

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI



The scene: England and (at 3. 3. only) France CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

- *King Henry the Sixth
- *Edward, Prince of Wales, his son

Lewis XI, King of France

*Duke of Somerset

DUKE OF EXETER

EARL OF OXFORD

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

EARL OF WESTMORELAND

LORD CLIFFORD (Young Clifford in Part II)

- *RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York
- *Edward, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV
- *EDMUND, Earl of Rutland
- *George, afterwards Duke of Clarence
- *RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester

DUKE OF NORFOLK

- *Earl of Warwick
- *Marquess of Montague, his brother

EARL OF PEMBROKE

LORD HASTINGS

LORD STAFFORD

SIR JOHN MORTIMER SIR HUGH MORTIMER uncles to the Duke of York

- *Henry, Earl of Richmond, a youth
- *Lord Rivers, brother to Lady Grey



SIR WILLIAM STANLEY
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY
SOMERVILLE
Tutor to Rutland
Mayor of York
Lieutenant of the Tower
A Nobleman
Two Keepers
A Huntsman
A Son that has killed his father
A Father that has killed his son

- *Queen Margaret
- *Lady Elizabeth Grey, afterwards Queen to Edward IV Bona, sister to the French Queen

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, etc.

For the characters starred see the Genealogical Table at the end of Part II.

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

WITH THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF YORK:

earlier called

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

[1. 1.] London. The Parliament-house; the throne high upon a dais

Alarum. Enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICH-ARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with white roses in their hats

Warwick. I wonder how the king escaped our hands. York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north, He slily stole away and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheered up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
Edward. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham, 10
Is either slain or wounded dangerous;
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
Montague. And, brother, here's the Earl of
Wiltshire's blood.

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Whom I encountered as the battles joined.

[they show their swords

Richard. Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.

[he throws down the Duke of Somerset's head]

York. Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.

But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

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

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

Warwick. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,

I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful king,

And this the regal seat: possess it, York;

For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;

For hither we have broken in by force.

30 Norfolk. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die. York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk: stay by me, my lords; And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

[they go up

Warwick. And when the king comes, offer him no violence.

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council.

By words or blows here let us win our right.

Richard. Armed as we are, let's stay within this house. Warwick. The bloody parliament shall this be called,

40 Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,

And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice

Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not; my lords, be resolute;

I mean to take possession of my right.



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Warwick. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best.

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster, Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells. I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares: Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

he leads him to the throne

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUM-BERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and the rest, with red roses in their hats

King Henry. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits.

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Even in the chair of state: belike he means. Backed by the power of Warwick, that false peer. To aspire unto the crown and reign as king. Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father, And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vowed revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites and his friends. Northumberland. If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!

Clifford. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

Westmoreland. What! shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:

My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it. 60 King Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland. Clifford. Patience is for poltroons, such as he: He durst not sit there, had your father lived. My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

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

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King Henry. Ah, know you not the city favours them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck? Exeter. But when the duke is slain, they'll

quickly fly.

70 King Henry. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house! Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet.

I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

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

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

Exeter. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

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

Clifford. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

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

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

York. It must and shall be so: content thyself.

Warwick. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

Westmoreland. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;

And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain. Warwick. And Warwick shall disprove it.

You forget

90 That we are those which chased you from the field



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And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
Marched through the city to the palace gates.

Northumberland. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to
my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

Westmoreland. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clifford. Urge it no more; lest that, instead
of words.

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger As shall revenge his death before I stir. Warwick. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his

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Warwick. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

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

King Henry. What title hast thou, traitor, to

the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:

I am the son of Henry the Fifth, Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop And seized upon their towns and provinces.

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

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

Richard. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

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

Montague. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honourest arms.

Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

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

York. Sons, peace!

120 King Henry. Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.

Warwick. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

King Henry. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,

And now in England to our heart's great sorrow, Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?

130 My title's good, and better far than his.

Warwick. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king. King Henry. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

(King Henry. I know not what to say; my title's weak.

[aloud] Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir? York. What then?

King Henry. An if he may, then am I lawful king; For Richard, in the view of many lords.

Resigned the crown to Henry the Fourth,

140 Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

Warwick. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrained,

Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?



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Exeter. No; for he could not so resign his crown But that the next heir should succeed and reign. King Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter? Exeter. His is the right, and therefore pardon me. York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not? Exeter. My conscience tells me he is lawful king. (King Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

Northumberland. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st.

Think not that Henry shall be so deposed. Warwick. Deposed he shall be, in despite of all. Northumberland. Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent, Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud, Can set the duke up in despite of me.

Clifford. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong, Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence: May that ground gape and swallow me alive, Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father! King Henry. O Clifford, how thy words revive

my heart! York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown. What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords? Warwick. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,

Or I will fill the house with arméd men, And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits, Write up his title with usurping blood.

The stamps with his foot, and the soldiers show themselves

King Henry. My Lord of Warwick, hear but one word:

Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

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