part of the story we recently spoke of,
to separate the Queen's arrogant relatives from him.

RICHARD.
My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Toward Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

My mirror image, my Parliament,
my Oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin:
I will follow your advice like a child.
Off to Ludlow then, for we will not stay behind.

Exeunt

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SCENE 3.

London. A street

Enter one CITIZEN at one door, and another at the other

FIRST CITIZEN.
Good morrow, neighbour. Whither away so
fast?

Good day, neighbour. Where are you rushing off to?

SECOND CITIZEN.
I promise you, I scarcely know myself.
Hear you the news abroad?

I can assure you, I hardly know myself.
Have you heard the news that's going round?

FIRST CITIZEN.
Yes, that the King is dead.

Yes, that the king is dead.

SECOND CITIZEN.
Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the
better.
I fear, I fear 'twill prove a giddy world.

I swear by the virgin, it's bad news; we don't often get good.
I fear this is going to cause chaos.

Enter another CITIZEN

THIRD CITIZEN.
Neighbours, God speed!

Neighbours, God speed!

FIRST CITIZEN.
Give you good morrow, sir.

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Good day to you, sir.

THIRD CITIZEN.
Doth the news hold of good King Edward's
death?

Is the news about good King Edward's death true?

SECOND CITIZEN.
Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!

Yes, it is too true; God help these times!

THIRD CITIZEN.
Then, masters, look to see a troublous
world.

Then, masters, expect to see a disturbed world.

FIRST CITIZEN.
No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall
reign.

No, no; by the good grace of God, his son shall rule.

THIRD CITIZEN.
Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child.

It's an unlucky land that is ruled by a child.

SECOND CITIZEN.
In him there is a hope of government,
Which, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripened years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

There is plenty of promise of good government from him,
while he is a minor he can be guided by the council,
and when he comes of age he can govern himself,
and there's no doubt we will have good government both then and now.

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FIRST CITIZEN.
So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

We were in the same position when Henry the Sixth
was crowned in Paris when he was just nine months old.

THIRD CITIZEN.
Stood the state so? No, no, good friends,
God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the King
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

The same position? No, no, good friends, God knows;
for at that time the country had notable quantities
of why is experienced counsellors; the King
had virtuous uncles to protect him.

FIRST CITIZEN.
Why, so hath this, both by his father and
mother.

Why, so has this one, on his father and his mother's side.

THIRD CITIZEN.
Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all;
For emulation who shall now be nearest
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!
And the Queen's sons and brothers haught and proud;
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

It would be better if they were all on his father's side,
or if his father had no problems at all;
for the rivalry for the highest positions
will affect us all badly, if God does not prevent it.
The Duke of Gloucester is very dangerous!
And the Queen's sons and brothers are arrogant and proud;

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if they could be ruled, and not rule,
this disturbed land might be peaceful again.

FIRST CITIZEN.
Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be
well.

Come, come, we are fearing the worst; everything will be alright.

THIRD CITIZEN.
When clouds are seen, wise men put on
their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve or I expect.

When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks;
when greatly useful, then winter is coming;
when the sun sets, we all expect nights to come.
Unseasonable storms make men predicts a famine.
All may be well; but, if God allows it to be,
it will be more than we deserve, or I expect.

SECOND CITIZEN.
Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear.
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

The hearts of men are truly full of fear.
It's almost impossible to find a man
who doesn't look serious and fearful.

THIRD CITIZEN.
Before the days of change, still is it so;
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

It is always the way in changing times;

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men have God-given instinct to spot
oncoming danger; it's the way we see
the waters rising before Ray heavy storm.
But leave it all to God. Where are you going?

SECOND CITIZEN.
Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

Why, we were summoned to go to the justices.

THIRD CITIZEN.
And so was I; I'll bear you company.

And so was I; I'll come with you.

Exeunt

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SCENE 4.

London. The palace

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN
ELIZABETH,
and the DUCHESS OF YORK

ARCHBISHOP.
Last night, I hear, they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to-night;
To-morrow or next day they will be here.

I hear that last night they stopped at Stony Stratford,
and they are resting tonight at Northampton;
they will be here tomorrow or the day after.

DUCHESS.
I long with all my heart to see the Prince.
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

I am longing with all my heart to see the Prince.
I hope he has grown up a lot since I last saw him.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
But I hear no; they say my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

I've heard not; they say my son York
has almost grown larger than him.

YORK.
Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

Yes, mother; but I don't want to.

DUCHESS.
Why, my good cousin, it is good to grow.

Why, my good cousin, it's good to grow.

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YORK.
Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother. 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloucester
'Small herbs have grace: great weeds do grow apace.'
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flow'rs are slow and weeds make haste.

Grandmother, one night as we were sitting at supper,
my uncle Rivers was talking about how I was growing
taller than my brother. 'Yes,' my uncle Gloucester said,
'Small herbs have Grace: great weeds grow fast.'
And since then I have not wanted to grow as fast,
because sweet flowers grow slowly and weeds quickly.

DUCHESS.
Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee.
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Good heavens, what he said to you
didn't apply to himself.
He was the most wretched thing when he was young,
who took such a long time to grow
that if his saying was true, he would be gracious.

ARCHBISHOP.
And so no doubt he is, my gracious madam.

And I'm sure he is, my gracious madam.

DUCHESS.
I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

I hope he is; but let me as a mother doubt it.

YORK.
Now, by my troth, if I had been rememb'red,
I could have given my uncle's Grace a flout

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To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Now, I swear, if I'd thought of it,
I could have my uncle a comeback
that would have insulted his growth more than he insulted mine.

DUCHESS.
How, my young York? I prithee let me hear it.

How, young York? Let me hear it.

YORK.
Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old.
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Wife, they say my uncle grew so fast
that he could chew a crust when he was two hours old.
It was whole two years before I grew any teeth.
Grandmother, this would have been a biting joke.

DUCHESS.
I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?

Please tell me, pretty York, who told you this?

YORK.
Grandam, his nurse.

Grandmother, his nurse.

DUCHESS.
His nurse! Why she was dead ere thou wast
born.

His nurse! Why, she was dead before you were born.

YORK.
If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

If it wasn't her, I don't know who told me.

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QUEEN ELIZABETH.
A parlous boy! Go to, you are too
shrewd.

You're a mischievous lad! Get away with you, you're too cunning.

ARCHBISHOP.
Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Good madam, do not be angry with the child.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Pitchers have ears.

There are plenty of spies about.

Enter a MESSENGER

ARCHBISHOP.
Here comes a messenger. What news?

Here comes the messenger. What's the news?

MESSENGER.
Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

News, my lord, which it makes me sorry to have to report.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
How doth the Prince?

How is the prince?

MESSENGER.
Well, madam, and in health.

He is well, madam, and healthy.

DUCHESS.
What is thy news?

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What is your news?

MESSENGER.
Lord Rivers and Lord Grey
Are sent to Pomfret, and with them
Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Lord Rivers and Lord Grey
have been sent to Pomfret, with
Sir Thomas Vaughan, as prisoners.

DUCHESS.
Who hath committed them?

Who sent them there?

MESSENGER.
The mighty Dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.

The great dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.

ARCHBISHOP.
For what offence?

For what crime?

MESSENGER.
The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd.
Why or for what the nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.

I have told you all I know.
Why or for what the nobles were sentenced
I do not know, my gracious lord.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Ay me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne.
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

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Alas, I can see the downfall of my family!
The tiger has now grabbed the gentle deer;
insulting tyranny is now hanging over
the innocent and powerless throne.
Welcome, destruction, blunt and massacre!
I can see the end of everything as clearly as if
it was drawn out for me on a map.

DUCHESS.
Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss;
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves the conquerors
Make war upon themselves-brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self. O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen,
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Cursed and disturbed days of struggle,
how many of you I have seen!
My husband lost his life to get the Crown;
and the fortunes of my sons often rose and fell
so that I wept and was happy with their losses and gains;
when they had got their position and the civil wars
had completely blown over, they themselves, the victors,
began to make war against each other–brother on brother,
blood on blood, self against self. Oh, appalling
and terrible outrage, and your damned anger,
or let me die, and so see no more death.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Come, come, my boy; we will to
sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Come, come, my boy; we will go to a safe place.
Madam, farewell.

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DUCHESS.
Stay, I will go with you.

Wait, I will come with you.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
You have no cause.

You have no reason to.

ARCHBISHOP.
[To the QUEEN]My gracious lady, go.
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The seal I keep; and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Go, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

Go, my gracious lady.
And take your treasure and your goods there as well.
As from me, I shall give to your Grace
the Royal seal I have; and so treat me
the same way I treat you and all of yours!
Come, I'll escort you to the sanctuary.

Exeunt

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ACT III

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SCENE 1.

London. A street

The trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, RICHARD, BUCKINGHAM,
CATESBY, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, and others

BUCKINGHAM.
Welcome, sweet Prince, to London, to your chamber.

Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your capital.

RICHARD.
Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign.
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Welcome, dear cousin, the ruler of my thoughts.
The tiring journey has made you depressed.

PRINCE.
No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy.
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

No, uncle; but the troubles we had on the way
have made it tedious, tiresome and dull.
There should be more uncles here to welcome me.

RICHARD.
Sweet Prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit;
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God He knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your Grace attended to their sug'red words
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts.
God keep you from them and from such false friends!

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Sweet Prince, your unblemished youthful innocence
hasn't yet plumb the depths of the world's deceit;
you can't tell anything about a man apart
from what he looks like; which, God knows,
hardly ever completely agrees with his heart.
Those uncles you are missing word dangerous;
your Grace listened to their sweet words
but didn't see the poison in their hearts.
May God save you from them and from other such false friends!

PRINCE.
God keep me from false friends! but they were
none.

God save me from false friends! But they were not.

RICHARD.
My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet
you.

My Lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the LORD MAYOR and his train

MAYOR.
God bless your Grace with health and happy days!

May God bless your grace with health and happiness!

PRINCE.
I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all.
I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

I thank you, my good lord, and thank you all.
I thought my mother and my brother York
would have met us on our journey long before this.
What a slug Hastings is, not coming
to tell us whether they are coming or not!

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Enter LORD HASTINGS

BUCKINGHAM.
And, in good time, here comes the sweating
Lord.

And, right on cue, here comes the sweating Lord.

PRINCE.
Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother come?

Welcome, my lord. Is my mother coming?

HASTINGS.
On what occasion, God He knows, not I,
The Queen your mother and your brother York
Have taken sanctuary. The tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

For what reason God only knows, I don't,
your mother the Queen and your brother York
have gone into a sanctuary. The young Prince
intended to come with me to meet your grace,
but his mother forcefully kept him back.

BUCKINGHAM.
Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

What deceitful and perverse course of action
is she taking? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York
to his princely brother at once?
Go with him, Lord Hastings, and if she refuses
take him by force from her jealous arms.

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CARDINAL.
My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! Not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

My Lord Buckingham, if my poor speech
can persuaded his mother to give up the Duke of York,
expect him here soon; but if she is obstinate
in the face of our pleas, God in heaven forbid
that we would disobeyed the holy privilege
of blessed sanctuary! I would not commit
such a sin for the whole kingdom.

BUCKINGHAM.
You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional.
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place
And those who have the wit to claim the place.
This Prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children never till now.

You are too sucking always, my lord,
too ceremonial and traditional.
Think about the manners of this time,
you won't be breaking the sanctuary by seizing him.
The benefit of sanctuary is always granted
to those whose actions make them deserving of it,
and those who have the sense to ask for it.
The Prince has neither asked for it nor deserved it,
and so, in my opinion, cannot have it.
So, by taking him away from something that does not exist,

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you are not breaking any laws all regulations.
I have often heard of men in sanctuary;
but never until now of sanctuary children.

CARDINAL.
My lord, you shall o'errule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

My Lord, you shall govern my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you come with me?

HASTINGS.
I go, my lord.

I'm coming, my lord.

PRINCE.
Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
Exeunt CARDINAL and HASTINGS
Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Good lords, go as fast as you can.
Tell me, uncle Gloucester, if my brother is coming,
where shall we stay until my coronation?

RICHARD.
Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower,
Then where you please and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Wherever your royal self thinks it best.
If I may advise you, I suggest you spend
a day or two at the Tower,
and then where you like and wherever you think best
for your health and amusement.

PRINCE.
I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?

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I dislike the tower more than any place.
Was it built by Julius Caesar, my lord?

BUCKINGHAM.
He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

My gracious lord, he did begin that place,
which has been rebuilt in The Times that followed.

PRINCE.
Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Is it a matter of record, or has it been handed down
from age to age, that he built it?

BUCKINGHAM.
Upon record, my gracious lord.

It's on record, my gracious lord.

PRINCE.
But say, my lord, it were not regist'red,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

But, my lord, if it wasn't written down,
I think the truth would still survive from age to age,
handed down through posterity,
even to Judgement Day.

RICHARD.
[Aside]So wise so young, they say, do never
live long.

Those who are so wise when so young, they say, never live long.

PRINCE.
What say you, uncle?

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What are you saying, uncle?

RICHARD.
I say, without characters, fame lives long.
[Aside]Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

I was saying, that fame survives without written records.
[Aside] So, like the regular vice of iniquity,
I give one word two meanings.

PRINCE.
That Julius Caesar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live.
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham-

That Julius Caesar was a famous man;
he had intelligence as well as bravery,
and his intelligence wrote things down so his bravery lived.
Death did not triumph over this conqueror;
for now he is living through fame, though not alive.
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham–

BUCKINGHAM.
What, my gracious lord?

What, my gracious lord?

PRINCE.
An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier as I liv'd a king.

If I should live until I am a man,
I will win back our ancient lands in France,
or die as a soldier as I lived as a king.

RICHARD.

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[Aside]Short summers lightly have a forward
spring.

Short summers usually have early springs.

Enter HASTINGS, young YORK, and the CARDINAL

BUCKINGHAM.
Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of
York.

Now, right on cue, here comes the Duke of York.

PRINCE.
Richard of York, how fares our loving brother?

Richard of York, how is my loving brother?

YORK.
Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

I am well, your Majesty; that's what I must call you now.

PRINCE.
Ay brother, to our grief, as it is yours.
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Yes brother, to my sorrow, as it is to yours.
He who could have kept that title died too recently,
and the title has lost much of its majesty by his death.

RICHARD.
How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

How is my cousin, noble Lord of York?

YORK.
I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth.
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

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I thank you, kind uncle. Oh, my lord,
you said that useless weeds grow fast.
The Prince my brother has far outgrown me.

RICHARD.
He hath, my lord.

He has, my lord.

YORK.
And therefore is he idle?

And so is he useless?

RICHARD.
O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

Oh, my fair cousin, I mustn't say that.

YORK.
Then he is more beholding to you than I.

Then he has more power over you than I do.

RICHARD.
He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

He may command me as my monarch;
but you have power over me as a relative.

YORK.
I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Please, uncle, give me this dagger.

RICHARD.
My dagger, little cousin? With all my heart!

Give you my dagger, little cousin? I'd love to!

PRINCE.

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A beggar, brother?

Are you a beggar, brother?

YORK.
Of my kind uncle, that I know will give,
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Begging from my kind uncle, whom I know will give,
and as it's just a trifle, it won't hurt him to give it.

RICHARD.
A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

I shall give my cousin a greater gift than that.

YORK.
A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it!

A great gift! Oh, that's the sword which goes with it!

RICHARD.
Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

Yes, gentle cousin, if it was light enough.

YORK.
O, then, I see you will part but with light gifts:
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Oh, I see that you only give away small gifts:
in heavier matters you say no to the beggar.

RICHARD.
It is too heavy for your Grace to wear.

It is too heavy for your Grace to wear.

YORK.
I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

It means nothing to me, even if it were heavier.

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RICHARD.
What, would you have my weapon, little
Lord?

What, do you want my weapon, Little Lord?

YORK.
I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

I would, so I could thank you for what you call me.

RICHARD.
How?

What?

YORK.
Little.

Little.

PRINCE.
My Lord of York will still be cross in talk.
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

My Lord of York is querulous.
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

YORK.
You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.
Uncle, my brother is mocking both you and me;
because I am little, like an ape,
he thinks that you should carry me on your shoulders.

BUCKINGHAM.
With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!

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To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle
He prettily and aptly taunts himself.
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

Will a quick wit he has!
To soften the insult he's giving his uncle
he cleverly and wittily mocks himself.
It's wonderful to be so cunning so young.

RICHARD.
My lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

My lord, can we please move along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
we'll go to your mother, to ask her
to meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

YORK.
What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

What, are you going to the Tower, my lord?

PRINCE.
My Lord Protector needs will have it so.

My Lord Protector insists on it.

YORK.
I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

I shall not sleep peacefully in the Tower.

RICHARD.
Why, what should you fear?

Why, what are you afraid of?

YORK.
Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost.

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My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Well, the angry ghost of my uncle Clarence.
My grandmother told me he was murdered there.

PRINCE.
I fear no uncles dead.

I'm not afraid of any dead uncles.

RICHARD.
Nor none that live, I hope.

Nor any live ones, I hope.

PRINCE.
An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

If there are live, I hope I don't need to fear them.
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
thinking about them, I will go to the Tower.

A sennet.
Exeunt all but RICHARD, BUCKINGHAM, and CATESBY

BUCKINGHAM.
Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Do you think, my lord, that this little chattering York
was spurred on by his cunning mother
to taunt and mock you so rudely?

RICHARD.
No doubt, no doubt. O, 'tis a perilous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable.
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

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No doubt, no doubt. Oh, that's a dangerous boy;
bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable.
He's just like his mother in every way.

BUCKINGHAM.
Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart.
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way.
What think'st thou? Is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble Duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Well, leave them to it. Come here, Catesby.
You have sworn have solemnly to do our bidding
as you have to keep what we tell you secret.
You know are reasons, we explained on the way.
What do you think? Won't it be simple
to convince William, Lord Hastings, to support
installing this noble duke
on to the royal throne of this famous island?

CATESBY.
He for his father's sake so loves the Prince
That he will not be won to aught against him.

He loves the Prince so much for his father's sake
that he will not be persuaded to do anything against him.

BUCKINGHAM.
What think'st thou then of Stanley? Will
not he?

Then what do you think of Stanley? Will he?

CATESBY.
He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

He will follow Hastings in everything.

BUCKINGHAM.

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Well then, no more but this: go, gentle
Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons;
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination;
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Well then, only do this: go, gentle Catesby,
and subtly discover from Lord Hastings
what he thinks of our plans;
and asked him to come to the Tower tomorrow,
to help plan the coronation.
If you find him amenable towards us,
encourage him, and tell him of our plans;
if he is slow, I see, cold, I'm willing,
then you must be too, and break of the conversation,
and tell us what he thinks;
for we will hold various meetings tomorrow
in which you shall be greatly employed.

RICHARD.
Commend me to Lord William. Tell him,
Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Give my best to Lord William. Tell him,Catesby,
that his group of old enemies
will be bleeding tomorrow at Pomfret Castle;
and tell my lord to celebrate this good news
by giving Mistress Shore an extra gentle kiss.

BUCKINGHAM.

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Good Catesby, go effect this business soundly.

Good Catesby, go and perform this business well.

CATESBY.
My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

My good lords, I will do it as well as I can.

RICHARD.
Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Will we hear from you, Catesby, before we sleep?

CATESBY.
You shall, my lord.

You shall, my lord.

RICHARD.
At Crosby House, there shall you find us both.

You will find us both at Crosby House.

Exit CATESBY

BUCKINGHAM.
Now, my lord, what shall we do if we
perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Now, my lord, what shall we do if we discover
Lord Hastings will not join in with our plots?

RICHARD.
Chop off his head-something we will
determine.
And, look when I am King, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford and all the movables
Whereof the King my brother was possess'd.

Top of his head–something we'll decide on.

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And, when I am king, you can claim from me
the earldom of Hereford and all thepersonal possessions
which the king my brother owned.

BUCKINGHAM.
I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.

I'll shake your Grace's hand on that.

RICHARD.
And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

And you will find it gives to you kindly.
Come, let's eat early, so that afterwards
we can discuss our plots.

Exeunt

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SCENE 2.

Before LORD HASTING'S house

Enter a MESSENGER to the door of HASTINGS

MESSENGER.
My lord, my lord!

My lord, my lord!

[Knocking]

HASTINGS.
[Within]Who knocks?

Who's knocking?

MESSENGER.
One from the Lord Stanley.

Someone from Lord Stanley.

HASTINGS.
[Within]What is't o'clock?

What time is it?

MESSENGER.
Upon the stroke of four.

Four o'clock exactly.

Enter LORD HASTINGS

HASTINGS.
Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious
nights?

Can't my Lord Stanley get to sleep in these long nights?

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MESSENGER.
So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.

It seems so from what I have to say.
Firstly, he sends you his greetings.

HASTINGS.
What then?

Then what?

MESSENGER.
Then certifies your lordship that this night
He dreamt the boar had razed off his helm.
Besides, he says there are two councils kept,
And that may be determin'd at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure-
If you will presently take horse with him
And with all speed post with him toward the north
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Then he informs your Lordship that this night
he dreams that a boar tour of his helmet.
Besides that, he says there will be two meetings,
and what is decided at one
may be bad for you and him at the other.
So he has sent to ask what your lordship wants to do–
if you want to join him at once in riding
as fast as possible to the north
to escape the danger he feels in his soul.

HASTINGS.
Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated council:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance;
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple

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To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the boar before the boar pursues
Were to incense the boar to follow us
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Go, fellow, go, go back to your Lord;
tell him not to worry about the divided Council:
his honour and myself will be at one of them,
and my good friend Catesby will be at the other;
there is nothing that can happen which affects us
which I shall not hear about.
Tell him his fears are groundless;
and as for his dreams, I'm amazed he so stupid
as to believe the foolish things created by restless sleep.
To run from the boar before the boar chases us
encourages the boar to follow us
and start a chase where before he had no intention of doing so.
Go, tell your master to get up and come to me;
and we will both go together to the Tower,
where, he shall see, the boar will treat us kindly.

MESSENGER.
I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

I shall go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit

Enter CATESBY

CATESBY.
Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Many good mornings to my noble lord!

HASTINGS.
Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring.
What news, what news, in this our tott'ring state?

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Good morning, Catesby; you are up early.
What's the news, what's the news, in our precarious country?

CATESBY.
It is a reeling world indeed, my lord;
And I believe will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

The world is certainly reeling, my lord;
I don't believe it can ever be settled again
until Richard is wearing the garland of the kingdom.

HASTINGS.
How, wear the garland! Dost thou mean the
crown?

What, wear the garland! Do you mean the crown?

CATESBY.
Ay, my good lord.

Yes, my good lord.

HASTINGS.
I'll have this crown of mine cut from my
shoulders
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

I'll have my head cut off my shoulders
before I see the crown put in such a foul place.
But do you think he's trying to get it?

CATESBY.
Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret.

Yes, I swear to it; and he hopes that you will
join with his party to help him;

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and for that reason he is sending you this good news,
that on this very day your enemies,
the relatives of the Queen, will die at Pomfret.

HASTINGS.
Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries;
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it to the death.

Indeed, I won't shed any tears for that,
because they have remained as my enemies;
Bart to lend my voice to Richard's side
and block the true descent of my master's heirs
is something I will not do to the day I die.

CATESBY.
God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

May God keep your Lordship steadfast in that thought!

HASTINGS.
But I shall laugh at this a twelve month hence,
That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

But I shall still be laughing at this year from now,
that the ones who made my master hate me
are going to die while I live to see it.
Well, Catesby, before another fortnight has passed,
I shall finish off some who little suspect it at the moment.

CATESBY.
'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

It's a terrible thing to die, my gracious lord,
for men who are not expecting it and are unprepared.

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HASTINGS.
O monstrous, monstrous! And so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do
With some men else that think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who, as thou knowest, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

O terrible, terrible! And that's how it is
with Rivers, Vaughan and Grave; and that's how it will be
with some men who think they are safe
as you and I, who, as you know, are dear
to the princely Richard and to Buckingham.

CATESBY.
The Princes both make high account of you-
[Aside]For they account his head upon the bridge.

The Princes both speak very highly of you–
[Aside] They shall have your head high on a spike on the bridge.

HASTINGS.
I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter LORD STANLEY

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

I know they do, and I have very much earned it.

Come on, come on; where is your boar spear, man?
You are scared of the boar, and yet you go about unprepared?

STANLEY.
My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby.
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Good morning, my lord; good morning, Catesby.
You can joke, but, by God,
I don't like these divided councils.

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HASTINGS.
My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours,
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

My Lord, my life is as important to me as yours is to you,
and I swear it has never been in all my life
as precious to me as it is now.
Do you think that I would be as happy as I am
if I didn't know that we were quite safe?

STANLEY.
The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
London,
Were jocund and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet you see how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward.
What, shall we toward the Tower? The day is spent.

The lords who are now at Pomfret, when they wrote from London,
were happy and thought that they were safe,
and indeed they had no reason for mistrust;
but you see how quickly the day can become overcast.
This sudden stab of anger makes me worried;
I pray to God that I am shown to be a talent for no reason.
Well, shall we go to the Tower? Dawn is breaking.

HASTINGS.
Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my
Lord?
To-day the lords you talk'd of are beheaded.

Come along then. Do you know what, my Lord?
Today the lord's you spoke of being beheaded.

STANLEY.
They, for their truth, might better wear their
heads

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Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

For their truthfulness they might deserve to keep their heads more than some who accuse them deserve their hats.
But come, my lord, let's go.

Enter HASTINGS, a pursuivant

HASTINGS.
Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.

Exeunt STANLEY and CATESBY

How now, Hastings! How goes the world with thee?

Go on ahead; I shall talk to this good fellow.

Hello there, Hastings! How are things with you?

PURSUIVANT.
The better that your lordship please to ask.

All the better as your lordship is so kind to ask.

HASTINGS.
I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee-keep it to thyself-
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

I tell you, man, things are better with me now
man when you last met me here:
then I was going as a prisoner to the Tower
at the suggestion of the Queen's allies;
but now, I can tell you–keep it to yourself–
that today those enemies being put to death,
and I am better than I've ever been.

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PURSUIVANT.
God hold it, to your honour's good content!

May God keep you in that state, for your honour's happiness!

HASTINGS.
Gramercy, Hastings; there, drink that for me.

Great thanks, Hastings; there, have a drink on me.

[Throws him his purse]

PURSUIVANT.
I thank your honour.

I thank your honour.

Exit

Enter a PRIEST

PRIEST.
Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hello there, my lord; I'm glad to see your honour.

HASTINGS.
I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

I thank you, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I still owe you for your loss discourse;
come next Sunday, and I will pay you.

[He whispers in his ear]

PRIEST.
I'll wait upon your lordship.

I shall attend your lordship.

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Enter BUCKINGHAM

BUCKINGHAM.
What, talking with a priest, Lord
Chamberlain!
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

What, talking to a priest, Lord Chamberlain!
Your friends at Pomfret, they're the ones who need a priest:
your honour doesn't need to make a confession.

HASTINGS.
Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

I swear, when I met this holy man,
the men you are speaking of came to my mind.
What, are you going to the Tower?

BUCKINGHAM.
I do, my lord, but long I cannot stay there;
I shall return before your lordship thence.

I am, my lord, but I can't stay there long;
I will be back from there before your lordship.

HASTINGS.
Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Well, that's likely enough, because I'm staying there for dinner.

BUCKINGHAM.
[Aside]And supper too, although thou
knowest it not.-
Come, will you go?

[Aside] And supper too, although you don't know it.–
Come, will you go?

HASTINGS.

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I'll wait upon your lordship.

I'll attend your lordship.

Exeunt

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SCENE 3.

Pomfret Castle

Enter SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF, with halberds, carrying the Nobles,
RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, to death

RIVERS.
Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell you this:
today you will see a subject die
for truth, for duty and for loyalty.

GREY.
God bless the Prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

God save the Prince from the whole pack of you!
The whole lot of you are damned bloodsuckers.

VAUGHAN.
You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

You who live shall be sorry for this in future.

RATCLIFF.
Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Get moving: the time of your life has run out.

RIVERS.
O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the second here was hack'd to death;
And for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

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O Pomfret, Pomfret! Oh you bloody prison,
dreadful and fatal to noble peers!
Within the guilty enclosure of your walls
Richard the second was hacked to death here;
and to make your horrible reputation worse,
we give you our guiltless blood to drink.

GREY.
Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Now we are suffering for Margaret's curse,
when she cursed Hastings, you and I,
for standing by when Richard stabbed her son.

RIVERS.
Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!
And for my sister, and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Then she cursed Richard, then she cursed Buckingham,
then she cursed Hastings. Oh, remember, God,
to make sure that they get what she asked for as we do!
And as for my sister, and her princely sons,
be happy, dear God, with our loyal blood,
which, as you know, is going to be spilt unjustly.

RATCLIFF.
Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

Hurry up; the hour of death has come.

RIVERS.
Come, Grey; come, Vaughan; let us here embrace.
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.

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Come, Grey; come, Vaughan; let us embrace here.
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.

Exeunt

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SCENE 4.

London. The Tower

Enter BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, the BISHOP of ELY, RATCLIFF,
LOVEL,
with others and seat themselves at a table

HASTINGS.
Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation.
In God's name speak-when is the royal day?

Now, noble peers, the reason we are meeting
is to decide on the coronation.
Speak in the name of God–when is the royal day?

BUCKINGHAM.
Is all things ready for the royal time?

Is everything ready for it?

DERBY.
It is, and wants but nomination.

It is, we just need to choose a day.

BISHOP OF ELY.
To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Then I think tomorrow would be a good day.

BUCKINGHAM.
Who knows the Lord Protector's mind
herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke?

Who knows what the Lord Protector thinks about this?
Who is closest to the noble Duke?

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BISHOP OF ELY.
Your Grace, we think, should soonest know
his mind.

I should imagine your Grace is most likely to know what he thinks.

BUCKINGHAM.
We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Or I of his, my lord, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

We know each other's faces; as for our hearts,
he knows no more about mine than I do about yours;
and I know no more of his, my lord, that you do of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are very close.

HASTINGS.
I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well;
But for his purpose in the coronation
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein.
But you, my honourable lords, may name the time;
And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

I thank your Grace, I know he's fond of me;
but I have not asked him his feelings about
the Coronation, nor has he mentioned
in any way what he's thinking about it.
But you can name the day, my honourable lords;
I shall give my opinion on the Duke's behalf,
which I assume he will be happy with.

Enter RICHARD

BISHOP OF ELY.
In happy time, here comes the Duke himself.

Fortunately, here comes the Duke himself.

RICHARD.

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My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper, but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

My noble lords and cousins all, good morning.
I have slept for a long time, but I hope
my absence has not stopped you from making any great plans
which could have been made if I was here.

BUCKINGHAM.
Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part-
I mean, your voice for crowning of the King.

If you hadn't come just at the right time, my lord,
William Lord Hastings was going to speak for you–
I mean, for your opinion on the coronation.

RICHARD.
Than my Lord Hastings no man might be
bolder;
His lordship knows me well and loves me well.
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn
I saw good strawberries in your garden there.
I do beseech you send for some of them.

And there is no man more suited to do so than my Lord Hastings;
his Lordship knows me well and lost me well.
My Lord of Ely, last time I was in Holborn
I saw some good strawberries in your garden.
I would very much like you to send for some of them.

BISHOP of ELY.
Marry and will, my lord, with all my heart.

I certainly shall, my lord, it will be a pleasure.

Exit

RICHARD.
Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

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[Takes him aside]
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot
That he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Cousin Buckingham, a word with you.
[Takes him aside]
Catesby has sounded out Hastings with regard to our business,
and finds that the impetuous gentleman is so passionate
that he will lose his head before he agrees to
his master's child, as he respectfully calls it,
losing the throne of England.

BUCKINGHAM.
Withdraw yourself awhile; I'll go with you.
Exeunt RICHARD and BUCKINGHAM

Let's make ourselves absent for a while.

DERBY.
We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

We haven't yet agreed on a day for the correlation.
In my opinion tomorrow is too soon;
I am not so well prepared
as I would be, if it were further off.

Re-enter the BISHOP OF ELY

BISHOP OF ELY.
Where is my lord the Duke of Gloucester?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Where is my lord the Duke of Gloucester?
I have sent for the strawberries.

HASTINGS.

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His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth this
morning;
There's some conceit or other likes him well
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

His Grace looks calm and happy this morning;
there's something or other going on that he is pleased with,
when he says good morning so cheerfully.
I don't think there's any man in Christendom
who is less able to hide his love or his hate;
you can tell what he's feeling at once by looking in his face.

DERBY.
What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any livelihood he show'd to-day?

What did you think he was feeling
by looking at his face today.

HASTINGS.
Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Well, that there is nobody here who has offended him;
if there was, he would have shown it in his looks.

Re-enter RICHARD and BUCKINGHAM

RICHARD.
I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

I beg you all to tell me, how should I punish
people who plot my death with devilish plans
of hellish witchcraft, who have affected
my body with their hellish charms?

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HASTINGS.
The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom th' offenders, whosoe'er they be.
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

The very great love I have for your Grace, my lord,
gives me the nerve to speak in the presence of a Prince
to say that whomever the offenders are they should be doomed.
I say, my lord, they deserve death.

RICHARD.
Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up.
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Then let your eyes witness the evil they have done.
Look how I have been bewitched; look, my arm
has withered up like a blasted sapling.
This has been done by Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
in league with that harlot strumpet Shore,
they have marked me with their witchcraft.

HASTINGS.
If they have done this deed, my noble lord-

If they have done this deed, my noble Lord–

RICHARD.
If?-thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs? Thou art a traitor.
Off with his head! Now by Saint Paul I swear
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done.
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

If? You protector of this damned strumpet,
are you talking about ifs to me? You are a traitor.
Off with his head! Now by St Paul, I swear

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I shall not eat until I see it's done.
Lovel and Ratcliff, see that it's done.
The rest, if you love me, get up and follow me.

Exeunt all but HASTINGS, LOVEL, and RATCLIFF

HASTINGS.
Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze our helms,
And I did scorn it and disdain to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me!
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

Woe, woe, for England! Not for me;
for I was too foolish, I could have stopped this.
Stanley dreams that the boar tore at our helmets,
and I mocked him and refused to flee.
three times today my decorated horse stumbled,
and started when he looked at the Tower,
as if he hated to carry me to the slaughterhouse.
Oh, now I need the priest who spoke to me!
Now I regret telling the herald,
to triumphantly, how my enemies
were to be bloodily butchered today at Pomfret,
and how I was safe in grace and favour.
Oh Margaret, Margaret, now your heavy curse
has landed on the wretched head of poor Hastings!

RATCLIFF.
Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be at
dinner.
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

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Come, come, hurry up; the Duke wants his dinner.
Make a quick confession; he's longing to see your head.

HASTINGS.
O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

How fleeting the grace of mortal men is,
which we look for more than we do than the grace of God!
Someone who bases his hopes on it
lives his life like a drunken sailor on top of the mast,
living every second with the risk of falling down
into the fatal drowning ocean.

LOVEL.
Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Come on, hurry up; it's useless to complain.

HASTINGS.
O bloody Richard! Miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head.
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

O bloody Richard! Miserable England!
I predict the worst time is coming to you
that any age has ever seen.
Come, take me to the block; take in my head.
These people who smile at me will shortly be dead.

Exeunt

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SCENE 5.

London. The Tower-walls

Enter RICHARD and BUCKINGHAM in rotten armour, marvellous
ill-favoured

RICHARD.
Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change
thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou were distraught and mad with terror?

Come, cousin,can you shake and change colour,
cut off your breath in the middle of the word,
and then begin again, and stop again,
as if you were madly confused with terror?

BUCKINGHAM.
Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion. Ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices
At any time to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Tut, I can play like a great tragic actor;
speak, look around, searching on every side,
trembling and jumping when a blade of grass moves,
pretending to be very suspicious. I can put on
ghastly looks, like Folsom I'll is;
and I have both prepared
to use in my plans at any time.
But what, has Catesbygone?

RICHARD.
He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

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He has; and, look, he's bringing the mayor with him.

Enter the LORD MAYOR and CATESBY

BUCKINGHAM.
Lord Mayor-

Lord Mayor–

RICHARD.
Look to the drawbridge there!

Make sure that drawbridge is up!

BUCKINGHAM.
Hark! a drum.

Listen!A drum.

RICHARD.
Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Catesby, look over the walls.

BUCKINGHAM.
Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent-

Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent–

RICHARD.
Look back, defend thee; here are enemies.

Look back, defend yourself; here are the enemies.

BUCKINGHAM.
God and our innocence defend and guard us!

May God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head

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RICHARD.
Be patient; they are friends-Ratcliff and Lovel.

Calm yourself; they are friends–Ratcliff and Lovel.

LOVEL.
Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Here is the head of that despicable traitor,
the dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

RICHARD.
So dear I lov'd the man that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts.
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife-
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

I love that man so dearly that I must weep.
I thought he was the most simple harmless creature
out of all the Christians on earth;
he was my confidant, to whom I told all the
deepest secret thoughts of my soul.
He covered over his evil with a show of goodness so well
that, leaving aside the obvious evidence of his guilt,
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife–
he lived free of all taint of suspicion.

BUCKINGHAM.
Well, well, he was the covert'st shelt'red
traitor
That ever liv'd.
Would you imagine, or almost believe-
Were't not that by great preservation
We live to tell it-that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester.

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Well, well, he was the most secret hidden traitor
that ever lived.
Could you imagine, could you even believe–
it's only through divine intervention
where alive to tell it–that the cunning traitor
was planning to murder myself and my good
Lord of Gloucester at today's meeting.

MAYOR.
Had he done so?

Would he have done it?

RICHARD.
What! think you we are Turks or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

What! Do you think we are Turks or infidels?
Do you think we would illegally
rush this villain to his death
if it wasn't for the great danger of the matter,
the risk to the peace of England and ourselves,
which forced us to execute him?

MAYOR.
Now, fair befall you! He deserv'd his death;
And your good Graces both have well proceeded
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Now, may you have good luck! He deserved to die;
and your good graces have both done well
in warning. It is not to try the same thing.
I didn't expect any better from him
once he had fallen in with Mistress Shore.

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BUCKINGHAM.
Yet had we not determin'd he should die
Until your lordship came to see his end-
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, have prevented-
Because, my lord, I would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons:
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

But we had decided that he should not die
until your Lordship came to see him finished–
but the loving host of our friends here has
prevented that, somewhat against our intentions bash
because, my lord, I wanted you to hear
the traitors speak, and cringingly confess
the type and purpose of his treason:
then you could have reported the same
to the systems, who perhaps might
misunderstand the case and mourn for his death.

MAYOR.
But, my good lord, your Grace's words shall serve
As well as I had seen and heard him speak;
And do not doubt, right noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

But, my good lord, your Grace's words will do
just as well as if I had seen and heard him speak;
and do not doubt, truly noble princes as you both are,
that I shall inform our loyal citizens
of how correctly you acted in this case.

RICHARD.
And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
T' avoid the the the censures of the carping world.

That is why we wanted your lordship here,
to stop the sniping world from criticising us.

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BUCKINGHAM.
Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend.
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

You came too late to see what we did,
but you can tell them the reasons for it.
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

Exit LORD MAYOR

RICHARD.
Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The Mayor towards Guildhall hies him in an post.
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children.
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown-meaning indeed his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury
And bestial appetite in change of lust,
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye or savage heart
Without control lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France
And, by true computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Follow him, cousin Buckingham:
the mayor is rushing towards the Guildhall.
There, when you get a chance,
imply that Edward's children are illegitimate;
tell them how he put a citizen to death

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just for saying that he would make his son
heir to the Crown–when all he meant was his house,
which was called by that name.
What's more, mention his horrible lustfulness
and his bestial appetite for new sexual adventures,
which made him approach their servants, daughters, wives,
wherever his angry eye or savage heart
lasted without control afternew prey.
If you have to, you may talk about me:
tell them that when my mother was pregnant
by the insatiable Edward, noble York,
my princely father, was then at war in France,
and by calculating the time
he found that he was not the father;
it showed obviously in his face,
he was nothing like the noble duke, my father–
but only speak of this a little, just hint at it;
because, my lord, you know my mother is still alive.

BUCKINGHAM.
Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu.

Don't worry, my lord, I'll speak
as if the golden prize I am asking for
work for myself; and so, my lord, goodbye.

RICHARD.
If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
Castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well learned bishops.

