

УИЛЬЯМ ШЕКСПИР

THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH

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The Second Part of
King Henry the Sixth

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The Second Part of King Henry the Sixth:

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William Shakespeare

The Second Part of King Henry the Sixth

Dramatis Personae

KING HENRY THE SIXTH

HUMPHREY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, his uncle

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,

great-uncle to the King

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, DUKE OF YORK

EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons

DUKE OF SOMERSET

DUKE OF SUFFOLK

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

LORD CLIFFORD

YOUNG CLIFFORD, his son

EARL OF SALISBURY

EARL OF WARWICK

LORD SCALES

LORD SAY

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD

WILLIAM STAFFORD, his brother

SIR JOHN STANLEY

VAUX

MATTHEW GOFFE

A LIEUTENANT, a SHIPMASTER, a MASTER'S MATE,
and WALTER

WHITMORE

TWO GENTLEMEN, prisoners with Suffolk

JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, two priests

ROGER BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer

A SPIRIT raised by him

THOMAS HORNER, an armourer

PETER, his man

CLERK OF CHATHAM

MAYOR OF SAINT ALBANS

SAUNDER SIMPCOX, an impostor

ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman

JACK CADE, a rebel

GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK THE
BUTCHER, SMITH THE WEAVER,

MICHAEL, &c., followers of Cade

TWO MURDERERS

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry

ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloucester

MARGERY JOURDAIN, a witch

WIFE to SIMPCOX

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a

Herald,

a Beadle, a Sheriff, Officers, Citizens, Prentices, Falconers,
Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE: England

ACT I

SCENE I. London. The palace

Flourish of trumpets; then hautboys. Enter the KING,
DUKE

HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER, 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 marquis gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

KING HENRY. 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.

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.

KING HENRY. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in
speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wond'ring fall to weeping joys,
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

ALL. [Kneeling] Long live Queen Margaret, England's

happiness!

QUEEN. We thank you all. [Flourish]

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.

GLOUCESTER. [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 county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the King her father'-

[Lets the paper fall]

KING HENRY. Uncle, how now!

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

KING HENRY. Uncle of Winchester, I pray read on.

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.'

KING HENRY. 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' th' parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favour done
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK

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

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,

In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, 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 Council 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!

CARDINAL. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,

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

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

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?

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!

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.

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

CARDINAL. My Lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my lord the King.

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

'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury; if I longer stay
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long. Exit

CARDINAL. So, there goes our Protector in a rage.

'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood
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 Gloucester,'
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.

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.

CARDINAL. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. 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 Gloucester be displac'd, he'll be Protector.

BUCKINGHAM. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be Protector,
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 Gloucester
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal-
More like a soldier than a man o' th' 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.

WARWICK. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land
And common profit of his country!

YORK. And so says York- [Aside] for he hath greatest
cause.

SALISBURY. Then let's make haste away and look unto
the main.

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.

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?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling like lords till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods

Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands
And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,
While all is 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 burnt
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,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars;
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,

With whose sweet smell the air shall be 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

SCENE II. The DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S house

Enter DUKE 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.

GLOUCESTER. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy
lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts!
And may that thought, when I imagine ill

Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dreams this night doth make me sad.

DUCHESS. What dream'd my lord? Tell me, and I'll requite
it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

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

Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by th' 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.

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

GLOUCESTER. 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!

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

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

Enter a MESSENGER

MESSENGER. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness'
pleasure

You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
Where as the King and Queen do mean to hawk.

GLOUCESTER. I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

DUCHESS. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

Exeunt GLOUCESTER and MESSENGER

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloucester 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,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME

HUME. Jesus preserve your royal Majesty!

DUCHESS. What say'st thou? Majesty! I am but Grace.

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

DUCHESS. What say'st thou, man? Hast thou as yet
conferr'd

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

HUME. This they have promised, to show your Highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of underground
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your Grace shall be propounded him

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

HUME. Hume must make merry with the Duchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast-
I dare not say from the rich Cardinal,
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';
Yet am I Suffolk and the Cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
Hume's knavery will be the Duchess' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. Exit

SCENE III. London. The palace

Enter three or four PETITIONERS, PETER, the Armourer's man, being one

FIRST 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.

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

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN

FIRST PETITIONER. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the Queen with him.

I'll be the first, sure.

SECOND PETITIONER. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk and not my Lord Protector.

SUFFOLK. How now, fellow! Wouldst anything with me?

FIRST PETITIONER. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my Lord Protector.

QUEEN. [Reads] 'To my Lord Protector!' Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

FIRST 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.

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!

SECOND PETITIONER. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

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

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

PETER. That my master was? No, forsooth. My master said that he was, and that the King was an usurper.

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.

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.

ALL. Come, let's be gone. Exeunt

QUEEN. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashions in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloucester's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I 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 canonized 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.

SUFFOLK. Madam, be patient. As I was cause
Your Highness came to England, so will I
In England work your Grace's full content.

QUEEN. Beside the haughty Protector, have we Beaufort
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the King.

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

QUEEN. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
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 callet as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his 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.
So, let her rest. And, madam, list to me,
For I am bold to counsel you in this:
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.

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

Sound a sennet. Enter the KING, DUKE HUMPHREY,
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK,
SOMERSET, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and the DUCHESS
OF GLOUCESTER

KING HENRY. For my part, noble lords, I care not which:
Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

YORK. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

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

WARWICK. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

CARDINAL. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

WARWICK. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

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

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

SALISBURY. Peace, son! And show some reason,
Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

QUEEN. Because the King, forsooth, will have it so.

GLOUCESTER. Madam, the King is old enough himself
To give his censure. These are no women's matters.

