King Richard III

by William Shakespeare

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK KING RICHARD III ***

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there? Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

* * * * *

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Michael S. Hart Project Gutenberg Executive Director

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Scanner's Notes:

What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it

is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

David Reed

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The Tragedie of Richard the Third

with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent, Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke: And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our house In the deepe bosome of the Ocean

buried. Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes, Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments; Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings; Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures. Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front: And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds, To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduersaries, He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber, To the lasciuious pleasing of a Lute. But I, that am not shap'd for sportiue trickes, Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse: I, that am Rudely stampt, and want loues Maiesty, To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph: I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion, Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature, Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time Into this breathing World, scarse halfe made vp, And that so lamely and vnfashionable, That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them. Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace) Haue no delight to passe away the time, Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne, And descant on mine owne Deformity. And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer, To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes, I am determined to proue a Villaine, And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes. Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous, By drunken Prophesies, Libels, and Dreames, To set my Brother Clarence and the King In deadly hate, the one against the other: And if King Edward be as true and iust, As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous, This day should Clarence closely be mew'd vp: About a Prophesie, which sayes that G, Of Edwards heyres the murtherer shall be. Diue thoughts downe to my soule, here Clarence comes. Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded.

Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard That waites vpon your Grace? Cla. His Maiesty tendring my persons safety, Hath appointed this Conduct, to conuey me to th' Tower Rich. Vpon what cause? Cla. Because my name is George

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours: He should for that commit your Godfathers. O belike, his Maiesty hath some intent, That you should be new Christned in the Tower, But what's the matter Clarence, may I know? Cla. Yea Richard, when I know: but I protest As yet I do not: But as I can learne, He hearkens

after Prophesies and Dreames, And from the Crosse-row pluckes the letter G: And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by G, His issue disinherited should be. And for my name of George begins with G, It followes in his thought, that I am he. These (as I learne) and such like toyes as these, Hath moou'd his Highnesse to commit me now

Rich. 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 shee, That tempts him to this harsh Extremity. Was it not shee, and that good man of Worship, Anthony Woodeuile her Brother there, That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower? From whence this present day he is deliuered? We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe

Cla. By heauen, I thinke there is no man secure But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds, That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris Shore. Heard you not what an humble Suppliant Lord Hastings was, for her deliuery? Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie, Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie. Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way, If we will keepe in fauour with the King, To be her men, and weare her Liuery. The iealous ore-worne Widdow, and her selfe, Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen, Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy

Bra. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me, His Maiesty hath straightly giuen in charge, That no man shall haue priuate Conference (Of what degree soeuer) with your Brother

Rich. Euen so, and please your Worship Brakenbury, You may partake of any thing we say: We speake no Treason man; We say the King Is wise and vertuous, and his Noble Queene Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not iealious. We say, that Shores Wife hath a pretty Foot, A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing pleasing tongue: And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes. How say you sir? can you deny all this? Bra. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nought to doo

Rich. Naught to do with Mistris Shore? I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with

her (Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone

Bra. What one, my Lord? Rich. Her Husband Knaue, would'st thou betray me? Bra. I do beseech your Grace To pardon me, and withall forbeare Your Conference with the Noble Duke

Cla. We know thy charge Brakenbury, and wil obey

Rich. We are the Queenes abiects, and must obey. Brother farewell, I will vnto the King, And whatsoe're you will imploy me in, Were it to call King Edwards Widdow, Sister, I will performe it to infranchise you. Meane time, this deepe disgrace in Brotherhood, Touches me deeper then you can imagine

Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well

Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long, I will deliuer you, or else lye for you: Meane time, haue patience

Cla. I must perforce: Farewell.

Exit Clar[ence].

Rich. Go treade the path that thou shalt ne're return: Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee so, That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heauen, If Heauen will take the present at our hands. But who comes heere? the new deliuered Hastings? Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord

Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine: Well are you welcome to this open Ayre, How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment? Hast. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must: But I shall liue (my Lord) to giue them thankes That were the cause of my imprisonment

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too, For they that were your Enemies, are his, And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you, Hast. More pitty, that the Eagles should be mew'd, Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty

Rich. What newes abroad? Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home: The King is sickly, weake, and melancholly, And his Physitians feare him mightily

Rich. Now by S[aint]. Iohn, that Newes is bad indeed. O he hath kept an euill Diet long, And ouer-much consum'd his Royall Person: 'Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon. Where is he, in his bed? Hast. He is

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hastings.