If you do well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;
there you will find me in good company
with reverend fathers and well learned bishops.

BUCKINGHAM.
I go; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

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I'm going; and about three or four o'clock
look out for news from the Guildhall.

Exit
RICHARD.
Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw.
[To CATESBY]Go thou to Friar Penker. Bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
Exeunt all but RICHARD
Now will I go to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to give order that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the Princes.

Go, Lovel, as quick as you can to Doctor Shaw.
[To Catesby] You go to Friar Penker. Tell them both
to meet me within the hour at Baynard's Castle.

Now I shall make arrangements
to get the brats of Clarence out of sight,
and to give orders that absolutely nobody
can see the Princes at any time.

Exit

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SCENE 6.

London. A street

Enter a SCRIVENER

SCRIVENER.
Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a-doing;
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while! Who is so gros
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who's so bold but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.

Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
which has been written out in large letters
and it can be read today at St Paul's.
And make a note of how things have worked out:
I took 11 hours writing it out,
for Catesby sent it to me yesterday night;
the original took that long again to write.
And yet less than five hours ago Hastings was alive,
untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
What a fine world this is! Who is so stupid
that they can't see this obvious trick?
Who's so shameless that he says he can't see it?
It's a bad world, and we'll all come to a bad end
when we can only think about these things, and don't say them.

Exit

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SCENE 7.

London. Baynard's Castle

Enter RICHARD and BUCKINGHAM, at several doors

RICHARD.
How now, how now! What say the citizens?

Hello there, hello! What do the citizens say?

BUCKINGHAM.
Now, by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

By the holy mother of our Lord,
the citizens are silent, they don't say a word.

RICHARD.
Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's
children?

Did you mention how Edward's children are bastards?

BUCKINGHAM.
I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
Th' insatiate greediness of his desire,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse.
And when mine oratory drew toward end

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I bid them that did love their country's good
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal King!'

I did, and his engagement to Lady Lucy,
and his other engagement in France;
the insatiable greed of his desires,
and the way he forces himself on the wives of the townsmen;
his tyrannous behaviour in small matters; the fact that he himself was illegitimate,
having been conceived when your father was in France,
and how he did not look like the Duke.
Furthermore, I mentioned your looks–
saying that you were the image of your father,
both in your body and the nobleness of your mind–
I spoke of your victories in Scotland,
your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
your generosity, goodness, sweet modesty;
indeed, I left nothing to your advantage
unmentioned, neither did I only mention it fleetingly.
And when my speech came to an end,
I called on those who wanted the best for their country
to shout, ‘God save Richard, England's Royal King!’

RICHARD.
And did they so?

And did they?

BUCKINGHAM.
No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilfull silence.
His answer was, the people were not used
To be spoke to but by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again.
'Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd'-
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own
At lower end of the hall hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried 'God save King Richard!'

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And thus I took the vantage of those few-
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I
'This general applause and cheerful shout
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard.'
And even here brake off and came away.

No, God help me, they didn't say a word;
they just stared at each other and looked deathly pale,
like dumb statues or living stones.
When I saw this, I reprimanded them,
and asked the mayor what the deliberate silence meant.
He answered that the people were not used
to being spoken to by anybody but the magistrate.
So I told him to repeat what I have said,
‘The Duke has said this, the Duke has explained’–
but he didn't say anything on his own behalf.
When he had finished, some of my followers
at the far end of the hall threw up their caps,
and some ten voices cried ‘God save King Richard!’
And so I used those few for my purposes:
‘Thank you kind citizens and friends,’ I said;
‘this universal applause and happy shouting
shows your intelligence and your love for Richard.’
And I stopped there, and came away.

RICHARD.
What, tongueless blocks were they? Would
they not speak?
Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come?

What, lost their tongues had they? Would they not speak?
So will the mayor and his associates not come?

BUCKINGHAM.
The Mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit;
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant;
And be not easily won to our requests.
Play the maid's part: still answer nay, and take it.

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The mayor is right here.Pretend to be afraid;
only listen to powerful entreaties;
take a prayer book in your hand
and stand between two churchmen, my good lord;
I'll build a good fantasy on those foundations;
don't be easily won over by our requests.
Act like a woman: keep refusing, but take what is offered.

RICHARD.
I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

I shall go; and if you speak for them
as well as I can pretend to refuse,
no doubt we shall get a good outcome.

BUCKINGHAM.
Go, go, up to the leads; the Lord Mayor
knocks.

Go, go, up to the gallery; the Lord Mayor is knocking.

Exit RICHARD

Enter the LORD MAYOR, ALDERMEN, and citizens

Welcome, my lord. I dance attendance here;
I think the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter CATESBY

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

Welcome, my lord. I'm kicking my heels here.
I don't think the Duke wants to speak with you.

Now, Catesby, what does your lord say to my request?

CATESBY.
He doth entreat your Grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow or next day.

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He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

He begs your Grace, my noble lord,
to visit him tomorrow or the next day.
He's inside, with two very holy priests,
in divine meditation;
he will not allow any earthly things
to distract him from his devotions.

BUCKINGHAM.
Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke;
Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Good Catesby, go back to the gracious Duke;
tell him that myself, the Mayor and aldermen,
have all come to speak to his Grace about
weighty matters, extremely important things,
which are most important for the general good.

CATESBY.
I'll signify so much unto him straight.

I'll go and let himknow at once.

Exit

BUCKINGHAM.
Ah ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England would this virtuous prince
Take on his Grace the sovereignty thereof;

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But, sure, I fear we shall not win him to it.

Ah ha, my lord, this prince is not like Edward!
He is not lying around on a lustful bed,
but is on his knees praying;
not playing with a pair of tarts,
but praying with two holy men;
not sleeping as his idle body gets fatter,
but praying, to expand his holy soul.
England would be very lucky if this good prince
agreed to become its monarch;
but I'm afraid I'm certain we won't persuade him.

MAYOR.
Marry, God defend his Grace should say us nay!

Well, heaven forbid that he should refuse us!

BUCKINGHAM.
I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

Re-enter CATESBY

Now, Catesby, what says his Grace?

I'm afraid he will. Here comes Catesby again.

Now, Catesby, what does his Grace say?

CATESBY.
My lord,
He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him.
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

My Lord,
he is asking why you have gathered
such an army ofcitizens to come to him.
As his Grace was not told they were coming,
he is afraid, my lord, that you mean him harm.

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BUCKINGHAM.
Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me that I mean no good to him.
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his Grace.
Exit CATESBY
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

I'm sorry my noble cousin can
suspect me of intending to harm him.
By heaven, we come to him out of perfect love;
please go back and tell his Grace that.

When holy and devout religious men
are praying, it's very difficult to get them away,
their holy meditations are so sweet.

Enter RICHARD aloft, between two BISHOPS.
CATESBY returns

MAYOR.
See where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Look where his Grace is standing between two clergymen!

BUCKINGHAM.
Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity;
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Two good supports for a Christian prince,
to stop him turning to sin;
and, see, a prayer book in his hand,
a true sign of a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,

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look favourably on our requests,
and excuse us for interrupting
your devotions and your proper Christian passion.

RICHARD.
My lord, there needs no such apology:
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?

My lord, there is no need for an apology:
I beg your Grace to pardon me,
for, in my deep devotion to God,
making my friends wait.
But forget that, what can I do for your Grace?

BUCKINGHAM.
Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Something that, I hope, will please God above,
and all good men on this leaderless island.

RICHARD.
I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

I suspect I have done something wrong
which seems displeasing to the city,
and that you have come to criticise my ignorance.

BUCKINGHAM.
You have, my lord. Would it might please
your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

You have, my lord. We hope it will please your Grace,
when we ask you, to make things right!

RICHARD.

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Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Why else am I here in this Christian land?

BUCKINGHAM.
Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scept'red office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;
Whiles in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost should'red in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land-
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause come I to move your Grace.

Know then that your fault is your rejection
of the highest seat, the majestic throne,
the ruling office of your ancestors,
your lucky state, and your birthright,
the ancestral glory of your royal house,
to allow a perverted line to take it;
while you indulge your mild unearthly thoughts–
which we now arouse for the good of the country–
the noble island is lacking her limbs;
her face is scarred with shame,
her royal stock has had low plants grafted to it,
and she has almost been pushed into the consuming gulf

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of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion;
to make things better, we earnestly ask
your gracious self to assume the responsibility
of governing this land of yours as a king,
not as Protector, steward, substitute,
or a low agent for someone else's profit,
but as your birthright, your territory, your own,
handed down through your bloodline.
Along with these citizens–
your very worshipful and loving friends,
and at their strong insistence–
I have come to persuade your Grace in this just cause.

RICHARD.
I cannot tell if to depart in silence
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof
Best fitteth my degree or your condition.
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore-to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last-
Definitively thus I answer you:
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness-
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea-
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me-
And much I need to help you, were there need.
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,

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Will well become the seat of majesty
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me-
The right and fortune of his happy stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

I can't decide if to leave in silence
or to bitterly reprimand you
would be most suited to my rank and your position.
If I didn't answer you might think
my ambition, by not replying, made me agree
to assume the golden burden of kingship
which you foolishly want to place on me;
if I reprimanded you for your request,
inspired as it is by your faithful love for me,
then, on the other hand, I might be insulting my friends.
So, I shall speak, and avoid the first accusation
and by speaking I shall avoid the last,
so I give you this definitive answer:
I must thank you for your love, but my
lack of merit rejects your great request.
Firstly, if there were no obstacles
to my taking the crown and I followed
my birthright to my inheritance,
my spirit is so poor,
I have so many great defects,
that I would rather reject my greatness–
I am a ship not made for the great oceans–
than cover my faults with greatness,
hide them beneath my glory.
But, thank God, you do not need me–
and I can't help you if you did.
The King has left descendants,
who, as they ripen over time,
will be well suited to the throne,
and no doubt make us happy in their reign.
I give to him what you want to give to me:
his rightful inheritance,
and God forfend that I should take it from him.

BUCKINGHAM.
My lord, this argues conscience in your

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Grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son.
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first was he contract to Lady Lucy-
Your mother lives a witness to his vow-
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

My Lord, this shows good feeling in your Grace;
but all things considered your objections
are slight and trivial.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
and we agree–but not the son of his wife.
For he was first engaged to Lady Lucy
(your mother is a living witness to his promise),
and afterwards he was, through a stand-in, engaged
to Bona, sister of the King of France.
Avoiding both of these, a poor beggar,
the mother of many sons, mad through care,
a faded beauty, a distressed widow,
with her best days behind her,
managed to capture his lusty eye,

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and seduce his great position
to low things and horrible bigamy.
In his unlawful bed he conceived through her
this Edward, whom we politely call the Prince.
I could speak more bitterly,
but respect for some people still alive
makes me curb my tongue.
So, my good lord, take to your royal self
the position which we offer you:
if not to do both us and the country good,
to lead your noble bloodline away
from the corruption of these bad times
back to the proper course of its descent.

MAYOR.
Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Do, my good lord; your citizens are begging you.

BUCKINGHAM.
Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Don't refuse the love we offer you, mighty lord.

CATESBY.
O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

Oh, give them joy, agree to their lawful requests!

RICHARD.
Alas, why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty.
I do beseech you, take it not amiss:
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Alas, why do you want to load this burden on me?
I am not fit for kingship and for rule.
I beg you not to be offended:
I cannot and I will not agree.

BUCKINGHAM.
If you refuse it-as, in love and zeal,

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Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred
And equally indeed to all estates-
Yet know, whe'er you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne
To the disgrace and downfall of your house;
And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come, citizens. Zounds, I'll entreat no more.

If you refuse it–through love and piety,
not wanting to overthrow the child, the son of your brother;
we are well aware of your tender heart
and your gentle, kind, womanish penitence,
which we have seen you show to your family
and indeed just as much to all people–
you should know that whether you agree or not,
your brother's son shall never reign as our King;
we shall put someone else on the throne
which will lead to the disgrace and downfall of your house;
we shall leave you here and do this.
Come, citizens. By God, I shall beg no more.

RICHARD.
O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

Oh, do not swear, my Lord of Buckingham!

Exeunt BUCKINGHAM, MAYOR, and citizens

CATESBY.
Call him again, sweet Prince, accept their suit.
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Call him back, sweet prince, accept their request.
If you refuse them, the whole country will regret it.

RICHARD.
Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again. I am not made of stones,

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But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'er I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load;
But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Do you want me to accept a world of trouble?
Call them back. I am not made of stone,
but I am affected by your kind requests,
even though they are against my conscience and my soul.

My cousin Buckingham, and you wise respected men,
since you insist on placing this burden of fate
on my back, whether I want it or not,
I must be strong enough to accept it;
but if scandal or criticism comes my way
as a result of your imposition,
the fact that you have forced me shall make me
innocent of the dark stain of that;
for God knows, and you can partly see,
how much I do not want this.

MAYOR.
God bless your Grace! We see it, and will say it.

God bless your Grace! We can see it, and will tell everyone.

RICHARD.
In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

If you say it, you will only be telling the truth.

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BUCKINGHAM.
Then I salute you with this royal title-
Long live King Richard, England's worthy King!

Then I salute you with this royal title–
Long live King Richard, England's worthy King!

ALL.
Amen.

Amen.

BUCKINGHAM.
To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Will you agree to be crowned tomorrow?

RICHARD.
Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Whenever you want, it's you who wants it.

BUCKINGHAM.
To-morrow, then, we will attend your Grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Then tomorrow we will come to your Grace;
and so, with great joy, we shall leave you.

RICHARD.
[To the BISHOPS]Come, let us to our holy
work again.
Farewell, my cousin; farewell, gentle friends.

Come, let us return to our holy work.
Farewell, my cousin; farewell,kind friends.

Exeunt

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ACT IV.

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SCENE 1.

London. Before the Tower

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS of YORK, and MARQUIS of DORSET, at
one door;
ANNE, DUCHESS of RICHARD, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET,
CLARENCE's young daughter, at another door

DUCHESS.
Who meets us here? My niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Princes.
Daughter, well met.

Who is this who meets us here? My niece Plantagenet,
led by the hand by her kind aunt Gloucester?
Now, I swear, she's going to the Tower,
out of pure love, to greet the young Princes.
Daughter, good to see you.

ANNE.
God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

May God give both your Graces
comfort and joy!

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
As much to you, good sister! Whither
away?

The same to you, good sister! Where are you going?

ANNE.
No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

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Just as far as the Tower; and, I'm guessing,
on the same errand as yourselves,
to salute the young princes there.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter
all together.

Enter BRAKENBURY

And in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of York?

Thank you, kind sister; we'll all go in together.

And right on time, here comes the lieutenant.
Master Lieutenant, would you please tell me
how is the Prince, and my young son York?

BRAKENBURY.
Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them.
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Very well, dear madam. If you'll excuse me,
I can't let you visit them.
The King has given strict orders.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
The King! Who's that?

The King! Who's that?

BRAKENBURY.
I mean the Lord Protector.

I mean the Lord Protector.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
The Lord protect him from that kingly

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title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

May the Lord protect him from taking the title of King!
Is he setting limits on the love between them and me?
I am their mother; who will keep me from them?

DUCHESS.
I am their father's mother; I will see them.

I am their father's mother; I insist on seeing them.

ANNE.
Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother.
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

I am legally their aunt, but I love them like a mother.
Take me to see them; I'll take the blame for you,
and absolve you from any responsibility.

BRAKENBURY.
No, madam, no. I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

No, madam, no. This cannot be;
I am bound by oath, and so you must excuse me.

Exit

Enter STANLEY

STANLEY.
Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.
[To ANNE]Come, madam, you must straight to
Westminster,
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

If I only met you one hour later, ladies,

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I would salute your Grace of York as mother
and revered observer of two lovely queens.
[To Anne] Come, madam, you must go straight to Westminster,
where you will be crowned as Richard's royal queen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Ah, cut my lace asunder
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!

Oh, unlace my corset
so that my imprisoned heart can have room to beat,
otherwise I will faint at this fatal news.

ANNE.
Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Horrible report! Unpleasant news!

DORSET.
Be of good cheer; mother, how fares your Grace?

Be happy; mother, how are you?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee
gone!
Death and destruction dogs thee at thy heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Oh Dorset, do not speak to me, go away!
Death and destruction are pursuing you;
your mother's name is dangerous to children.
If you want to escape death, cross the sea,
go and live with Richmond, out of reach of hell.
Go, get away, get away from this slaughterhouse,

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in case you increase the number of dead,
and make me die the way Margaret's curse predicted,
neither mother, wife, nor recognised Queen of England.

STANLEY.
Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way.
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Your advice is full of loving wisdom, madam.
You should act as quickly as you can;
I shall give you letters of recommendation
to my son, I'll send them after you.
Don't be caught out by any foolish delay.

DUCHESS.
O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

Oh scattering wind of misery!
Oh my cursed womb, the bed of death!
You have released a basilisk into the world,
and to look him in the eye is death.

STANLEY.
Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Come, madam, come; I was told to hurry.

ANNE.
And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brains!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die ere men can say 'God save the Queen!'

And I will go as unwillingly as you could imagine.

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Oh, I wish to God that the circle of
gold metal that will surround my head
was red-hot steel, to burn my brains!
Let me be anointed with deadly poison,
so I can die before men can say 'God save the Queen!'

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Go, go, poor soul; I envy not thy glory.
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Go, go, poor soul; I do not envy your glory.
For my sake, do not wish harm upon yourself.

ANNE.
No, why? When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dear saint which then I weeping follow'd-
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish: 'Be thou' quoth I 'accurs'd
For making me, so young, so old a widow;
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable by the life of thee
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death.'
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse,
Which hitherto hath held my eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Why not? When the one who is now my husband
came to me as I followed Henry's body,
when the blood has hardly been washed from his hands
which came from my other angelic husband,
that dear saint whom I was following, weeping;

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when, I tell you, I looked on Richard's face
this is what I wished: 'May you', I said, 'be cursed
for making me, so young, such an old widow;
and when you marry, may sorrow attend your bed;
and may your wife–if anyone is mad enough to marry you–
be made more miserable by you
then you have made me through killing my dear Lord.'
Then in the time it took me to say this curse,
such a short time, my woman's heart
was disgracefully taken in by his sweet words,
and made myself the subject of my own soul's curse,
and I have never had a moment's sleep since then;
for there hasn't been a single hour in his bed
when I was enjoying the golden blessing of sleep
that I have been awoken by his evil dreams.
Besides, he hates me because my father was Warwick,
and he will no doubt shortly rid himself of me.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

Poor dear, goodbye! I sympathise with your sorrow.

ANNE.
No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

No more than I mourn for your soul with mine.

DORSET.
Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory!

Farewell, you sad recipient of glory!

ANNE.
Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Goodbye, poor soul, who is leaving it!

DUCHESS.
[To DORSET]Go thou to Richmond, and good
fortune guide thee!
[To ANNE]Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend

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thee![To QUEEN ELIZABETH]Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

[To Dorset] Go to Richmond, and may good fortune guide you!
[To Anne] You go to Richard, and may good angels watch over you!
[To Queen Elizabeth] You seek sanctuary, and may you be full of good thoughts!
I am going to my grave, and let peace and rest find me there!
I have seen eighty odd years of sorrow,
and every hour of joy has been matched by a week of misery.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Stay, yet look back with me unto the
Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls,
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones.
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well.
So foolish sorrows bids your stones farewell.

Wait, look back at the Tower with me.
You ancient stones, pity those tender children
whom envy has imprisoned within your walls,
a rough cradle for such pretty little ones.
Rough and rugged nurse, sullen old play fellow
for tender Princes, treat my babies well.
And so foolish sorrow says farewell to your stones.

Exeunt

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SCENE 2.

London. The palace

Sound a sennet. Enter RICHARD, in pomp, as KING;
BUCKINGHAM,
CATESBY,
RATCLIFF, LOVEL, a PAGE, and others

KING RICHARD.
Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham!

Everyone stand aside. Cousin Buckingham!

BUCKINGHAM.
My gracious sovereign?

My sweet King?

KING RICHARD.
Give me thy hand.
[Here he ascendeth the throne. Sound]
Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated.
But shall we wear these glories for a day;
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Give me your hand.
[He climbs onto the throne. Trumpets.]
So King Richard is seated on high
on your advice and with your help.
But shall I have this glory for a day,
or will it last for me to enjoy it?

BUCKINGHAM.
Still live they, and for ever let them last!

They are still living, and let them live forever!

KING RICHARD.
Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

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To try if thou be current gold indeed.
Young Edward lives-think now what I would speak.

Ah, Buckingham, now I'm going to test
you to see if you are really true.
Young Edward is alive–what do you think I'm going to say?

BUCKINGHAM.
Say on, my loving lord.

Keep talking, my dear lord.

KING RICHARD.
Why, Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Why, Buckingham, I say I want to be king.

BUCKINGHAM.
Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

Well, you are, my triply famous lord.

KING RICHARD.
Ha! am I King? 'Tis so; but Edward lives.

Ha! Am I king? I am; but Edward is alive.

BUCKINGHAM.
True, noble Prince.

True, noble Prince.

KING RICHARD.
O bitter consequence:
That Edward still should live-true noble Prince!
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? Speak suddenly, be brief.

This is what I find so horrible:
that Edward should still be alive, a true noble Prince!

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Cousin, you're not usually so dull-witted.
Shall I be clear? I want the bastards dead,
and I want it done quickly.
Now what you say? Speak quickly, be brief.

BUCKINGHAM.
Your Grace may do your pleasure.

Your grace may do as he wishes.

KING RICHARD.
Tut, tut, thou art all ice; thy kindness freezes.
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Tut tut, you are like ice; your kindness is freezing.
Tell me if you agree that they shall die?

BUCKINGHAM.
Give me some little breath, some pause,
dear Lord,
Before I positively speak in this.
I will resolve you herein presently.

Give me a little breathing space, a pause, dear lord,
before I give you a definitive answer.
I shall do that shortly.

Exit

CATESBY.
[Aside to another]The King is angry; see, he
gnaws his lip.

The King is angry; look, he's chewing his lip.

KING RICHARD.
I will converse with iron-witted fools
[Descends from the throne]
And unrespective boys; none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!

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I have to talk to stupid fools
and disrespectful boys; there's nobody on my side
who looks at me with prudent eyes.
Haughty Buckingham is becoming cautious.
Boy!

PAGE.
My lord?

My lord?

KING RICHARD.
Know'st thou not any whom corrupting
gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Don't you know anyone who can be bribed with gold
to commit murder?

PAGE.
I know a discontented gentleman
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit.
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

I know a discontented gentleman
who does not have the money to match his arrogant spirit.
To him gold is as persuasive as
twenty orators, and I've nodoubt he'll do anything for it.

KING RICHARD.
What is his name?

What is his name?

PAGE.
His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

KING RICHARD.

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I partly know the man. Go, call him hither,
boy. Exit PAGE
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me, untir'd,
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter STANLEY

How now, Lord Stanley! What's the news?

I know something of the man. Go and summon him here, boy.

The plotting and clever Buckingham
shall no longer be my confidant.
How has he kept up with me for so long, without tiring,
that now he wants to pause for breath? Well, so be it.

Hello there, Lord Stanley! What's the news?

STANLEY.
Know, my loving lord,
The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

You should know, my dear lord,
that the Marquis Dorset, so I hear, has run
to Richmond, in the country where he lives.

[Stands apart]

KING RICHARD.
Come hither, Catesby. Rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter-
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look how thou dream'st! I say again, give out
That Anne, my queen, is sick and like to die.
About it; for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

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Exit CATESBY
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter PAGE, with TYRREL

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Come here, Catesby. Put round a rumour
that Anne, my wife, is very seriously ill;
I will order her to be confined.
Find me some lowborn gentleman,
and I will marry him at once to Clarence's daughter–
the boy is stupid, and I am not afraid of him.
Pull yourself together! I'm telling you, tell people
that Anne, my queen, is ill and looks like dying.
Get on with it; it's very necessary for me
to nip in the bud the hopes of anyone who can damage me.

I must marry my brother's daughter,
or otherwise my kingdom is on quicksand.
To murder her brothers, and then marry her–
it's not a certain way of winning! But I have shed
so much blood that one sin will assist another;
there are no tears of pity in these eyes.

Is your name Tyrrel?

TYRREL.
James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

KING RICHARD.
Art thou, indeed?

Are you, really?

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TYRREL.
Prove me, my gracious lord.

Test me, my gracious lord.

KING RICHARD.
Dar'st'thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Would you dare to agree to kill a friend of mine?

TYRREL.
Please you;
But I had rather kill two enemies.

If you wanted;
but I would rather kill two enemies.

KING RICHARD.
Why, then thou hast it. Two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Well, then you have your wish. Two great enemies,
disturbers of my sleep, enemies of my rest,
are the ones I want you to do this to.
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the tower.

TYRREL.
Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

Give me the opportunity to get at them,
and soon you won't have to worry about them any more.

KING RICHARD.
Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come
hither, Tyrrel.
Go, by this token. Rise, and lend thine ear.[Whispers]
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

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You're singing sweet music. Listen, come here, Tyrrel.
Go, with this token. Get up, and listen. [Whispers]
That's all there is to it: once you tell me it's done
I will love you and promote you for it.

TYRREL.
I will dispatch it straight.

I'll do it at once.

Exit

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM

BUCKINGHAM.
My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late request that you did sound me in.

My Lord, I have been thinking about
the matter you recently asked me about.

KING RICHARD.
Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to
Richmond.

Don't worry about that. Dorset has fled to Richmond.

BUCKINGHAM.
I hear the news, my lord.

I heard the news, my lord.

KING RICHARD.
Stanley, he is your wife's son: well, look
unto it.

Stanley, Richmond is your wife's son: deal with it.

BUCKINGHAM.
My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd:
Th' earldom of Hereford and the movables

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Which you have promised I shall possess.

My lord, I claim the gift, which you promised to me,
the price of your honour and your faith:
the earldom of Hereford and the portable possessions
which you promised I should have.

KING RICHARD.
Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Stanley, watch out for your wife; if shesends
letters to Richmond, you shall pay for it.

BUCKINGHAM.
What says your Highness to my just request?

What does your Highness say to my fair request?

KING RICHARD.
I do remember me: Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be King,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!-perhaps-

I call to mind that Henry the sixth
prophesied that Richmond should be king,
when Richmond was just a little brat.
A king!–Perhaps–

BUCKINGHAM.
My lord-

My lord–

KING RICHARD.
How chance the prophet could not at that
time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Why didn't the prophet tell me at that time
as I was standing by, that I would kill him?

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BUCKINGHAM.
My lord, your promise for the earldom-

My lord, you promised me the earldom–

KING RICHARD.
Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle
And call'd it Rugemount, at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Richmond! Last time I was at Exeter
the mayor, out of courtesy, showed me the castle
and called it Rougemont, and the name made me jump,
because an Irish poet once told me
that I would not live for long after I had seen Richmond.

BUCKINGHAM.
My lord-

My Lord–

KING RICHARD.
Ay, what's o'clock?

Yes, what's the time?

BUCKINGHAM.
I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

I should like to remind your Grace
of what you promised me.

KING RICHARD.
Well, but o'clock?

Yes, but what's the time?

BUCKINGHAM.

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Upon the stroke of ten.

Just coming up to ten.

KING RICHARD.
Well, let it strike.

Well, let it strike.

BUCKINGHAM.
Why let it strike?

Why let it strike?

KING RICHARD.
Because that like a Jack thou keep'st the
stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Because you're like a bell that's ringing
between your begging and my thoughts.
I am not in the mood for giving today.

BUCKINGHAM.
May it please you to resolve me in my suit.

Could you please grant what I ask.

KING RICHARD.
Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

You're bothering me; I'm not in the mood.

Exeunt all but Buckingham

BUCKINGHAM.
And is it thus? Repays he my deep service
With such contempt? Made I him King for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock while my fearful head is on!

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That's it, is it? He's repaying my great service
with contempt? Did I make him king for this?
O, let me remember Hastings, and go
to Brecknock while I still have my fearful head!

Exit

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SCENE 3.

London. The palace

Enter TYRREL

TYRREL.
The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, who I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad story.
'O, thus' quoth Dighton 'lay the gentle babes'-
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest 'girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms.
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,' quoth Forrest 'almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil'-there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody King.

Enter KING RICHARD

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign lord!

The terrible and bloody act is done;
the most shocking deed of pitiful slaughter
that this country has ever seen.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I employed
to commit this act of ruthless luxury–
even though they were hardened villains, bloody dogs–
broke down with tenderness and soft compassion,

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they wept like two children, telling the story of their deaths.
Dighton said, 'The gentle babies lay like this';
'Like this, like this', said Forrest, 'hugging one another
with their innocent spotless arms;
their lips were like four red roses on a stalk
kissing each other in their summer beauty.
There was a book of prayers lying on their pillow,
which almost', Forrest said, 'changed my mind.
But oh, the devil–' the villain stopped there,
and Dighton continued: 'We smothered the most perfect thing
that nature ever made from the perfection of creation.'
They have both gone away full of conscience and remorse;
they could not speak, and so I left them both
to bring the murderous King the news;

and here he comes. Your health, your Majesty.

KING RICHARD.
Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Kind Tyrrel, do you have news to make me happy?

TYRREL.
If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

If having done the thing you ordered
will make you happy, then be happy,
for it is done.

KING RICHARD.
But didst thou see them dead?

But did you see them dead?

TYRREL.
I did, my lord.

I did, my lord.

KING RICHARD.

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And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

And buried, kind Tyrrel?

TYRREL.
The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

The chaplain of the Tower has buried them;
but to tell the truth I don't know where.

KING RICHARD.
Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

Come to me, Tyrrel, after supper,
and you shall tell me how they died.
In the meantime, just think of what you'd like me to do for you,
and you shall have it.
Farewell until then.

TYRREL.
I humbly take my leave.

I humbly take my leave.

Exit

KING RICHARD.
The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Britaine Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

I have got Clarence's son in custody;

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I have matched his daughter in a mean marriage;
the sons of Edward dead,
and my wife Anne has said good night to the world.
Now, as I know that Richmond from Brittany has intentions
upon the young Elizabeth,the daughter of my brother,
and hopes through that marriage to gain the crown,
then off I go to see her, a jolly prosperous suitor.

Enter RATCLIFF

RATCLIFF.
My lord!

My lord!

KING RICHARD.
Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so
bluntly?

Is it good or bad news that has you barging in?

RATCLIFF.
Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

Bad news, my lord: Morton has fled to Richmond;
and Buckingham, supported by the strong Welshmen,
is threatening battle, and his forces are increasing.

KING RICHARD.
Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men. My counsel is my shield.
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

Ely allied to Richmond worries me more

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than Buckingham and his quickly raised forces.
Come: I have learned that nervous discussion
is what leads to stupid delay;
delay leads to powerless slow defeat:
so let me take fiery swift action,
which will announce the arrival of the king into battle!
Go, gather forces. My weapons will be my advisers.
We must hurry when traitors are on the attack.

Exeunt

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SCENE 4.

London. Before the palace

Enter old QUEEN MARGARET

QUEEN MARGARET.
So now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret. Who comes here?

So now the fruit of summer begins to mellow
and drop into the rotten mouth of death.
I have cunningly hidden round these parts
to watchmy enemies fall.
I have seen a terrible prologue,
and shall go to France, hoping the outcome
will be as bitter, black and tragic as the beginning.
Hide yourself, wretched Margaret. Who is this coming?

[Retires]

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF YORK

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender
babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings
And hear your mother's lamentation.

Ah, my poor Princes! Ah, my tender babies!
My immature flowers, my newly opened blossoms!
If your gentle souls are still flying in the air

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and have not yet been allocated their place in the afterlife,
hover around me with your fairy wings
and hear your mother's lamentation.

QUEEN MARGARET.
Hover about her; say that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Hover around her; say that tit for tat
is what has made a night out of your infant morning.

DUCHESS.
So many miseries have craz'd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

So many miseries have cracked my voice
that my sorrowful tongue is mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why are you dead?

QUEEN MARGARET.
Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Plantagenet has paid back Plantagenet,
Edward has paid a dying debt for Edward.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle
lambs
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Will you, O God, abandon such gentle lambs
and allow them to be eaten by the wolf?
When were you sleeping when this deed was done?

QUEEN MARGARET.
When holy Harry died, and my sweet
son.

When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

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DUCHESS.
Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,[Sitting down]
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

Life is dead, sight is blind, poor mortal living ghost,
the picture of woe, the shame of the world, what should be in the grave still living,
symbol of these terrible days,
rest your misery on the lawful earth of England,
made unlawfully drunk with innocent blood.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a
grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

Ah, I wish you could as easily provide a grave
as you can a seat of sadness!
Then I would hide my bones away, not just rest them here.
Ah, who has any reason to mourn but us?

[Sitting down by her]

QUEEN MARGARET.
[Coming forward]If ancient sorrow be
most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,[Sitting down with them]
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

If the oldest sorrow is the most respected,

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give mine the benefits of seniority,
and let my grief look down on yours from above.
If sorrow can cope with company,
you can see all yours again in mine.
I had an Edward, until a Richard killed him;
I had a husband, until a Richard killed him;
you had an Edward, until a Richard killed him;
you had a Richard, until a Richard killed him.

DUCHESS.
I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

I had a Richard too, and you killed him;
I had a Rutland too, you helped to kill him.

QUEEN MARGARET.
Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death.
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

You also have a Clarence, and Richard killed him.
From out of the kennel of your womb there has crept
a hell hound that is hunting us all to death.
That dog, that grew teeth before it grew eyes,
to worry lambs and drink their gentle blood,
that foul vandaliser of God's handiwork,
that unparalleled earthly tyrant
who rules in the sore eyes of weeping souls,
that was what your womb unleashed to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just and fair dealing God,

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how I thank you that this lusty cur
is preying on his mother's other children
and makes her sit down with her fellow sufferers.

DUCHESS.
O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Oh wife of Harry, do not rejoice in my sorrow!
As God is my witness, I wept for yours.

QUEEN MARGARET.
Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match'd not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic play,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor to buy souls
And send them thither. But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end.
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live and say 'The dog is dead.'

Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
and I am feeding myself as I see it.
Your Edward who killed my Edward is dead;
the other Edward is dead, to pay for my Edward;
young York is just small change, because together
they did not add up to the high perfection of the one I lost.
Your Clarence is dead who stabbed my Edward;
and the ones who looked on at this vicious event,
the adulterous Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
have found early deaths in their dark graves.
Richard, the black spy of hell, is still alive;

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hell keeps him as its agent to buy souls
and send them there. But soon, soon,
he will meet his terrible and un-pitied end.
Earth is opening, hell burns, devils roar, saints pray,
all wanting him to be suddenly carried away from here.
Don't permit him any more life, dear God, I pray,
so that I can live and say 'The dog is dead.'

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
O, thou didst prophesy the time would
come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!

Oh, you did prophesy that the time would come
when I would ask for you to help me curse
that swollen spider, that foul hunchbacked toad!

QUEEN MARGARET.
I Call'd thee then vain flourish of my
fortune;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen,
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a-high to be hurl'd down below,
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes,
A dream of what thou wast, a garish flag
To be the aim of every dangerous shot,
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble,
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? Where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? Wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says 'God save the Queen'?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline an this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
For Queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For she being fear'd of all, now fearing one;

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For she commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Having no more but thought of what thou wast
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke,
From which even here I slip my weary head
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance;
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

At that time I called you a vain imitation of what I should be;
I called you a poor shadow, a painted queen,
just an imitation of what I had been;
a predictive prologue to the pageant of terrible things to come;
you were one lifted up high, to be hurled down;
a mother mocked by being given two fair babies;
a dream of what you were; a gaudy flag
for every dangerous shot to aim at;
a symbol of dignity; a breath, a bubble;
a joke Queen, just to complete the picture.
Where is your husband now? Where are your brothers?
Where are your two sons? Where do you get happiness?
Who begs, and kneels, and says 'God save the Queen'?
Where are the bowing peers who flattered you?
Where are the crowds of troops who followed you?
Think about all this, and see what you are now:
the happy wife is now a terribly distressed widow;
the joyful mother who wails for her children;
someone who was begged who is now a humble beggar;
a queen who has become an outcast, her only crown is sorrow;
the one who scorned me is now scorned by me;
the one who was feared by everyone is now afraid of one;
she who used to command everything is now obeyed by no one.
So the wheel of justice has spun around
and left you a victim of time,
left with nothing but memories of what you were
to torture you more, being what you are.
You stole my place, and now do you not
steal your fair share of my sorrow?

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Now your proud neck carries half of my burden,
and right now I take away my tired head
and leave you to manage all of it.
Farewell, York's wife, the Queen of sorrowful bad luck;
your English woes will make me smile in France.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

You are so good at curses, stay a while
and teach me how to curse my enemies!

QUEEN MARGARET.
Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the
days;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is.
Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad-causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Do not sleep at night, and do not eat in the day;
compare your dead happiness with your living sorrows;
imagine that your babies were sweeter than they were,
and the one who killed them is fouler than he is.
Making your loss seem greater makes the one who caused it seem worse;
thinking of this will teach you how to curse.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
My words are dull; O, quicken them
with thine!

My words are dull; oh, sharpen them with yours!

QUEEN MARGARET.
Thy woes will make them sharp and
pierce like mine.

Your sorrows will sharpen them and make them stab like mine.

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Exit

DUCHESS.
Why should calamity be full of words?

Why must disaster be full of words?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries,
Let them have scope; though what they will impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

They are the windy lawyers of their client sorrows,
airy inheritors of intestate happiness,
the poor breathing speakers of misery,
let them run free; even if what they say
helps nothing else, they can ease the heart.

DUCHESS.
If so, then be not tongue-tied. Go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
The trumpet sounds; be copious in exclaims.

If that's true, then let your speech out. Come with me,
and with a gale of bitter words let’s smother
my damned son who smothered your two sweet sons.
The trumpet sounds; be profligate with your curses.

Enter KING RICHARD and his train, marching with drums and trumpets

KING RICHARD.
Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Who intercepts me on my journey?

DUCHESS.
O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,

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From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Oh, she who might have intercepted you
by strangling you in her cursed womb,
and prevented all the slaughters, wretch, you have committed!

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Hidest thou that forehead with a golden
crown
Where't should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

Are you hiding your forehead with a golden crown,
where you should be branded, if there was any justice,
with the slaughter of the Prince who owned that Crown,
and the terrible death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, you slavish villain, where are my children?

DUCHESS.
Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

You toad, you toad, where is your brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,
Grey?

Where are the gentle Rivers, Vaughan and Grey?

DUCHESS.
Where is kind Hastings?

Where is kind Hastings?

KING RICHARD.
A flourish, trumpets! Strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

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Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!
[Flourish. Alarums]
Either be patient and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Blow the trumpets! Sound the alarm, drums!
Don't let the heavens hear these tell-tale women
insulting the Lord's anointed. Sound, I say!

Either be calm and speak to me nicely,
or I will drown out everything you say
with these warlike noises.

DUCHESS.
Art thou my son?

Are you my son?

KING RICHARD.
Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Yes, I thank God, I am made from my father and yourself.

DUCHESS.
Then patiently hear my impatience.

Then listen patiently to my anger.

KING RICHARD.
Madam, I have a touch of your condition
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Madam, I have some of your characteristic
of not being able to listen to reprimands.

DUCHESS.
O, let me speak!

O, let me speak!

KING RICHARD.

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Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Speak then, but I won't listen.

DUCHESS.
I will be mild and gentle in my words.

I will be sweet and kind with my words.

KING RICHARD.
And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

And brief, good mother, for I am in a hurry.

DUCHESS.
Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

Are you in such a hurry? I waited for you,
God knows, in tortured agony.

KING RICHARD.
And came I not at last to comfort you?

And didn't I come in the end to comfort you?

DUCHESS.
No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful-kind in hatred.
What comfortable hour canst thou name
That ever grac'd me with thy company?

No, by the holy blood, you know well
that you came on earth to make it hell for me.
Your birth was a terrible burden for me;
as a child you were tetchy and disobedient;

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your school days were terrible, desperate, wild and furious;
in the prime of your manhood you were daring, bold and adventurous;
as you got older you became proud, cunning, sly and bloodthirsty,
less aggressive, but more deceitfully spiteful in your hatred.
Can you name me one hour
that you ever gave me of your company?

KING RICHARD.
Faith, none but Humphrey Hour, that call'd
your Grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on and not offend you, madam.
Strike up the drum.

