

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH



The scene: England CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

KING HENRY the Sixth

Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, uncle to the King, and Protector

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, great-uncle to the King

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, DUKE OF YORK

EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons

Duke of Somerset

WILLIAM DE LA POLE, DUKE OF SUFFOLK

HUMPHREY, 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

SIR MATTHEW GOUGH

A Lieutenant, Master, and Master's-Mate, and Walter Whitmore

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk

John Hum and John Southwell, priests

Bolingbroke, a conjuror

A Spirit

THOMAS HORNER, an armourer. Peter, his man



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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 Gloucester Margery Jourdain, a witch Wife to Simpcox

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, etc.



THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

WITH THE DEATH OF THE GOOD DUKE HUMPHREY:

earlier called

THE FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION BETWIXT THE HOUSES OF YORK AND LANCASTER

[I. I.] London. The palace

Flourish of trumpets: then hoboys. Enter the KING, HUM-PHREY, Duke of Gloucester, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT, on the one side; the QUEEN, SUF-FOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, and BUCKINGHAM, on the other

Suffolk. [kneels] 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 Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons and twenty reverend bishops,
I have performed my task and was espoused,
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;

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The happiest gift that ever marquess gave, The fairest queen that ever king received. King. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret! I can express no kinder sign of love Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life, 20 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 30 With ruder terms, such as my wit affords And over-joy of heart doth minister. King. 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, 40 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

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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 50 and delivered to the king her father'-

[lets the paper fall

King. Uncle, how now?

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

King. 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. 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 expired. 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 performed.

[the King departs with the Queen and Suffolk; Gloucester stays the rest

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,

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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, 80 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, Received 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 90 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe, And had his highness in his infancy Crownéd 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, 100 Defacing monuments of conquered 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



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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,
Delivered up again with peaceful words?

120
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 stayed in France and starved 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.

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,

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I prophesied France will be lost ere long. goes 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, 150 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 displeased 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!' 160 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.

[goes

170 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 displaced, he'll be Protector.



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Buckingham. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be Protector. Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal. Buckingham and Somerset go out together Salisbury. Pride went before, Ambition follows him. While these do labour for their own preferment, Behoves it us to labour for the realm. 180 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, 190 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 feared and honoured 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; 200 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, for he hath greatest cause.