

The First Part of the Contention

4.6

Enter Jack Cade, the Weaver, the Butcher, and the rest. Cade strikes his sword 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 Pissing Conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me otherwise than Lord Mortimer. 5

Enter a Soldier, running

SOLDIER Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

CADE Zounds, knock him down there!

They kill him

BUTCHER If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more; I think he hath a very fair warning. 10

[He takes a paper from the soldier's body and reads it]

My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

CADE Come then, let's go fight with them±±but first, go on and set London Bridge afire, and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. 15

Exeunt