Only Humphrey Hour, a member of my company
who once called your Grace to come to breakfast.
If I am so unpleasing to your eye,
let me march on and not offend you, madam.
Strike up the drum.

DUCHESS.
I prithee hear me speak.

I pray you to listen to me.

KING RICHARD.
You speak too bitterly.

You speak too bitterly.

DUCHESS.
Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.

Just listen to a word from me;
For I shall never speak to you again.

KING RICHARD.
So.

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Very well.

DUCHESS.
Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish
And never more behold thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most grievous curse,
Which in the day of battle tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art; bloody will be thy end.
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.

Either you shall die by God's just orders
before you triumph in this war,
or I shall perish from grief and old age
and never see your face again.
So take with you my most terrible curse,
and on the day of battle may it tire you more
than all the full suit of armour you wear!
My prayers go with your adversaries;
and the little souls of Edward's children
whisper to the ghosts of your enemies
and promise them success and victory.
You are bloodthirsty; your death will be bloody.
Shame follows your life and will be with you in your death.

Exit

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Though far more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her.

Although I have far more cause to curse you,
I have less ability at it; I second what she has said.

KING RICHARD.

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Stay, madam, I must talk a word with you.

Wait, madam, I must speak to you.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
I have no moe sons of the royal blood
For thee to slaughter. For my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

I have no other royal sons
for you to slaughter. As from my daughters, Richard,
they shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
and so don't plan to take their lives.

KING RICHARD.
You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth.
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

You have a daughter called Elizabeth.
Good and beautiful, royal and gracious.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
And must she die for this? O, let her
live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy;
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

And she must die for that? O, let her live,
and I will corrupt her manners, spoil her beauty,
lie and say that I betrayed Edward,
I will make her ill thought of;
if it means she can escape bloody slaughter,
I will swear that she was not Edward's daughter.

KING RICHARD.
Wrong not her birth; she is a royal
Princess.

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Do not lie about her birth; she is a royal princess.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
To save her life I'll say she is not so.

To save her life I'll say she isn't.

KING RICHARD.
Her life is safest only in her birth.

Her birth is the only thing saving her life.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
And only in that safety died her
brothers.

It was their birth that killed her brothers.

KING RICHARD.
Lo, at their birth good stars were opposite.

Well, the stars werecontrary when they were born.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
No, to their lives ill friends were
contrary.

No, it was poor friends who were contrary to their lives.

KING RICHARD.
All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Fate cannot be avoided.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
True, when avoided grace makes destiny.
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

Truth, when avoiding grace brings destiny.
My babies were destined to have a sweeter death,
if grace had blessed you with a sweeter life.

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KING RICHARD.
You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

You speak as if it was I who killed my cousins.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle
cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, an indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desp'rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

They were indeed your cousins; and you their uncle cheated them
of comfort, kingdom, family, freedom, life.
Whoever's hand it was which stabbed their tender hearts
it was you who gave the orders.
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt
until it was sharpened on your stony heart
before it went to tear around the innards of my lambs.
But this calm talk of grief calms my wild grief,
my tongue should not be speaking the names of my boys to you
until my nails were scratching out your eyes;
and I, a poor ship with all its tackle gone,
smash myself to pieces on your rocky heart
in this desperate bay of death.

KING RICHARD.
Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

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Madam, if I succeed in this business
of dangerous and bloody war,
I plan for you and yours to receive more good
from me than you ever got harm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
What good is cover'd with the face of
heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

What good is hiding behind the clouds,
that when revealed could do me good?

KING RICHARD.
Advancement of your children, gentle
lady.

Advancement of your children, gentle lady.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Up to some scaffold, there to lose their
heads?

Advancement up some scaffold, where they will lose their heads?

KING RICHARD.
Unto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Up to the greatest position available,
the greatest glory available on earth.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Flatter my sorrow with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

Please my sorrow by telling me about it;
tell me what position, what dignity, what honour
you can award to any child of mine?

KING RICHARD.

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Even all I have-ay, and myself and all
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

I will give all I have, myself as well,
to the child of yours;
so drown your sad memory of the wrongs
which you imagine I have done to you
in the river of forgetfulness of your angry soul.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Be brief, lest that the process of thy
kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

Speak quickly, in case your actual kindness doesn't last
as long as the time it takes you to tell it.

KING RICHARD.
Then know, that from my soul I love thy
daughter.

Then know that I love your daughter with all my soul.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
My daughter's mother thinks it with her
soul.

My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

KING RICHARD.
What do you think?

What do you think?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
That thou dost love my daughter from
thy soul.
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers,
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

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That you love my daughter something other than your soul.
The same soulful love you had for her brothers,
and I thank you for it with something other than my heart's love.

KING RICHARD.
Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.
I mean that with my soul I love thy daughter
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Don't be so quick to misunderstand me.
I mean that with my soul I love your daughter
and I intend to make her Queen of England.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be
her king?

Well who do you intend to be her king?

KING RICHARD.
Even he that makes her Queen. Who else
should be?

The person who makes her queen. Who else would it be?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
What, thou?

What, you?

KING RICHARD.
Even so. How think you of it?

That's right. What do you think of it?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
How canst thou woo her?

How can you woo her?

KING RICHARD.

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That would I learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

That's what I want you to tell me,
you knowing her personality best.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
And wilt thou learn of me?

And will you learn from me?

KING RICHARD.
Madam, with all my heart.

Madam, with all my heart.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Send to her, by the man that slew her
brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
'Edward' and 'York.' Then haply will she weep;
Therefore present to her-as sometimes Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood-
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

Send her, via the man who killed her brothers,
a pair of bleeding hearts; scratch on them
‘Edward’ and ‘York.’ Then maybe she will weep;
so give her–as sometimes Margaret
did to your father, soaked in Rutland's blood–
a handkerchief; tell her that it mopped up
the blood from her sweet brother's body,
and tell her to wipe her weeping eyes with it.
If this doesn't make her love you,
send a letter telling her of your noble deeds;

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tell her that you killed her uncle Clarence,
her uncle Rivers; yes, and for her sake
you quickly got rid of her good aunt Anne.

KING RICHARD.
You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

You're mocking me, madam; this isn't the way
to win over your daughter.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

There is no other way;
unless you can assume some other shape
and not be the Richard who has done all these things.

KING RICHARD.
Say that I did all this for love of her?

What if I did all these things out of love for her?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but
hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

No, then she would have no choice but to hate you,
as you had bought her love with such bloody coin.

KING RICHARD.
Look what is done cannot be now amended.
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours gives leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.

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A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doating title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth;
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being King,
And by that loss your daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall can home
To high promotions and great dignity.
The King, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see.
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the Princes
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys.
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victoress, Caesar's Caesar.

Whatever has been done cannot now be changed:
men sometimes do the wrong thing,
which they may later regret.

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If I took the kingdom from your sons,
to make amends I'll give it to your daughter;
if I have killed your children,
to revive your family tree I shall create
children of your blood with your daughter.
The name of grandmother is loved almost as much
as the sweet title of mother;
grandchildren are children just one step removed;
they will be of the same substance as you, of your blood;
you will take the same trouble for them, apart from a night of labour
which she will suffer, which you previously suffered for her.
Your children were troublesome in your youth,
but mine shall comfort you in your old-age;
all you have lost is having a king as a son,
and through that loss your daughter will become Queen.
I can't make it up to you as I would like:
so accept what kindness I can offer.
Your son Dorset, who with a fearful soul
is walking unhappily in foreign lands,
will be quickly summoned home by this sweet alliance
to be given high promotion and great dignity.
The King who calls your beautiful daughter his wife
shall in friendship call Dorset his brother;
you will be mother to a king again,
and all the damage of sorrowful times
will be repaired with a double helping of happiness.
What! There are many happy days ahead.
The liquid drops of tears that you have shared
will be returned, changed into Oriental pearls,
the loan being repaid with interest
of ten times a double sum of happiness.
Go then, my mother; go to your daughter:
make her coy youth strong through your experience;
tell her how to listen to a wooer;
make her tender heart aspire to
golden monarchy; tell the Princess
about the sweet silent hours of joy marriage will bring,
and when I have beaten
the petty rebel, the dullard Buckingham,
I shall return in triumph
and take your daughter to a conqueror's bed;

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AENEAS.
Therefore Achilles. But whate'er, know this:
In the extremity of great and little
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Troyan and half Greek.

So you are Achilles. But whatever you are, know this:
in Hector bravery and arrogance are shown at
absolutely opposite extremes;
bravery that is almost infinite,
and not a drop of pride. If you look closely
what looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax shares half of Hector's ancestry;
out of respect for that half of Hector stays at home;
half a heart, half a hand, half of Hector comes to find
thisblended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

ACHILLES.
A maiden battle then? O, I perceive you!

Oh, I see! This is to be a battle without bloodshed?

Re-enter DIOMEDES

AGAMEMNON.
Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax. As you and Lord Aeneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath. The combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Here is Sir Diomedes. Go, gentle knight,
stand next to our Ajax. As you and Lord Aeneas
agree on the procedure for their fight,

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I shall tell her of how I won my victory
and she will triumph, winning over the greatest.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
What were I best to say? Her father's
brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee
That God, the law, my honour, and her love
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

What would be the best thing for me to say? That her father's
brother
wants to marry her? Or should I say her uncle?
Or the one who killed her brothers and her uncles?
What title shall I use to speak for you
so that God, the law, my honour and her love
can make this business seem pleasant to her youth?

KING RICHARD.
Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Tell her that this marriage will bring peace to fair England.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Which she shall purchase with
still-lasting war.

Which will be bought with this ongoing war.

KING RICHARD.
Tell her the King, that may command,
entreats.

Tell her that the King, who could order her, begs her.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
That at her hands which the King's
King forbids.

For something which the law of God forbids.

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KING RICHARD.
Say she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Say that she will be a high and mighty Queen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
To wail the title, as her mother doth.

To wish she never had the title, like her mother.

KING RICHARD.
Say I will love her everlastingly.

Say I will love her for ever.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

But for how long will ‘forever’ last?

KING RICHARD.
Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

It will last as long as her sweet life does.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
But how long fairly shall her sweet life
last?

But how long will her sweet life last?

KING RICHARD.
As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

As long as heaven and nature allows it.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
As long as hell and Richard likes of it.

As long as hell and Richard still like her.

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KING RICHARD.
Say I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Tell her that I, her monarch, am her low subject.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
But she, your subject, loathes such
sovereignty.

But she, your subject, loathes your monarchy.

KING RICHARD.
Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Speak eloquently to her on my behalf.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
An honest tale speeds best being plainly
told.

The best thing to do with honest tale is to speak plainly.

KING RICHARD.
Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.

Then tell her plainly about my love.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

To be plain when you're not honest would sound too harsh.

KING RICHARD.
Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Your reasoning is to shallow and too quick.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
O, no, my reasons are too deep and
dead-
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

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Oh no, it's too deep and dead–
deep and dead, like the poor infants in their graves.

KING RICHARD.
Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Don't keep playing that old tune, madam; that's in the past.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Harp on it still shall I till heartstrings
break.

I shall play that tune until my heartstrings break.

KING RICHARD.
Now, by my George, my garter, and my
crown-

Now, by my decorations and my crown–

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third
usurp'd.

Stained, dishonoured, and the third one stolen.

KING RICHARD.
I swear-

I swear–

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
By nothing; for this is no oath:
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

By nothing; this is no promise:
your title of St George, blasphemed, has lost its lordly honour;
your garter, stained, has sold its knightly virtue;

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your crown, stolen, has lost its kingly glory.
If you want to have your oaths believed,
then swear by something you have not insulted.

KING RICHARD.
Then, by my self-

Then, by myself–

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Thy self is self-misus'd.

You have abused yourself.

KING RICHARD.
Now, by the world-

Now, by the world–

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

Which is full of your foul misdeeds.

KING RICHARD.
My father's death-

By my father's death–

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

Your life has dishonoured it.

KING RICHARD.
Why, then, by God-

Why then, by God–

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
God's wrong is most of all.
If thou didst fear to break an oath with Him,

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The unity the King my husband made
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

The wrong done to God is worst of all.
If you were afraid to break an oath with God,
you would not have broken the unity
my husband the King made, and my brothers would not have died.
If you had feared to break an oath to God
then the crown which is now on your head
would be on the tender head of my child;
both princes would still be alive instead
of lying side-by-side in their graves,
made worm food by your broken promises.
What can you swear by now?

KING RICHARD.
The time to come.

The future.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
That thou hast wronged in the time
o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;
The parents live whose children thou hast butchered,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.

You have wronged that by your behaviour in the past;
I have many tears to be cried
in the future, for your wrongs in the past.

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There are children alive whose fathers you have slaughtered,
leaderless youths, who will mourn it when they are older;
there are parents alive whose children you have butchered,
old barren plants, who will mourn it when they're older.
Don't swear by the future; you have already
abused it, by your behaviour in the past.

KING RICHARD.
As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
Of hostile arms! Myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding!-if, with dear heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter.
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother-I must call you so-
Be the attorney of my love to her;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Only let me prosper in the dangerous affairs
of this war if I intend to repent! May I damn myself!
May heaven and fate keep me from happiness!
Day, do not give me your light; night do not give me rest!
May all planets which bring good luck be opposed
to my business! –if, with the love of a sweet heart,
perfect devotion, holy thoughts,
I do not win your beautiful princely daughter.
My happiness and yours rests in her;
without her death, desolation, ruin and decay
will come to you and to me, to her,
the country, and many Christian souls.

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This is the only way it can be avoided;
nothing else will do.
Therefore, dear mother–that's what I must call you–
be the advocate of my love to her;
urge what I will be, not what I have been;
not what I deserve, but what I will deserve in future.
Speak of what is needed in this time,
and make sure you emphasise the importance of these matters.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

Shall I let the devil tempt me like this?

KING RICHARD.
Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.

Yes, if the devil tempts you to do good.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Shall I forget myself to be myself?

Shall I not be true to myself?

KING RICHARD.
Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong
yourself.

Yes, if doing that will do you harm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Yet thou didst kill my children.

But you killed my children.

KING RICHARD.
But in your daughter's womb I bury them;
Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

But I will bury them in your daughter's womb;
and in that phoenix nest they will breed

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copies of themselves, for your consolation.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

Will I go and win your daughter over to your wishes?

KING RICHARD.
And be a happy mother by the deed.

And make yourself a happy mother by doing so.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
I go. Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

I shall go. Write to me very soon,
and I will tell you what she's thinking.

KING RICHARD.
Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell.

Kissing her. Exit QUEEN ELIZABETH

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following

How now! what news?

Take her my kiss of true love; and so, farewell.

Forgiving fool, and shallow, changeable woman!

Hello there! What's the news?

RATCLIFF.
Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;

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And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

Your great Majesty, on the western coast
there is a strong navy; many frightened
and weak hearted friends have gone to the shore,
unarmed and without the resolution to repel them.
It is thought that Richmond is leading them;
they are riding at anchor, just waiting for the help
of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

KING RICHARD.
Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of
Norfolk.
Ratcliff, thyself-or Catesby; where is he?

Somebody ride quickly to the Duke of Norfolk.
Ratcliff, you–or Catesby; where is he?

CATESBY.
Here, my good lord.

Here, my good lord.

KING RICHARD.
Catesby, fly to the Duke.

Catesby, hurry to the Duke.

CATESBY.
I will my lord, with all convenient haste.

I will, my lord, as quickly as I can.

KING RICHARD.
Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither-[To CATESBY]Dull,
unmindfull villain,
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Ratcliff, come here. Hurry to Salisbury;
when you get there–[to Catesby] you dull, stupid villain,

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why are you staying here, and not going to the Duke?

CATESBY.
First, mighty liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

First, great King, tell me what your Highness wants,
what message I should give him from your Grace.

KING RICHARD.
O, true, good Catesby. Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

That's true, good Catesby. Tell him to raise the greatest
force that he can as quickly as possible
and meet me at once at Salisbury.

CATESBY.
I go.

I'm going.

Exit

RATCLIFF.
What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

What, if you please, shall I do at Salisbury?

KING RICHARD.
Why, what wouldst thou do there before I
go?

Why, what would you be doing them before I get there?

RATCLIFF.
Your Highness told me I should post before.

Your Highness told me I should ride ahead.

KING RICHARD.

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My mind is chang'd.

Enter LORD STANLEY

Stanley, what news with you?

I've changed my mind.

Stanley, what news have you got?

STANLEY.
None good, my liege, to please you with
the hearing;
Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

No good news, my lord, to please your ears;
but no news so bad I can't tell you it.

KING RICHARD.
Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayest tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Hello, a riddle! Not good or bad!
Why do you need to go such a roundabout way
when you can tell me your tale directly?
I ask you again, what news?

STANLEY.
Richmond is on the seas.

Richmond is on the sea.

KING RICHARD.
There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Let him sink there, and have the sea on him!
Lily livered runaway, what's he doing there?

STANLEY.

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I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

I don't know, great King, I can only guess.

KING RICHARD.
Well, as you guess?

Well, what do you guess?

STANLEY.
Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England here to claim the crown.

That he has been encouraged by Dorset, Buckingham and Morton,
and is coming here to England to claim the crown.

KING RICHARD.
Is the chair empty? Is the sword unsway'd?
Is the King dead, the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's King but great York's heir?
Then tell me what makes he upon the seas.

Is the throne empty? Does no one hold the sword?
Is the king dead, does nobody own the empire?
What heir of York is alive apart from me?
And who is the King of England apart from the heir of great York?
So tell me what he's doing on the sea.

STANLEY.
Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

Unless it's for that, my lord, I can't guess.

KING RICHARD.
Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.

Unless he's coming to be your Lord,
you cannot guess why the Welshman is coming.
You will revolt and fly to him, I fear.

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STANLEY.
No, my good lord; therefore mistrust me not.

No, my good lord; do not mistrust me.

KING RICHARD.
Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Where are your forces then, to beat him back?
Where are your tenants and your followers;
aren't they now on the western shore,
helping the rebels to disembark?

STANLEY.
No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

No, my good lord, my friends are in the North.

KING RICHARD.
Cold friends to me. What do they in the
north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

They are no use to me. What are they doing in the North
when they should be serving their king in the West?

STANLEY.
They have not been commanded, mighty King.
Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends and meet your Grace
Where and what time your Majesty shall please.

They have not had their orders, mighty king.
If your Majesty will give me permission,
I will gather up my friends and meet your Grace
at any place and time your Majesty orders.

KING RICHARD.

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Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with
Richmond;
But I'll not trust thee.

I see, you would go and join Richmond;
but I won't trust you.

STANLEY.
Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.
I never was nor never will be false.

Most mighty King,
you have no reason to doubt my friendship.
I was never, nor will I ever be, false.

KING RICHARD.
Go, then, and muster men. But leave behind
Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Then go and gather your men. But leave your son,
George Stanley, behind. Make sure you stay loyal,
or his head will pay the price.

STANLEY.
So deal with him as I prove true to you.

Treat him according to my behaviour.

Exit

Enter a MESSENGER

MESSENGER.
My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many moe confederates, are in arms.

My gracious king, I have been told by friends

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that in Devonshire Sir Edward Courtney and the arrogant priest
the Bishop of Exeter, his older brother,
with many other confederates, have taken up arms.

Enter another MESSENGER

SECOND MESSENGER.
In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in
arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

In Kent, my lord, the Guildfords have taken up arms;
and every hour more forces
flock to the rebels, and they are growing strong.

Enter another MESSENGER

THIRD MESSENGER.
My lord, the army of great Buckingham-

My Lord, the army of great Buckingham–

KING RICHARD.
Out on you, owls! Nothing but songs of
death?[He strikes him]
There, take thou that till thou bring better news.

Get out, owls! Do you have nothing but songs of death?
There, take that until you bring better news.

THIRD MESSENGER.
The news I have to tell your Majesty
Is that by sudden floods and fall of waters
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wand'red away alone,
No man knows whither.

The news I have to tell your majesty
is that due to sudden floods and change of tides
Buckley's army is dispersed and scattered;
and he himself has gone away alone,

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no man knows where.

KING RICHARD.
I cry thee mercy.
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

I beg your pardon.
Take my purse as compensation for that blow.
Has any sensible friend announced
a reward for whoever captures the traitor?

THIRD MESSENGER.
Such proclamation hath been made,
my Lord.

This announcement has been made, my lord.

Enter another MESSENGER

FOURTH MESSENGER.
Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis
Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness-
The Britaine navy is dispers'd by tempest.
Richmond in Dorsetshire sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no;
Who answer'd him they came from Buckingham
Upon his party. He, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Britaine.

Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset
are said, my lord, to have taken up arms in Yorkshire.
But I bring your Highness this consolation–
the navy of Brittany has been split up by storms.
In Dorsetshire Richmond sent out a boat
to the shore, to ask those on the banks
if they were his friends or not;
they told him they came from Buckingham

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to help him. He, not trusting them,
hoisted his sails and set off back to Brittany.

KING RICHARD.
March on, march on, since we are up in
arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

March on, march on, We are ready for battle:
if we are not fighting with foreign enemies
we shall beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter CATESBY

CATESBY.
My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken-
That is the best news. That the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

My Lord, the Duke of Buckingham has been captured–
that is the best news. That the Earl of Richmond
has landed with a great force at Milford Haven
is not such good news, but it has to be said.

KING RICHARD.
Away towards Salisbury! While we reason
here
A royal battle might be won and lost.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.

Off to Salisbury! While we argue here
the battle for the Crown could be won and lost.
Someone make sure Buckingham is brought
to Salisbury; the rest of you march with me.

Flourish. Exeunt

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SCENE 5.

LORD DERBY'S house

Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK

STANLEY.
Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
That in the sty of the most deadly boar
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that holds off my present aid.
So, get thee gone; commend me to thy lord.
Withal say that the Queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
that my son George Stanley is imprisoned
in the sty of the most deadly boar;
if I rebel, he loses his head;
the fear of that stops me from helping.
So, go; my best wishes to your Lord.
Also say that the Queen has given full agreement
that he should marry her daughter Elizabeth.
But tell me, where is the princely Richmond now?

CHRISTOPHER.
At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford west in Wales.

At Pembroke, or at Haverfordwest in Wales.

STANLEY.
What men of name resort to him?

Who are the men who have gone to him?

CHRISTOPHER.
Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,

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And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great name and worth;
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Sir Walter Herbert, a famous soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, good Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
Rice ap Thomas, with a brave force;
and many others of great name and worth;
they are bringing their forces to London,
if they are not fought along the way.

STANLEY.
Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand;
My letter will resolve him of my mind. Farewell.

Well, go to your lord; I kiss his hand;
my letter will tell him of my decision.
Farewell.

Exeunt

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ACT V.

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SCENE 1.

Salisbury. An open place

Enter the SHERIFF and guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution

BUCKINGHAM.
Will not King Richard let me speak with
him?

Won't King Richard let me speak with him?

SHERIFF.
No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

No, my good lord; so calm yourself.

BUCKINGHAM.
Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and
Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not?

Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,
holy King Henry, and your good son Edward,
Vaughan, and all who have fallen through this
underhand, corrupt, evil injustice,
if your unhappy souls
are seeing this time through the clouds
you may mock my death to take your revenge!
This is All–Souls' day, isn't it, my man?

SHERIFF.
It is, my lord.

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It is, my lord.

BUCKINGHAM.
Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's
doomsday.
This is the day which in King Edward's time
I wish'd might fall on me when I was found
False to his children and his wife's allies;
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs;
That high All-Seer which I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth He force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms.
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck.
'When he' quoth she 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'
Come lead me, officers, to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Why then, All–Souls' day is judgement day for my body.
This is the day which I wished in King Edward's
time might fall on me when I was discovered to be
false to his children and his wife's allies;
this is the day when I wished to fall
by the treacherous ways of the one whom I most trusted;
this All–Souls' day is the date set for the punishments
of my fearful soul for everything I have done wrong;
the omnipotent God whom I tried to joke with
has turned my pretend prayer back on me
and given for real what I begged for as a joke.
So he forces the swords of wicked men
to turn their points back against their masters.
So Margaret's curse has fallen heavily upon me:
she said, ‘When he splits your heart with sorrow,
remember that Margaret predicted it!’
Come, officers, lead me to the shameful place of execution;
wrong has bred wrong, and blame gets the blame it deserves.

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Exeunt

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SCENE 2.

Camp near Tamworth

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, and
others,
with drum and colours

RICHMOND.
Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms-this foul swine
Is now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn.
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

My fellow soldiers, and my most loving friends,
bruised beneath the weight of tyranny;
so far we have marched into the centre
of the country without facing opposition;
and I have received from our father Stanley
a message which gives both comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody and thieving boar,
who ruined your summer fields and prospering vines,
who drinks your warm blood like pig swill, and makes your
disembowelled torsos his trough–this foul pig
is right now in the middle of the country,
we have learned, near to the town of Leicester.
From Tamworth to there is just one day's march:
go happily on, brave friends, in the name of God,

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so that we can create a lasting peace
through one bloody battle.

OXFORD.
Every man's conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty homicide.

Every man becomes like a thousand men,
being so determined to fight this guilty murder.

HERBERT.
I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

I don't doubt that his friends will come over to our side.

BLUNT.
He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

The only friends he has stay with him out of fear,
when he needs them most they will run from him.

RICHMOND.
All for our vantage. Then in God's name march.
True hope is swift and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

This is all to our advantage. So march on in God's name.
Good hope is swift and flies with a swallow's wings;
it makes kings into gods, and lower creatures into kings.

Exeunt

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SCENE 3.

Bosworth Field

Enter KING RICHARD in arms, with NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, the EARL of SURREYS and others

KING RICHARD.
Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Pitch my tent here, right here on Bosworth Field.
Lord Surrey, why do you look so sad?

SURREY.
My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

My heart is ten times lighter than I look.

KING RICHARD.
My Lord of Norfolk!

My Lord of Norfolk!

NORFOLK.
Here, most gracious liege.

Here, my most gracious lord.

KING RICHARD.
Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

Norfolk, we're going to take some blows, we're going to have to, aren't we?

NORFOLK.
We must both give and take, my loving lord.

We're going to have to give them and take them, my loving lord.

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KING RICHARD.
Up With my tent! Here will I lie to-night;
[Soldiers begin to set up the KING'S tent]
But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Put my tent up! I will sleep here tonight;
but where tomorrow? Well, we'll see.
Who has counted the number of the traitors?

NORFOLK.
Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

Six or seven thousand at most.

KING RICHARD.
Why, our battalia trebles that account;
Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent! Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction.
Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

Why, our army is three times that size;
besides, having the King on your side is great strength,
and those on the other side do not have it.
Get the tent up! Come, noble gentlemen,
let us have a look at the battlefield.
Call up some good strategists.
Let's keep our discipline and not waste time;
for, lords, tomorrow is a busy day.
Exeunt

Enter, on the other side of the field,
RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, DORSET,
and others. Some pitch RICHMOND'S tent

RICHMOND.

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The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright tract of his fiery car
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent.
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My Lord of Oxford-you, Sir William Brandon-
And you, Sir Walter Herbert-stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the Earl to see me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good Captain, do for me-
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

The tired sun has made a golden sunset,
and the bright path of his burning light
says there will be fine weather tomorrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall carry my banner.
Bring some ink and paper to my tent.
I shall draw out the strategy for our battle,
tell each leader what he has to do,
and divide our small forces up equally.
My Lord of Oxford–you, Sir William Brandon–
and you, Sir Walter Herbert–stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke is with his regiment;
good Captain Blunt, wish him good night from me,
and say that by the second hour of the morning
I want to see him in my tent.
Just one more thing I'd like you to do for me, good captain:
do you know where Lord Stanley is staying?

BLUNT.
Unless I have mista'en his colours much-
Which well I am assur'd I have not done-
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the King.

Unless I have mistaken his banners–
which I'm sure I haven't–

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his regiment is at least half a mile
south of the mighty forces of the King.

RICHMOND.
If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him
And give him from me this most needful note.

If you can do it without danger,
sweet Blunt, find an opportunity to speak with him
and give him this very important note from me.

BLUNT.
Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

I swear on my life, my lord, I'll do it;
and so, may God let you sleep peacefully tonight!

RICHMOND.
Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come,
gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business.
In to my tent; the dew is raw and cold.

Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
let us discuss tomorrow's business.
Come into my tent; it is a chilly night.

[They withdraw into the tent]

Enter, to his-tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK,
RATCLIFF, and CATESBY

KING RICHARD.
What is't o'clock?

What's the time?

CATESBY.
It's supper-time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

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It's suppertime, my lord;
it's nine o'clock.

KING RICHARD.
I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

I shall not eat tonight.
Give me some ink and paper.
Is my visor moving easier than it was?
And has all my armour been laid out in my tent?

CATESBY.
It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

It is, my lord: everything is ready.

KING RICHARD.
Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Good Norfolk, go about your duties;
keep a careful watch, use trusty sentries.

NORFOLK.
I go, my lord.

I'm going, my lord.

KING RICHARD.
Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Be up at dawn tomorrow, gentle Norfolk.

NORFOLK.
I warrant you, my lord.

I promise I shall, my lord.

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Exit

KING RICHARD.
Catesby!

Catesby!

CATESBY.
My lord?

My lord?

KING RICHARD.
Send out a pursuivant-at-arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.
Exit CATESBY
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!

Send out a Herald
to Stanley's regiment; tell him to bring his forces
before sunrise, to prevent the death
of his son George.

Fill a bowl of wine for me. Give me a candle.
Saddle my white horse Surrey for the battle tomorrow;
check that my lances are in good condition and not too heavy.
Ratcliffe!

RATCLIFF.
My lord?

My lord?

KING RICHARD.
Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord
Northumberland?

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Did you see the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

RATCLIFF.
Thomas the Earl of Surrey and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

Thomas the Earl of Surrey and himself,
round about sunset, went from troop to troop
throughout the Army, cheering up soldiers.

KING RICHARD.
So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine.
I have not that alacrity of spirit
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Well, that's good. Give me a bowl of wine.
I haven't got the same high spirits
or cheerful mind that I am used to having.
Put it down. Is the ink and paper ready?

RATCLIFF.
It is, my lord.

It is, my lord.

KING RICHARD.
Bid my guard watch; leave me.
Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

Tell my sentries to keep guard; leave me.
Ratcliffe, around the middle of the night come to my tent
and help to arm. Leave me, I say.

Exit RATCLIFF. RICHARD sleeps

Enter DERBY to RICHMOND in his tent;
LORDS attending

DERBY.

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Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

May fortune and victory attend you!

RICHMOND.
All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

May all the comfort that the dark night can spare
come to you, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how is my loving mother?

DERBY.
I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good.
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may-that which I would I cannot-
With best advantage will deceive the time
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms;
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell; the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse
Which so-long-sund'red friends should dwell upon.
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu; be valiant, and speed well!

As a stand-in for her I give you her blessing,
she prays continually for your good fortune.
Enough of that. The silent hours move on,
and in the east the darkness is starting to fade.
In brief, for that is what the time demands,
prepare for battle early in the morning,
and put your faith to the test

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of bloody blows and deadly war.
I'll do what I can–which isn't as much as
I would wish–to deceive the King
and assist you in this uncertain battle.
But I can't be too obvious in my support of you;
if it was seen, your brother, young George,
will be executed in front of his father.
Farewell; our hurry and these desperate times
prevent the usual courtesies of love
and exchange of sweet conversation
which should exist between long parted friends.
May God give us time for this in the future.
Farewell once more: be brave, and good luck.

RICHMOND.
Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.
I'll strive with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow
When I should mount with wings of victory.
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
Exeunt all but RICHMOND
O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands Thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us Thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise Thee in the victory!
To Thee I do commend my watchful soul
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes.
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!

Good lords, escort him to his regiment.
I'll fight my troubled thoughts and take a nap,
in case tiredness should weigh me down tomorrow
when I should be climbing on wings of victory.
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

Oh God, for whom I am fighting,
look on my forces with a kind eye;
put your bruising weapons of anger in their hands,
so that they can crush down with great blows

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the thieving helmets of our adversaries!
Make us the agents of your punishment,
so that we can praise you with victory.
I offer my watchful soul to you
before I close my eyes:
sleeping and waking, always defend me!

[Sleeps]

Enter the GHOST Of YOUNG PRINCE EDWARD,
son to HENRY THE SIXTH

GHOST.
[To RICHARD]Let me sit heavy on thy soul
to-morrow!
Think how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury; despair, therefore, and die!
[To RICHMOND]Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged
souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf.
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

[To Richard] Let the guilt of me sit heavy on your soul tomorrow!
Think how you stabbed me in the prime of my youth
at Tewkesbury; therefore, despair, and die!
[To Richmond] Be happy, Richmond; for the wronged souls
of murdered princes are fighting on your side.
The son of King Henry, Richmond, comforts you.

Enter the GHOST of HENRY THE SIXTH

GHOST.
[To RICHARD]When I was mortal, my anointed
body
By thee was punched full of deadly holes.
Think on the Tower and me. Despair, and die.
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.
[To RICHMOND]Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be King,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep. Live and flourish!

[To Richard] When I was alive, my sacred body

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was punched full of deadly holes by you.
Think of the Tower and me. Despair, and die.
Henry the Sixth orders you to despair and die.
[To Richmond] Good and holy, may you triumph!
Harry, who prophesied that you would be King,
comforts you in your sleep. Live and prosper!

Enter the GHOST of CLARENCE

GHOST.
[To RICHARD]Let me sit heavy in thy soul
to-morrow! I that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair and die!
[To RICHMOND]Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee.
Good angels guard thy battle! Live and flourish!

[To Richard] Let me weigh heavily on your conscience tomorrow!
I am poor Clarence, drowned in that thick wine,
sent to death by your cunning!
Think of me in battle tomorrow,
and fall on your blunted sword. Despair and die!
[To Richmond]
You descendant of the house of Lancaster,
the wronged heirs of York are praying for you.
May good angels stand by you in battle! Live and prosper!

Enter the GHOSTS of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN

GHOST OF RIVERS.[To RICHARD]Let me sit heavy in thy soul to-morrow,
Rivers that died at Pomfret! Despair and die!

[To Richard] Let me sit heavily on your conscience tomorrow,
Rivers who died at Pomfret! Despair and die!

GHOST OF GREY.
[To RICHARD]Think upon Grey, and let
thy soul despair!

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[To Richard] Think of Grey, and let your soul despair!

GHOST OF VAUGHAN.
[To RICHARD]Think upon Vaughan,
and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance. Despair and die!

[To Richard] Think of Vaughan, and drop your lance
with guilty fear. Despair and die!

ALL.
[To RICHMOND]Awake, and think our wrongs in
Richard's bosom
Will conquer him. Awake and win the day.

Wake up, and believe that the wrong Richard has done
Will conquer him. Awake and be victorious.

Enter the GHOST of HASTINGS

GHOST.
[To RICHARD]Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings. Despair and die.
[To RICHMOND] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

[To Richard] Bloody and guilty, wake up guilty,
and end your days in a bloody battle!
Think of Lord Hastings. Despair and die.
[to Richmond] Quiet untroubled soul, wake up, wake up!
Arm yourself, fight and conquer for the sake of fair England!

Enter the GHOSTS of the two young PRINCES

GHOSTS.
[To RICHARD]Dream on thy cousins smothered in
the Tower.
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.
[To RICHMOND]Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and

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wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Dream of your cousins smothered in the tower.
Let us be like lead inside your heart, Richard,
and weigh you down to cause you ruin, shame and death!
The souls of your nephews order you to despair and die.
[To Richmond] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake happy;
may good angels guard you from the attacks of the boar!
Live, and be father to a happy line of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons order you to prosper.

Enter the GHOST of LADY ANNE, his wife

GHOST.
[To RICHARD]Richard, thy wife, that wretched
Anne thy wife
That never slept a quiet hour with thee
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations.
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair and die.
[To RICHMOND]Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
Dream of success and happy victory.
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

[To Richard] Richard, your wife, wretched Anne your wife,
who never had a quiet hour of sleep with you
now fills your sleep with worry.
Think of me in battle tomorrow,
and let your blunt sword fall. Despair and die.
[to Richmond] You innocent soul, sleep a quiet sleep;
dream of success and happy victory.
Your enemy's wife is praying for you.

Enter the GHOST of BUCKINGHAM

GHOST.
[To RICHARD]The first was I that help'd thee
to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny.

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O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!
[To RICHMOND]I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid;
But cheer thy heart and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[To Richard] I was the leader in helping you to the Crown;
I was the last one who suffered your tyranny.
Oh, in the battle think of Buckingham,
and die in terror at your guilt!
Dream on, dream of bloody deeds and death;
in your weakness, despair; when you despair, die!
[To Richmond] I died in despair before I could help you;
but be cheerful, do not be dismayed:
God and the good angels are fighting on your side;
and Richard shall fall at the height of his pride.

[The GHOSTS vanish. RICHARD starts out of his dream]

KING RICHARD.
Give me another horse. Bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu! Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by.
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No-yes, I am.
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why-
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself!
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! Alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well. Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

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Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all 'Guilty! guilty!'
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die no soul will pity me:
And wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Give me another horse! Bandage my wounds!
Have mercy, Jesus!–Wait, I was just dreaming.
You cowardly conscience, how you make me suffer!
The light is burning blue; it is now the stroke of midnight.
Cold sweat stands on my trembling skin.
What do I fear? Myself? There's no one else here;
Richard loves Richard, I am with me.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am!
Then run. What, from myself? Why should I,
unless I'm taking revenge? What, revenge on myself?
Alas, I love myself. Why? Have I done
myself any good?
Oh no, alas, I actually hate myself
for the hateful things I have done.
I am a villain–I'm lying, I am not!
Fool, speak well of yourself! Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience has several thousand voices,
and every voice has several stories,
and every story shows me to be a villain:
perjury, perjury of the highest order;
murder, terrible murder, of the worst type;
many sins, all explored to the fullest,
bear witness against me, all crying, 'Guilty, guilty!'
I shall despair. There is no creature who loves me,
and if I die, no soul will pity me–
and why should they, since I can find
nothing in myself to pity?
I thought that the souls of all whom I had murdered
came to my tent, and every one threatened
that tomorrow Richard would suffer their revenge.

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Enter RATCLIFF

RATCLIFF.
My lord!

My Lord!

KING RICHARD.
Zounds, who is there?

By God, who is there?

RATCLIFF.
Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up and buckle on their armour.

It is I, my lord, Ratcliffe. The early cockerel
has greeted the morning twice;
your friends are up and arming themselves.

KING RICHARD.
O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!
What think'st thou-will our friends prove all true?

Oh Ratcliff, I had a terrible dream!
What do you think–will our friends all be loyal?

RATCLIFF.
No doubt, my lord.

There is no doubt, my lord.

KING RICHARD.
O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear.

Ratcliffe, I am afraid.

RATCLIFF.
Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

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No, my good lord, do not be afraid of shadows.

KING RICHARD.
By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have stuck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof and led by shallow Richmond.
'Tis not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To see if any mean to shrink from me.

By the apostle Paul, tonight the shadows
have given the soul of Richard more terror
than the reality of ten thousand soldiers
armed to the teeth and led by pathetic Richmond.
It's not close to daylight yet. Come with me;
I shall listen in around our tents,
to see if anyone intends to fail me.

Exeunt

Enter the LORDS to RICHMOND sitting in his tent

LORDS.
Good morrow, Richmond!

Good day, Richmond!

RICHMOND.
Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Forgive me, lords and watchful gentlemen,
you are following a lazy man.

LORDS.
How have you slept, my lord?

How did you sleep, my lord?

RICHMOND.
The sweetest sleep and fairest-boding dreams

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That ever ent'red in a drowsy head
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls whose bodies Richard murder'd
Came to my tent and cried on victory.
I promise you my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Since you left me, my lords, I have had
the sweetest sleep and the most propitious dreams
that ever came into a sleepy head.
I thought the souls of those whom Richard had murdered
came to my tent and urged me on to victory.
I promise you my soul is very cheerful
remembering such a good dream.
How far are we into the morning, lords?

LORDS.
Upon the stroke of four.

It's exactly four.