QUEEN. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?

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

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.

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

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

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

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

Exit GLOUCESTER. The QUEEN drops QUEEN 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?

DUCHESS. Was't I? Yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman.
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I could set my ten commandments in your face.

KING HENRY. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

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. 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. Exit

Re-enter GLOUCESTER

GLOUCESTER. 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.

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

YORK. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am 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
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

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

SUFFOLK. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

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

Enter HORNER, the Armourer, and his man PETER,
guarded

SUFFOLK. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

YORK. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

KING HENRY. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me, what
are
these?

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.

KING HENRY. Say, man, were these thy words?

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

PETER. [Holding up his hands] By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

YORK. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.
I do beseech your royal Majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

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.

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

GLOUCESTER. 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.

SOMERSET. I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

HORNER. And I accept the combat willingly.

PETER. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case!

The spite of man prevaieth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me, I shall never be able to fight a blow! O Lord, my heart!

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

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

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

SCENE IV. London. The DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S garden

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, the witch; the two priests, HUME and SOUTHWELL; and BOLINGBROKE

HUME. Come, my masters; the Duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

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

HUME. Ay, what else? Fear you not 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.

Enter DUCHESS aloft, followed by HUME

DUCHESS. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear, the sooner 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.

[Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle;

BOLINGBROKE or SOUTHWELL reads: 'Conjuro te,' &c.

It thunders and lightens terribly; then the SPIRIT riseth]

SPIRIT. Adsum.

MARGERY 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.

SPIRIT. Ask what thou wilt; that I had said and done.

BOLINGBROKE. [Reads] 'First of the king: what shall of him
become?'

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

[As the SPIRIT speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answer]

BOLINGBROKE. 'What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?'

SPIRIT. By water shall he die and take his end.

BOLINGBROKE. 'What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?'

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.

BOLINGBROKE. Descend to darkness and the burning lake;

False fiend, avoid! Thunder and lightning. Exit SPIRIT

Enter the DUKE OF YORK and the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM with guard, and break in

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.

DUCHESS. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

Injurious Duke, that threatest where's no cause.

BUCKINGHAM. True, madam, none at all. What can 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.
We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.
All, away!

Exeunt, above, DUCHESS and HUME, guarded; below,
WITCH, SOUTHWELL and BOLINGBROKE, guarded

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

The King is now in progress towards Saint Albans,
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.

BUCKINGHAM. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord
of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

YORK. At your pleasure, my good lord.
Who's within there, ho?

Enter a serving-man

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

ACT II

SCENE I. Saint Albans

Enter the KING, QUEEN, GLOUCESTER,
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.

KING HENRY. 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.

SUFFOLK. No marvel, an it like your Majesty,
My Lord Protector's hawks do tow'r so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

GLOUCESTER. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

CARDINAL. I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.

GLOUCESTER. Ay, my lord Cardinal, how think you by that?

Were it not good your Grace could fly to heaven?

KING HENRY. The treasury of everlasting joy!

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.

GLOUCESTER. 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?

SUFFOLK. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

GLOUCESTER. As who, my lord?

SUFFOLK. Why, as you, my lord,

An't like your lordly Lord's Protectorship.

GLOUCESTER. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

QUEEN. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

KING HENRY. I prithee, peace,
Good Queen, and whet not on these furious peers;
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

CARDINAL. Let me be blessed for the peace I make
Against this proud Protector with my sword!

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to CARDINAL] Faith, holy uncle,
would 'twere come to that!

CARDINAL. [Aside to GLOUCESTER] Marry, when thou
dar'st.

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to CARDINAL] Make up no
factious numbers for the matter;

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

CARDINAL. [Aside to GLOUCESTER] Ay, where thou
dar'st not peep;

an if thou dar'st, This evening on the east side of the grove.

KING HENRY. How now, my lords!

CARDINAL. Believe me, cousin Gloucester, Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly, We had had more sport. [Aside to GLOUCESTER] Come with thy two-hand sword.

GLOUCESTER. True, uncle.

CARDINAL. [Aside to GLOUCESTER] Are ye advis'd? The east side of the grove?

GLOUCESTER. [Aside to CARDINAL] Cardinal, I am with you.

KING HENRY. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

GLOUCESTER. 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.

CARDINAL. [Aside to GLOUCESTER] Medice, teipsum;
Protector, see to't well; protect yourself.

KING HENRY. 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.

Enter a TOWNSMAN of Saint Albans, crying 'A miracle!'

GLOUCESTER. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

TOWNSMAN. A miracle! A miracle!

SUFFOLK. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.

TOWNSMAN. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Albans shrine

Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight;

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

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

Enter the MAYOR OF SAINT ALBANS and his brethren,
bearing Simpcox between two in a chair;
his WIFE and a multitude following

CARDINAL. Here comes the townsmen on procession

To present your Highness with the man.

KING HENRY. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,

Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

GLOUCESTER. Stand by, my masters; bring him near the
King;

His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

KING HENRY. 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?

SIMPCOX. Born blind, an't please your Grace.

WIFE. Ay indeed was he.

SUFFOLK. What woman is this?

WIFE. His wife, an't like your worship.

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

KING HENRY. Where wert thou born?

SIMPCOX. At Berwick in the north, an't like your Grace.

KING HENRY. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great
to thee.

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

QUEEN. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

SIMPCOX. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oft'ner, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban, who said 'Simpcox, come,
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'

WIFE. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

CARDINAL. What, art thou lame?

SIMPCOX. Ay, God Almighty help me!

SUFFOLK. How cam'st thou so?

SIMPCOX. A fall off of a tree.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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