RICHMOND.
Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

His ORATION to his SOLDIERS

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon; yet remember this:
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? Truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;

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One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's foes shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quits it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

Why then, it's time to arm and give orders.
There is not time, loving countrymen
to say more than I have said.
But remember this:
God, and our justified cause, fight on our side;
the prayers of holy saints and wronged souls
rise up before us like battlements.
Apart from Richard, those whom we fight
would rather that we won than him.
For who is he that they follow? Truly, gentlemen,
a bloody tyrant and a murderer;
one advanced through bloody deeds, and put in his position by them;
one who made plans to win what he has,
and murdered those who helped him with his plans;
he is a foul pebble, whose only value is the setting
of England's throne, where he has been falsely placed;
someone who has always been an enemy to God.
So, if you fight against the enemy of God,
God will, in his justice, reward you as his soldiers;
if you work hard to destroy a tyrant,
you will sleep in peace, when the tyrant is slain;

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if you fight against the enemies of your country,
the wealth of your country shall reward you;
if you fight to protect your wives,
your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
if you release your children from the threat of the sword,
your grandchildren will pay you back for it when you are old.
So, in the name of God and all these things,
advance your banners, draw your winning swords!
If I fail in my bold attempt
I shall pay for it with my death;
but if I succeed, you shall share in the
proceeds of victory.
Ring out, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully!
For God and St George! Richmond and victory!

Exeunt

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, attendants,
and forces

KING RICHARD.
What said Northumberland as touching
Richmond?

What did Northumberland say about Richmond?

RATCLIFF.
That he was never trained up in arms.

That he was never trained as a soldier.

KING RICHARD.
He said the truth; and what said Surrey
then?

He was speaking the truth; and what did Surrey reply?

RATCLIFF.
He smil'd, and said 'The better for our purpose.'

He smiled, and said, ‘All the better for us.'

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KING.
He was in the right; and so indeed it is.
[Clock strikes]
Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.
Who saw the sun to-day?

He was right; it certainly is.

Count the strokes of the clock. Give me a calendar.
Who saw the sun today?

RATCLIFF.
Not I, my lord.

Not me, my lord.

KING RICHARD.
Then he disdains to shine; for by the book
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago.
A black day will it be to somebody.
Ratcliff!

Then he's refusing to shine; for the book says
he should have risen in the east an hour ago.
It will be a black day for somebody.
Ratcliffe!

RATCLIFF.
My lord?

My lord?

KING RICHARD.
The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? For the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

The sun will not be seen today;
the sky is frowning and bearing down on our army.

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I wish this dew would rise from the ground.
Not shine today! Why, why should that mean more to me
than it does to Richmond? The very same heaven
that frowns on me is looking sadly on him.

Enter NORFOLK

NORFOLK.
Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

Arm yourself, my lord; the enemy is in the field.

KING RICHARD.
Come, bustle, bustle; caparison my horse;
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst.
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st thou,
Norfolk?

Come, hurry, hurry; dress my horse;
call up Lord Stanley, tell him to bring his forces.
I will lead my soldiers onto the battlefield,
and this is how we shall fight:
my front line shall be stretched out,
comprised of equal numbers of cavalry and infantry;
our archers shall be placed in the middle.
John, Duke of Norfolk, and Thomas, Earl of Surrey,
shall lead the cavalry and infantry;
with them doing that, I shall follow
with the main force, whose strength shall be
well enforced on either side with our best cavalry.
This, and St George as well! What do you think, Norfolk?

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NORFOLK.
A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning.

A good plan, soldierly King.
I found this on my tent this morning.
[He sheweth him a paper]

KING RICHARD.
[Reads]
'Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'
A thing devised by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge.
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to it pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His ORATION to his ARMY

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal-
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Britaines, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquered, let men conquer us,

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And not these bastard Britaines, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, in record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives,
Ravish our daughters?[Drum afar off]Hark! I hear their drum.
Fight, gentlemen of England! Fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a MESSENGER

What says Lord Stanley? Will he bring his power?

‘Jockey of Norfolk, don't be so brave:
Dick your master is accounted for.’
Something invented by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen: everyone take your command!
Don't let our foolish dreams worry our souls;
conscience is just a word that cowards use,
invented to control the strong.
Our strong arms are our conscience, our swords are our law.
March on! Fight bravely. Let us go fiercely–
if not to heaven, then hand-in-hand to hell!

What can I say, more than I have already suggested?
Remember whom you are fighting:
vagabonds, rascals and runaways;
a scum of Frenchmen and lowdown peasants,
whom their packed country has vomited out
on desperate adventures and certain destruction.
As you were sleeping safe they brought you disturbances;
as you have lands and beautiful wives,
they want to seize one and dishonour the other.
And who is leading them but some weak fellow,
who has lived long in Brittany at my brother's expense?
A milksop! One who has never suffered the
slightest hardship in his life.
Let's drive the stragglers back over the sea,
whip these arrogant beggars of France back there,
these hungry beggars who are tired of life–

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if they didn't have this stupid adventure to dream of
they would have hung themselves for lack of money.
If we are to be conquered, let us be conquered by men!
And not these bastard Frenchman, whom our fathers
thrashed in their own country,
and shamed them throughout history.
Shall these people have our lands? Sleep with our wives?
Rape our daughters?
Listen, I can hear their drum.
Fight, gentlemen of England! Fight, bold yeomen!
Drawback your bows as far as they will go, archers!
Drive on your proud forces, and ride through blood!
Frighten the sky with your broken lances!

What does Lord Stanley say? Will he bring his forces?

MESSENGER.
My lord, he doth deny to come.

My lord, he refuses to come.

KING RICHARD.
Off with his son George's head!

Off with the head of his son George!

NORFOLK.
My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh.
After the battle let George Stanley die.

My lord, the enemy has crossed over the marshes.
Let George Stanley die after the battle.

KING RICHARD.
A thousand hearts are great within my
bosom.
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

I have a thousand hearts beating within my chest.

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Advance our banners, attack our enemies;
May our ancient example of courage, good St George,
inspire us with the anger of fiery dragons!
Attack them! Victory rides with us.

Exeunt

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SCENE 4.

Another part of the field

Alarum; excursions. Enter NORFOLK and forces; to him CATESBY

CATESBY.
Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger.
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost.

To the rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The King is fighting as if he were more than a man,
throwing himself against every danger.
His horse has been killed, and he is fighting on foot,
looking for Richmond in the most dangerous places.
To the rescue, fair lord, or we have lost the battle.

Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD

KING RICHARD.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

A horse! A horse! I'll give my kingdom for a horse!

CATESBY.
Withdraw, my lord! I'll help you to a horse.

Retreat, my lord! I'll find you a horse.

KING RICHARD.
Slave, I have set my life upon a cast
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

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Slave, I have chanced my life to luck
and I will risk the roll of the dice.
I think there must be six Richmonds in the field;
I have killed five today instead of him.
A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

Exeunt

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SCENE 5.

Another part of the field

Alarum. Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND; they fight;
RICHARD is slain.
Retreat and flourish. Enter RICHMOND, DERBY bearing the
crown,
with other LORDS

RICHMOND.
God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

May God and your weapons be praised, victorious friends;
we have won, the bloody dog is dead.

DERBY.
Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Brave Richmond, you have acquitted yourself well!
Look, here, I pulled the stolen crown
from the dead forehead of this bloody wretch
to grace your brow.
Wear it, enjoy it, and do your best with it.

RICHMOND.
Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!
But, tell me is young George Stanley living.

Great God of heaven, amen to all that!
But tell me if young George Stanley is still alive.

DERBY.
He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town,
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

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He is, my lord, and safe in the town of Leicester,
to which, if it pleases you, we may now withdraw.

RICHMOND.
What men of name are slain on either side?

What notable men have been killed on either side?

DERBY.
John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brackenbury and Sir William Brandon.

RICHMOND.
Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us.
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red.
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long have frown'd upon their emnity!
What traitor hears me, and says not Amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again-

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That she may long live here, God say Amen!

Bury their bodies in a way which fits their nobility.
Announce that all the soldiers who fled who
come back under our orders shall be pardoned;
and then, as I've vowed,
I shall unite the houses of Lancaster and York.
Heaven, smile on this fair union,
as you have long scowled at their opposition.
What traitor listens to me and does not say amen?
England has been mad for a long time, and scarred herself:
brother blindly shed the blood of his brother;
a father rashly slaughtered his own son;
the son was forced to murder the father.
All this divided York and Lancaster–
divided in their terrible conflict.
Oh now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
the true successors of each royal house,
join together under the law of God,
and let their heirs, God, if it is your will,
fill the times to come with beautiful peace,
with happy days of prosperity.
Blunt the swords of traitors, gracious Lord,
who would try to take us back to these bloody days
and make poor England weep streams of blood.
Don't let anyone live to enjoy this prosperity
if they want to harm the peace of this fair land with treason.
The wounds of civil war are staunched; peace thrives again.
May God grant that she lives here a long time.

Exeunt

THE END

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Henry IV: Part One
In Plain and Simple English

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Characters

King Henry the Fourth.

Henry, Prince of Wales, son to the King.

Prince John of Lancaster, son to the King.

Earl of Westmoreland.

Sir Walter Blunt.

Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester.

Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.

Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son.

Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.

Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York.

Archibald, Earl of Douglas.

Owen Glendower.

Sir Richard Vernon.

Sir John Falstaff.

Sir Michael, a friend to the Archbishop of York.

Poins.

Gadshill

Peto.

Bardolph.

Lady Percy, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.

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Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.

Mistress Quickly, hostess of the Boar's Head in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

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SCENE.--England and Wales.

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Act I

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Scene I.

London. The Palace.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, [Sir Walter Blunt,] with others.

King.
So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood.
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor Bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beseeming ranks
March all one way and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies.
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ-
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight-
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our Council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

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As shaken as we are, so pale with stress,
will find a time in all this chaos to catch our breath,
and, puffing, talk of new battles
to be begun in faraway lands:
no more shall the thirsty mouth of this soil
paint her lips with her own children's blood,
the trenches of war shall no longer score her fields,
and her flowers will no longer be bruised with the armoured hoofs
of enemy horses: those conflicting eyes,
which, like the meteors in a stormy sky,
are all the same, all bread from the same stock,
which recently met in the internal shock
and furious battles of civil war,
will now, in interdependent well ordered ranks,
all march together, and no longer confront
friends, family and allies.
The blade of wars will no longer cut his master
like a carelessly stowed knife. Therefore, friends,
we shall go to the tomb of Christ–
whose soldier we are now, under whose blessed cross
we are conscripted and bound to fight–
we shall raise an English force,
who were born to fight,
to chase these pagans in those holy fields
on which those blessed feet walked
which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
on the bitter cross for our benefit.
But this plan of ours is now twelve months old,
and it's pointless to tell you we will go;
that's not why we are meeting now. So let me hear
from you, my gentle cousin Westmorland,
what our Council decided last night
to move on this cherished and urgent enterprise.

West.
My liege, this haste was hot in question
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight; when all athwart there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight

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Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

My lord, this urgency was eagerly debated,
and many assignments had been handed out
just yesterday night, when all of a sudden there came
a messenger from Wales, carrying grim news,
the worst of which was that noble Mortimer,
leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
against the wild guerilla bands of Glendower,
was captured by the rough hands of that Welshman,
a thousand of his people were butchered,
whose dead bodies were so abused,
so brutally mutilated
by those Welsh women, that it can't be
spoken of without much shame.

King.
It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

So it seems that the news of this battle
means we must suspend our plans for the Holy Land.

West.
This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the North, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood Day the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery
And shape of likelihood the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,

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Uncertain of the issue any way.

This, coupled with something else, does, my gracious Lord,
for even more disturbing and unwelcome news
came from the North, telling us this:
on the day of the Holy Cross, gallant Hotspur there,
young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
that always courageous and renowned Scott,
met at Holmedon, where they clashed in
a sad and bloody battle;
we were told the news that we would lose
on the basis of the probable result
based on the way the battle went so far;
for the one who brought it had left
right in the very heat of battle,
so he was uncertain as to the outcome.

King.
Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours,
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake Earl of Fife and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? Ha, cousin, is it not?

Here is a dear loyal and zealous friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, newly dismounted from his horse,
stained with every type of soil
that exists between that Holmedon and our palace;
and he has brought us hopeful and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas has been thwarted;
ten thousand bold Scotsmen, and twenty two knights,
choked with their own blood, Sir Walter saw
on the plains of Holmedon; Hotspur took

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Mordrake, Earl of Fife and the oldest son
of beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Athol,
of Murray, Angus and Mentieth, prisoner:
isn't this an honourable haul?
A gallant prize? Ha, cousin, isn't it?

West.
In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

By God,
it is a triumph for a prince to boast of.

King.
Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son-
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue,
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride;
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

Well, saying that you make me sad, can make me sin
by envying my Lord Northumberland
for being the father of such a wonderful son;
a son who is the very soul of honour,
the very straightest tree in the forest,
who is the darling of fate and her joy;
when I look at people praising him
all I can see is the riotous behaviour and dishonour
which mars the appearance of my young Harry. Oh, if it could be

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proved
that some fairy in the night had exchanged
our children when they lay in their cots,
and called mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then I would have his Harry, and he mine:
but I won't think about him. What do you think, cousin,
of the arrogance of this young Percy? The prisoners
whom he has captured in this adventure
he is keeping for his own purposes, and he sends me word
that I shall have none except Mordrake, Earl of Fife.

West.
This is his uncle's teaching, this Worcester,
Malevolent to you In all aspects,
Which makes him prune himself and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

This is the teaching of his uncle, this Worcester,
who hates you in every respect,
this is what makes him puff himself up
and oppose your dignity with his youth.

King.
But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor. So inform the lords;
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.

I have summonsed him to answer for this;
and because of this for a while we must
neglect our holy business in Jerusalem.
Cousin, next Wednesday we will hold a council
at Windsor. Inform the lords;
but afterwards hurry back to me;
I am so angry that there is more to be said and to be done
than we can speak of in public.

West.

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I will my liege.

I will, my lord.

Exeunt.

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Scene II. The same. An Apartment of Prince Henry's.

[Enter Prince Henry and Falstaff.]

FAL.
Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

PRINCE.
Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

You've become so stupid by drinking Spanish wine
and slobbing out after supper, and taking
afternoon naps, that you have forgotten
to ask for the things you really want to know.
What the devil has the time of day got to do with you?
Unless hours were cups of wine, and minutes
chickens, and clocks the tongues of brothel keepers, and dials
the signs of their brothels, and the blessed sun itself
a saucy hot lass in a flame coloured petticoat,
I can't see any reason why you would be so interested
in the time of day.

FAL.
Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the Moon and the seven stars, and not by Phoebus,--he, that wandering knight so fair. And I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art king,--as, God save thy Grace--Majesty I should say, for grace
thou wilt have none,--

You're getting warm now, Hal, for we who
steal purses follow the moon and the seven stars,

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and not Phoebus, that fair wandering knight.
And I pray, sweet lad, that when you are king,
as which, God save your grace - Majesty, I should say,
as you won't have any grace-

PRINCE.
What, none?

What, none?

FAL.
No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

No, I swear, not enough to say grace for a buttered egg.

PRINCE.
Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

What is it then?Get to the point.

FAL.
Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty:let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the Moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the Moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Well then, sweet lad, when you are king, don't let we who are active by night be accused of being lazy in the day.
Let us be rangers for Diana, attendants of the shadows, servants of the moon; and let men say we are well ruled men, being governed by our noble mistress the moon as the sea is, and we steal under her gaze.

PRINCE.
Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the Moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the Moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing Lay by,

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and spent with crying Bring in; now ill as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by-and-by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

You're speaking well, and it's the truth; for the fate of
we who are the moon's men ebbs and flows like the tide,
as we are ruled, like the sea, by the moon.To prove this:
a purse of gold that's well stolen on Monday night, and
profligately spent by Tuesday morning, got by shouting "Stand and deliver"
and spent by shouting, "Bring the drink!" brings one to the low tide of
the foot of the ladder, and soon you'll climb as high as the summit of the gallows.

FAL.
By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad.And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

By God, you're telling the truth, lad. And isn't the landlady
the sweetest lass?

PRINCE.
As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Sweet as the honey of Sicily, my old lad of the castle. and isn't a convict's uniform the sweetest outfit?

FAL.
How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

What, what, mad lad?What are you saying with your subtle jokes?
What the devil has a convict's uniform to do with me?

PRINCE.
Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Well, what the devil have I to do with the landlady?

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FAL.
Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Well, you've paid her bill often enough.

PRINCE.
Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Did I ever ask you to pay your share?

FAL.
No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

No, I'll give you that, you paid the lot there.

PRINCE.
Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch;
and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Yes, and other places, as much as I could afford;
and when I couldn't, I used my credit.

FAL.
Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that
thou art heir-apparent--But I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be
gallows standing in England when thou art king? and
resolution thus fobb'd as it is with the rusty curb of old father
antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Yes, so much so, that if it wasn't obvious that
you were the heir-apparent- but I ask you, sweet lad, will there be
gallows standing in England when you are king?And
will brave lads be constrained as they are now by the dull
mad old laws?When you're king, don't hang thieves.

PRINCE.
No; thou shalt.

No, but you will do some hanging.

FAL.
Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

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Shall I?Splendid!By God, I'll make a fine judge.

PRINCE.
Thou judgest false already:I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

You're already getting it wrong; I mean, you shall make sure thieves are hung, and so you'll hang well.

FAL.
Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour; as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Good, Hal, good; in some ways that suits me;
it'll be as good as waiting in court, I can tell you.

PRINCE.
For obtaining of suits?

Waiting to get your suit?

FAL.
Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat or a lugg'd bear.

Yes, to get my suit, which the hangman has a good stock of.By God, I am as depressed as a castrated cat or a tormented bear.

PRINCE.
Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

FAL.
Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Yes, or a moaning Lincolnshire bagpipe.

PRINCE.

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What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

What about a hare, or a filthy sewer by the Thames?

FAL.
Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince,--But, Hal, I pr'ythee trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old
lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir,--but I mark'd him not; and yet he talk'd very wisely,--but I regarded him not; and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

Your similes are extremely filthy, and indeed you are the cheekiest, most rascally, sweet young prince.But, Hal, please don't bother me with these trifles.I wish to God you and I knew where one could purchase a good reputation.An old lord of the Council had a go at me in the street the other day about you,
sir, - I didn't pay him any mind, though he spoke very wisely- but I didn't pay attention, though he talked wisely, and in the street, too.

PRINCE.
Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

You did well, for there's plenty of wisdom in the streets, and nobody pays it any mind.

FAL.
O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint.
Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain:I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

Oh, you're a wicked quoter of texts, and you could corrupt a saint.

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You've done me a lot of harm, Hal; may God forgive you for it! Before I knew you, Hal, I knew nothing; and now I am, if we're honest, almost a bad man.I must
chuck in this life, and I shall; by God, if I don't,
then I'm a villain: I'll not risk damnation for any king's son in Christendom.

PRINCE.
Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Where shall we go stealing tomorrow, Jack?

FAL.
Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one:an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

By heaven, wherever you like, lad; I'll find somewhere:
if I don't, call me a villain, and disgrace me.

PRINCE.
I see a good amendment of life in thee,--from praying to purse-taking.

I see you're making a good change of lifestyle - going from praying
to purse-stealing.

FAL.
Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

[Enter Pointz.]

--Pointz!--Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried Stand! to a true man.

Why, Hal, it's my calling, lad; it's not a sin for a man
to work at his calling.

Pointz!Now we shall know if Gadshill has arranged a robbery.Oh,

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if
men were saved on merit, what pit of hell would be hot enough for him?
He's the most complete villain who ever cried "Stand and deliver" to an honest man.

PRINCE.
Good morrow, Ned.

Good day, Ned.

POINTZ.
Good morrow, sweet Hal.--What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack-and-sugar? Jack, how agrees the Devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Good day, sweet Hal.- What does Mr.Repentance say?What does Sir John wine-with-sugar say?Jack, what's the arrangement between you and the devil about your soul, which you sold him last Good Friday for a cup of Madeira and a cold chicken leg?

PRINCE.
Sir John stands to his word,--the Devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,--he will give the Devil his due.

Sir John keeps his word - the Devil's price shall be paid; he never went against a proverb - he will give the Devil his due.

POINTZ.
Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the Devil.

Then you are damned for keeping your promise to the Devil.

PRINCE.
Else he had been damn'd for cozening the Devil.

Otherwise he would be damned for cheating the devil.

POINTZ.

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But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gads-hill! there are pilgrims gong to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visards for you all; you have horses for yourselves:Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester:I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap:we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

But, my lads, my lads, tomorrow morning, at four o'clock, be early to Gad's Hill!There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich donations, and traders coming to London with fat purses: I have masks for all of you; you have your own horses; Gadshill is stopping at Rochester tonight: I have ordered supper in Eastcheap tomorrow night: we can do it safe as sleeping.If you come, I will fill your purses with money; if you won't, stay at home and be hanged.

FAL.
Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Listen to me, Edward; if I stay at home and don't show, I'll hang you for going.

POINTZ.
You will, chops?

Will you, fatty?

FAL.
Hal, wilt thou make one?

Hal, will you join us?

PRINCE.
Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

What, me steal?Be a thief?I swear I won't.

FAL.
There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee,

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nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

There's no honesty, manhood or friendliness in you, and you can't have royal blood, if you're afraid to hold somebody up for ten shillings.

PRINCE.
Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Well then, for once in my life I'll be reckless.

FAL.
Why, that's well said.

Good for you.

PRINCE.
Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

But whatever happens, I'm stopping at home.

FAL.
By the Lord, I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

Then I swear when you're king I'll be a traitor.

PRINCE.
I care not.

I don't care.

POINTZ.
Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Sir John, I beg you, leave me and the prince alone: I will show him such good reasons for this adventure that he will come.

FAL.
Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears

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of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true Prince may, for recreation-sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Good, may God give you the skills to persuade, and him the ears to listen to what's good for him, so that what you say moves him, and so he believes what he hears, so that the true Prince may, for fun,
be a dishonest thief; for the injustices of the time want sorting out.Farewell; you'll find me in Eastcheap.

PRINCE.
Farewell, thou latter Spring! farewell, All-hallown Summer!

Farewell, you late spring.Farewell, you Indian summer!

[Exit Falstaff.]

POINTZ.
Now, my good sweet honey-lord, ride with us to-morrow:I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid:yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

Now, my good sweet as honey lord, ride with us tomorrow: I have a joke to play that I can't do alone.Falstaff,
Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill will rob these men we have already planned for: you and I will not be there; and when they have the plunder,
if you and I can't then rob them, chop my head off.

PRINCE.
But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

But how will we split away from them?

POINTZ.
Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and

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then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved but we'll set upon them.

Why, we'll set out before or after them, and arrange to meet them somewhere, and we won't turn up; and then they will take on the job themselves; and no sooner than they've done it we'll attack them.

PRINCE.
Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Yes, but they'll probably recognise us by our horses, our clothes, and every other sign.

POINTZ.
Tut! our horses they shall not see,--I'll tie them in the wood; our visards we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Tut!They won't see our horses - I'll tie them up in the wood; we'll change our masks, after we have seen them; and, sir, I have canvas overalls which we can use to cover up our identifiable clothes.

PRINCE.
But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

But surely we can't overpower them?

POINTZ.
Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Well, I know that two of them are the biggest cowards who ever ran away; as for the third, if he fights when

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he sees he can't win, I'll give up fighting.The great thing in this joke will be listening to the incredible lies of this fat rogue when we meet at supper; how he fought at least thirty men; what defence, what attacks, what terrible things he suffered; showing him to be a liar will be the joke.

PRINCE.
Well, I'll go with thee:provide us all things necessary and meet me to-night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Well, I'll go with you: get all the things we need and meet me tonight in Eastcheap; I'll dine there.Farewell.

POINTZ.
Farewell, my lord.

Farewell, my lord.

[Exit.]

PRINCE.
I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother-up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

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I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

I know what you're all like, and for a while
I'll tolerate your lazy unchecked desires:
but in doing this I'll be like the sun,
who allows low pestilent clouds
to hide his beauty from the world,
so that when he wants to be himself again
he is more loved through his absence,
when he breaks through the foul ugly mist
and fog which seemed to strangle him.
If every day of the year was a holiday,
play would be as dull as work;
but when you don't have many, you look forward to them,
and nothing pleases like something out of the ordinary.
So, when I put a stop to this immoral behaviour,
and fulfil the promise I don't show now,
I shall be much better than men think,
I'll lower all their expectations;
like bright metal on a dull background,
my reformation, shining against my faults,
will look better and attract more people
than something which has no contrast to set it off.
I'll offend in a way which will be beneficial,
making amends when men least expect it.

[Exit.]

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Scene III. The Same.A Room in the Palace.

[Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter
Blunt, and others.]

KING.
My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience:but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

I have been too patient and calm,
not reacting to these outrages,
and you have found me so; for you
are abusing my patience: but rest assured
from now on I will fit my position,
be mighty and fearsome, rather than follow my nature,
which has made me smooth as oil, soft as ducklings' feathers,
and so I have lost the respect
which the proud only ever give to their own kind.

WOR.
Our House, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

Our family, my royal lord, hardly deserves
to be attacked with such greatness;
the same greatness which we ourselves
helped to its current position.

NORTH.
My good lord,--

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My good lord-

KING.
Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us:when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[Exit Worcester.]

[To Northumberland.]

You were about to speak.

Worcester, get out; for I can see
threats and disobedience in your eyes:
oh, sir, you are too arrogant and bossy,
and a king might never see again such
angry defiance in a subject's frown.
You have my permission to go: when I need
you or your advice, I'll send for you.

You were about to speak.

NORTH.
Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your Majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Yes, my good lord.
Those prisoners which your Majesty requested,
which Harry Percy captured here at Holmedon;
he didn't, he says, deny your request in such
strong terms as your majesty has been told:
it's either jealousy or some misunderstanding that has

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created this fault, not my son.

HOT.
My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:and still he smiled and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief and my impatience
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,--
He should, or he should not; for't made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,--God save the mark!--
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on Earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report

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Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

My Lord, I didn't refuse to deliver any prisoners,
but I remember, when the battle was over,
when I was dry with rage, and extreme effort,
breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
a certain Lord came, neatly and primly dressed,
fresh as a bridegroom, with his newly shaved chin
looking like a cornfield at harvest time.
He was perfumed like a haberdasher,
and between his finger and thumb he held
a scent box, which every now and again
he held to his nose, and then removed–
and then the next time his nose was offended
he took it as snuff–and still he smiled and talked:
and as the soldiers carried the dead bodies past,
he called them ignorant knaves, ill mannered,
for bringing dirty ugly corpses into the presence of his nobility.
He questioned me with many highflown
terms, and in the process demanded
my prisoners on your Majesty's behalf.
Then I, suffering from my wounds,
being pestered with such a prattler,
answered without thinking, I don't know what,
he should or shouldn't do, for it made me angry
to see him shining so brightly and smelling so sweet,
talking like a lady's maid
about guns, and drums, and wounds, God help us!
He told me that the best thing on earth
for internal bruising was spermaceti,
and that it was a great pity, indeed it was,
that evil saltpetre should be dug
out of the innards of the harmless earth,
destroying so many good tall fellows
in such a cowardly way, and that if it wasn't for these horrible guns
he would have been a soldier himself.
This empty rambling chat of his, my lord,
I answered without thinking, as I said,
and I beg you, don't let his report
be used to accuse me of lacking

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in any love for your high Majesty.

BLUNT.
The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

When you consider the circumstances, my good lord,
whatever Harry Percy had said then
to such a person, and in such a place,
at such a time, with everything else that's been said,
can reasonably be forgotten, and never used
against him, or to charge him in any way
for what he said, as he retracts it now.

KING.
Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Yes, but he still withholds the prisoners,
laying down the condition that
I should at my own expense ransom at once
his brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;

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someone who, I swear, willfully betrayed
the lives of the oneshe led in battle
against that great magician, damned Glendower,
whose daughter, we're told, the Earl of March
has recently married. So should I empty my
treasure chests to bring home a traitor?
Should I pay for treason? And make an agreement
for those who have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, let him starve on the barren mountains;
I won't think of any man as my friend
if he asks me to pay one penny
in ransom for the rebel Mortimer.

HOT.
Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war:to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

The rebel Mortimer!
He never let you down, my royal lord,
except through thechances of war: that can be proved
just by hearing about all those wounds,
those gaping wounds, which he bravely took,
when on the grassy banks of the sweet Severn
he rebuffed great Glendower

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for the best part of an hour, matching
his bravery in single combat.
They paused for breath three times, and to drink
by agreement from the waters of the Severn,
which was so frightened by their bloody appearance,
that it ran fearfully amongst its trembling reeds,
and hid its rippling head under the hollow banks,
stained with the blood of these brave fighters.
No wretched or rotten cunning
ever risked receiving such deadly wounds,
and the noble Mortimer could not
have taken so many, and all of them willingly:
so don't let him be accused of rebellion.

King.
Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the Devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.--My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.--
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

You are lying for him, Percy, lying,
he never fought Glendower:
I tell you, he might as well have met the devil in single combat
as to fight with Owen Glendower.
Are you not ashamed? But Sir, from now on
don't let me hear you speak of Mortimer:
send me your prisoners by the quickest way possible,
or you shall hear from me in such a way
that you won't like it. My Lord Northumberland:
I give you permission to leave with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

[Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.]

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HOT.
An if the Devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them:I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

And if the devil came and asked for them,
I wouldn't send them: I'll follow after him,
and tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
even though it's at the risk of my head.

NORTH.
What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

What, are you drunk with anger? Wait, pause awhile:
here comes your uncle.

[Re-enter Worcester.]

HOT.
Speak of Mortimer!
Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

Speak of Mortimer!
By God, I will speak of him; and may my soul
not find mercy, if I do not help him:
for him I will empty all these veins,
and let my dear blood run drop by drop into the dust,
but I will lift the downtrodden Mortimer
as high in the air as this thankless King
as this ungrateful and rotten Bolingbroke.

NORTH.
[To Worcester.]
Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

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Brother, the King has made your nephew mad.

WOR.
Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Who stirred up this anger after I was gone?

HOT.
He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

By God, he wants all my prisoners;
and when I once again asked him to ransom
my wife's brother, then he went pale,
and he turned a deathly look on me,
trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

WOR.
I cannot blame him:was not he proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is the next of blood?

I can't blame him: wasn't he announced
by dead Richard as the next in line?

NORTH.
He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy King--
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!--did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed, and shortly murdered.

He was; I heard the announcement:
and it was then that the unhappy king–
May God forgive us for his sins!–Set out
on his Irish expedition;
from which he was intercepted and returned
to be overthrown, and quickly murdered.

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WOR.
And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

And for the death of whom we are widely
condemned and foully spoken of.

HOT.
But, soft! I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

But, wait! Tell me please; did King Richard
proclaim that my brother Edmund Mortimer
was the heir to the crown?

NORTH.
He did; myself did hear it.

He did; I heard it myself.

HOT.
Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation,--shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?--
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle King;--
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,--
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,--
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?

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And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No! yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again;
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say,--

No, then I cannot blame his cousin the King,
for wanting him to starve on the barren mountains.
But it may be that you who put the crown
on the head of this forgetful man,
and who for his sake wear the revolting stain
of murderous disobedience–is it the case
that you suffer a world of curses,
being the agents, or the low seconders,
the rope, the ladder, or are you the hangman?
Oh, pardon me, that I speak so basely
to show you the position and danger
you are in under the rule of this cunning King!
Will it be spoken of with shame now,
or in the histories of times to come,
that men of your own ability and power
both fought for an unjust cause
(as both of you, God forgive you, have done)
to throw down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
and plant this thorn bush, this rotten Bolingbroke?
And shall it be further said, more shamefully,
that you were tricked, ignored, rejected
by the one for whom you undertook such a shame?
No, there is still time for you to recover
your lost honour, and put yourselves
back into the good thoughts of the world:
revenge the jeering and disdainful contempt
of this proud king, who is thinking day and night
of how to repay the debt he owes you,
which he shall repay with your bloody deaths:
therefore, I say–

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WOR.
Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontent
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Peace, cousin, say no more:
I will now reveal a secret matter,
and to your hasty discontent
I'll tell you about deep and dangerous things;
as full of danger and adventure
as trying to walk over roaring torrent
just balancing on an unsteady spear.

HOT.
If we fall in, good night, or sink or swim!
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

If we fall in, good night, sink or swim!
Send danger from the East to the West,
so that honour can cross it from the North to South,
and let them fight: it's more exciting
to hunt a lion than a hare.

NORTH.
Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Imagining some great exploit
is making him hotheaded.

HOT.
By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced Moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,

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Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

By heaven, I think it would be an easy task
to go and steal the light of honour from the pale faced moon;
or to dive to the bottom of the ocean,
were thedepths could never be measured,
and pull up ground on by its hair;
so that the one who saved her could then
lay claim to the badge of honour:
but I'm dammed if I'll share it!

WOR.
He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.--
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

It's all very well him talking,
but he doesn't understand the substance–
good cousin, listen to me for a while.

HOT.
I cry you mercy.

Please excuse me.

WOR.
Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,--

Those noble Scots
who are your prisoners–

HOT.
I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

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I'll keep them all;
by God, he shall not have one of them,
not if he needed one to save his soul, he will not:
I swear that I will keep them.

WOR.
You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep;--

You're rushing off,
and not listening to my point.
You will keep those prisoners–

HOT.
Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla Mortimer!
Nay,I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

No, I will, that's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
he forbade me from talking of Mortimer;
but I will find him when he's lying asleep,
and in his ear I'll shout “Mortimer!”
No, I'll get a starling and train him to say
nothing but Mortimer, and give it to him,
to make him permanently angry.

WOR.
Hear you, cousin; a word.

Listen, cousin; word.

HOT.
All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,

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But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

I solemnly swear I will study nothing else
except how I can annoy and pinch this Bolingbroke:
and that identical swaggerer the Prince of Wales,
except for the fact I think his father doesn't love him,
and would be glad if he met with some accident,
I'd have someone give him some poisoned beer.

WOR.
Farewell, kinsman:I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you
when you are in a more listening mood.

NORTH.
Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Why, what a hotheaded and impatient fool
you are, to screech like a woman,
listening to nobody but yourself!

HOT.
Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,--what do you call the place?--
A plague upon't!--it is in Gioucestershire;--
'Twas where the madcap Duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York;--where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke;--
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

Well, look, I am beaten and cut with rods,
stung with nettles and ants, when I hear
about this vile politician Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time–what do you call the place?

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Damn it, it's in Gloucestershire–
where the crazy duke kept his uncle,
his uncle York–that was where I first knelt
to this smiling King, this Bolingbroke,
by God, when you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

NORTH.
At Berkeley-castle.

At Berkeley Castle.

HOT.
You say true:--
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, when his infant fortune came to age,
And, Gentle Harry Percy, and kind cousin,--
O, the Devil take such cozeners!--God forgive me!--
Good uncle, tell your tale; for I have done.

That's right:
well, what a sugary quantity of courtesy
this grovelling dog offered me then!
"See, when his infant fortune comes of age",
and, "gentle Harry Percy", and "kind cousin"–
O, the devil take such deceivers! God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale; I'm finished.

WOR.
Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Well, if you haven't, carry on;
we'll wait for you.

HOT.
I have done, i'faith.

I swear, I'm finished.

WOR.
Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

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Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted.--
[To Northumberland.] You, my lord,
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
Th' Archbishop.

Then go back to your Scottish prisoners.
Hand them over at once without their ransom,
and make the son of Douglas your only
agent of power in Scotland; for various reasons,
which I shall write to you about, I can assure you,
that will definitely be granted–
[to Northumberland] you, my lord,
while your son is doing this in Scotland
you shall secretly creep into the heart
of that noble clergyman, the well loved
Archbishop.

HOT.
Of York, is't not?

Of York, you mean?

WOR.
True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Yes; he has taken his brother's
death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop, very hard.
I'm not just guessing this,
saying I think it might be the case, I know
it has been thought of, plotted and written down,

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and is only waiting for the right time
to bring it on.

HOT.
I smell't:upon my life, it will do well.

I can smell it: I swear on my life, it will do well.

NORTH.
Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.

But you are unleashing the hounds before the game is running.

HOT.
Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:--
And then the power of Scotland and of York
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Well, it can't help be a noble plot:
and then the power of Scotland and of York
will join with Mortimer, yes?

WOR.
And so they shall.

Yes they shall.

HOT.
In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

By God, this is very well-planned.

WOR.
And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

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And we've got very good reason to be hasty,
to save our heads by raising an army;
for, however reasonable we are,
the King would always think of himself as being in our debt,
and think that we are not satisfied,
until he has found a way to finish us off:
you can already see how he's beginning
to ostracise us from his love.

HOT.
He does, he does:we'll be revenged on him.

He is, he is, we'll have revenge on him.

WOR.
Cousin, farewell:no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe,-- which will be suddenly,--
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Cousin, farewell. Don't do anything more
than what I instruct you by letter.
When the time comes, and it will be sudden,
I'll go secretly to Glendower, and Lord Mortimer,
where you, and Douglas, and all of our forces together,
as I plan it, will happily meet,
to take our fortunes into our own strong hands,
to end the uncertainty we have now.

NORTH.
Farewell, good brother:we shall thrive, I trust.

Farewell, good brother: I hope we shall succeed.

HOT.
Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be short,
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

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Uncle, goodbye: oh, don't let it be long
until battlefields and blows and groans applaud our efforts!

[Exeunt.]

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Act II

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Scene I. Rochester. An Inn-Yard.

[Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.]

1. CAR.
Heigh-ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd:
Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse' not
pack'd.--What, ostler!

Come on! If it's not already four in the morning I'll be hanged; the Great Bear is over the new chimney, and our horse is still not loaded. Hello, stableman!

OST.
[within.] Anon, anon.

In a minute.

1. CAR.
I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the
point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

And please Tom,plump up the horse's saddle and put some wool in the pommel; the poor nag has calluses all over its shoulders.

[Enter another Carrier.]

2. CAR.
Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the
next way to give poor jades the bots; this house is turned
upside down since Robin ostler died.

The peas and beans here are as damp as a dog, and that's the best way to give poor nags worms; this house has been turned upside down since Robin the ostler died.

1. CAR.
Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was
the death of him.

Poor fellow! He had never been happy since the price of oats went

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up; it was
the death of him.

2. CAR.
I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas:I am stung like a tench.

I think this must be the worst house on the London Road for fleas, I'm stung like a tench.

1. CAR.
Like a tench! by the Mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.--What, ostler! come away and be hang'd; come away.

Like a tench! By heaven, there isn't a king in Christendom who could have been bitten better than I have been since midnight–
hello, ostler! Hurry up, and be hanged, hurry up!

2. CAR.
I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

I have a joint of bacon and two ginger roots, to be delivered to Charing Cross.

1. CAR.
'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.--What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hang'd: hast no faith in thee?

My God! The turkeys in my basket are quite starved.–What, ostler! A plague on you! Don't you have eyes in your head? Can't you hear? If it's not as good a thing to break your head as it is
to have a drink, I'm a villain. Hurry up, and be hanged: can't you do anything?

[Enter Gadshill.]

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GADS.
Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Good day, carriers. What's the time?

1. CAR.
I think it be two o'clock.

I think it's two o'clock.

GADS.
I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

Please, lend me your lantern, so I can see my gelding in the stable.

1. CAR.
Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

No, please be quiet; I'm not such a fool as that.

GADS.
I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

I'm asking, lend me yours.

2. CAR.
Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth a? marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

What's that? Eh? Lend me your lantern, he says? I swear, I'll see you hanged first.

GADS.
Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Mr Carrier, what time do you intend to arrive in London?

2. CAR.
Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.--

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Come, neighbour Muggs, we'll call up the gentlemen:they will along with company, for they have great charge.

In time to go to bed with a candle, I promise you.
Come, neighbour Muggs, we'll call the gentlemen; they will want to come along with us, for they have a valuable cargo.

[Exeunt Carriers.]

GADS.
What, ho! chamberlain!

Hello there! Chamberlain!

CHAM.
[Within.] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

I'm ready Sir, as the pickpocket says.

GADS.
That's even as fair as--at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

That's as good as “I'm ready, as the Chamberlain says"; for you're no more different to a pickpocket than a foreman is to his labourers; you're the one who plans everything.

[Enter Chamberlain.]

CHAM.
Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight:there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold:I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter; they will away presently.

Good day, Master Gadshill. What I told you yesterday evening is still true: there's a freeholder in the Weald of Kent who has

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brought three hundred marks in gold with him: I heard him mention it to one of his company last night at supper; he's a kind of
accountant; and one who has plenty of responsibility too, God knows what.
They are already up, and calling for buttered eggs; they will leave shortly.

GADS.
Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Sir, if they don't meet some highwaymen, you can hang me.

CHAM.
No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

No, I'll have none of that: please, keep your neck for the hangman; for
I know that you worship the patron saint of highwaymen as truly as
such a false man can.

GADS.
What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport-sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit-sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers; such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray:and yet, zwounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the Commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

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Why you talking to me about the hangman? If I hang, it'll be on a fat pair of gallows; because, if I hang, old Sir John will hang with
me, and you know he's no lightweight. Tut! There are other companions who you don't know about, who, just for fun, are prepared to do the job properly; they would, if asked to look into the matter, for the sake of their own credit, do the whole thing. I don't associate with footpads, thugs who rob for sixpence, none of these purple faced moustached boozers; but with noblemen, calm men, mayors and important officials; ones who can control themselves, who will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than
pray: and yet, by God, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the Commonwealth; or rather, they don't pray to her, they prey on her,
for they ride up and down on her, making her their booty.

CHAM.
What, the Commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

What, the Commonwealth is their boots? Will she keep out the water
on muddy roads?

GADS.
She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fernseed,--we walk invisible.

She will, she will; she's been well greased. We steal with complete impunity; it's as if we've taken the fernseed to make us invisible.

CHAM.
Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

No, I swear, I think it's the night rather than
fernseed that makes you invisible.

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GADS.
Give me thy hand:thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Give me your hand: you shall get us to share of our profits, as I am an honest man.

CHAM.
Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

No, I'd sooner have your promise as a false thief.

GADS.
Go to; homo is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

Get away, all men are the same at bottom. Tell the ostler to bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

[Exeunt.]

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Scene II. The Road by Gads-hill.

[Enter Prince Henry and Pointz; Bardolph and Peto at some distance.]

POINTZ.
Come, shelter, shelter:I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

Come, hide, hide: I have taken Falstaff's horse away, and he chafes like fraying velvet.

PRINCE.
Stand close.

Keep near me.

[They retire.]

[Enter Falstaff.]

FAL.
Pointz! Pointz, and be hang'd! Pointz!

Pointz!Pointz, damn you!Pointz!

PRINCE.
[Coming forward.]
Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Quiet, you tubby rascal!What a racket you're making.

FAL.
Where's Pointz, Hal?

Where's Pointz, Hal?

PRINCE.
He is walk'd up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

He walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go and look for him.

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[Retires.]

FAL.
I am accursed to rob in that thief's company:the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further a-foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make
me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else:I have drunk medicines.--
Pointz!--Hal!--a plague upon you both!--Bardolph!--Peto!--I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles a-foot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough:a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another!
[They whistle.] Whew!--A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd!

It's a curse to have to rob in that thief's company: the rascal has taken my horse and I don't know where he's tied him up.If I have to walk another four feet I'll be done for.
Well, I dare say I'll die a fair death for this, if I'm not hanged for killing that rogue.Every hour of these past twenty two years I've said I won't have any more to do with him, but he seems to cast a spell over me.I'll be hanged if he hasn't given me some potion to make me like him; it's the only explanation:
I have drunk medicines -
Pointz!Hal!Damn you both! Bardolph!Peto! I'll starve before I do another robbery.And if it isn't as good a deed as drinking to become a good man, and to leave these rogues, I'm the greatest scoundrel alive.Eight yards over rough ground is like a seventy mile walk for me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: curse the time, when thieves have no loyalty to each other!
[Whistle] Whistling!Damn you all!Give me my horse, you

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scoundrels!
Give me my horse, and go hang yourselves!

PRINCE.
[Coming forward.] Peace! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Quiet!Lie down; put your ear to the ground
and listen for travellers.

FAL.
Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a-foot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Do you have levers to lift me up again once I'm down?By God,
I shan't walk so far on foot again, not for all the money in your father's treasury.What the devil is this trick you're playing on me?

PRINCE.
Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

You're lying; you're not tricked, you're unhorsed.

FAL.
I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Please. good Prince Hal, help me find my horse, good king's son.

PRINCE.
Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Get lost, you rogue!Am I your groom?

FAL.
Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and a-foot too, I hate it.

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Go and hang yourself with your heir-apparent garters!If I'm caught
I'll turn informant. If I don't have songs written about you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let me be poisoned with a cup of sack. I hate this sort of practical joking, especially when it means I have to walk.

[Enter Gadshill.]

GADS.
Stand!

Stand!

FAL.
So I do, against my will.

I am, though I don't want to.

POINTZ.
O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Oh, it's our informant; I know his voice.

[Comes forward with Bardolph and Peto.]

BARD.
What news?

What's the news?

GADS.
Case ye, case ye; on with your visards:there's money of the King's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

Hide yourselves, get your masks on: there's royal money coming down the hill; it's on its way to the King's treasury.

FAL.
You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the King's tavern.

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You're lying, you scoundrel; it's going to the King's tavern.

GADS.
There's enough to make us all.

There's enough to make us all for life.

FAL.
To be hang'd.

To get us all hanged.

PRINCE.
Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Pointz and I will walk lower; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Gentlemen, you four will confront them in the narrow lane; Ned Pointz and I will walk round lower; if they escape you they'll run into us.

PETO.
How many be there of them?

How many of them are there?

GADS.
Some eight or ten.

About eight or ten.

FAL.
Zwounds, will they not rob us?

Good God, won't they rob us?

PRINCE.
What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

What, are you a coward, Sir John Belly?

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FAL.
Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

It's true, I'm not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but still, I'm not a coward, Hal.

PRINCE.
Well, we leave that to the proof.

Well, we'll wait and see.

POINTZ.
Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge:when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Sir Jack, your horse is behind the hedge: when you need him, that's where you'll find him.Farewell, and stand firm.

FAL.
Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Now I can't strike him to save my life.

PRINCE.
[aside to POINTZ.] Ned, where are our disguises?

Ned, where are our disguises?

POINTZ.
[aside to PRINCE HENRY.] Here, hard by:stand close.

Here, close by; keep close to me.

[Exeunt Prince and Pointz.]

FAL.
Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I:every man to his business.

Now, my masters, may everyone be happy, I say; let everyone go about his business.

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[Enter Travellers.]

FIRST TRAVELLER.
Come, neighbour:
The boy shall lead our horses down the hill;
We'll walk a-foot awhile and ease our legs.

Come, neighbour:
the boy shall lead our horses down the hill;
we'll walk for a while to stretch our legs.

FALS, GADS., &C.
Stand!

Stand!

SECOND TRAVELLER.
Jesu bless us!

Jesus bless us!

FAL.
Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah,
whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth:
down with them; fleece them.

Attack; knock them down; cut the villain's throats. Ah,
damned parasites! Greedy scoundrels! They hate we young
people:
knock them down, clean them out.

FIRST TRAVELLER.
O, we're undone, both we and ours for ever!

Oh, we're lost, us and our descendants for ever!

FAL.
Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs;
I would your store were here! On, bacons on! What, ye knaves!
young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? we'll jure
ye, i'faith.

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Hang you, you potbellied knaves, are you lost?No, you fat swine; I wish your foodstore was here!Go on, you pigs!What, you scoundrels!
Young men must live.Grand jurors are you?I swear we'll pass sentence
on you.

[Exeunt Fals., Gads., &c., driving the Travellers out.]

[Re-enter Prince Henry and Pointz, in buckram suits.]

PRINCE.
The thieves have bound the true men. Now, could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

The thieves have caught the honest men.Now, if you and I can rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be gossip for a week,
cause laughter for a month, and be a good joke forever.

POINTZ.
Stand close:I hear them coming.

Come closer: I hear them coming.

[They retire.]

[Re-enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto.]

FAL.
Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Pointz be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring:there's no more valour in that Pointz than in a wild duck.

Come, my masters, let's share out, and then get riding before daylight.
If the Prince and Pointz aren't two terrible cowards, I'm no judge: there's no more bravery in Pointz than there is in a wild duck.

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[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them.]

PRINCE.
Your money!

Give us your money!

POINTZ.
Villains!

Villains!

[Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the others run away, leaving the booty behind them.]

PRINCE.
Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Fat Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

That was easily got.Now happily on to the horses:
the thieves are scattered, and so gripped with fear
that they dare not run into each other;
each one thinks the others are sherrifs.
Let's go, good Ned.Fat Falstaff is sweating to death,
he bastes the earth with grease as he goes:
if I wasn't laughing so much I'd feel sorry for him.

POINTZ.
How the rogue roar'd!

How the scoundrel screamed!

[Exeunt.]

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Scene III. Warkworth.A Room in the Castle.

[Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.]

HOT.
--But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House.--He could be contented; why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our House!--he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake
is dangerous;--Why, that's certain:'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.--
Say you so, say you so?I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course
of the action. Zwounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower?
is there not, besides, the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action!
Hang him! let him tell the King:we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.--

[Enter Lady Percy.]

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

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" But for my part, my lord, I could be
very happy to be there, due to the love I have
for your family." He could be happy: then
why isn't he? Out of the love he has for our family: he
shows by this that he loves his own barn more than
he loves our house. Let me read some more. “The
action you plan is dangerous"–why, that's
obvious; it's dangerous to catch a cold, to sleep, to
drink; but I tell you, you foolish lord, out of this nettle of
danger we will pluck the flower of safety. “The action
you plan is dangerous, the friends you have named
are not reliable, the time is badly chosen and your
whole plot is too weak to combat the strength of
such a great enemy." That's what you say, is it? I say to
you again, you are a shallow cowardly fellow, and you
lie: what a lamebrain he is! By God, our plot is
a good plot, as good as was ever made, our friends true and
loyal: good plot, good friends, and excellent
chances: an excellent plot, very good friends; what a
cold spirited scoundrel this is! Why, my Lord of York
commends the plot, and the outline of the
plan. By God, if I were with this rascal now I
could beat his brains out with his lady's fan. Isn't there my
father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer,
my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is
there not the Douglasses also? Had I had letters
from all of them saying they will meet me, armed, by the ninth of
the next
month, and haven't some of them set out
already? What an unbelieving rascal this is, an infidel! Ha!
Now we'll see that in the depths of his fear and cold
feet he will go to the king, and reveal all our plans!
Oh, I could split myself in two and beat myself up,
for including such a milksop in our honourable
action! Hang him, let him tell the King, we
are prepared: I will set out tonight.

How are you, Kate? I must leave you within the next two hours.

LADY.
O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?

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For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry Courage! to the field!And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners ransomed, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Oh my good Lord, why are you alone like this?
What have I done wrong to be banished from
my Harry's bed for the last fortnight?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is it that has taken away
your appetite, your happiness and your ability to sleep?
Why are your eyes so downcast,
and why do you twitch so often when you're sitting alone?
Why are your cheeks so sickly and pale,
and why have you given up our marital pleasures
in exchange for ill tempered thinking and cursed melancholy?
I have been watching you in your restless sleep,
hearing you murmur stories of great wars,
talking as if you were riding your galloping horse,
crying “Courage! To battle!" And you have talked

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of attacks, retreats, trenches, tents,
stakes, barriers, parapets,
all different sorts of cannon,
of ransoming prisoners, and dead soldiers,
and all the excitement of a great fight.
Your spirit has been so stirred up within you,
and has disturbed your sleep so much
that beads of sweat have appeared on your forehead
like bubbles in a recently disturbed stream,
and strange looks have appeared in your face,
as we see when men hold their breath
on receiving some great order. Oh, what do these signs mean?
My lord has some great affair in hand,
and he must tell me it, or he does not love me.

HOT.
What, ho!

[Enter a Servant.]

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Hello there!

Has Gilliams taken the messages?

SERV.
He is, my lord, an hour ago.

He has, my lord, an hour ago.

HOT.
Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Has Butler bought those horses from the Sheriff?

SERV.
One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

He brought one horse, my lord, just a minute ago.

HOT.

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What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

What horse? A roan with notched ears, isn't it?

SERV.
It is, my lord.

It is, my lord.

HOT.
That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight:O esperance!--
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

That's the one I shall ride.
Well, I will go straight to him: hope!
Tell Butler to take him out into the park.

[Exit Servant.]

LADY.
But hear you, my lord.

Just listen, my lord.

HOT.
What say'st thou, my lady?

What are you saying, my lady?

LADY.
What is it carries you away?

What is it that's taking you away?

HOT.
Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

LADY.
Out, you mad-headed ape!

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A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise:but if you go,--

Damn you, you mad headed ape!
A weasel isn't as quarrelsome
as you are. I swear,
I'll know what you're up to, Harry, I will;
I'm afraid my brother Mortimer is
planning to fight for his inheritance, and has sent for you
to back up his efforts: but if you go,–

HOT.
So far a-foot, I shall be weary, love.

So far on foot, I will be tired, love.

LADY.
Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask:
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me true.

Come, come, you parakeet, give me
a straight answer to my question:
I swear, I'll break your little finger, Harry,
if you don't tell me the truth.

HOT.
Away,
Away, you trifler! Love? I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate:this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.--Gods me, my horse!--
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

Go,
leave me alone, you lightweight! Love? I don't love you,

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I don't care for you, Kate: this is no world
for playing with dolls, and to spend time kissing;
these times demand bloody noses and
broken crowns. God save me! My horse!
What are you saying, Kate? What do you want with me?

LADY.
Do you not love me? do you not indeed?
Well, do not, then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

Don't you love me? Do you really not?
Well, then don't; for, since you don't love me,
I won't love myself. Don't you love me?
No, tell me if you're joking or not.

HOT.
Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife; constant you are;
But yet a woman:and, for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Come, will you come and see me right?
When I'm on horseback, I will swear
that I love you infinitely. But listen, Kate;
from now on you must not question me
about where I'm going or what I'm doing:
I must go where I must go; and, in conclusion,
I must leave you this evening, gentle Kate.
I know you are wise; but no wiser
than Harry Percy's wife; you are loyal;
but you're still a woman: for keeping secrets,

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there's no lady better; I certainly believe
you can't say what you don't know;
and this is as much as I'll trust you, sweet Kate.

LADY.
How! so far?

What! As much as that?

HOT.
Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Not an inch more. But listen, Kate:
wherever I go, you will go too;
today I will set out, tomorrow you.
Will this make you happy, Kate?

LADY.
It must of force.

I suppose it'll have to.

[Exeunt.]

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Scene IV. Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's-Head Tavern.

[Enter Prince Henry.]

PRINCE.
Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Ned, come out of that stuffy room please, and lend me a hand in laughing.

[Enter Pointz.]

POINTZ.
Where hast been, Hal?

Where have you been, Hal?

PRINCE.
With three or four loggerheads amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as, Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,--by the Lord, so they call me;--and, when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and, when you breathe in your watering, they hem! and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou
hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But,
sweet Ned,--to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth
of sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker; one that
never spake other English in his life than Eight shillings and

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sixpence,
and You are welcome; with this shrill addition, Anon, anon, sir!
Score
a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,--or so.But, Ned, to drive away
the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-
room,
while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the
sugar;
and do thou never leave calling Francis! that his tale to me may be
nothing but Anon.Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

With three or four blockheads, amongst three or
four score hogsheads. I have been with the lowest
of the low. Sir, I am now these sworn brother of a
trio of barmen, and can call them all by their
Christian names, Tom, Dick and Francis. They
swear upon their souls that although I'm
only Prince of Wales, I am the king of courtesy,
and they tell me straight that I am no proud fellow like Falstaff,
but a good companion, a feisty lad, a good boy (by God,
that's what they call me!), and when I am king of
England I will command all the good lads of Eastcheap.
They call heavy drinking “dying scarlet", and when
you have to stop your drinking to catch your breath they shout
“cough!"
and order you to get on with your business. In conclusion, I have
learned so much
in one quarter of an hour that I can now gossip with any gypsy in
his own language.
I tell you, Ned, you certainly lost out by not being
with me for this engagement; but, sweet Ned–
to sweeten that name of Ned I'll give you this
pennyworth of sugar, slapped into my hand just now by
an under-barman, someone who never spoke any other English
in his life apart from “Eight shillings and sixpence", and
“You are welcome", with the shrill addition, “in a moment,
sir! Take a pint of Spanish wine to the Halfmoon room",
and so on. But Ned, to pass the time until Falstaff
comes:–I beg you to stand in some side room,
while I question my little barman as to why he
gave me the sugar, and you always keep on calling out
“Francis!" so that all he can say to me is

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“In a minute". Step aside, and I'll show you how we'll do it.

[Exit Pointz.]

POINTZ.
[Within.]Francis!

Francis!

PRINCE.
Thou art perfect.

Perfect.

POINTZ.
[Within.]Francis!

Francis!

[Enter Francis.]

FRAN.
Anon, anon, sir.--Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

In a minute, sir. Go and look in the Pomegranate room, Ralph.

PRINCE.
Come hither, Francis.

Come here, Francis.

FRAN.
My lord?

My lord?

PRINCE.
How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

How much of your apprenticeship have you left, Francis?

FRAN.

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Forsooth, five years, and as much as to--

I swear, five years, and the same to–

POINTZ.
[within.] Francis!

Francis!

FRAN.
Anon, anon, sir.

In a minute, sir.

PRINCE.
Five year! by'r Lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Five years! By our Lady, that's a long time to learn to serve drinks. But, Francis, are you so brave that you could break your contract and show it a clean pair of heels as you run from it?

FRAN.
O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart--

Oh lord, sir, I'll swear on all Bibles in England, if I can find it in my heart–

POINTZ.
[within.] Francis!

Francis!

FRAN.
Anon, anon, sir.

In a minute, sir.

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PRINCE.
How old art thou, Francis?

How old are you, Francis?

FRAN.
Let me see,--about Michaelmas next I shall be--

Let me see–at next Michaelmas I shall be–

POINTZ.
[within.] Francis!

Francis!

FRAN.
Anon, sir.--Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

In a minute, sir.–Excuse me, wait a little while, my lord.

PRINCE.
Nay, but hark you, Francis:for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

No, but listen, Francis: that sugar you gave me, it was a pennyworth, wasn't it?

FRAN.
O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

O Lord, Sir, I wish it had been two!

PRINCE.
I will give thee for it a thousand pound:ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

I'll give you thousand pounds for it: ask me when you want it, and you shall have it.

POINTZ.
[within.] Francis!

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Francis!

FRAN.
Anon, anon.

In a minute.

PRINCE.
Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or,
Francis, a Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But,
Francis,--

*In a minute, Francis? No, Francis; but tomorrow, Francis; or,
Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when you want. But,
Francis–*

FRAN.
My lord?

My lord?

PRINCE.
--wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button,
nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter,
smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,--

*–will you rob this leather jerkined, crystal buttoned,
cropped haired, agate ringed, bluestockinged, garter taped,
smooth tongued, leather pouched–*

FRAN.
O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

Oh Lord, Sir, who do you mean?

PRINCE.
Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for,
look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully:in
Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Why, then, you'd better stick to serving wine; for,
Francis, if you rob your master you'll have to run for it:*

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your white coat won't stay too clean when you're on the run.

FRAN.
What, sir?

What, sir?

POINTZ.
[within.] Francis!

Francis!

PRINCE.
Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

Off you go, you rogue! Can't you hear them calling?

[Here they both call him; Francis stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

[Enter Vintner.]

VINT.
What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [Exit Francis.]--My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door:shall I let them in?

What, are you standing here, when you can hear all this calling? Go and look after the guests inside. My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, is at the door: shall I let them in?

PRINCE.
Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.

[Exit Vintner.]

Pointz!

Leave them out there for a while, and then open the door. Pointz!

[Re-enter Pointz.]

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POINTZ.
Anon, anon, sir.

In a minute, sir.

PRINCE.
Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door:shall we be merry?

Sir, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are outside: shall we have some fun?

POINTZ.
As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what's the issue?

We'll be as merry as crickets, my lad.But listen, what's the big idea with making fun of the barman like this?Come, what are you up to?

PRINCE.
I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.--What's o'clock, Francis?

I'm in the mood to try every way of having fun ever invented between good old Adam up to midnight last night. – What's the time, Francis?

FRAN.
[Within.]Anon, anon, sir.

In a minute, sir.

PRINCE.
That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his

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wife,
Fie upon this quiet life! I want work. O my sweet Harry, says she, how many hast thoukill'd to-day?Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, Some fourteen, an hour after,--a trifle, a trifle.
I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff:I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Rivo! says the drunkard.
Call in ribs, call in tallow.

[Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto; followed by Francis with wine.]

It’s amazing that this fellow is a human being, when he has fewer words than a parrot!All his efforts go into climbing the stairs, his words are all to do with the bill.I don’t share the mood of Percy,
the Hotspur of the north; the one who kills six or seven dozen Scots at breakfast, washes his hands and says to his wife, “Damn this quiet life!I want some work!”“Oh my sweet Harry,” she says,
“How many have you killed today?” “Rinse down my roan horse,”
he says; and answers, “About fourteen, in an hour, nothing, nothing.”

Please, call in Falstaff.I’ll play Percy, and that great lout shall play Lady Mortimer his wife.Cheers!
says the drunkard: call in these greedy devils.

POINTZ.
Welcome, Jack:where hast thou been?

Welcome, Jack: where have you been?

FAL.
A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!--
Give me a cup of sack, boy.--Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!--
Give me a cup of sack, rogue.--Is there no virtue extant?

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Damn all cowards, I say, and revenge on them too!Yes, amen to that!
Give me a cup of sack, boy.I'd rather sew stockings and mend them
than live this life.Damnation to all cowards!
Give me a cup of sack, scoundrel.Are there no good men left?

[Drinks.]

PRINCE.
Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Didn't you ever see the sun shining on a dish of butter?Soft hearted butter, that melted at a touch of the sun!If you did, you can see it in front of you here.

FAL.
You rogue, here's lime in this sack too:there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man:yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it, a villanous coward.--Go thy ways, old Jack:die
when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face
of the Earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God
help the while! a bad world, I say.
I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of
all cowards! I say still.

You rogue, there's lime in this sack as well: all one finds in villainous mankind
is roguery: but a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it,
a villainous coward – go about your business, old Jack: whenever you die, if manhood, good manhood, hasn't vanished
from the face of the earth then I'm a dried up herring.There aren't three good

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men left unhanged in England, and one of them is old and fat, God help us,
it’s a bad world, I say.I wish I was a weaver; I could sing psalms, or anything.I still say, damnation to all cowards.

PRINCE.
How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

What’s this, wool sack?What are you muttering about?

FAL.
A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger
of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

A king’s son!If I don’t drive you out of your kingdom with a wooden
dagger, with all your subjects running ahead like a flock of wild geese, I’ll cut my beard off.You, Prince of Wales!

PRINCE.
Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Why, you round old son of a bitch, what’s the matter?

FAL.
Are not you a coward? answer me to that:--and Pointz there?

Aren’t you a coward?Answer me that: and Pointz there?

POINTZ.
Zwounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

By heaven, you great fatty, if you call me a coward, by God I’ll stab you.

FAL.
I call thee coward!I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou

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canst.
You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your
back:call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.--Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

I, call you a coward!I'll see you damned before I call you a coward:
but I would give a thousand pounds, to be able to run as fast as you.
Your shoulders are straight enough; you don't care who sees your back: do you call that supporting your friends?Damn such supporters!
Give me ones who'll face me. – Give me a cup of sack:
I'm a rogue if I've had a drink yet today.

PRINCE.
O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

You villain!You've hardly wiped the last drink off your lips!

FAL.
All is one for that. A plague of all cowards! still say I.

Whatever.Damn all cowards, I still say!

[Drinks.]

PRINCE.
What's the matter?

What's the matter?

FAL.
What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

What's the matter?Four of us here stole a thousand pounds this morning.

PRINCE.

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Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Where is it, Jack, where is it?

FAL.
Where is it! taken from us it is:a hundred upon poor four of us!

Where is it!Taken from us, a hundred setting on we poor four!

PRINCE.
What, a hundred, man?

What, a hundred of them, man?

FAL.
I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw,--ecce signum! I never
dealt better since I was a man:all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak:if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

I’m a scoundrel, if I wasn’t in close combat with a dozen of them for two hours at a stretch.I escaped by a miracle.I’ve taken eight stabs through my jacket, four through my stockings, my belt has been
chopped to pieces, my sword is notched like a handsaw-
there’s the proof!I never fought better in my life:
not everyone could have done that!Damn all cowards!
Let them explain themselves, and if they say more or less than the truth, they are villains and devils.

PRINCE.
Speak, sirs; how was it?

Speak, sirs; what happened?

GADS.
We four set upon some dozen,--

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We four set on a dozen men –

FAL.
Sixteen at least, my lord.

Sixteen at least, my lord.

GADS.
--and bound them.

And tied them up.

PETO.
No, no; they were not bound.

No, they weren't tied.

FAL.
You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

You scoundrel, they were tied up, every one of them; otherwise I'm a Jew, a Jewish Jew.

GADS.
As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,--

As we were sharing out the money, six or seven new men set on us-

FAL.
And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

And untied the rest, who then joined in with them.

PRINCE.
What, fought you with them all?

What, did you fight them all?

FAL.
All? I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish:if there were not two or three

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and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

All?I don’t know what you mean by all; but if I didn’t fight fifty of them, I’m a bunch of radishes: If there weren’t fifty-two or three on poor old Jack, I’m not a man.

PRINCE.
Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

I pray to God you didn’t murder any of them.

FAL.
Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse.
Thou knowest my old ward:here I lay, and thus I bore my point.
Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,--

No good praying for that: I’ve drilled holes in two of them; I’m sure
I killed two, two rogues in canvas overalls.I tell you what, Hal, if I tell you a lie, spit in my face and call me a horse.
You know how I stand in a fight: this was my guard, and I thrust like this.
Four scoundrels in canvas suits set on me –

PRINCE.
What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

What, four?It was two just now.

FAL.
Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Four, Hal; I said four.

POINTZ.
Ay, ay, he said four.

Yes, yes, he said four.

FAL.

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These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more
ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*These four attacked me from the front, and attacked me strongly.I didn’t
mess about but fended off all seven swords with my shield, like this.*

PRINCE.
Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Seven?What, there were only four just now.

FAL.
In buckram?

In canvas?

POINTZ.
Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Yes, four, in canvas overalls.

FAL.
Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Seven, I swear on my sword, or I’m a villain.

PRINCE.
[aside to Pointz.] Pr'ythee let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Let him run on; there’ll be more of them soon.

FAL.
Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Are you listening, Hal?

PRINCE.
Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

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Yes, and noting what you say, Jack.

FAL.
Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,--

Do, for it's worth listening to.These nine in canvas I told you about-

PRINCE.
So, two more already.

So, two more already.

FAL.
--their points being broken,--

With their swords broken –

POINTZ.
Down fell their hose.

Their drawers fell down.

FAL.
--began to give me ground:but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

they began to retreat; but I followed them close, pressing them hand and foot; and quick as thinking I finished off seven of eleven.

PRINCE.
O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

How monstrous, eleven canvas clad men grown from two!

FAL.
But, as the Devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal
Green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal,

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that thou couldst not see thy hand.

But, as the Devil planned, three bastard knaves in camouflage came up behind and attacked me; for it was so dark, Hal, one couldn’t see one’s own hand.

PRINCE.
These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou nott-pated fool, thou whoreson,
obscene
greasy tallow-keech,--

These lies are like the one who creates them, big as a mountain, obvious, clear.Why, you blockhead, you son of a bitch, obscene mound of candle-fat-

FAL.
What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

What, are you mad, are you mad?Isn’t the truth the truth?

PRINCE.
Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was
so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Well, how could you see these men on camouflage, when it was so dark you couldn’t see your hand?Come on, tell us your reason: what have you got to say to that?

POINTZ.
Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FAL.
What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks
in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on
compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would

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give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

What, because you demand it?No, if I was given the worst torture in the world, I won’t do as you order me.Give you explanations on orders!If explanations were as plentiful as blackberries, I wouldn’t give
any man an explanation under duress.

PRINCE.
I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,--

I’ll no longer be guilty of this sin; this boozy coward, this bed presser, this breaker of horses’ backs, this great hill of flesh-

FAL.
Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you stock-fish,--
O, for breath to utter what is like thee!--you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,--

Get lost, you famished eelskin, you dried oxtongue, you dried cod –
Oh, I wish I had the breath to say what you’re like!You piece of cloth, you scabbard, you bow-case, you broken sword -

PRINCE.
Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again:and, when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this:--

Well, pause for breath and then carry on: and, when you have worn yourself out with low comparisons, let me tell you this:

POINTZ.
Mark, Jack.

Take a note of this, Jack.

PRINCE.
--We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of
their wealth.--Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.--

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Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, outfaced you from
your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:
and, Falstaff, you carried yourself away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight!
What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

We two saw you four attack four; you tied them up, and had their money. – Now see how a simple tale will knock you back – Then we two set on you four; and, with a word, scared you off your prize, and we have it; yes, we can show it to you here in this house:
and, Falstaff, you ran away as nimbly, with as much agility, such roaring for mercy, and you still ran and roared, as any bull-calf I ever heard.What a slave you are, to hack up your sword as you have, and then say you were in a fight!
What trick, what cover, what hiding place can you now find to hide you from this open and obvious shame?

POINTZ.
Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Come, let’s hear it, Jack; what trick have you got now?

FAL.
By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters:
Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true Prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules:but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true Prince.
Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct.
I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.But, by the Lord, lads,
I am glad you have the money.--
[To Hostess within.]Hostess, clap-to the doors:watch
to-night, pray to-morrow.--Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you!
What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

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By the Lord, I recognized you as well as your own fathers would.Why, listen,
my masters:
should I have killed the heir-apparent?Should I attack the true Prince?Why, you know I am as brave as Hercules: but look out for instinct; a lion won't touch a true Prince.
Instinct is very powerful.I was a coward by instinct: I will think better of myself now,
and you – I'm a brave lion, and you are a true prince.But, by heaven, lads,
I'm glad you have the money.Hostess, slam the doors!Party tonight, pray tomorrow! Brave lads, boys, hearts of gold, all good fellowship to you!
What, shall we be merry, shall we put on a show?

PRINCE.
Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Why not, and the plot will be you running away.

FAL.
Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Ah, no more of that, Hal, if you love me!

[Enter the Hostess.]

HOST.
O Jesu, my lord the Prince,--

Oh Jesus, my lord the Prince-

PRINCE.
How now, my lady the hostess! What say'st thou to me?

Hello there, my landlady!What are you telling me?

HOST.
Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the Court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

Well, my lord, there is a nobleman from the Court at the door

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who wants to speak to you: he says he's come from your father.

PRINCE.
Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back
again to my mother.

Tip him a suitable sum for royalties, and send him back to my mother.

FAL.
What manner of man is he?

What sort of man is he?

HOST.
An old man.

An old man.

FAL.
What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

What is an old man doing out of bed at midnight?Shall I tell him where to go?

PRINCE.
Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Please do, Jack.

FAL.
Faith, and I'll send him packing.

By God, I'll send him packing.

[Exit.]

PRINCE.
Now, sirs:--by'r Lady, you fought fair;--so did you, Peto;--so did you,

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Bardolph:you are lions, too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not
touch the true Prince; no,--fie!

Now, gentlemen – by the Lady, you fought well – so did you, Peto; so did you,
Bardolph: you are lions, too, you ran away on instinct, you wouldn’t
touch the true Prince, no – rubbish!

BARD.
Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

I swear, I ran because the others did.

PRINCE.
Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Now tell me truthfully, how did Falstaff’s sword get so damaged?

PETO.
Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said he would swear truth out of
England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and he said he would tell any lie
he had to, but he would make you believe it was done in a fight; and
he persuaded us to do the same.

BARD.
Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before;
I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

Yes, and to stick sharp grasses up our noses to make them bleed; and then to smear our clothes with it, and swear it was the blood of brave men.I did something I haven’t done for the last seven years;

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I blushed to hear his plans.

PRINCE.
O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore.
Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Oh villain, you stole a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and got a taste for it, and ever since then you can blush at will. You had numbers and weapons on your side, but you ran away; what's your excuse?

BARD.
My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

My lord, do you see these fiery meteors?

PRINCE.
I do.

I do.

BARD.
What think you they portend?

What do you think they predict?

PRINCE.
Hot livers and cold purses.

Hot livers and empty purses.

BARD.
Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Anger, my lord, if correctly taken.

PRINCE.
No, if rightly taken, halter.--Here comes lean Jack, here comes

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bare-bone.--

[Enter Falstaff.]

How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

No, arrests, if you get properly taken.Here comes skinny Jack, here comes
the skeleton –

Hello there, my old pile of stuffing!How long ago is it, Jack, since you saw your own knees?

FAL.
My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's
talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring:
a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.
There's villanous news abroad:here was Sir John Bracy from your
father; you must to the Court in the morning.
That same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave
Amaimon the bastinado, and swore the Devil his true liegeman upon the
cross of a Welsh hook,--what a plague call you him?

My own knees!When I was about your age, Hal, an eagle could have
got its claw round my waist; I could have crept in through an alderman’s thumb ring:
it’s all this sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a bladder.
There’s bad news outside: that was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must go to court in the morning.
That madman in the North, Percy; he and that Welshman, who gave a demon a beating, and swore the Devil was his ally on a blasphemous Welsh cross – what the hell’s his name?

POINTZ.
O, Glendower.

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Oh, Glendower.

FAL.
Owen, Owen,--the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,--

Owen, Owen, that's the one; and his son-in-law Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that active Scot, Douglas, who can ride his horse up a sheer hillside-

PRINCE.
He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

The one who can kill a sparrow in flight with a pistol whilst galloping at high speed.

FAL.
You have hit it.

You've hit it.

PRINCE.
So did he never the sparrow.

And he never hit the sparrow.

FAL.
Well, that rascal hath good metal in him; he will not run.

Well, that rascal has a good temperament; he won't run.

PRINCE.
Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running!

Why, what a rascal you are, then, to praise him for running like that!

FAL.
O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but a-foot he will not budge a foot.

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On horseback, you fool!But on the ground he won’t budge.

PRINCE.
Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Yes Jack, on instinct.

FAL.
I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake,
and a thousand blue-caps more:
Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turn'd
white with the news:you may buy land now as cheap as stinking
mackerel.

I’ll give you that, on instinct.Well, he’s there too, and someone called Mordrake,
and a thousand Scottish blue-bonnets as well:
Worcester sneaked away this evening; your father’s beard has turned
white with the news: you can buy land now as cheap as rotten mackrel.

PRINCE.
Why then, it is like if there came a hot June, and
this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads
as they buy hobnails, by the hundreds.

Well then, it’s as if it’s a hot June, and if this
civil strife carries on none of the girls will
be able to resist us, they’ll be two a penny.

FAL.
But, tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being
heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies
again
as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower?
art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

But tell me, Hal, aren’t you terribly afraid?Being
heir-apparent, could you find three worse enemies in the world
as that demon Douglas, that ghost Percy, and that devil Glendower?

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Aren’t you terribly afraid?Doesn’t it make your blood run cold?

PRINCE.
Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Not at all, I swear; I don’t have your instinct.

FAL.
Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father.If thou love life, practise an answer.

Well, you’re going to get an awful telling off tomorrow when you see your father.If you love life, have an answer ready.

PRINCE.
Do thou stand for my father and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

You stand in for my father and question me about my lifestyle.

FAL.
Shall I? content:this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Shall I?Alright: this chair is my throne, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

PRINCE.
Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

So we have a wooden stool for your throne, a lead dagger for your golden sceptre, and a sad bald head for a golden crown.

FAL.
Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.--
Give me a cup of sack, to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

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Well, if you have any grace left in you, you will be moved.-
Give me a cup of sack, to make my eyes look red, so it looks as if I've been weeping; for I must speak with passion, and I will imitate King Cambyses.

PRINCE.
Well, here is my leg.

Well, I kneel to you.

FAL.
And here is my speech.--Stand aside, nobility.

And here's what I say. – Stand back, noblemen.

HOST.
O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i faith!

Oh Jesus, I swear this is good fun!

FAL.
Weep not, sweet Queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Do not weep, sweet queen; trickling tears are useless.

HOST.
O, the Father, how he holds his countenance!

Oh, by God, how does he keep a straight face!

FAL.
For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful Queen;
For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes.

For God's sake, lords, take my sad Queen away;
tears are blocking the floodgates of her eyes.

HOST.
O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

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Oh Jesus, he’s as good as any of those rascal actors!

FAL.
Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.--Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied:for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point:Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at?
Shall the blessed Sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries?
a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd.
There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch:this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest:for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also.And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Quiet, pint-pot, quiet, booze-brain.-
Harry, I don’t only wonder where you’ve been spending your time, but also who you hang around with.For though chamomile grows better the more you trample it, the more you spend your youth the quicker you lose it. I have partly your mother’s word that you are my son, partly my own opinion, but mainly a villainous trick of your eye, and the foolish droop of your lower lip, that gives me proof. If then you are my son, here’s the point – why, if you’re my son, do you get so pointed at?Shall the blessed sun of heaven be a truant, off blackberrying? It’s out of the question.Shall the sun of England prove to be a thief, and steal purses? A question we must ask.There’s a thing, Harry, which you will often have heard of, and many in our country call it pitch.This pitch (as ancient writers tell us) defiles,

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and so does the company you keep; for, Harry, I'm not talking through drink, but through tears; not in happiness, but passion,
not only through my words but through my sorrow.
But there is a good man whom I have often seen
in your company, though I do not know his name.

PRINCE.
What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

What sort of man, if you please, your Majesty?

FAL.
A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r Lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff:if that man should be lewdly given,
he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks.
If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff:him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell
me where hast thou been this month?

A good dignified man, I swear, a full bodied one; with a cheerful look,
an attractive eye, and a very noble bearing; his age, I think, about fifty, or, maybe, getting on for sixty; and now I
remember, his name is Falstaff:if that man has vulgar inclinations he's fooled me; for, Harry, I can see virtue in his looks.
If, then, the tree can be judged by its fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then I say confidently that there is virtue in that Falstaff: keep him, send the rest away.And now, tell me, you naughty scoundrel, tell me where you have been the last month?

PRINCE.
Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Are you talking like a king?You play me, and I'll play your father.

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FAL.
Depose me! if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a
poulter's hare.

Overthrow me! If you do it with half as much dignity and majesty, hang me up as a skinny rabbit or a hare in a poulterer's.

PRINCE.
Well, here I am set.

Well, here I sit.

FAL.
And here I stand.--Judge, my masters.

And here I stand – Judge it, my masters.

PRINCE.
Now, Harry, whence come you?

Now, Harry, where have you come from?

FAL.
My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

PRINCE.
The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

I've heard many bad things said about you.

FAL.
'Sblood, my lord, they are false.--Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

By God, my lord, it's not true – I'll make you laugh at my impression of a young prince, I swear.

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PRINCE.
Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art
violently carried away from grace:there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of an old fat man,--a tun of man is thy companion. Why
dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of
beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that
reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein
neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but
in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

You swear, graceless boy? From now on don't come near me. You are
violently removed from grace: there is a devil who haunts you, in the shape of a fat old man–a barrel of a man who is your companion. Why
do you associate with that trunk of diseases, that bin full of beastliness,
that great parcel of swellings, that huge wine bag of
sack, that roasted Manningtree ox with pudding in his belly, that old Vice, that grey Iniquity, that fatherly ruffian, that aged vanity? What's he good for, except for tasting and drinking sack? What can he do neatly and cleanly, except for carving a chicken and eating it?
How is he skilful, except for cheating? What's he do with that, except being a villain? What's he villainous at, except everything? What is he good at,
apart from nothing?

FAL.
I would your Grace would take me with you:whom means your Grace?

I wish I understood what your Grace's saying: whom does your

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Grace mean?

PRINCE.
That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white bearded devil.

FAL.
My lord, the man I know.

My Lord, I know the man.

PRINCE.
I know thou dost.

I know you do.

FAL.
But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more
than I know. That he is old,--(the more the pity,--his white hairs do witness it. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd:
if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved.
No, my good lord:banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pointz; but,
for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old
Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy
Harry's company:banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

But I can't say that there is any more harm in him than there is in myself. That he is old–more's the pity–is shown by his white hairs. If liking sack and sugar is a fault, God help wicked people! If to be old and merry is a sin, then many old landlords I know are going to hell:
if one should be hated for being fat, then Pharaoh's thin cattle

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should be loved.
No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pointz; but,
as for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, brave Jack Falstaff, who is even more brave because he is old Jack Falstaff, don't forbid your Harry to have him for company, don't forbid him:
if you banish plump Jack, you banish the whole world.

PRINCE.
I do, I will.

I do, and I will.

[A knocking heard.]

[Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.]

[Enter Bardolph, running.]

BARD.
O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Oh my lord, my lord! The Sheriff is at the door with a great force of men.

FAL.
Out, ye rogue!--Play out the play:I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Get out, you scoundrel! Let's carry on with the play: I have a lot to say in the
defence of that Falstaff.

[Re-enter the Hostess, hastily.]

HOST.
O Jesu, my lord, my lord,--

O Jesus, my lord, my lord,–

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Prince.
Heigh, heigh! the Devil rides upon a fiddlestick:what's the matter?

Hello! the devil is leading the dance: what's the matter?

Host.
The sheriff and all the watch are at the door:they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they have come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

FAL.
Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially made without seeming so.

Did you hear that, Hal? Don't tell them a good man like me is bad:
you have all the good qualities, but you don't show them.

Prince.
And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

And you are natural coward, with no instinct.

FAL.
I deny your major:if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter:if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

I reject your thesis: if you will reject the Sheriff, good; if not, let him
come in: if I don't look as good on a tumbril as the next man, a plague on my upbringing! I think I'll make just as good a victim for the hangman as another.

PRINCE.
Go, hide thee behind the arras:--the rest walk, up above.Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Go, hide yourself behind the curtain: the rest of you go upstairs.

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Now,
my masters, I need an honest face and a good conscience.

FAL.
Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

I've had both in the past; but they are past their sell by date, and so I'll
hide.

PRINCE.
Call in the sheriff.--

[Exeunt all but the Prince and Pointz.]

[Enter Sheriff and Carrier.]

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

Call in the Sheriff.

Now, Master Sheriff, what do you want with me?

SHER.
First, pardon me, my lord. A hue-and-cry
Hath followed certain men unto this house.

Firstly, forgive me, my lord. A hue and cry
has followed certain men to this house.

PRINCE.
What men?

What men?

SHER.
One of them is well known, my gracious lord,--
A gross fat man.

One of them is well known, my gracious lord–
a grotesquely fat man.

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CAR.
As fat as butter.

As fat as butter.

PRINCE.
The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so, let me entreat you leave the house.

I can promise you that that man is not here;
for at the moment he is in my employment.
And, Sheriff, I give you my word
that I will, by dinner time tomorrow,
send him to face you or any man
on any charges raised against him:
and so, I ask you to leave the house.

SHER.
I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
who have lost three hundred marks in this robbery

PRINCE.
It may be so:if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

That may be the case: if he has robbed these men,
he shall answer for it; and so, farewell.

SHER.
Good night, my noble lord.

Good night, my noble lord.

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PRINCE.
I think it is good morrow, is it not?

I think it's good morning, isn't it?

SHER.
Indeed, my lord, I think't be two o'clock.

Indeed, my lord, I think it is two o'clock.

[Exit Sheriff and Carrier.]

PRINCE.
This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

This oily rascal is as well known as St Paul's Cathedral. Go, call him here.

POINTZ.
Falstaff!--fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Falstaff! Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

PRINCE.
Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets.

[Pointz searches.]

What hast thou found?

Listen to how heavily he breathes. Search his pockets.

What have you found?

POINTZ.
Nothing but papers, my lord.

Just papers, my lord.

PRINCE.

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Let's see what they be:read them.

Let's see what they are: read them.

POINTZ.
[reads]
Item, A capon, ...2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce, ... 4d.
Item, Sack two gallons ,. . . 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper,2s. 6d.
Item, Bread, ...ob.

Item, a chicken, two shillings and twopence.
Item, sauce, fourpence.
Item, sack, two gallons, five shillings and eightpence.
Item, anchovies and sack after supper, two shillings and sixpence.
Item, bread, halfpenny.

PRINCE.
O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage:there let him sleep till day.
I'll to the Court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money
shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the
morning; and so, good morrow, Pointz.

O monstrous! Just one halfpenny's worth of bread for this intolerable
quantity of sack! Hang onto whatever else there is; will read it when we have more time: let him sleep there until daylight.
I'll go to the court in the morning. We must all go to the wars, and you shall have
an honourable position. I'll get this fat rogue command of a company
of infantry; I know he'll be dead within twelve paces. The money shall be paid back with interest. Come to me early in the morning; and so, good day, Pointz.

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POINTZ.
Good morrow, good my lord.

Good day, my good lord.

[Exeunt.]

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Act III

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Scene I. Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.

[Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.]

MORT.
These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

These promises are fair, the parties are loyal,
and this opening shows every chance of success.

HOT.
Lord Mortimer,--and cousin Glendower,--Will you sit down?--
And uncle Worcester,--A plague upon it!I have forgot the map.

Lord Mortimer–and cousin Glendower–will you sit down?–
And uncle Worcester–dammit! I have forgotten the map.

GLEND.
No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in Heaven.

No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
for it's by that name that Lancaster often
speaks of you, he turns pale, and with
a long sigh he wishes you were in heaven.

HOT.
And you in Hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

And you in hell, every time he hears Owen Glendower spoken of.

GLEND.
I cannot blame him:at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; ay, and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the Earth

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Shaked like a coward.

I don't blame him: when I was born
the whole sky was full of fiery shapes,
like beacons; yes, and at my birth
the earth trembled from top to toe
like a coward.

HOT.
Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

Why, it would have done that at that time anyway, if it was just your mother's cat having kittens, if you yourself had never been born.

GLEND.
I say the Earth did shake when I was born.

I'm telling you, the Earth shook when I was born.

HOT.
And I say the Earth was not of my mind, if you suppose as fearing you it shook.

And I say that the Earth was thinking differently to me, if you think it shook for fear of you.

GLEND.
The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

The heavens were all on fire, the Earth trembled.

HOT.
O, then th' Earth shook to see the Heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

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Shakes the old beldam Earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam Earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Oh, then the Earth shook to see the skies on fire,
and not out of fear at your birth.
Diseased nature often erupts
in peculiar ways, often the squirming earth
is pinched with a kind of stomach ache,
when some unruly wind gets trapped
deep down inside, and as it tries to swell
it shakes old grandmother Earth, and throws down
steeples and ancient towers. At your birth
our grandmother Earth had this illness,
and shook with passion.

GLEND.
Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,--clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,--
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Cousin, I wouldn't take these insults
from many men. Allow me
to tell you once again, that at my birth
the sky of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
the goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
shouted strange noises to the frightened fields.
These signs marked me out as extraordinary,
and everything I've done in my life shows

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I am not like other men.
Show me anyone on this island bound by sea,
in England, Scotland or Wales,
who can call me his pupil or has tutored me?
Bring out anyone who is born of woman
who can follow me in the difficult paths of science,
who can keep up with me in complicated experiments.

HOT.
I think there is no man speaks better Welsh.--I'll to dinner.

I don't think any man speaks better Welsh. I'm going to dinner.

MORT.
Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Quiet, cousin Percy; you will make him angry.

GLEND.
I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

I can call up spirits from the great ocean.

HOT.
Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

Why, so can I, and so can any man;
but will they come when you call for them?

GLEND.
Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the Devil.

Why, I can teach you, cousin, to summon up the Devil.

HOT.
And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the Devil
By telling truth:tell truth, and shame the Devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I've power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devil!

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And I can teach you, cousin, to make the devil ashamed
by telling the truth: tell the truth, and shame the devil.
If you have the power to summon him, bring him here,
and I swear that I have the power to send him away again in
shame.
Oh, while you live, tell the truth, and shame the devil!

MORT.
Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Come, come, no more of this useless talk.

GLEND.
Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent
Him bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Henry Bolingbroke has launched attacks against me
three times; and three times I have sent him
home unsuccessful and weatherbeaten from the banks
of the Wye and the sandy bottomed Severn.

HOT.
Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scaped he agues, in the Devil's name!

Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How the devil did he escape the fever?

GLEND.
Come, here's the map:shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?

Come, here's the map; shall we divide
up to land according to the agreement we've made?

MORT.
Th' archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:

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All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:--and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,--
A business that this night may execute,--
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:--
[To Glend.] Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

The Archdeacon has divided it
into thee very equal parts:
England, from the Trent and the Severn to here,
everything south and east of that is mine:
everything to the west, all of Wales beyond the shores of the
Severn,
and all the fertile land inside those boundaries,
goes to Owen Glendower: and you, dear cousin,
take everything left north of the Trent.
Our contracts are signed in triplicate,
and once we have put our seals on them–
which is something we can do tonight–
tomorrow, cousin Percy, you and I,
and my good Lord of Worcester, will set out
to meet your father and the Scottish forces,
at Shrewsbury, as we have agreed.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
and we won't need his help for a fortnight.
[to Glendower] within that time you may have gathered
your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

GLEND.
A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed

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Upon the parting of your wives and you.

I'll be with you in a shorter time than that, lords:
and your ladies shall come under my escort;
from the moment you must sneak away from them without saying goodbye,
for there will be an ocean of water shed
when you part from your wives.

HOT.
Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damn'd up;
And here the smug and sliver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

I don't think my share, north from Burton here,
at all matches your shares in size.
See how the river comes bending in on me,
and cuts me off from a great half moon
of all my best land, takes away a great portion.
I'll dam the river at this place,
and the smooth and silver Trent shall run
in a fair straight new channel:
it shan't cut such a deep course
that it can rob me of such a fine valley here.

GLEND.
Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

Not wind? It shall, it must; you can see that it does.

MORT.
Yea, but
Mark how he bears his, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding th' opposed continent as much

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As on the other side it takes from you.

Yes,
but look how the course of the river runs,
taking just as big a piece of my land
on the other side; we both get
an equal advantage.

WOR.
Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runneth straight and evenly.

Yes, but a little explosion could divert it here,
and on this north side he would win this piece of land;
and then it would run straight and even.

HOT.
I'll have it so:a little charge will do it.

I'll do it: a little explosion will do it.

GLEND.
I will not have it alter'd.

I won't have it altered.

HOT.
Will not you?

Won't you?

GLEND.
No, nor you shall not.

No, and neither will you.

HOT.
Who shall say me nay?

Who's going to say I can't?

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GLEND.
Why, that will I.

Well, I will.

HOT.
Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.

Don't let me understand you then; say it in Welsh.

GLEND.
I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English Court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.

I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
for I was brought up in the English court;
where, as I was only young, I learnt to sing
many English songs beautifully well to the harp,
and added music to the words–
something you've never done.

HOT.
Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballet-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

Indeed, and I am extremely glad of it:
I would rather be a kitten, and meow,
than one of these rhythmic song writers;
I would rather hear a bronze candlestick on a lathe,
or a dry wheel grating on its axle;
that wouldn't set my teeth on edge half as much
as mincing poetry:

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it's like the forced steps of a shuffling nag.

GLEND.
Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Come, you will change the course of the Trent.

HOT.
I do not care:I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

I don't care: I will give three times as much land
to any well deserving friend;
but when it's a matter of an agreement, believe me,
I will argue to the last inch.
Are the contracts drawn up? Shall we go?

GLEND.
The Moon shines fair; you may away by night:
I'll in and haste the writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

The moon is shining fair; you can go by night:
I'll go and tell the writer to hurry, and also
break the news of your departure to your wives:
I'm afraid my daughter will go mad,
she adores her Mortimer so much.

[Exit.]

MORT.
Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Dammit, cousin Percy! How you annoy my father!

HOT.
I cannot choose:sometimes he angers me

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With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me last night at the least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lacqueys:I cried hum, and well,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

I can't help it: sometimes he annoys me
telling me about moles and ants,
of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
and of a dragon and a fish without fins,
a wingless Griffin and a moulting raven,
a crouching lion and a leaping cat,
and such a lot of old claptrap
I find it hard to believe anything. I tell you what,
last night he kept me for at least nine hours
telling me the names of all the devils
who were his servants: I cried hum, and well well,
but he paid no attention. Oh, he's as boring
as a tired horse, a complaining wife;
worse than a smoky house: I would far rather live
with cheese and garlic in a windmill
than feed on delicacies and have him talking to me
in any summer house in Christendom.

MORT.
In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well-read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,

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And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you do cross his humour; faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

I swear, he is a good gentleman;
he's very well read, and expert
in secret arts; brave as a lion,
and amazingly friendly, and as bountiful
as the mines in India. Shall I tell you something, cousin?
He has a very great respect for you,
and reins in his natural inclinations
when you annoy him; I swear, he does:
I promise you, there isn't a man alive
who could have pushed him as far as you have done
without any danger or punishment:
but don't try too often, I beg you.

WOR.
In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood--
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,--
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

I swear, my lord, you are too wilful;
since he came here you've done enough
to put him quite out of temper.
You must learn, lord, not to do this:
although sometimes it can show greatness, courage, good breeding–
and it has given you that noble grace/

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but often it looks like harsh anger,
a lack of manners, of self-control,
pride, haughtiness, arrogance and disdain;
and if a nobleman has any of these qualities
he will lose the hearts of men, and pollutes
all his good parts as well,
taking away people's good opinion of them.

HOT.
Well, I am school'd:good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Well, I have been told: let's hope good manners win battles!
Here come our wives, let's say goodbye to them.

[Re-enter Glendower, with Lady Mortimer and Lady Percy.]

MORT.
This is the deadly spite that angers me,
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

This is the terrible curse that angers me,
my wife cannot speak English, and I can't speak Welsh.

GLEND.
My daughter weeps:she will not part with you;
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

My daughter weeps: she doesn't want to leave you;
she wants to be a soldier too, she wants to go to the war.

MORT.
Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
will soon follow under your escort.

[Glendower speaks to Lady Mortimer in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.]

GLEND.

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She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,
One that no persuasion can do good upon.

She is desperate here; she's being wilful and sullen,
there's nothing I can do to change her mind.

[Lady Mortimer speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.]

MORT.
I understand thy looks:that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[Lady Mortimer speaks to him again in Welsh.]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a Summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

I understand your looks: the pretty Welsh
which is pouring down from those swelling heavens
is easy for me to read; and, if it wasn't for fear of being ashamed,
I would answer you in the same language.

I understand your kisses, and you understand mine,
and we can exchange our feelings:
but I will never leave off learning, love,
until I have learned your language; for your tongue
makes Welsh as sweet as the greatest poetry,
sung by a fair Queen in a summer glade,
playing brilliantly on her lute.

GLEND.
Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

No, if you start crying then she will go mad.

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[Lady Mortimer speaks to Mortimer again in Welsh.]

MORT.
O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Oh, I don't understand a word of this!

GLEND.
She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the East.

She asks you to lie down on the luxuriant rushes,
and rest your gentle head upon her lap,
and she will sing the song you like,
and send you off to sleep,
charming your blood with a sweet drowsiness,
making the same difference between waking and sleeping
as the difference between day and night,
the hour before the sun rises in the east.

MORT.
With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

With all my heart I shall sit and hear her sing:
by that time I think our contract will be drawn up.

GLEND.
Do so:
An those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here:sit, and attend.

Do so:
and those musicians that will play to you

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are in the air thousands of miles away,
and they will be here at once: sit, and listen.

HOT.
Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:come, quick,
quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Come, Kate, you're very good at lying down: come, quickly,
quickly, so I can put my head in your lap.

LADY P.
Go, ye giddy goose.

Give over, you giddy goose.

[The music plays.]

HOT.
Now I perceive the Devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he's so humorous.
By'r Lady, he's a good musician.

Now I see the devil can speak Welsh;
it's no surprise he's so changeable.
I swear, he's a good musician.

LADY P.
Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are
altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear
the lady sing in Welsh.

So you should be nothing but musical; for you are
as changeable as anybody. Keep still, you scoundrel, and listen
to the lady singing in Welsh.

HOT.
I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

I would rather hear my bitch howl in Irish.

LADY P.
Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

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Do you want a broken head?

HOT.
No.

No.

LADY P.
Then be still.

Then keep still.

HOT.
Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

I shan't; that's for women.

LADY P.
Now God help thee!

Now God help you!

HOT.
Peace! she sings.

Hush! She's singing.

[A Welsh song by Lady Mortimer.]

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Come, Kate, give us a song too.

LADY P.
Not mine, in good sooth.

I shan't, I swear.

HOT.
Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. Not mine, in good sooth; and, As true

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as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day;
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou ne'er walk'dst further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens. Come, sing.

You shan't, you swear! By God! You swear like a
confectioner's wife. You shan't, you swear; and “as true
as I live" and “as God shall mend me" and “as sure as day";
your oaths are so insignificant one would think
you had never gone further than Finsbury.
Swear to me Kate, like the lady you are,
a good meaty oath; and leave saying “in truth"
and other such footling swearing
to the Sunday tourists. Come along, sing.

LADY P.
I will not sing.

I shall not sing.

HOT.
'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast-teacher.
An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours;
and so, come in when ye will.

Alright, it only turns one into a tailor, or a songbird teacher.
Once the contracts are drawn up, I'll be off within two hours;
and so, come inside when you want.

[Exit.]

GLEND.
Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as reluctant
to go as hot Lord Percy is keen.

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Our contract has been finished; we just have to seal it, and then we'll go straight off.

MORT.
With all my heart.

I totally agree.

[Exeunt.]

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Scene II. London. A Room in the Palace.

[Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, and Lords.]

KING.
Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.

[Exeunt Lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in His secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Lords, excuse us; the Prince of Wales and I
must have a private talk: but stay close by,
for I shallneed you soon.

I don't know whether God has arranged it like this,
thanks to something I have done wrong,
and that he has passed sentence that my own flesh and blood
should be the instrument of revenge and a whip for me;
but the way you live your life
makes me believe that you have been chosen
as the instrument of revenge and the rod of heaven,
to punish my errors. Tell me otherwise
how such unworthy and low desires,
such wretched base exploits,
such empty pleasures andvulgar society

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such as you associate with can
be matched with the greatness of your blood,
and find a place within your princely heart.

PRINCE.
So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,--
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,--
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

If you please, your Majesty, I wish I could
acquit myself of all offences with as good an excuse
as I am sure that I can supply for
many of the ones I'm charged with:
but let me ask for this forgiveness,
perhaps when I prove that many of the tales
were invented by malicious and low gossips–
they are always present around royalty–
I might be forgiven for some of the things
I have done wrong due to my wayward youth
by making a clean breast of everything.

KING.
God pardon thee! Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,

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So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, This is he;
Others would say, Where, which is Bolingbroke?
And then I stole all courtesy from Heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned King.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at:and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping King, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty, with capering fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being dally swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowsed, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect

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As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation:not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

May God pardon you! But I must say I'm astonished, Harry,
at the things you like, which are quite different to those
preferred by all your ancestors.
Through rudeness you lost your place in the Council,
which is filled by your younger brother,
and you are completely alienated from the hearts
of the whole court and your own brothers:
the hopes and expectations we had of you
have vanished, and every man secretly thinks
he can predict your downfall.
If I had appeared so much in public,
been such a workaday person in men's eyes,
the public, who helped me gain the Crown,
would have stayed loyal to Richard,
and left me to live as an unknown exile,
a fellow of no fame or promise.
By only being seen seldom, I couldn't move
without being wondered at like a comet,
so men would tell their children, “This is him!"
Others would say, “Where, which one is Bolingbroke?"
Then I assumed a courtly demeanour from heaven,
and make myself look so humble
that I took loyalty from men's hearts,
loud shouts and praise from their mouths,
even in the presence of the crowned King.
So I kept myself fresh and new,
for me to appear was like an archbishop's robe,
always marvelled at when seen, and so my royalty,
not seen often but always magnificent when it was,
was like a feast, and won respect through being rare.
The frivolous king, he wandered up and down,
with shallow gestures, superficial wits,

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quick with a joke but quickly out of jokes, he degraded his dignity,
mixed his royalty with capering fools,
had his great name disgraced with their scorn,
and ruined his authority by laughing at the jokes
of foolish boys, and tolerating the impudence
of every vain young insulter,
he became well known in the common streets,
surrendering himself to popularity,
so that, being seen daily by everybody,
they had too much of him, like honey, they began
to hate the taste of sweetness, of which a little
more than a little is far too much.
So, when he wanted to appear as King,
he was like the cuckoo in June,
heard, but not noted; seen, but with eyes that,
made stale through constant association,
gave him no wondering gaze,
like the ones given to sunlike Majesty
when it only shines rarely an admiring eyes,
instead they were drowsy and close their eyes,
slept in front of him, and behaved towards him
as argumentative men behave to their enemies,
having already had far too much of seeing him.
And that is exactly the way you are, Harry,
you have lost your princely dignity
by joining in with the lowest. Everybody
is sick of seeing you all the time,
apart from me, who wanted to see you more,
and now I'm doing what I don't want to do,
clouding my eyes with the tears of foolish tenderness.

PRINCE.
I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

From now on, my triply–gracious lord,
I shall remember my position.

KING.
For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;

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And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou, the shadow of succession;
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing-clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
Th' Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas, and Mortimer
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,--through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,--
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

You are exactly the same
at the moment as Richard was when
I landed at Ravenspurgh from France,
and Percy is like I was then.
Now I swear by my sceptre, and my soul as well,
he has qualities which suit him for a claim to the state,
while you just have the weak one of heredity.
Without any right, or anything resembling a right,

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he fills the fields of the kingdom with armed men,
turning his head towards the Royal Army,
and though he is no older than you
he leads ancient lords and distinguished bishops
into bloody battles, and bruising fights.
What immortal honour he gained
against the famous Douglas! Douglas, whose
great deeds, whose hearty invasions and great
reputation as a soldier make him acknowledged by
all other soldiers as the greatest of them
throughout all the kingdoms of Christendom.
Three times this Hotspur, Mars in swaddling clothes,
this child warrior, has in his efforts
unsettled great Douglas, captured him once,
honoured him, and made a friend of him,
to increase the chorus of defiance,
and shake the peace and safety of my throne.
And what you think of this? Percy, Northumberland,
the Archbishop of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
have all signed an agreement against me and are revolting.
But why do I tell you this news?
Why, Harry, do I tell you of my enemies,
when you are my nearest and dearest enemy?
You who are likely enough, through peasant fear,
low inclination, and a fit of ill temper,
to fight against me in Percy's service,
to follow at his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,
to show what a degenerate you are.

PRINCE.
Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favour in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,

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And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T' engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call hall to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if I perform, and do survive,
I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

Do not think so, this will not happen;
and God forgive those who have persuaded
your Majesty to think of me like this!
I will redeem myself by fighting Percy,
and at the end of some glorious battle
I shall boldly tell you I am your son,
when my garments will be covered in blood,
and my face covered with a bloody mask,
which, when I wash it away, will wash my shame away with it;
and that will be the day, whenever it comes,
that this renowned and honoured man,
this gallant Hotspur, this widely praised knight,
and your disregarded Harry shall meet.
For every honour that he has won,
I wish each one was multiplied, and that
all my shame could be doubled! For the time will come
when I shall make this young Northerner exchange
his glorious deeds for my shames.
Percy is just my agent, my good lord,
who gathers up glorious deeds on my behalf,
and I will call him to such a strict account
that he will give up every glory he has won,

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every ounce of honour in his life,
or I will tear the payment out of his heart.
I promise this now in the name of God,
and if He is good enough to let me succeed,
I beg your Majesty to let that heal
the pain I have caused him through my bad behaviour:
if not, death cancels all debts,
and I will die a hundred thousand deaths
before I break the tiniest part of this promise.

KING.
A hundred thousand rebels die in this.
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.--

[Enter Sir Walter Blunt.]

How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed.

A hundred thousand rebels die as you speak.
You shall have the command and the trust of your king.
Hello there, good Blunt! You look in a hurry.

BLUNT.
So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
Th' eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a State.

What I've come to tell you demands hurry.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland has sent word
that Douglas and the English rebels met
on the eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
they are as great and as fearful a force,
if everyone keeps their promises,
as has ever tried to overthrow a state.

KING.
The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;

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For this advertisement is five days old.
On Wednesday next you, Harry, shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgenorth:and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business:let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[Exeunt.]

The Earl of Westmorland set out today;
with him went my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
for this information is five days old.
Next Wednesday you, Harry, shall set out;
on Thursday I will march myself:
we shall rendezvous at Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
shall march through Gloucestershire; by my reckoning,
for everything we have to do, we shall meet twelve days from now
with our whole army at Bridgnorth.
We have plenty to do: let's get going;
the enemy will gain an advantage if we delay.

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Scene III. Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's-Head Tavern.

[Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.]

FAL.
Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent.
An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse:the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bardolph, haven't I declined terribly since this last exploit? Haven't I
lost weight? Aren’t I shrinking? Why, my skin hangs on me like an old lady's dressing gown; I am withered like an old apple. Well, I'll repent, and do it suddenly, while I'm still whole; I shall be in such poor condition soon that I shall have no strength to repent.
If I can remember what the inside of a church looks like, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, evil company, has been the death of me.

BARD.
Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Sir John, you worry so much, you can't live long.

FAL.
Why, there is it:come, sing me a song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore
little; diced not above seven times a week; paid money that I borrowed
--three or four times; lived well, and in good compass:and now I live
out of all order, out of all compass.

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Why, that's it: come on, sing their songs; make me merry. I was as good as a gentleman needs to be; good enough; I didn't swear much; didn't gamble more than seven times a week; paid money that I had borrowed
–three or four times; lived well, within good limits: and now I live all disordered, with no limits.

BARD.
Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, --out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you will always be beyond the limit–beyond any reasonable limit, Sir John.

FAL.
Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life:thou art our admiral,
thou bearest the lantern in the poop,--but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

You change your face, and I'll change my lifestyle: you are our Admiral,
you carry the lantern for our ship–that's your glowing red nose, you are the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

BARD.
Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

FAL.
No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head or a memento mori:I never see thy face but I think upon
hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear
by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire, that's God's angel:but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gad's-hill in

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the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis
fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art
a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a
thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern:but the sack that thou hast drunk me would
have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe.
I have maintain'd that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years; God reward me for it!

No, I swear; I make good use of it as many men do of death's heads or Memento Mori: I never see your face without thinking of
hellfire, and Dives who lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If there was any virtue in you, I would swear by your face; my oath would be, “By this fire, that's God's angel!": but
you have gone over completely to the other side, and apart from the light in your face,
you are the son of utter darkness. When you ran up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I didn't think you were an explosion or ball
lightning then money can't buy anything. Oh, you are
a permanent beacon, and everlasting bonfire! You have saved me a
thousand marks in flares and torches, walking with you at night between taverns: but the sack that I have bought you would have paid for lights at half the price from the most expensive shop in Europe.
I have provided fuel for that likes of yours for the past thirty-two years; may God reward me for it!

BARD.
'Sblood, I would my face were in your stomach!

By God, I could wish it was burning up your stomach!

FAL.

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God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.--

[Enter the Hostess.]

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Lord have mercy! Then I would definitely have heartburn–
hello there, my old chicken! Have you found out yet who picked my pocket?

HOST.
Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Why, Sir John, what do you think, St John? Do you think I'd allow thieves in my house? I have looked, I have question, so has my husband, every man, every boy, every servant: no one ever lost the tenth of a hair before in my house.

FAL.
Ye lie, hostess:Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd. Go to, you are a woman, go.

You're lying, landlady: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many hairs; and
I'll swear my pocket was picked. Get away, you are a woman, get away.

HOST.
Who, I? no; I defy thee:God's light, I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Who, me? No; I defy you; by God, I was never called that in my own house before.

FAL.
Go to, I know you well enough.

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Get away, I know you well enough.

HOST.
No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me
of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you start a quarrel to take my mind off it: I bought you a dozen shirts to wear.

FAL.
Dowlas, filthy dowlas:I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

The worst sort of rough cloth: I have given them away to bakers' wives,
and they have made them into pudding cloths.

HOST.
Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings,
and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Now, as I am an honest woman, they were made of fine lawn at eight shillings a yard.
You owe money here as well, Sir John, for your food and your drinks between meals,
and for money lent to you, twenty-four pounds.

FAL.
He had his part of it; let him pay.

He had some of it; let him pay.

HOST.
He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Him? Alas, he is poor; he has nothing.

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FAL.
How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks:I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

What! Poor? Look on his face; what do you call rich? Let them stamp his nose, let them stamp his cheeks: I won't pay a farthing. What, do you think I'm wet behind the ears? Can I not relax in my own inn without having my pocket picked? I have lost a signet ring of my grandfather's which was worth forty marks.

HOST.
O Jesu, I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

O Jesus, I don't know how often I've heard the Prince tell him that that ring was made of copper!

FAL.
How! the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup:'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.--

[Enter Prince Henry and Pointz, marching.Falstaff meets them, playing on his truncheon like a fife.]

How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

What! The Prince is a knave, a sneaking rascal: by God, if he were here, I would beat him like a dog, if he said that– What's up, lad? Is that the way the wind blows, by God? Must we all march?

BARD.
Yea, two-and-two, Newgate-fashion.

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Yes, two by two, prison style.

HOST.
My lord, I pray you, hear me.

My Lord, I beg you, listen to me.

PRINCE.
What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

What is it, Mistress Quickly? How is your husband? I like him very much; he is an honest man.

HOST.
Good my lord, hear me.

My good lord, listen to me.

FAL.
Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

Please, ignore her, and listen to me.

PRINCE.
What say'st thou, Jack?

What are you saying, Jack?

FAL.
The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd:this house is turn'd bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

The other night I fell asleep here behind the curtain, and had my pocket picked: this house has become a brothel; they pick pockets.

PRINCE.
What didst thou lose, Jack?

What did you lose, Jack?

FAL.

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Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Will you believe me, Hal? Three or four bonds of forty pounds each, and a signet ring of my grandfather's.

PRINCE.
A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

A trifle, worth about eightpence.

HOST.
So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your Grace say so; and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

That's what I said to him, my lord; and I said I had heard your Grace say so;
and, my lord, he spoke horribly about you, like the foulmouthed man he is; and he said he would beat you.

PRINCE.
What! he did not?

What! He didn't?

HOST.
There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

If I'm lying I have no faith, honesty or womanhood in me.

FAL.
There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and, for woman-hood, Maid Marian
may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

There is no more faith in you than in a common tart; no more truth in you than in a hunted fox; and as for womanhood, maid Marian
would be a model of respectability compared to you. Go away, you object.

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HOST.
Say, what thing? what thing?I am an honest man's wife:and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Object? Object? I am the wife of an honest man: and, forgetting your knighthood, you are a knave to call me that.

FAL.
Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Forgetting your womanhood, you are a beast to say different.

HOST.
Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

You're calling me a beast, you knave, what sort of beast?

FAL.
What beast!why, an otter.

What sort? Why, an otter.

PRINCE.
An otter, Sir John, why an otter?

An otter, Sir John, why an otter?

FAL.
Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Why, she is neither fish nor meat; a man doesn't know how to take her.

HOST.
Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where
to have me, thou knave, thou!

You are a dishonest man to say so; you or any man knows how to take me, you knave, you!

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PRINCE.
Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

You're telling the truth, landlady; and he is insulting you terribly.

HOST.
So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

He does the same to you, my lord; he said the other day you owed him a
thousand pounds.

PRINCE.
Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Sir, do I owe you a thousand pounds?

FAL.
A thousand pound, Hal! a million:thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

A thousand pounds, Hal!A million: your love is worth a million; you owe me your love.

HOST.
Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

No, my lord, he called you a knave, and said he would beat you.

FAL.
Did I, Bardolph?

Did I, Bardolph?

BARD.
Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Indeed, Sir John, that's what you said.

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FAL.
Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Yes, if he said my ring was copper.

PRINCE.
I say 'tis copper:darest thou be as good as thy word now?

I say it is copper: are you going to keep your word now?

FAL.
Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Why, Hal, you know, I would dare to fight you as a man; but as you
are Prince, I fear you as I fear the roaring of a lion cub.

PRINCE.
And why not as the lion?

And why not the roaring of a lion?

FAL.
The King himself is to be feared as the lion:dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

The King himself is to be frightened of as a lion: do you think I'll be as afraid of you as I am of your father? If I am, I pray to God for my belt to break.

PRINCE.
Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with midriff.
Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson,
impudent, emboss'd rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but
tavern-reckonings, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee
long-winded,--if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries

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but
these, I am a villain:and yet you will stand to it; you will not
pocket-up wrong. Art thou not ashamed!

Sir, there is no room for faith, truth or honesty in this
heart of yours; it's all filled up with stomach.
Charge an honest woman with picking your pocket! Why, you son
of a bitch,
impudent fake rascal, if there was anything in your pocket apart
from
tavern bills, and a poor pennyworth of sugar candy to give you
energy–if your pockets had anything apart from these things
in them, I am a villain: and yet you stick by it; you
won't admit to your lies! Aren't you ashamed?

FAL.
Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency Adam
fell;
and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy?
Thou see'st I have more flesh than another man; and therefore
more
frailty. You confess, then, you pick'd my pocket?

What do you think, Hal? You know that Adam fell in a state of
innocence;
so how should poor JackFalstaff manage in these evil days?
You see I have more flesh than other men; and therefore more
weaknesses. You admit, then, that you picked my pocket?

PRINCE.
It appears so by the story.

That's what it looks like.

FAL.
Hostess, I forgive thee:go, make ready breakfast; love thy
husband,
look to thy servants, cherish thy guests:thou shalt find me tractable
to any honest reason; thou see'st I am pacified.--Still?Nay,
pr'ythee,
be gone.

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[Exit Hostess.]

Now, Hal, to the news at Court:for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Hostess, I forgive you: go and get breakfast ready; love your husband,
watch your servants, value your guests: you shall find me amenable
to any sort of honesty; you see I am pacified–still here? No, please,
be gone.

Now, Hal, give us news of the court: what reaction is there, lad, to that robbery?

PRINCE.
O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:the money is paid back again.

Oh, my sweet ox, I must still be your good angel: the money has been repaid.

FAL.
O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

Oh, I don't like repayments; it's twice the work.

PRINCE.
I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

I am good friends with my father, and can do anything.

FAL.
Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Rob the Treasury for me as the first thing you do, and don't stand on ceremony.

BARD.
Do, my lord.

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Do, my lord.

PRINCE.
I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of Foot.

I have obtained for you, Jack, command of some infantry.

FAL.
I would it had been of Horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty or thereabouts!
I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they
offend none but the virtuous:I laud them, I praise them.

I would rather it had been cavalry. Where can I find a good thief? Oh, for a fine thief, aged about twenty-two or so!
I am horribly unprepared. Well, thank God for these rebels, very only offend the virtuous: I praise them.

PRINCE.
Bardolph,--

Bardolph–

BARD.
My lord?

My lord?

PRINCE.
Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,

My brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.--

[Exit Bardolph.]

Go, Pointz, to horse, to horse; for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.--

[Exit Pointz.]

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Meet me to-morrow, Jack, i' the Temple-hall
At two o'clock in th' afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they or we must lower lie.

Take this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
to my brother John, and this one to my Lord of Westmorland.

Go, Peto, get the horses, for you and I
still have thirty miles to ride before dinner time.

Jack, meet me tomorrow in the Temple Hall
at two o'clock in the afternoon:
you shall meet your command, and receive
money to buy their equipment.
The land is burning, Percy is winning,
and either we or they must go to their graves.

[Exit.]

FAL.
Rare words! brave world!--Hostess, my breakfast; come:--
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!

Great words! Brave world! Hostess, bring my breakfast–
O, I wish this tavern was my headquarters!

[Exit.]

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Act IV

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Scene I. The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

[Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.]

HOT.
Well said, my noble Scot:if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general-current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Well said, noble Scotsman: if telling the truth
wasn’t thought of as flattery in this fine age,
Douglas should be thought of as
the most perfect example of a soldier
living in this age of the world.
By God, I am no flatterer; I hate
smooth talkers; but there’s not a man
who has such a good place in my heart as you.
Go on, my lord, you can ask me to prove it.

DOUG.
Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.

You are the king of honour;
there’s no man so powerful
that I won’t beat him.

HOT.
Do so, and 'tis well.--

[Enter a Messenger with letters.]

What letters hast thou there?--I can but thank you.

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Do that, and all will be well.

What are those letters you have there?I can only thank you.

MESS.
These letters come from your father.

These letters come from your father.

HOT.
Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Letters from him!Why hasn’t he come himself?

MESS.
He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

He can’t come, my lord; he’s very ill.

HOT.
Zwounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

By God!Where does he find the time to be ill
in such fast moving times?Who’s leading his forces?
Who is directing them as they come?

MESS.
His letters bears his mind, not I, my lord.

His letters say what he thinks, my lord, not me.

WOR.
I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Please tell me, is he bedridden?

MESS.
He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth,
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

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He was, my lord, for four days before I set out,
and when I left there
his doctors feared for his life.

WOR.
I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.

I wish these matters has come to fruition
before he became ill:
he would have been very valuable to us.

HOT.
Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness,--
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; no did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Ill now!Flagging now!This sickness infects
the very heart of our plans;
it will affect us even here in our camp.
He writes to me of his illness –
and that he couldn’t get any friends to stand in
for him at such short notice; nor did he think
it fitting to lay such a dangerous and important task
on anyone but himself.
but he gives us very strong advice
to proceed with our plans,
to see what fortune might bring;
for, as he writes, there is no going back now,

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because the King certainly has information
about our intentions.What do you say?

WOR.
Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Your father’s sickness is a setback.

HOT.
A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:--
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

A great wound, like losing a limb-
but really, it isn’t; his absence seems worse
than it will turn out.Would it have been good
to risk all our forces with a single
throw of the dice?To take such a great gamble
on the chances of one doubtful hour?
It wouldn’t be good; for then we could face
absolute defeat, all our hopes
vanishing in one go.

DOUG.
Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion;
And we may boldly spend upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Indeed, that’s right;
now we have something in reserve,
and we can be bold with what we have
knowing we have reserves coming;
if we have to retreat we will have something to fall back on.

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HOT.
A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the Devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

A meeting place, a place to escape,
if the Devil and bad luck work against
our first efforts.

WOR.
But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division:it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

But I still wish your father was here.
The sort of thing we are attempting
isn't suited to division: it will be thought
by some, who don't know why he is not here,
that wisdom, loyalty, and dislike for
our plans, keep the Earl away:
imagine how such thoughts
might make those who are afraid
run away, questioning our cause;
for you know that we who are attacking
must not think about making judgements,
and keep ourselves from every circumstance
where men can start to think about what they are doing.
Your father's absence draws back the curtain

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to show the ignorant a kind of fear
they hadn't imagined before.

HOT.
Nay, you strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

No, you're making too much of it.
I take his absence to mean this:
it makes our great enterprise more daring,
polishes it, makes men think better of it,
than if the Earl were here; for people will think
that if we, without his help, can start
to unbalance his kingdom, with his help
we can turn the whole thing upside down.
Everything is still going well, we are still unwounded.

DOUG.
As heart can think:there is not such a word
Spoke in Scotland as this term of fear.

All is as well as can be: we don't know
the word fear in Scotland.

[Enter Sir Richard Vernon.]

HOT.
My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

My cousin Vernon! I give you my warmest welcome.

VER.
Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

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I pray to God my news may deserve that welcome, Lord.
The Earl of Westmorland, with seven thousand soldiers,
is marching towards you; Prince John is with him.

HOT.
No harm:what more?

That's not a problem: what else?

VER.
And further, I have learn'd
The King himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

And more, I have learned
that the King himself has set out,
or intends to do so soon,
with a very strong force.

HOT.
He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff the world aside,
And bid it pass?

He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
that swift lunatic Prince of Wales,
and his comrades that reject the world,
letting it pass by them?

VER.
All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Bate it; like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May
And gorgeous as the Sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry--with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd--

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Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vault it with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

They are all ready, they have all taken up arms;
all plumed like ostriches beating their wings against
the wind; like newly bathed eagles;
glittering in golden coats, like statues;
as full of spirit as the month of May
and as gorgeous as the Midsummer sun;
as lusty as young goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry–with his helmet on,
his thigh armour, strongly armed–
leap from the ground like feathered Mercury,
jumping so easily into his saddle
as if an angel had dropped down from the clouds
to turn and wheel a fiery Pegasus,
and bewitch the whole world with his noble horsemanship.

HOT.
No more, no more:worse than the Sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours.--Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry and Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.--
O, that Glendower were come!

That's enough: your praise causes shudders
worse than the March sun. Let them come;
they come dressed up like sacrifices,
and we shall offer them, hot and bleeding
to the fiery eyed goddess of smoky war:

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Mars shall sit on his altar in his armour
up to the ears in blood. I am desperate,
hearing that such a rich prize is nearby
and we haven't taken it.–Come, let me get my horse,
who will carry me, like a thunderbolt,
face-to-face with the Prince of Wales:
Harry and Harry shall meet, horse to horse,
and they won't part until one of them drops down dead.
Oh, I wish Glendower were here!

VER.
There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

There is more news:
as I came along I learned in Worcester
that he cannot raise his forces within fourteen days.

DOUG.
That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

That's the worst news I've heard yet.

WOR.
Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Yes, I swear, that doesn't sound good.

HOT.
What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

What do the whole of the King's forces come to?

VER.
To thirty thousand.

Thirty thousand men.

HOT.
Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,

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The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Let it be forty thousand:
with my father and Glendower both not being here,
our forces will have to suffice for this great day.
Come, let's get organised quickly:
Doomsday is near; die everyone, die happily.

DOUG.
Talk not of dying:I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one half-year.

Don't talk of dying: I am not worried
about dying within the next six months.

[Exeunt.]

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Scene II. A public Road near Coventry.

[Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.]

FAL.
Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack:our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Co'fil' to-night.

Bardolph, you go ahead to Coventry; get me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll be in Sutton Coldfield tonight.

BARD.
Will you give me money, captain?

Will you give me the money for it, captain?

FAL.
Lay out, lay out.

Pay for it yourself.

BARD.
This bottle makes an angel.

This bottle means you owe me six shillings.

FAL.
An if it do, take it for thy labour; an if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

And if I do, take it from expenses; and if it were twenty, take them all; I'll answer for it. Tell my lieutenant Peto to meet me the other side of the town.

BARD.
I will, captain:farewell.

I will, captain: farewell.

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[Exit.]

FAL.
If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the King's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press'd me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquired me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the Devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bodies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient:and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered Prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on
the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies.
No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company;
and the half-shirt is two napkins tack'd together and thrown over the
shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry.
But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

If I'm not ashamed of my soldiers, I'm a
pickled fish; I've abused my right of conscription shamefully.

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I have got three hundred pounds for a hundred
and fifty soldiers. I've conscripted nobody but
good householders, the sons of Yeomen, I've found
engaged bachelors, who have had their banns read,
such a community of rich slaves who would
just as soon hear the devil as hear the drum,
who fear the sound of gunshots worse than a
wild duck. I conscripted nobody but pampered
citizens, with hearts in their bellies the size of
pinheads, and they have paid to escape service;
and so my entire force consists of old men,
corporals, lieutenants, non-commissioned officers–
slaves as ragged as Lazarus in cheap tapestries,
when the greedy man's dogs licked his sores:
and those who were never soldiers, but dismissed dishonest
serving men,
the younger sons of younger brothers, rebellious
barmen, unemployed grooms, the growths of a
calm world and a long piece, ten times more
disreputable than any tattered old flag; and
these are the ones I have to take the places of those who
bought themselves out of service, so you would think that
I had a hundred and fifty ragged wastrels recently
returned from pig keeping, from eating swill and husks.
I met a mad fellow on the way who accused me of
taking down all the hanged men and conscripting the dead bodies.
Nobody's ever seen such scarecrows. I shan't
march through Coventry with them, that’s certain: no,
the villains march as if they had chains on their legs,
for it's true I had most of them out of prison.
There isn't a shirt and a half amongst my whole
company, and the half shirt is to napkins tacked together
and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's
coat without sleeves; and to tell the truth the shirt
was stolen from a landlord at St Albans, or the rednosed
innkeeper at Daventry. But it doesn't matter, they can
steal dryinglinen off people's hedges as they pass.

[Enter Prince Henry and Westmoreland.]

PRINCE.
How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

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Hello there, puffed out Jack! Hello there, quilt!

FAL.
What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?--My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy:
I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

What, Hal! Hello there, mad lad! What the devil are you doing in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmorland, excuse me:
I thought your honour was already at Shrewsbury.

WEST.
Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for
us all:we must away all, to-night.

I swear, St John, it's about time that I was there, and you too; but my forces are already there. The King, I can tell you, is waiting for
all of us: we must all leave, tonight.

FAL.
Tut, never fear me:I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Tut, don't worry about me: I am as keen as a cat waiting to steal cream.

PRINCE.
I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Stealing cream indeed, for your theft has already made you into butter. But tell me, Jack, whose are these men following?

FAL.
Mine, Hal, mine.

Mine, Hal, mine.

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PRINCE.
I did never see such pitiful rascals.

I never saw such pitiful rascals.

FAL.
Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder;
they'll fill a pit as well as better:tush, man, mortal men,
mortal men.

Tut-tut; they're good enough to throw in; cannon fodder, cannon fodder;
they'll fill a grave as well as the next man: mortal men,
mortal men.

WEST.
Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare,--too beggarly.

Yes, but, Sir John, they seem to me extremely poor and badly turned out–
they are like beggars.

FAL.
Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and,
for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

Well, I swear I don't know how they got poor; and
as for their turnout, I'm sure they didn't learn that from me.

PRINCE.
No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste:Percy is already in the field.

No, I'll swear to that; unless you say three fingers of fat
on the chest is a good turnout. But, sir, hurry: Percy is already on the battlefield.

[Exit.]

FAL.
What, is the King encamp'd?

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What, has the King set up camp?

WEST.
He is, Sir John:I fear we shall stay too long.

He has, Sir John: I fear we will be late.

[Exit.]

FAL.
Well,
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.

Well,
it suits a reluctant fighter and a keen eater
to arrive at the end of the battle and the beginning of the feast.

[Exit.]

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Scene III. The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

[Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.]

HOT.
We'll fight with him to-night.

We'll fight with him tonight.

WOR.
It may not be.

We may not.

DOUG.
You give him, then, advantage.

Then you'll hand him the advantage.

VER.
Not a whit.

Not at all.

HOT.
Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Why do you say so? Isn't he waiting for reinforcements?

VER.
So do we.

We are too.

HOT.
His is certain, ours is doubtful.

He can rely on his, we can't on ours.

WOR.
Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

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Good cousin, take my advice; don't move tonight.

VER.
Do not, my lord.

Don't, my lord.

DOUG.
You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

This is not good advice:
you're giving it from fear and cowardice.

VER.
Do me no slander, Douglas:by my life,--
And I dare well maintain it with my life,--
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

Don't badmouth me, Douglas: on my life–
and I will back it up with my life–
if a well-respected honourable man orders me on,
I will have as little truck with weak fear
as you, my lord, or any Scot alive:
let's see in the battle tomorrow
which of us is afraid.

DOUG.
Yea, or to-night.

Yes, or tonight.

VER.
Content.

Enough.

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HOT.
To-night, say I.

I say tonight.

VER.
Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition:certain Horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's Horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half himself.

Come, come, it can't happen. I'm astonished
that men who are such great leaders
can't see the drawbacks to
your plan: some cavalry
of my cousin Vernon's haven't arrived:
the cavalry of your uncle Worcester only came today;
and now all their brave horses are asleep,
their courage dulled by their hard labour,
so no horse is a quarter of himself.

HOT.
So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

And most of the enemy's horses
are worn out with their journey as well:
the greater part ofours are well rested.

WOR.
The number of the King exceedeth ours.
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

The King has greater numbers than us.
For God's sake, cousin, wait until we have them all here.

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[The Trumpet sounds a parley.]

[Enter Sir Walter Blunt.]

BLUNT.
I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

I come with generous offers from the King,
if you will give me a respectful hearing.

HOT.
Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; I wish to God
that you were on our side!
Some of us love you very much; and they
envy your great reputation and good name,
because you are not on our side,
but stand against us like an enemy.

BLUNT.
And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty!
But to my charge:the King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.

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And God forfend that I should stand otherwise,
as long as you wrongly rebel
against anointed majesty!
But this is my task: the King has sent me to ask
what is the nature of your complaints; and why
you have conjured up such terrible war
from the peaceful country, showing daring cruelty
to his loyal land. If the King
has in any way neglected to reward your good
qualities, which he admits are many,
he asks you to name your grievances; and at once
you shall have what you ask for and more,
with a complete pardon for yourself and those
who have been led astray by you.

HOT.
The King is kind; and well we know the King
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And--when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home--
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And--when he heard him swear and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal--
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance, and performed it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Give him their heirs as pages, follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently--as greatness knows itself--
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;

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And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent King
In deputation left behind him here
When he was personal in the Irish war.

The King is kind, and we know well that the King
knows what time to make promises, and when to pay:
my father, and my uncle, and myself
gave him the kingship he enjoys now
when he had just twenty six soldiers,
had no standing in the world, was wretched and low,
a poor unnoticed outlaw sneaking home,
my father welcomed him to the shore:
and when he heard him swear and vow to God
that he only wanted to be Duke of Lancaster,
to reclaim his lands, and ask for peace
with innocent tears, and great passion,
my father, moved by pity and being kind
swore to help him, and kept his promise.
Now, when the Lords and barons of the kingdom
saw that Northumberland favoured him,
both high and low came to pay respects,
met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
waited for him on bridges, stood in lanes,
gave him presents, swore loyalty to him,
gave him their heirs as servants, followed him
closely in magnificent crowds.
Soon after, thinking himself to be great,
he advanced a little higher than the vow
he made to my father when he was low
on the bare shore at Ravenspurgh;
and then, by God, he decided to reform
certain laws and taxes
which were lying too heavily on the country;
he spoke out against abuses, seemed to weep

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over the wrongs done to his country; and by pretending
that he was acting for justice he won over
the hearts of everyone he wanted;
then he went further–he cut off the heads
of all the favourites that the absent King
had left behind as his deputies,
when he went to the war in Ireland.

BLUNT.
Tut, I came not to hear this.

Tut, I didn't come to listen to this.

HOT.
Then to the point:
In short time after, he deposed the King;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole State:
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king) to be engaged in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgraced me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the Council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the Court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
Into his title, the which now we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Then I'll get to the point:
a short time after, he overthrew the king;
soon after that, he took away his life;
and at once he began taxing the whole country:
to make it worse, he allowed his kinsman Mortimer
(who, if everyone were in their right place,
would be King) to be held as hostage in Wales,
to live there abandoned without ransom;
he put a disgraceful spin on my great victories,
and tried to trap me with his spies,

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attacked my uncle in the council,
angrily dismissed my father from the court,
broke oath after oath, committed wrong after wrong,
and in the end forced us to raise
this army for our defence, and also to
question his right to be king, and we find
that his claim is too tenuous to be upheld.

BLUNT.
Shall I return this answer to the King?

Shall I take this answer back to the King?

HOT.
Not so, Sir Walter:we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the King; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so, farewell.

No, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw for a while.
Go to the King; let him give guarantees
that anyone coming from me will be safe,
and early in the morning my uncle will
bring him news of our intentions: and so, farewell.

BLUNT.
I would you would accept of grace and love.

I wish you would accept grace and love.

HOT.
And may be so we shall.

Maybe we will.

BLUNT.
Pray God you do.

I pray to God that you do.

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[Exeunt.]

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Scene IV. York.A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.

[Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.]

ARCH.
Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the Lord Marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Go, good sir Michael; take this sealed letter
as fast as you can to the Lord Marshall;
this one to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
as they are addressed. If you knew
how important they are, you would hurry.

SIR M.
My good lord,
I guess their tenour.

My good lord,
I can guess their content.

ARCH.
Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with Lord Harry:and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,--
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the King.

I expect you can.

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Tomorrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
when the fate of ten thousand men will be
put to the test; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
I have been given to understand,
the King, with great and swiftly gathered forces,
meets with Lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael,
that with the sickness of Northumberland,
who had the greatest share of power,
and what with Owen Glendower's absence,
he was a great part of their strength as well,
and he has not arrived, believing in prophecies–
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
to take on a fight with the King at the moment.

SIR M.
Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There's Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Why, my good lord, you need not be afraid;
he has Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

ARCH.
No, Mortimer's not there.

No, Mortimer is not there.

SIR M.
But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there's my Lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
and my Lord of Worcester; and a force
of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

ARCH.
And so there is:but yet the King hath drawn
The special head of all the land together;
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

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That's true: but still the king has gathered
the greatest forces in the land together;
the Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
the noble Westmorland, and warlike Blunt;
and many more associates and good men
of good reputation as fighters.

SIR M.
Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

Do not think, my lord, that they won't be strongly opposed.

ARCH.
I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy;
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so, farewell, Sir Michael.

That's what I hope, but caution is necessary;
and, to prevent the worst happening, Sir Michael, hurry:
for if Lord Percy does not succeed, the King
intends to attack us before he dissolves his army,
for he has heard about our Alliance;
it's only sensible to prepare defences against him:
so hurry. I must go and write more
to other friends; and so, farewell, Sir Michael.

[Exeunt.]

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Act V

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Scene I. The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

[Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt, and Sir John Falstaff.]

KING.
How bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon bulky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

How bloody the sun looks peering
over that great hill! The day looks pale
at his illness.

PRINCE.
The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

The southern wind
is playing his own tune;
his hollow whistling through the leaves
predicts a storm and a windy day.

KING.
Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.--

[The trumpet sounds. Enter Worcester and Vernon.]

How, now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light;

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And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Then let it suit the mood of the losers,
for nothing can look bad to those who win-

Hello, my lord of Worcester!It's not good
that you and I should meet on these terms.
You have betrayed my trust,
and made me remove the soft clothes of peace,
to crush my old limbs into harsh steel armour:
this is not good, my lord, this is not good.
What have you to say about it? Will you untie
this horrid knot of hated war,
and come back into the orbit of the planet
which gave you a fair natural light;
stop being a riotous meteor, a
bringer of fear, and a sign of
terrible harm to future ages?

WOR.
Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

Hear me, my lord:
for my part, I would be very glad
to spend my last years quietly;
I must point out that I
didn't look for this day of conflict.

KING.
You have not sought it! why, how comes it, then?

You didn't look for it!How's it happened then?

FAL.
Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

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He came across rebellion, and picked it up.

PRINCE.
Peace, chewet, peace!

Peace, chatterer, be quiet!

WOR.
It pleased your Majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our House;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,--
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,--
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,--
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead,--
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo-bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight

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For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety-sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

Your Majesty decided that I and all my family
were out of favour;
I must remind you, my lord,
that we were your oldest and closest friends.
I threw away my job as steward for you
in Richard's time; I rode night and day
to meet you on the journey, and kiss your hand,
when you didn't have anything like
my fame or position.
It was I, my brother and my son
who brought you home, boldly risking
the dangers of the time.You swore to us -
you swore the oath at Doncaster -
that you had no intentions against the country;
you said all you wanted was your newly-inherited title,
the seat of Gaunt, the dukedom of Gloucester:
we swore to help you in that.But very swiftly
a great fortune fell down upon your head,
a huge flood of greatness -
with our help, with the king absent,
with the hardships of that wild time,
the hardships you seemed to have suffered,
and the unfavourable winds which kept the King
stuck for so long in his unlucky Irish wars
that everyone in England believed he was dead -
with all this good luck
you allowed yourself to be quickly persuaded
to take power into your hands;
you forgot what you had sworn to us at Doncaster;
and, having been helped by us, you were like
that ungrateful bird the cuckoo; you filled our nest,
became so huge from our feeding you
that even we who loved you dared not come near

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for fear of being swallowed; we were forced
for our safety to flee from you and raise these forces:
so we are opposing you with weapons
you have created against yourself,
through unkind treatment, threatening behaviour,
and violation of all the oaths and promises
you made to us in those early days.

KING.

These things, indeed, you have articulate,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

These are the things that you have mentioned,
announced at market crosses, read out in churches,
to dress up the clothes of rebellion
with some lovely colour to please the eye
of fickle changeable people and poor malcontents,
who gape and jostle at the news
of any new disturbance;
no rebellion ever lacked
this type of excuse to dress up its cause,
or sullen beggars eager for a time
of riot and confusion.

PRINCE.

In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy:by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,

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More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part,--I may speak it to my shame,--
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's Majesty,--
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

There are many souls in both our armies
who will pay the ultimate price for our battle,
once it begins.Tell your nephew
that the Prince of Wales praises Henry Percy
like the rest of the world; it's my opinion,
discounting this current business,
that there isn't a braver gentleman,
more active - braver or less brave -
more daring or bold currently alive
to grace this current age with noble deeds.
For my part - I say it with shame-
I have been a stranger to chivalry;
and I've heard he thinks the same:
but I swear this before my royal father,
that I am happy for him to bring
his great name and fame and,
to save bloodshed on both sides,
to try my luck with him in single combat.

KING.
And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it.--No, good Worcester, no;
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and then bring me word
What he will do:but, if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,

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And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

And, Prince of Wales, I am prepared to risk you,
even though there are many great reasons
not to do it.No, good Worcester, no;
I love my people well; I love even those
who have been misled by your cousin;
and, if they will accept my offer of pardon,
both he, and they, and you, yes, every man,
will be my friend again, and I shall be his:
tell your cousin this, and then bring me word
of what he will do: but, if he won't back down,
a terrible vengeance will be their punishment.
So, go; I don't want an answer now:
it's a fair offer; you'd be wise to consider it.

[Exit Worcester with Vernon.]

PRINCE.
It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

I swear they won't accept it:
Douglas and Hotspur together
back themselves against anyone in a fight.

KING.
Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

So, every leader must go to his forces;
once we have their answer we shall attack,
and may God help us, as our cause is just!

[Exeunt the King, Blunt, and Prince John.]

FAL.
Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me,

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so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Hal, if you see me fall in battle then stand over me;
that's what a friend should do.

PRINCE.
Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Only a giant could stand over you.
Say your prayers, and good luck.

FAL.
I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well.

I wish it was bedtime, Hal, and everything was settled.

PRINCE.
Why, thou owest God a death.

Well, you owe God a death.

[Exit.]

FAL.
'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay Him before His day.
What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me?
Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set-to a leg? no:or an arm? no:or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word, honour? air. A trim reckoning!--Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth be hear it? no. Is it insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it:honour is a mere scutcheon:--and so ends my catechism.

It's not due yet; I don't want to pay Him before the day comes.
Why should I offer before He asks for it?
Well, no matter; honour spurs me on.Yes, but what if honour gets stuck into me when I go on?Can honour reattach a leg?
No: or an arm? No: or take away the pain of a wound? No.Has

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honour any skill in surgery?No.What is honour?A word.What is that word, honour?Breath.A heavy price!Who has it?Someone who died on Wednesday.Can he feel it?No?Does he hear it?No.Is it useless, then?Yes, to the dead.But won't it stay with the living?No.
Why not?It won't stand up to criticism.So I want nothing to do with it.Honour is just a dressing for a coffin: that's my opinion.

[Exit.]

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Scene II. The Rebel Camp.

[Enter Worcester and Vernon.]

WOR.
O no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal-kind offer of the King.

Oh no, Sir Richard, we mustn't let my nephew know
this generous kind offer from the King.

VER.
'Twere best he did.

It's best he does.

WOR.
Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot:
It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,--
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's:we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the King.

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Then we are all lost.
It isn't possible, it can't happen,
that the King would keep his word to love us;
he will still suspect us, and find a time
to punish our offences in other ways:
we will always be looked at with suspicion,
for treason can only be trusted like a fox,
who, however tame, however loved and domesticated,
will always retain his wild side.
However we look, sad or happy,
we will be misinterpreted,
and we will be like oxen feeding in a stall,
more pampered the nearer we get to death.
My nephew's rebellion might well be forgotten,
excused by his youth and his passion,
and a nickname which allows him to be rash–
harebrained Hotspur, governed by spleen:
all his offences will fall on the head of me
and his father. We encouraged him,
and, having been led astray by us,
we as the instigators will pay for everything:
therefore, good cousin, do not let Harry know
the offer of the King under any circumstances.

VER.
Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Say what you want, I shall back you.
Here comes your cousin.

[Enter Hotspur and Douglas; Officers and Soldiers behind.]

HOT.
My uncle is return'd: deliver up
My Lord of Westmoreland.--Uncle, what news?

My uncle has come back: bring me
my Lord of Westmorland. Uncle, what's the news?

WOR.
The King will bid you battle presently.

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The King will invite you to battle soon.

DOUG.
Defy him by the Lord Of Westmoreland.

Send a message of defiance by the Lord of Westmorland.

HOT.
Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Lord Douglas, you go and tell him so.

DOUG.
Marry, I shall, and very willingly.

I certainly shall, very willingly.

[Exit.]

WOR.
There is no seeming mercy in the King.

It seems the king has no mercy.

HOT.
Did you beg any? God forbid!

Did you beg for any? Heaven forbid!

WOR.
I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By new-forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

I told him politely of our grievances,
about his oath breaking; he answered
with yet another false oath:
he calls us rebels, traitors; and he will tear
at our hated name with his arrogant forces.

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[Re-enter Douglas.]

DOUG.
Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Arm yourselves, gentlemen; arm yourselves! I have thrown
brave defiance back in King Henry's face,
and Westmorland has taken it to him as I ordered;
that can't help but bring him on quickly.

WOR.
The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the King,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

The Prince of Wales stepped out ahead of the King,
and, nephew, challenged you to single combat.

HOT.
O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Oh, I would like for just the two of us to fight,
so that no man today would fight apart from
me and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
what was his challenge like? Did it seem contemptuous?

VER.
No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise valued with you;

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And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause:but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

No, I swear: I never in my life
Heard a more modest challenge,
it was like a brother challenging a brother
to a gentle fencing match.
He acknowledged all your virtues as a man;
he richly praised you with a princely tongue;
he spoke of your reputation like a history book;
he made you seem even greater than his praise,
by saying that his praises could not do you justice;
and, what was very princely of him,
he made a very modest assessment of himself;
he criticised his wasted youth with such grace,
as if he had managed the trick of
teaching and learning simultaneously.
He paused there there: but let me tell the world–
if he survives the evils of this day,
England never had such a great hope
who has been so misunderstood through his behaviour.

HOT.
Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild o' liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.--
Arm, arm with speed:and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Cousin, you seem to be charmed

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by his foolishness: I never heard
of any prince who was such a libertine.
But whatever he's like, before nightfall
I will give him the embrace of a soldier,
and he shall fall down from my affection.
Arm yourselves, quickly: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
think of what you have to do, you can
do that better for yourselves, I don't have
the gift of the gab to get you going.

[Enter a Messenger.]

MESS.
My lord, here are letters for you.

My Lord, here are letters for you.

HOT.
I cannot read them now.--
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

I cannot read them now.
Oh gentlemen, life is short!
If life was just an hour long
it would still be too long if it was not
spent wisely.
If we live, we live to triumph over Kings,
if we die, what a good death when princes die with us!
We can fight with good conscience
knowing that our intentions are pure.

[Enter another Messenger.]

MESS.
My lord, prepare:the King comes on apace.

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My Lord, get ready: the King is approaching quickly.

HOT.
I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this,
Let each man do his best:and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, Heaven to Earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

I thank him for stopping my speech,
for I am not a good talker; I'll just say this,
let every man do his best: and here I draw
a sword, whose steel I intend to stain
with the best blood that I can find
on this dangerous day.
Now, cry Hope! Percy! And set to.
Play all the great instruments of war,
and let us all embrace tothat music;
for it's odds-on that some of us will never
have a chance to do this again.

[The trumpets sound.They embrace, and exeunt.]

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Scene III. Plain between the Camps.

[Excursions, and Parties fighting.Alarum to the battle.
Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt, meeting.]

BLUNT.
What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

What is your name, you who crosses me
in battle? What honour do you seek
by taking my head?

DOUG.
Know, then, my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

I tell you that my name is Douglas,
and I am pursuing you in the battle
because I have been told that you are a king.

BLUNT.
They tell thee true.

You have heard right.

DOUG.
The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him:so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

The Lord of Stafford paid a high price today for
looking like you; for, instead of you, King Harry,
this sword killed him: it shall do the same to you,
unless you surrender as my prisoner.

BLUNT.
I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;

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And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

I was not born to surrender, you proud Scot;
and you will find a king who will avenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[They fight, and Blunt is slain. Enter Hotspur.]

HOT.
O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a Scot.

Oh Douglas, if you had fought like this at Holmedon
I would never have beaten a single Scot.

DOUG.
All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the King.

It's over, we've won; here lies the King, dead.

HOT.
Where?

Where?

DOUG.
Here.

Here.

HOT.
This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

This, Douglas? No; I recognise this man:
he was a gallant knight, he was called Blunt;
he is dressed the same as the King.

DOUG.
A fool go with thy soul, where're it goes!

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A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

May you be called a fool, wherever your soul goes!
You have paid too dearly for that borrowed title:
why did you tell me that you were a king?

HOT.
The King hath many marching in his coats.

The King has many soldiers wearing his uniform.

DOUG.
Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

I swear by my sword I'll kill all his uniforms;
I'll murder his wardrobe piece by piece,
until I meet the King.

HOT.
Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

Up, and away!
Our soldiers are fully engaged.

[Exeunt.]

[Alarums. Enter Falstaff.]

FAL.
Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate.--Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt:there's honour for you! here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too:God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered:there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

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I could have stayed out of range in London, I fear the
shooting here; our heads are the only targets. Wait! Who are you?
Sir Walter Blunt: that's what honour gets you! No vanity here! I am
as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: may God keep lead out of me!
I don't need any more ballast than my own stomach. I have led my ragamuffins into dangerous places: there are not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they will end up begging on the outskirts of town. But who's this?

[Enter Prince Henry.]

PRINCE.
What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged:I pr'ythee,
Lend me thy sword.

What, are you standing here doing nothing? Lend me your sword:
there are many noblemen lying stiff and cold
under the hooves of their proud enemies,
whose deaths have not yet been revenged: I beg you,
lend me your sword.

FAL.
O Hal, I pr'ythee give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Oh Hal, please give me time to catch my breath.
The angry Gregory never performed such feats of arms as I have today. I have killed Percy, I have made sure of him.

PRINCE.
He is indeed; and living to kill thee.
I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

It's certainly sure that he's still alive to kill you.
Please, lend me your sword.

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FAL.
Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

No, I swear, Hal, if Percy is alive, you're not getting my sword; but take my pistol, if you want.

PRINCE.
Give it me:what, is it in the case?

Give it to me: what, is it in its holster?

FAL.
Ay, Hal. 'Tis hot, 'tis hot:there's that will sack a city.

Yes Hal. It's cooling down: there is something there that could sack a city.

[The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.]

PRINCE.
What, is't a time to jest and dally now?

What, is this a time for silly jokes?

[Throws it at him, and exit.]

FAL.
Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath:give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

Well, if Percy is alive, I'll stab him. If he comes in my way, good; if he doesn't, I'll willingly come in his, and he can make mincemeat of me. I don't like the sort of honour that Sir Walter has: give me life; if I can save it, good; if not, honour will come without me looking for it, that's all there is to it.

[Exit.]

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Scene IV. Another Part of the Field.

[Alarums. Excursions. Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, Lancaster, and Westmoreland.]

KING.
I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleedest too much.--
Lord John of Lancaster, go you unto him.

Please, Harry,
retire; you are bleeding too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, you help him.

LAN.
Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Not me, my lord, unless I am bleeding too.

PRINCE.
I do beseech your Majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

I beg your Majesty, go to the front,
so your retreat doesn't worry your friends.

KING.
I will do so.--
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

I will do so.
My Lord of Westmorland, take him to his tent.

WEST.
Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Come, my lord, I'll take you to your tent.

PRINCE.
Lead me, my lord?I do not need your help:
And God forbid, a shallow scratch should drive

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The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Take me, my lord? I do not need your help:
and God forbid that a little scratch would drive
the Prince of Wales from a battlefield like this,
where nobility has been insulted and trodden on,
and the rebels are triumphing in a massacre!

LAN.
We breathe too long:--come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

We have been talking too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
this is where our duty lies; for God's sake, come.

[Exeunt Lancaster and Westmoreland.]

PRINCE.
By Heaven, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now I do respect thee as my soul.

By heaven, you have deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think you were a Lord of such spirit:
before, I loved you as a brother, John;
but now I respect you as my equal.

KING.
I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

I saw him fighting Lord Percy with his sword
with more fortitude than I expected
from such a young soldier.

PRINCE.
O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all!

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Oh, this boy
puts spirit in us all!

[Exit.]

[Alarums. Enter Douglas.]

DOUG.
Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.--What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

Another king! They grow like the heads of a Hydra–
I am Douglas, fatal to all those
who wear the uniform. Who are you,
who imitates the King?

KING.
The King himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so, defend thyself.

I am the King himself; and Douglas, I am very sorry
that you have met so many of my imitators,
and not the true king. I have two boys
who are looking for you and Percy on the battlefield:
but, as you have so fortunately found me,
I'll put you to the test; so, defend yourself.

DOUG.
I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I'm sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

I fear you're another imposter;
and yet, I swear, you carry yourself like a king:

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but whoever you are, I'm sure you're mine,
and so I will finish you.

[They fight; the King being in danger, re-enter Prince Henry.]

PRINCE.
Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.--

[They fight:Douglas flies.]

Cheerly, my lord:how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton:I'll to Clifton straight.

Lift up your head, vile Scot, or you may
never hold it up again! The ghosts
of brave Shirley, Stafford and Blunt strengthened me:
it is the Prince of Wales who threatens you;
who never makes threats without backing them up.

Hello, my lord: how is your Grace doing?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey has called for assistance,
and so has Clifton: I'll go straight to Clifton.

KING.
Stay, and breathe awhile:
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Wait, and catch your breath:
you have won back my good opinion of you;
and showed that you care about my life,
by undertaking this good rescue.

PRINCE.
O God, they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death!

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If it were so, I might have let alone
Th' insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

Oh God, anyone who said I yearned for your death
was doing me an injustice!
If that were the case, I could have let
the haughty hand of Douglas remain over you,
which would have given you as quick a death
as all the poisons in the world,
and saved your son having to commit any treachery.

KING.
Make up to Clifton:I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

You go to Clifton: I'll go to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

[Exit.]

[Enter Hotspur.]

HOT.
If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

If I'm not mistaken, you are Harry Monmouth.

PRINCE.
Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

You speak as if I would deny it.

HOT.
My name is Harry Percy.

My name is Harry Percy.

PRINCE.
Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

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To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Well then, I see
a very brave rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and do not think, Percy,
that you can be equal with me in glory any more:
two stars cannot share the same orbit;
and England cannot be ruled by both
Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOT.
Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

And it shall not be, Harry; for the time has come
for one of us to die; and I wish to God
that your reputation as a soldier was as great as mine!

PRINCE.
I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

I'll make it greater before I leave you;
and I'll take all those feathers of your helmet
to make a garland for my head.

HOT.
I can no longer brook thy vanities.

I shan't tolerate your vanity any longer.

[They fight.]

[Enter Falstaff.]

FAL.
Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's

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play here, I can tell you.

Well said, Hal! Go to it, Hal! No, you will not find any schoolboy fighting here, I can tell you.

[Re-enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas. Hotspure is wounded, and falls.]

HOT.
O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thoughts the slave of life, and life Time's fool,
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for--

O Harry, you have stolen my youth away!
I don't mind losing my fragile life
as much as losing those proud titles you have won from me;
that hurts my thoughts more than your sword hurts my flesh:
but thought is the slave of life, and life isthe fool of time,
and time, that controls the whole world,
must come to an end. O, I could make predictions,
but the earthy cold hand of death
has taken my tongue: no, Percy, you are dust,
and food for–

[Dies.]

PRINCE.
For worms, brave Percy:fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

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I should not make so dear a show of zeal:
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!--

[Sees Falstaff on the ground.]

What, old acquaintance? could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man:
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by-and-by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

For worms, brave Percy: farewell, great heart!
Ill-conceived ambition, how you have shrunk!
when this body contained a spirit,
a kingdom was not big enough for it;
but now a couple of yards of low earth
is room enough.The earth that supports you dead
does not support a greater living man.
If you could hear what I'm saying,
I wouldn't be so polite about you:
but let my banner hide your mangled face;
and I'll thank myself on your behalf
for conducting these gentle last rites.
Goodbye, and take your fame with you to Heaven!
May your bad deeds stay in your grave,
and not be the way you are remembered!

What, my old friend?Couldn't all this flesh
retain a little life?Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man:
Oh, I would miss you greatly,
if I was in love with frivolity!
Death didn't hit a fatter target today,

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though many better, in this bloody battle.
I'll see that you are buried soon:
until then lie in your blood next to noble Percy.

[Exit.]

FAL.
[Rising.] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave
to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too.
Counterfeit! I lie; I am no counterfeit:to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man:but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed.
The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life.--
Zwounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead:how,
if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea,
and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

Buried! If you bury me today, I'll give you permission
to pickle me and eat me tomorrow. By God, it was a time
to fake it, or that passionate quarrelling Scot would have finished me off.
Fake! I'm lying; I am not a fake: to die, is to be a
fake; for if you don't have the life of a man then you are just the imitation
of one: but to fake dying, in order to keep a man alive,
that is not faking, but the perfection of life.
The best part of valour is discretion; and using that better part I have saved my life–

By God, I am afraid of this fiery Percy, although he is dead:
what if he is faking to, and gets up? By God, I am afraid he

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would be a better faker. So I'll make sure of him; yes,
and I'll swear that I killed him. Why shouldn't he get up the same as I did?
Nobody could contradict me except an eyewitness, and there's nobody here. Therefore, Sir, with a new wound in your thigh, you come along with me.

[Takes Hotspur on his hack.]

[Re-enter Prince Henry and Lancaster.]

PRINCE.
Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Come, brother John; you have done a good job
with your virgin sword.

LAN.
But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

But wait! What's this?
Didn't you tell me this fat man was dead?

PRINCE.
I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
Upon the ground.--
Art thou alive? or is it fantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes without our ears.
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
on the ground.
Are you alive? Or is it
a trick of the light? I beg you, speak;
we won't trust our eyes without our ears.
You are not what you seem.

FAL.
No, that's certain; I am not a double man:but if I be not

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Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy![Throwing the body down.] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

No, that's certain; I am not an apparition: but if I am not Jack Falstaff, then I am a knave: there is Percy! If your father wants to honour me for it, good; if not, he can kill the next Percy himself. I can tell you I think I should be either an earl or Duke.

PRINCE.
Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Why, I killed Percy myself, and saw you dead.

FAL.
Didst thou?-- Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!-- I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he:but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh:if the man were alive, and would deny it, zwounds, I would make him eat a piece of
my sword.

Did you? Lord, Lord, how many liars there are in this world! I admit I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we both rose at the same time, and fought for a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If you will believe me, good; if not, let those who should reward bravery carry the sin on their heads. I swear on my life, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if there is any man alive who wants to deny it, by God, I will make him eat some of my sword.

LAN.
This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

This is the strangest tale I ever heard.

PRINCE.

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This is the strangest fellow, brother John.--
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.--

This is the strangest fellow, brother John.
Come, carry your luggage nobly on your back:
as for me, if a lie will do you good,
I'll help it along as best I can–

[A retreat is sounded.]

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to th' highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

The trumpet sounds the retreat; we have won.
Come, brother, let's go to the highest point of the battlefield,
to see what friends are alive, and who has died.

[Exeunt Prince Henry and Lancaster.]

FAL.
I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

I'll follow, as they say, for reward. Whoever rewards me, may God reward him! If I become great, I shall shrink; for I will starve myself,
and leave off drinking, and live a clean life as a nobleman should.

[Exit, bearing off the body.]

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Scene V. Another Part of the Field.

[The trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, Lancaster, Westmoreland, and others, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.]

KING.
Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.--
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

And so rebellions have always failed.
Ill spirited Worcester! Didn't we offer forgiveness,
pardon, and love to all of you?
And you had to turn our offers down?
You abused the trust your kinsman placed in you.
Three knights from our army were killed today,
a noble Earl, and many other men,
who would have been alive now,
if you had behaved like a Christian and
truthfully carried the messages between our armies.

WOR.
What I have done my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it fails on me.

I did what I had to for my own safety;
and I stoically accept my fate,
since it is unavoidable.

KING.
Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.--

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[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.]

How goes the field?

Take Worcester to be executed, and Vernon too:
we will suspend sentence on the other offenders–
how is the battle?

PRINCE.
The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is:and I beseech your Grace
I may dispose of him.

The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
that the tide had quite turned against him,
with the noble Percy slain, and all his men
running in fear, he ran with the rest;
and, falling down a hill, he was so injured
that the pursuers captured him. The Douglas
is in my tent: and I beg your grace
that I be allowed to dispose of him.

KING.
With all my heart.

Of course.

PRINCE.
Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

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Then, brother John of Lancaster, you
shall have this honourable task:
go to the Douglas, and let him
go where he wants, free without ransom:
his bravery, which you can see from the dents in my helmet,
has taught me how to value such great deeds,
even when they are done by our enemies.

KING.
Then this remains, that we divide our power.--
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself,--and you, son Harry,--will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

Then all that remains is to divide our forces.
You, my son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
shall go to York as fast as you can,
to fight Northumberland and the Bishop Scroop,
who, we hear, are busy arming themselves:
myself–and you, son Harry–will go towards Wales,
to fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
If the rebellion has to face another day
like this one it will lose its power;
as we've had such a good result here,
let's not stop until we have triumphed over all.

[Exeunt.]

The End

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Henry VI: Part Two

In Plain and Simple English

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Characters

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster, his uncle.
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester,
great-uncle to the King.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
LORD CLIFFORD.
YOUNG CLIFFORD, his son.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF WARWICK.

LORD SCALES.
LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM
STAFFORD, his brother.
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
VAUX.
MATTHEW GOFFE.
A Sea-Captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and WALTER
WHITMORE.
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, priests.
ROGER BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer.
THOMAS HORNER, an armourer. PETER, his man.
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Albans.
SIMPCOX, an impostor.
ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.
JACK CADE, a rebel.
GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the butcher,
SMITH the weaver, MICHAEL, etc., followers of Cade.
Two Murderers.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.
ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloster.
MARGARET JOURDAIN, a witch.
Wife to Simpcox.

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

A Spirit.

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SCENE: England.

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ACT I

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SCENE I. London. The palace

[Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter the KING, GLOSTER,
SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT, on the
one side; the QUEEN, SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, and
BUCKINGHAM, on the other.]

SUFFOLK.
As by your high imperial Majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alencon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task and was espous'd,
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

Following the orders your most imperial majesty
gave me as I left for France,
as agent for your excellency,
to marry Princess Margaret on your behalf,
so, in the famous ancient city of Tours,
in the presence of the kings of France and Sicily,
the Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Brittany and Alencon,
seven earls, twelve barons and twenty holy bishops,
I performed my task and was married as your representative,
and now I kneel humbly before you,
with the people and peers of England as my witness,
and hand over my rights to the Queen
into your most gracious hands, the physical manifestation
of the greatness that I represented:

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the best gift any Marquis ever gave,
the most beautiful fair Queen that was ever welcomed by a King.

KING.
Suffolk, arise.--Welcome, Queen Margaret.
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss.--O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Suffolk, stand up. Welcome, Queen Margaret.
I can give you no sweeter sign of love
than this sweet kiss. Oh God, who gave me life,
make my heart be grateful!
For you have given my soul a world full
of earthly blessings with this beautiful face,
if we become united in our love.

QUEEN.
Great King of England and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
In courtly company or at my beads,
With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

Great King of England and my gracious lord,
by day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
in noble company or doing my house work,
the shared thoughts that I've had with you
my most beloved sovereign,
emboldens me to greet my king
with familiarity, as far as my wit can manage
and my brimming heart allows.

KING.
Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words yclad with wisdom's majesty,

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Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.--
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

Her looks are enchanting, but her grace in speech,
with her words full of the majesty of wisdom,
makes me change from amazement to weeping happiness;
this is how overjoyed my heart is.
Lords, be unanimous in happily welcoming my love.

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

Long live Queen Margaret, the joy of England!

QUEEN.
We thank you all.

I thank you all.

[Flourish.]

SUFFOLK.
My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

My Lord Protector, if you please,
here is the peace treaty agreed
between our king and the French King Charles,
agreed to last the next eighteen months

GLOSTER.
[Reads] 'Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king
Charles and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador
for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the
Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia,
and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth
of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the

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county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father'--

“Firstly, it is agreed between the French king
Charles and William de la Pole Marquis of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the aforementioned Henry shall marry
Lady Margaret, daughter of Reignier King of Naples, Sicily and Jerusalem, and crown her as Queen of England before next May the thirtieth. Next, the Duchy of Anjou and the
county of Maine shall be freed and handed over to her father the King–"

[Lets the paper fall.]

KING.
Uncle, how now!

Uncle, what's this!

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

Excuse me, gracious lord;
some sudden tremor affected my heart
and clouded my eyes, so I can read no more.

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

My uncle of Winchester, please carry on reading.

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

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“Item, it is further agreed between them
that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be freed and
handed over to her father the King, and she shall be sent over
to be supported and maintained by King of England, without any
dowry."

KING.
They please us well.--Lord marquess, kneel down.
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.--Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd.--Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

I am happy with these conditions. Lord Marquis, kneel down.
I now create you the first Duke of Suffolk,
and touch you with my sword. Cousin of York,
I hereby relieve your grace of the duties of Regent
over the French territories, until eighteen months
are up. Thank you, uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
I thank you all for the great kindness you have done me
in welcoming my princely Queen.
Come, let's go inside, and as quickly as possible prepare
for her coronation.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.]

GLOSTER.
Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,

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In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned counsel of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And had his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
Duke Humphrey must reveal his sorrow to you,
your sorrow, the shared sorrow of the whole country.
What! Did my brother Henry not spent his youth,
his bravery, money and people on wars?
Did he not spend so many days living in the fields,
in the cold of winter and the scorching heat of summer,
to conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford not rack his brains
to keep through politics what Henry had won?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
brave York, Salisbury, and triumphant Warwick,
not suffered steep wounds fighting in France and Normandy?
Did my uncle Beaufort and myself not,
with all the most learned advisers in the country,
study for so long, sitting in the council chamber
from morning till night, debating amongst us
how France and the Frenchmen could be kept under control,

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and did we not have his Highness as a child
crowned in Paris against the opposition of his enemies?
Will all this labour and brave behaviour be for nothing?
Shall Henry's victory, Bedford's careful stewardship,
your efforts in battle and all our debating be for nothing?
Oh peers of England, this is a shameful alliance!
A fatal marriage, which wipes out your fame,
erases your names from the books of history,
scratching out the letters which told of your great deeds,
tearing down the monuments to our victories in France,
taking away everything, as if it had never existed!

CARDINAL.
Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

Nephew, what do you mean by this passionate speech,
this oratory which seems to be so full of foreboding?
France belongs to us; and we shall keep it.

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

Yes, uncle, we would keep it if we could,
but now that is impossible.
Suffolk, the newly created duke who now is favourite,
has given the Duchy of Anjou and Maine
to the poor King Reignier, whose great titles
are not matched by his wealth.

SALISBURY.
Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy!--
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

I swear, on the cross of Jesus,

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those counties are the key to holding Normandy!
But why is my brave son Warwick weeping?

WARWICK.
For grief that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both,
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer;
And are the cities that I got with wounds
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

From grief that they cannot be recovered;
for, if there were any chance of re-conquering them,
my sword would be spilling blood, instead of my eyes spilling tears.
Anjou and Maine! I conquered them both,
I won those provinces with these arms of mine;
so are the cities that I received wounds to win
being returned with peaceful words?
My God!

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

May the Duke of Suffolk be suffocated
for tarnishing the honour of this military island!
France would have had to tell my heart
before I would have agreed to this alliance.
I have never read of any English king who did not have
large payments of gold and goods as dowries for their wives;
our King Henry has given away what he owned,
to marry someone who brings nothing with her.

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

It's a good joke, never seen before,
that Suffolk was allowed to raise a six percent tax
to pay for the expense of bringing her here!
She should have stayed in France, and starved in France,
before–

CARDINAL.
My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot;
It was the pleasure of my lord the King.

My Lord of Gloucester, now you are getting too angry;
it was what my lord the king wished.

GLOSTER.
My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out.
Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury; if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.--
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long.

My Lord of Winchester, I know what you're thinking;
it's not what I'm saying that you object to,
but my presence here.
Spite will show itself.
Arrogant Bishop, I can see your anger
in your face; if I stay here longer,
we will recommence our old arguments–
Lords, farewell; after I'm gone remember
that I predicted that France will be lost before long.

[Exit.]

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CARDINAL.
So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'T is known to you he is mine enemy,
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown.
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords.
Let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him 'Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloster,'
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'
With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

So, off goes our protector in a rage.
You know that he is my enemy,
and more than that he is an enemy of all of you,
and, I'm afraid, no great friend of the king's.
Think about the fact, lords, that he is next in line,
the heir apparent of the English crown.
If Henry had been given an empire through his marriage,
containing all the wealthy kingdoms of the West,
he would still have a reason to be upset by it.
Think about it, lords.
Don't let his sweet words
win you over; be sensible and careful.
So what if the common people like him,
calling him “Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,"
clapping their hands, and shouting out,
“may Jesus preserve your royal excellency!"
and, “God preserve good Duke Humphrey!"
I'm afraid, lords, for all his good appearance
we shall find him a dangerous Regent.

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

Why is he still Regent, when our King
is old enough to rule himself?
My cousin Somerset, work with me,
and together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
we'll quickly throw Duke Humphrey from his position.

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

This important business can't wait;
I will go and see the Duke of Suffolk at once.

[Exit.]

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

My cousin Buckingham, although Humphrey's arrogance
and his high position is distasteful to us,
let us keep an eye on the arrogant Cardinal;
his insolence is more intolerable
than all the princes in the country added together;
if Gloucester is overthrown, he'll be regent.

BUCKINGHAM.
Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

Or it could be you or I, Somerset,

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despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.]

SALISBURY.
Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.--
Warwick my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey;--
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline,
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.--
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition,
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds
While they do tend the profit of the land.

There goes pride, followed by ambition.
While they are working for their own advancement,
it's our job to work for the country.
I never saw Humphrey Duke of Gloucester behave
in any way unfitting for a noble gentleman.
I have often seen the arrogant Cardinal,
more like a soldier than a clergyman,
as puffed up and proud as if he owned everything,
swear like a scoundrel and behave in vulgar ways,
not like the ruler of a country.
Warwick, my son, the happiness of my old age,

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your deeds, your honesty and your frugality
have made you a great favourite with the ordinary people,
above everybody except good Duke Humphrey;
and, brother York, your deeds in Ireland,
where you brought them to order,
the recent things that you did in France,
when you were regent for our King,
have made you respected and honoured by the people.
Let's join together, for the good of the country,
to do what we can to rein in and suppress
the arrogance of Suffolk and the Cardinal,
as well as the ambitions of Somerset and Buckingham,
and help Duke Humphrey in any way we can,
while he does good for the country.

WARWICK.
So God help Warwick, as he loves the land
And common profit of his country!

May God help Warwick, as he loves the country
and whatever is best for it!

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

[Aside] That's what York says, and he has the best reason.

SALISBURY.
Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

Then let's hurry, and take care of our main business.

WARWICK.
Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last!
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

Our main business! O father, Maine is lost;
Maine which Warwick won with great force,
and would have kept as long as he was alive!

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You meant our main business, father; but I meant Maine,
which I will win back from France, or die in the attempt.

[Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.]

YORK.
Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd
To changes two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?
'T is thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
Still revelling like lords till all be gone;
Whileas the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands
And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd and all is borne away,
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own.
So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althaea burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile till time do serve;
Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,

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To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fallen at jars.
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit.]

Anjou and Maine have been given to the French;
Paris has been lost; the state of Normandy
rests on a knife edge now they are gone.
Suffolk agreed to the terms,
the peers consented; and Henry was well pleased
to exchange two dukedoms for the beautiful daughter of a duke.
I can't blame them all: what's it matter to them?
It's my land they've been giving away, not their own.
Pirates can sell what they have stolen for pennies,
to their friends, and give it to whores,
enjoying themselves like lords until they've spent the lot;
whereas the foolish owner of the goods
weeps and wrings his unlucky hands,
shakes his head and stands to one side trembling
while everything is shared out and carried away,
facing starvation but not daring to claim his own property.
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
while they bargain and sell his own lands.
I think that the kingdoms of England, France and Ireland
have the same effect on my flesh and blood
as the fatal brand Althaea thrust burning
into the heart of the Prince of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine both given to the French!
Bad news for me, as I had hopes of winning France,
in the same way I have hopes of winning the fertile soil of England.
The day will come when York will claim what's his;
and so I will side with the Nevils,
and pretend to be loyal to arrogant Duke Humphrey,

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and when I see a chance, I shall take the crown,
that's my golden target.
Arrogant Lancaster shan't overthrow my rights,
or hold a sceptre in his childish fist,
or wear the crown upon his head,
his pious mentality isn't suited to it.
So, York, wait awhile until the time is right;
keep alert while others are asleep,
and find out the secrets of the country;
until Henry, full of the joys of love,
with his new bride, the Queen England bought at such a price,
and Humphrey and the peers are fighting.
Then I will hold up the milk white rose,
whose sweet perfume will fill the air,
and under my flag I will fight for York,
taking on the house of Lancaster;
and, by force if necessary, I will make the one who has
brought fair England down through his unmilitary rule
hand the crown over to me.

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SCENE II. The Duke of Gloster's House.

[Enter DUKE HUMPHREY and his wife ELEANOR]

DUCHESS.
Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What see'st thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine,
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Why does my lord hang his head like corn
bowed down by the heavy weight of his overripe ears?
Why does the great Duke Humphrey furrow his brow,
as if frowning at the beauties of the world?
Why are your eyes so downcast,
looking at something which seems to bring you tears?
What can you see there? King Henry's crown,
in grave with all the titles of the world?
If so, keep looking, keep frowning,
until you have that crown on your head.
Put out your hand, reach for the glorious gold.
What, you can't reach? Let me help you,
and, having picked it up together,
we shall both lift our heads up to heaven,
and never again let our sight drop so low
that we have to even look once at the ground.

GLOSTER.
O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,

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Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts;
And may that thought when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dreams this night doth make me sad.

Oh Nell, sweet Nell, if you love your lord,
never allow yourself such ambitious thoughts;
and if I ever think of doing harm
to my King and nephew, good Henry,
may that be my last living thought!
It's the bad dreams I've had tonight which make me sad.

DUCHESS.
What dream'd my lord? Tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

What did my lord dream of? Tell me, and I'll repay you
by telling you about the sweet dream I had this morning.

GLOSTER.
Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain;--by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal,--
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset
And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

I dreamt this staff, the symbol of my position at court,
was broken in half; I have forgotten by whom,
but I imagine it was by the Cardinal–
and on the pieces of the broken stick
they placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset
and William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.
That's what I dreamt; what it means, God knows.

DUCHESS.
Tut, this was nothing but an argument
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:

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Methought I sat in seat of majesty
In the cathedral church of Westminster
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd,
Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me
And on my head did set the diadem.

Tut, all this was doing was showing
that someone who breaks a stick of Gloucester's
will lose his head for his arrogance.
But listen to me, my Humphrey, my sweet Duke:
I thought I sat on the throne
in the cathedral church at Westminster,
in the throne where kings and queens are crowned,
and Henry and Lady Margaret kneeled to me
and put the crown on my head.

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

No, Eleanor, then I must openly admonish you.
You arrogant lady, badly raised Eleanor,
aren't you the second lady of the country,
and the wife of the Regent, loved by him?
Don't you have every pleasure you
could want, more than you could think of?
And you still want to think of treachery,
to throw your husband and yourself from
the highest position to the lowest disgrace?
Get out, and don't let me hear this again!

DUCHESS.
What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor for telling but her dream?

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Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

What's this is my lord! Are you so angry
with Eleanor for just telling you her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams to myself,
and not be criticised.

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

No, don't be angry; I'm happy with you again.

[Enter Messenger.]

MESSENGER.
My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

My lord protector, it's his Highness' wish
that you should prepare to ride to St Albans,
where the king and queen mean to go hawking.

GLOSTER.
I go.--Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

I'm coming. Come, Nell, will you ride with us?

DUCHESS.
Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[Exeunt Gloster and Messenger.]

Follow I must; I cannot go before
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.--
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,

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

Yes, my good lord, I'll follow at once.
I must be a follower; I can't lead
while Gloucester still thinks in this low-down way.
If I were a man, a Duke, and next in line to the throne,
I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks,
and climb to the throne on their headless necks;
and, being a woman, I won't fail
to play my part in the games of fate.
Where are you? Sir John! No, don't be afraid, man,
we're alone; there's no one here but you and me.

[Enter HUME.]

HUME.
Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

Jesus save your royal majesty!

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

What are you saying? Majesty! I'm just a duchess.

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

Yes, but by the grace of God, and with Hume's advice,
your Grace will get far greater titles.

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

What are you saying, man? Have you yet spoken
to Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
and Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
Will they work for me?

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HUME.
This they have promised,--to show your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of underground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

They have promised to show your Highness
a spirit raised from the depths of hell,
who will answer any questions
your Grace wants to ask him.

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

That's good, I'll think of some questions.
When we come back from St Albans,
we shall carry these things out.
Here, Hume, take this reward; have a good time, man,
with your accomplices in this great business.

[Exit.]

HUME.
Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold,
Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum;
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch;
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast.
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,
Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
They say ' A crafty knave does need no broker;'

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

Hume must have a good time with the Duchess' gold,
and he certainly shall. But, watch out, Sir John Hume!
Close up your lips, keep silent;
this business demands silence and secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gave me gold to bring the witch;
gold is always good, if she was a devil.
But I have gold coming from another direction.
I wouldn't dare say it comes from the rich Cardinal
and from the great newly created Duke of Suffolk,
but it does; for, to put it plainly,
they, knowing of Dame Eleanor's ambitions,
have hired me to undermine the Duchess
and get her thinking about this magic.
They say, “A crafty scoundrel doesn't need an agent;"
but I am agent to Suffolk and the Cardinal.
Hume, if you're not careful, you are just about
to call them both the parents crafty scoundrels.
Well, that's how it is; and, I fear that in the end
my plotting will be the ruin of the Duchess,
and the stain on her will bring down Humphrey.
However it turns out, I'll be paid for it.

[Exit.]

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SCENE III. London. The palace.

[Enter PETER and other PETITIONERS.]

1 PETITIONER.
My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector
will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our
supplications in the quill.

*My masters, let's stand together; my lord protector
will come this way soon, and then we can deliver our
petitions directly to him.*

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

*I'd certainly ask the lord to protect him, for he is a good
man! May Jesus bless him!*

[Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN.]

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

*Here he comes, I think, and the Queen as well.
I'll get in there first.*

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

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

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

Hello there, fellow! Do you want something from me?

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1 PETITIONER.
I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

Please excuse me, my lord; I mistook you for the lord protector.

QUEEN.
[Reading] 'To my Lord Protector!' Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them; what is thine?

“To my Lord protector!" Are your petitions to his Lordship? Let me see them; what's yours?

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

If you please your Grace, mine is against John Goodman, a servant of my Lord Cardinal, for keeping my house and land,
my wife and all, away from me.

SUFFOLK.
Thy wife too! that's some wrong, indeed.--What's yours?--What's here! [Reads] 'Against the Duke of Suffolk for enclosing
the commons of Melford.'--How now, sir knave!

Your wife as well! That's certainly some wrong. What's yours? What's this! “Against the Duke of Suffolk for enclosing the common lands of Melford." What's this, you scoundrel!

2 PETITIONER.
Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Alas, Sir, I am just a poor petitioner representing our whole town.

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

This is against my master, Thomas Horner,
for saying that the Duke of York was the rightful heir of the
Crown.

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

What are you saying? Did the Duke of York say he was
the rightful heir of the crown?

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

That my master was? No, indeed; my master said that he
was, and that the king was a usurper.

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

Who's there? Take this fellow inside, and
send a herald to fetch his master.–We'll hear more
of this business in front of the King.

[Exit Servant with Peter.]

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

[Tears the supplications.]

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

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And as for you, who love to be protected
by the grace of our protector,
you can start again and go and ask him.

Get out, you lowly rascals! Suffolk, get rid of them.

ALL.
Come, let's be gone.

Come, let's go.

[Exeunt.]

QUEEN.
My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship, and proportion;
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads,
His champions are the prophets and apostles,
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness.

My Lord of Suffolk, tell me, is this the way
things carry on in the court of England?
Is this the way the British isle is governed,
and this is the way royalty is respected?

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What, does King Henry have to remain a pupil
under the rule of surly Gloucester?
Am I a Queen in position and place,
and have to be a subject of a duke?
I tell you, Pole, when in the city of Tours
you jousted to win my love
and stole away the hearts of the ladies in France,
I thought that King Henry resembled you
in courage, body and manners;
but all he thinks about is holy things,
to count Ave Marias on his rosary,
his champions are the prophets and apostles,
his weapons are the holy sayings of the scriptures,
his study is his jousting ground, and his lovers
are bronze statues of the saints.
I wish the College of Cardinals
would make him Pope and carry him to Rome,
and put the triple crown on his head,
that would be the right place for his holiness.

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

Madam, be patient; as I was the one
who brought your Highness to England, so I will
work in England for your grace's happiness.

QUEEN.
Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Apart from the arrogant protector, we have Beaufort
the arrogant clergyman, Somerset, Buckingham,
and grumbling York; the lowest of these
has more power in England than the King.

SUFFOLK.
And he of these that can do most of all

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Cannot do more in England than the Nevils;
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

And the one with the greatest power
doesn't have more power in England than the Nevils;
Salisbury and Warwick are not just peers.

QUEEN.
Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the queen;
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's land
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

All of these laws together don't annoy me half as much
as that arrogant lady, the wife of the lord protector.
She flounces through the court with groups of ladies,
more like an empress than the wife of Duke Humphrey.
Foreigners in the court imagine that she's the Queen;
she enjoys the income of a duke,
and in her heart she hates our poverty.
Will I not get revenge on her?
Arrogant low-born peasant that she is,
she boasted to her followers the other day
that the train of her oldest dress
was worth more than everything my father had
until Suffolk gave him two dukedoms in exchange for his daughter.

SUFFOLK.
Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.

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So, let her rest; and, madam, list to me,
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Madam, I myself have set a trap for her,
baited with such lovely birds
that she will be delighted to listen to the music,
and will never rise to trouble you again.
So, enough about her; and, madam, listen to me,
for I want to give you this advice.
Although we don't like the cardinal,
we must make an alliance with him and the lords
until we have caused the disgrace of Duke Humphrey.
As for the Duke of York, what he's been saying
won't do him any good.
So, one by one, we shall pick them all off,
and you yourself will be in control.

[Sennet. Enter the KING, DUKE HUMPHREY, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SOMERSET, SALISBURY,
WARWICK, and the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.]

KING.
For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

For my part, noble lords, I don't care who;
Somerset or York, it's all the same to me.

YORK.
If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd the regentship.

If York has done a bad job in France,

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then let him be refused the Regency.

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

If Somerset doesn't deserve the place,
let York be Regent; I will surrender to him.

WARWICK.
Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

The argument isn't whether your Grace is worthy or not,
it is that York is more worthy.

CARDINAL.
Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

Ambitious Warwick, let your superiors speak.

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

The Cardinal is not my superior on the battlefield.

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

Everyone here is your superior, Warwick.

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

Warwick may live to be superior to them all.

SALISBURY.
Peace, son!--and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Peace, son! Show some reason, Buckingham,
why Somerset should have preference in this matter.

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

Because the king, by God, wants him to.

GLOSTER.
Madam, the King is old enough himself
To give his censure; these are no women's matters.

Madam, the King is old enough to give his
opinions himself; this is no business for a woman.

QUEEN.
If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

If he's old enough then why is your Grace
still his Regent?

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

Madam, I am protector of the kingdom,
and I shall resign my position when he wants me to.

SUFFOLK.
Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king--as who is king but thou?--
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Then resign, and let's have no more of your insolence.
Since you have been King–for who is king apart from you?–
The country has been run into the ground;
the Dauphin has triumphed overseas;
and all the peers and nobles of the country
have been made slaves to your rule.

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

You have stripped the assets of the common people;
the treasury of the church is empty from your extortion.

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

Your great houses and your wife's clothes
have cost a great deal of public money.

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

Your cruelty in executing
wrongdoers has been above the law,
and left you open to the punishment of the law.

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

[Exit Gloster. The Queen drops her fan..]

Give me my fan. What minion! can ye not?

[She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.]

I cry your mercy, madam; was it you?

The way you sold titles and towns in France,
if it was known, for everyone suspects,
would soon mean your head would be off–

Give me my fan. What, servant! Won't you do it?

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I beg your pardon, madam; was that you?

DUCHESS.
Was 't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman.
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

Was it me! Yes, it was me, arrogant Frenchwoman.
If I could get at your beauty with my nails,
I would scratch the ten commandments into your face.

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

Sweet aunt, be quiet; it was an accident.

DUCHESS.
Against her will! good king, look to 't in time;
She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby.
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

Accident! Good king, sort this out before it's too late.
She will block you and handle you like a baby.
Although no man seems to wear the trousers in this place,
she shall not hit Dame Eleanor without punishment.

[Exit.]

BUCKINGHAM.
Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds.
She's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction.

Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
and listen to what Humphrey intends to do about this.
We've got her going now; her anger needs no encouragement,
she will rush on to her own downfall.

[Exit.]

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[Re-enter GLOSTER.]

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

Now, lords, I've walked off my anger
by taking a turn round the quadrangle,
and I've come to talk of the business of the country.
As for your spiteful accusations,
prove them, and I will face the punishment of the law;
but may God be as merciful with my soul
as I am dutiful and loving to my king and country!
But, as for the business in hand:
I say, my King, York is the best man
to be your representative in France.

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

Before we make the choice, give me permission
to show a very good reason
why York is the most unsuitable man of anyone.

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

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

I'll tell you, Suffolk, why I am not fit:
firstly, because I can't beat you for arrogance;
next, if I am given the position,
my Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
without orders, money or equipment,
until the Dauphin has won all of France.
Last time I was kept waiting for him
until Paris had been besieged, starved, and lost.

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

I can vouch for that; no traitor
ever did a worse thing for this country.

SUFFOLK.
Peace, headstrong Warwick!

Quiet, hasty Warwick!

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

You picture of arrogance, why should I be quiet?

[Enter HORNER and his man PETER, guarded.]

SUFFOLK.
Because here is a man accus'd of treason.
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

Because here is a man accused of treason.
May God help the Duke of York to explain himself!

YORK.
Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

Is someone accusing York of being a traitor?

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

What are you talking about, Suffolk? Tell me, who are these people?

SUFFOLK.
Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these: that Richard Duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

If you please, your Majesty, this is the man
who is accusing his master of high treason.
This is what he said: that Richard Duke of York
was the true heir of the English crown,
and that your Majesty was a usurper.

KING.
Say, man, were these thy words?

Tell me, man, is this what you said?

HORNER.
An 't shall please your majesty, I never said nor
thought any such matter; God is my witness, I am
falsely accused by the villain.

If you please, your Majesty, I never said or
thought any such thing; as God is my witness, I am
falsely accused by this villain.

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

I swear by both my hands, my lords, he said them to
me in the guardhouse one night, as we were cleaning the
armour of my Lord of York.

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YORK.
Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.--
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

You low dunghill stupid peasant,
I'll have your head off for these traitorous words.–
I beg your royal majesty,
give him the full punishment of the law.

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

Alas, my Lord, you may hang me if I ever said the words. My accuser is my apprentice; and when I punished him for his mistakes
the other day, he swore on his knees that he would get even with me. I have good witnesses of this; and so I beg your Majesty, do not punish an honest man for the accusation of a villain.

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

Uncle, what's the best way to proceed, legally?

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

If I may judge, my lord, I would do this:

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let Somerset be the Regent in France,
because this casts a suspicion over York;
let these ones have a day appointed
for them to fight in single combat in some convenient place,
for he has evidence of his servant's hatred.
This is the law, and this is what Duke Humphrey sentences.

SOMERSET.
I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

I humbly thank your royal majesty.

HORNER.
And I accept the combat willingly.

And I will be glad to fight.

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

Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, have pity on me.
The spite of men is working against me. Oh Lord, have mercy
upon me! I will never be able to strike a single blow! O Lord, my
heart!

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

Sir, you must fight or you will be hanged.

KING.
Away with them to prison; and the day of combat shall
be the last of the next month.--Come, Somerset, we'll see thee
sent away.

Take them off to prison; they shall fight on
the last day of next month.–Come, Somerset, we shall see
you off.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

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SCENE IV. Gloster's Garden

[Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.]

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

Come, my masters; the Duchess, I'm telling you, expects you to fulfil your promises.

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

Master Hume, we are ready for that;
Will her ladyship see and listen to our magic?

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

Yes, of course. Don't worry about her courage.

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

I have heard it said that she is a very strong minded woman: but it would still be advisable, Master Hume, that you be with her up there while we do our business down here; and so, in God's name,
I ask you to go and leave us. [Exit Hume] Mother Jourdain, you lie down and grovel on the earth.–John Southwell, you read this; and
let's get to work.

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[Enter DUCHESS aloft, HUME following.]

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

*Well said, my masters; welcome all of you. The sooner
we get down to this business the better.*

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

*Patience, good lady, wizards know when to do things:
deep night, dark night, in the silence of the night,
the time of the night when Troy was set on fire,
the time when screech owls cry and wild dogs howl
and spirits walk and ghosts come out of their graves,
that's the best time for our business.
Madam, sit down and don't be afraid; the spirits we call
will be imprisoned in a sacred circle.*

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

SPIRIT.
Adsum.

I am here.

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

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Demon,
by the eternal God
whose name and power
make you tremble, answer what I ask;
until you speak to us you shall not leave here.

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

Ask what you want. I want this over!

BOLINGBROKE.
[Reads] 'First of the king: what shall
of him become?'

Firstly about the King:
what will happen to him?

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

The Duke who will overthrow Henry is alive now,
but he shall outlive him and die a violent death.

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

BOLINGBROKE.
'What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?'

What will happen to the Duke of Suffolk?

SPIRIT.
By water shall he die and take his end.

He shall die by drowning.

BOLINGBROKE.
[Reads] 'What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?'

What will happen to the Duke of Somerset?

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SPIRIT.
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

He should avoid castles;
he will be safer on the sandy plains,
than on the hills where castles stand.
Finish, I can hardly stand any more.

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

Go down to darkness and the burning lake!
False devil, go!

[Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.]

[Enter the DUKE OF YORK and the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM with their Guard]

YORK.
Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.--
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Arrest these traitors and their scum.
You witch, we've had a close eye on you.
What, madam, are you there? The King and the country
are greatly indebted to you for your trouble;
I've no doubt my lord protector will
make sure you get a proper reward for this.

DUCHESS.
Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.

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Not half as bad as the one you will get from the King of England, harmful Duke, who makes threats without reason.

BUCKINGHAM.
True, madam, none at all; what call you this?--
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder.--You, madam, shall with us.--
Stafford, take her to thee.--

[Exeunt above, Duchess and Hume, guarded.]

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

[Exeunt guard with Jourdain, Southwell, etc.]

True, madam, there's no reason at all; what do you call this?
Take them away! Let them be guarded closely,
and kept apart.–You, madam, shall come with us.
Stafford, take her with you–

We'll see everything you've been up to–
off with you, everyone!

YORK.
Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well;
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here?
[Reads] 'The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose.
But him outlive and die a violent death.'
Why, this is just
'Aio te, Aeacida, Romanos vincere posse.'
Well, to the rest:
'Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.'--
Come, come, my lords;

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These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady.
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Lord Buckingham, I think you kept a good eye on her;
a nice plot, which could have done well!
Now, my lord, please let's see what the devil has said.
What have we here?
“The Duke is still alive that will overthrow Henry,
but he will outlive him and die are violent death.”
Why, this is just like
“I'm telling you, Aeacida, you can defeat the Romans."
Well, what's the rest:
“tell me what will happen to the Duke of Suffolk?
He shall die of drowning.
What'll happen to the Duke of Somerset?
He should avoid castles;
he will be safer on the sandy plains
than on the hills where castles stand."
Come, come, my lords;
it's hard to get these prophecies,
and hard to understand them.
The King is now journeying towards St Albans,
with the husband of this lovely lady.
Take this news there, as fast as a horse can go;
a nasty thing for my lord protector to read over breakfast.

BUCKINGHAM.
Your Grace shall give me leave, my
Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

My Lord of York, will your grace give me permission
to be the messenger, in the hope that he will reward me?

YORK.
At your pleasure, my good lord.--
Who's within there, ho!

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[Enter a Servingman.]

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

As you wish, my good lord.
Who's inside there, hello!

Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick
to come and have dinner with me tomorrow night. Go!

[Exeunt.]

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ACT II

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SCENE I. Saint Alban's.

[Enter the KING, QUEEN, GLOSTER, CARDINAL, and SUFFOLK,
with FALCONERS halloing.]

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

Believe me, Lords, I haven't had such a
good day of hawking in the last seven years;
but, if you'll excuse me, the wind was very high,
and it was ten to one against old Joan going out.

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

But what a hit, my lord, your falcon made,
and how high she flew above the rest!
See how God works in all his creatures!
Yes, man and birds must aim high.

SUFFOLK.
No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

It's no surprise, if your Majesty pleases,
that the hawks of my lord protector fly so high;
they know their master loves to be up high,
and his ambitions are higher than his falcons fly.

GLOSTER.
My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind

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That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

My lord, it would be a very lowly mind
that can't go higher than a bird can fly.

CARDINAL.
I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.

I thought as much; he wants to get above the clouds.

GLOSTER.
Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

Yes, my lord Cardinal? What do you think of that?
Don't you want to get to heaven?

KING.
The treasury of everlasting joy.

The place of eternal happiness.

CARDINAL.
Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart,
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal.

Your heaven is on earth; your eyes and thoughts
are turned towards a crown, that's what your heart wants,
malign protector, dangerous peer,
who has so fooled the king and the country.

GLOSTER.
What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantaene animis coelestibus irae?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?

What, Cardinal, does your priesthood roughly demand obedience?
Such anger in such a heavenly heart?
A clergyman so angry? Good uncle, suppress this malice;

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are you holy enough to manage that?

SUFFOLK.
No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

There's no malice, sir; not more than is suitable
for such a justified quarrel and such a bad peer.

GLOSTER.
As who, my lord?

To whom are you referring, my lord?

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

Why, to you, my lord,
and your lordly lord protectorship.

GLOSTER.
Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Why, Suffolk, England knows how insolent you are.

QUEEN.
And thy ambition, Gloster.

And how ambitious you are, Gloucester.

KING.
I prithee, peace, good queen,
And whet not on these furious peers;
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Please, good Queen, be quiet,
and don't encourage these angry peers;
the peacemakers are blessed.

CARDINAL.
Let me be blessed for the peace I make

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Against this proud protector, with my sword!

May I be blessed for the peace I shall make
with this arrogant regent, with my sword!

GLOSTER.
[Aside to Cardinal.] Faith, holy uncle, would 't
were come to that!

I swear, my holy uncle, I wish
it would come to that!

CARDINAL.
[Aside to Gloster.] Marry, when thou dar'st.

It will, when you dare.

GLOSTER.
[Aside to Cardinal.] Make up no factious numbers
for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Don't organise a party for this;
answer your abuse personally.

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

Yes, where you won't be so cocky;
if you dare,
I'll see you this evening, on the east side of the woods.

KING.
How now, my lords!

Come now, my lords!

CARDINAL.
Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,

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

Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
if your man hadn't made the game rise so quickly,
we would have had better sport [Aside to Gloucester] Come with your
two-handed sword.

GLOSTER.
True, uncle.

That's true, uncle.

CARDINAL.
[Aside to Gloster.] Are ye advis'd? the east side of the grove?

You understand? The east side of the woods?

GLOSTER.
[Aside to CARDINAL.] Cardinal, I am with you.

Cardinal, I'll be there.

KING.
Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

Why, what's going on, uncle Gloucester!

GLOSTER.
Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.--
[Aside to Cardinal.] Now, by God's mother, priest,
I'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail.

We're just talking about hawking; that's all, my lord.
[Aside to Cardinal] Now, by the mother of God, priest,
I'll have your head for this,
or may I lose everything.

CARDINAL.

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[Aside to Gloster.] Medice, teipsum--
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

You just look after yourself–
protector, make sure you're protected.

KING.
The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

The wind is growing high, and so is your anger, lords.
How I hate all this racket!
When people like you disagree, what hope is there of peace?
Please, my lords, let me end this strife.

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

GLOSTER.
What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

What does this noise mean?
Fellow, what miracle are you announcing?

TOWNSMAN.
A miracle! A miracle!

A miracle! A miracle!

SUFFOLK.
Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Come to the king, and tell him what the miracle is.

TOWNSMAN.
Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

I swear, a blind man at the shrine of St Alban

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got his sight back, not half an hour ago;
a man who never saw anything in his life.

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

Now, praise be to God, who gives light in the darkness
to his believers, comfort in despair!

[Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his brethren,
bearing SIMPCOX, between two in a chair, SIMPCOX's
Wife following.]

CARDINAL.
Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

Here come the townsmen in procession,
to present the man to your Highness.

KING HENRY.
Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

He has been given a great gift in this life on Earth,
even if now he can see he will sin more.

GLOSTER.
Stand by, my masters.
Bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

Stand aside, my masters.
Bring him near the King;
his Highness would like to talk to him.

KING.
Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind and now restor'd?

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Good fellow, tell us what happened,
so we can praise the Lord for you.
What, you've been blind for a long time and now can see?

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

I was born blind, if your Grace pleases.

WIFE.
Ay indeed was he.

He certainly was.

SUFFOLK.
What woman is this?

Who is this woman?

WIFE.
His wife, an 't like your worship.

His wife, if your worship pleases.

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

That would be better
coming from his mother.

KING.
Where wert thou born?

Where were you born?

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

At Berwick in the North, so please your Grace.

KING.

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Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee;
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Poor soul, God has been great to you in his goodness;
never let a day or night go by without a prayer,
to give thanks for what the Lord has done.

QUEEN.
Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Tell me good fellow, did you come here by accident,
or out of devotion, to this holy shrine?

SIMPCOX.
God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban, who said 'Simpcox, come,
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'

God knows, out of pure devotion; I was summoned
a hundred times and more, in my sleep,
by good St Alban, who said "Simpcox, come,
come, make an offering at my shrine, and I will help you."

WIFE.
Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

That's certainly very true; many times
I also heard a voice calling him like that.

CARDINAL.
What, art thou lame?

What, are you lame?

SIMPCOX.
Ay, God Almighty help me!

Yes, God Almighty help me!

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SUFFOLK.
How cam'st thou so?

How did you come to be lame?

SIMPCOX.
A fall off of a tree.

I fell out of a tree.

WIFE.
A plum-tree, master.

A plum tree, master.

GLOSTER.
How long hast thou been blind?

How long have you been blind?

SIMPCOX.
O, born so, master!

Oh, I was born blind, master!

GLOSTER.
What, and wouldst climb a tree?

What, and you were climbing trees?

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

All the time, when I was young.

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

To true; and he paid a heavy price for it.

GLOSTER.

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

By heaven, you must love plums to have tried that.

SIMPCOX.
Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Alas, good master, my wife wanted damsons,
and made me climb, in danger of my life.

GLOSTER.
A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.--
Let me see thine eyes.--Wink now;--now open them.
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

A cunning knave! But it won't do.–
Let me see your eyes–now wink;–now open them.
In my opinion you still can't see well.

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

Yes, master, clear as day, thanks to God and St Alban.

GLOSTER.
Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

You say so? What colour is this cloak?

SIMPCOX.
Red, master, red as blood.

Red, master, red as blood.

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

Why, that's good. What colour is my gown?

SIMPCOX.
Black, forsooth, coal-black as jet.

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Black, I swear, as coal black as jet.

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

Why then, you know what colour jet is?

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

And yet, I think, he never saw jet.

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

But plenty of cloaks and gowns, before today.

WIFE.
Never before this day in all his life.

Never a single day before today in his life.

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

Tell me, sir, what's my name?

SIMPCOX.
Alas, master, I know not.

Alas, master, I don't know.

GLOSTER.
What's his name?

What's his name?

SIMPCOX.
I know not.

I don't know.

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GLOSTER.
Nor his?

Nor his?

SIMPCOX.
No, indeed, master.

Certainly not, master.

GLOSTER.
What's thine own name?

What's your own name?

SIMPCOX.
Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Saunder Simpcox, if you please, master.

GLOSTER.
Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in
Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.--My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Then, Saunder, sit there, the most dishonest scoundrel in Christendom. If you had been born blind, you would be as likely to know all our names as to be able to name the different colours we are wearing. Sight can tell between colours; but suddenly to know all their names, it's impossible.–my Lords, St Alban has performed a miracle here; don't you think a person would be very cunning
if he could give this cripple his legs back?

SIMPCOX.
O master, that you could!

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O master, if only you could!

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

My masters of St Albans, do you have constables in your town, and things called whips?

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

Yes my lord, if it please your Grace.

GLOSTER.
Then send for one presently.

Then sent for one at once.

MAYOR.
Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

Sir, go and fetch the constable here at once.

[Exit an Attendant.]

GLOSTER.
Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.--Now, sirrah,
if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Now, just bring me a stall over here. Now, Sir,
if you want to save yourself from a whipping, jump over this stool for me and run away.

SIMPCOX.
Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone;
You go about to torture me in vain.

Alas, master, I cannot stand unaided;
you will be torturing me in vain.

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[Enter a Beadle with whips.]

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

Well, sir, we must find your legs for you.
Mr Constable, whip him until he jumps over that stool.

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

I will, my lord.–come on, sir; off with your shirt
at once.

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

Alas, master, what shall I do? I cannot stand.

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

KING.
O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?

Oh God, can you see this, and endure it?

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

It made me laugh to see the scoundrel run.

GLOSTER.
Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Follow the rascal, and take this slut away.

WIFE.
Alas, sir, we did it for pure need!

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Alas, so, we did it out of pure need!

GLOSTER.
Let them be whipped through every market-town
till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

Whip them through every market town from
here to Berwick, where they came from.

[Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, etc.]

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

Duke Humphrey has performed a miracle today.

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

It's true, he's made the lame jump up and run away.

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

But you have done more miracles than me;
you made whole towns disappear, my lord, in a day.

[Enter BUCKINGHAM.]

KING.
What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

What news does our cousin Buckingham have?

BUCKINGHAM.
Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,

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

News which my heart trembles to reveal.
A group of wicked people, with bad intentions,
with the protection and agreement
of Lady Eleanor, the wife of the protector,
the ringleader and instigator of all this business,
has been indulging in dangerous practices against your country,
working with witches and magicians,
whom we caught in the act,
summoning wicked spirits from hell,
asking about the life and death of King Henry,
and other members of your Highness' privy council,
as your Grace shall find out in more detail soon.

CARDINAL.
[Aside to Gloster.] And so, my lord protector,
by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

And so, my lord protector, I think this means
that your lady will be appearing in London.
This news, I think, will stop you from fighting;
I don't think, my lord, that you will keep your appointment.

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

Ambitious churchman, let me nurse my heart.
Sorrow and grief have taken away all my strength;
defeated as I am, I surrender to you,

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or to the lowest groom.

KING.
O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Oh God, what evils wicked people do,
bringing disaster down on their own heads by doing it!

QUEEN.
Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Gloucester, you see how your house has been tainted;
I hope for your sake you can prove your innocence.

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

Madam, for myself, I swear before heaven,
I have always loved my King and country;
as for my wife, I don't know what's happened.
I am sorry to hear what I have heard;
she is noble; but if she has forgotten
honour and goodness, and associated with those
likely to stain nobility like tar,
I dismiss her from my bed and my presence,
and hand her over to her shame and to the law,
one who has dishonoured the good name of Gloucester.

KING.
Well, for this night we will repose us here;
To-morrow toward London back again,

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To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers,
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

Well, for tonight we will rest here;
tomorrow we will go back to London,
to investigate this business thoroughly,
and make these evil criminals answer for their crimes,
and weigh the case on the equal scales of justice,
whose balance is always right, always fair.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

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SCENE II. London. The Duke of York's Garden.

[Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.]

YORK.
Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
that we have finished our simple supper, allow me
in this private walk to satisfy my curiosity
as to what you think of my claim,
which cannot be denied, to the crown of England.

SALISBURY.
My lord, I long to hear it at full.

My Lord, I long to hear it fully explained.

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

Sweet York, begin; if your claim is true,
then the Nevils will be at your command.

YORK.
Then thus:
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince died before his father
And left behind him Richard, his only son,

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