He cannot liue I hope, and must not dye, Till George be pack'd with post-horse vp to Heauen. Ile in to vrge his hatred more to Clarence, With Lyes well steel'd with weighty Arguments, And if I faile not in my deepe intent, Clarence hath not another day to liue: Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy, And leaue the world for me to bussle in. For then, Ile marry Warwickes yongest 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 loue, As for another secret close intent, By marrying her, which I must reach vnto. But yet I run before my horse to Market: Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and raignes, When they are gone, then must I count my gaines.

Exit

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarse of Henrie the sixt with Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable load, If Honor may be shrowded in a Herse; Whil'st I a-while obsequiously lament Th' vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster. Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King, Pale Ashes of the House of Lancaster; Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood, Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost, To heare the Lamentations of poore Anne, Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtred Sonne, Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds. Loe,

in these windowes that let forth thy life, I powre the helplesse Balme of my poore 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 direfull hap betide that hated Wretch That makes vs wretched by the death of thee, Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades, Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues. If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it, Prodigeous, and vntimely brought to light, Whose vgly and vnnaturall Aspect May fright the hopefull Mother at the view, And that be Heyre to his vnhappinesse. If euer he haue Wife, let her be made More miserable by the death of him, Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee. Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Lode, Taken from Paules, to be interred there. And still as you are weary of this waight, Rest you, whiles I lament King Henries Coarse. Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarse, & set it down

An. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend, To stop deuoted charitable deeds? Rich. Villaines set downe the Coarse, or by S[aint]. Paul, Ile make a Coarse of him that disobeyes

Gen. My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe

Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge, Stand'st thou when I commaund: Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest, Or by S[aint]. Paul Ile strike thee to my Foote, And spurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldnesse

Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid? Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall, And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell. Auant thou dreadfull minister of Hell; Thou had'st but power ouer his Mortall body, His Soule thou canst not haue: Therefore be gone

Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst

An. Foule Diuell, For Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not, For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell: Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deepe exclaimes: If thou delight

to view thy heynous deeds, Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries. Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead Henries wounds, Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh. Blush, blush, thou lumpe of fowle Deformitie: For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels. Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall, Prouokes this Deluge most vnnaturall. O God! which this Blood mad'st, reuenge his death: O Earth! which this Blood drink'st, reuenge his death. Either Heau'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead: Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke, As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood, Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered

Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity, Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses

An. Villaine, thou know'st nor law of God nor Man, No Beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pitty

Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast

An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth! Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry: Vouchsafe (diuine perfection of a Woman) Of these supposed Crimes, to giue me leaue By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe

An. Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man) Of these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Selfe

Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue Some patient leysure to excuse my selfe

An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, Thou can'st make no excuse currant, But to hang thy selfe

Rich. By such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe

An. And by dispairing shalt thou stand excused, For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe, That did'st vnworthy slaughter vpon others

Rich. Say that I slew them not

An. Then say they were not slaine: But dead they are, and diuellish slaue by thee

Rich. I did not kill your Husband

An. Why then he is aliue

Rich. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hands

An. In thy foule throat thou Ly'st, Queene Margaret saw Thy murd'rous Faulchion smoaking in his blood: The which, thou once didd'st bend against her brest, But that thy Brothers beate aside the point

Rich. I was prouoked by her sland'rous tongue, That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltlesse Shoulders

An. Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde, That neuer dream'st on ought but Butcheries: Did'st thou not kill this King? Rich. I graunt ye

An. Do'st grant me Hedge-hogge, Then God graunt me too Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deede, O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous

Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath him

An. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come

Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to send him thither: For he was fitter for that place then earth

An. And thou vnfit for any place, but hell

Rich. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it

An. Some dungeon

Rich. Your Bed-chamber

An. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest

Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you

An. I hope so

Rich. I know so. But gentle Lady Anne, To leaue this keene encounter of our wittes, And fall something into a slower method. Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths Of these Plantagenets, Henrie and Edward, As blamefull as the Executioner

An. Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect

Rich. Your beauty was the cause of that effect: Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe, To vndertake the death of all the world, So I might liue one houre in your sweet bosome

An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide, These Nailes should rent that beauty from my Cheekes

Rich. These eyes could not endure y beauties wrack, You should not blemish it, if I stood by; As all the world is cheared by the Sunne, So I by that: It is my day, my life

An. Blacke night ore-shade thy day, & death thy life

Rich. Curse not thy selfe faire Creature, Thou art both

An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee

Rich. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall, To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee

An. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable, To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband

Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband, Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband

An. His better doth not breath vpon the earth

Rich. He liues, that loues thee better then he could

An. Name him

Rich. Plantagenet

An. Why that was he

Rich. The selfesame name, but one of better Nature

An. Where is he? Rich. Heere:

Spits at him.

Why dost thou spit at me

An. Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake

Rich. Neuer came poyson from so sweet a place

An. Neuer hung poyson on a fowler Toade. Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes

Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) haue infected mine

An. Would they were Basiliskes, to strike thee dead

Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once: For now they kill me with a liuing death. Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt Teares; Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops: These eyes, which neuer shed remorsefull teare, No, when my Father Yorke, and Edward wept, To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made When black-fac'd Clifford shooke his sword at him. Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe, Told the sad storie of my Fathers death, And twenty times, made pause to sob and weepe: That all the standers by had wet their cheekes Like Trees bedash'd with raine. In that sad time, My manly eyes did scorne an humble teare: And what these sorrowes could not thence exhale, Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping. I neuer sued to Friend, nor Enemy: My Tongue could neuer learne sweet smoothing word. But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee, My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake.

She lookes scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made For kissing Lady, not for such contempt. If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue, Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword, Which if thou please to hide in this true brest, And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee, I lay it naked to the deadly stroke, And humbly begge

the death vpon my knee,

He layes his brest open, she offers at with his sword.

Nay do not pause: For I did kill King Henrie, But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me. Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that stabb'd yong Edward, But 'twas thy Heauenly face that set me on.

She fals the Sword.

Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me

An. Arise Dissembler, though I wish thy death, I will not be thy Executioner

Rich. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it

An. I haue already

Rich. That was in thy rage: Speake it againe, and euen with the word, This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue, Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue, To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary

An. I would I knew thy heart

Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue

An. I feare me, both are false

Rich. Then neuer Man was true

An. Well, well, put vp your Sword

Rich. Say then my Peace is made

An. That shalt thou know heereafter

Rich. But shall I liue in hope

An. All men I hope liue so. Vouchsafe to weare this Ring

Rich. Looke how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger, Euen so thy Brest incloseth my poore heart: Weare both of them, for both of them are thine. And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand, Thou dost confirme

his happinesse for euer

An. What is it? Rich. That it may please you leaue these sad designes, To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner, And presently repayre to Crosbie House: Where (after I haue solemnly interr'd At Chertsey Monast'ry this Noble King, And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares) I will with all expedient duty see you, For diuers vnknowne Reasons, I beseech you, Grant me this Boon

An. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too, To see you are become so penitent. Tressel and Barkley, go along with me

Rich. Bid me farwell

An. 'Tis more then you deserue: But since you teach me how to flatter you, Imagine I haue saide farewell already.

Exit two with Anne.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord? Rich. No: to White Friars, there attend my comming

Exit Coarse

Was euer woman in this humour woo'd? Was euer woman in this humour wonne? Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long. What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father, To take her in her hearts extreamest hate, With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes, The bleeding witnesse of my hatred by, Hauing God, her Conscience, and these bars against me, And I, no Friends to backe my suite withall, But the plaine Diuell, and dissembling lookes? And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing. Hah! Hath she forgot alreadie that braue Prince, Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three monthes since) Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury? A sweeter, and a louelier Gentleman, Fram'd in the prodigallity of Nature: Yong, Valiant, Wise, and (no doubt) right Royal, The spacious World cannot againe affoord: And will she yet abase her eyes on me, That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince, And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed? On me, whose All not equals Edwards Moytie?

On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus? My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier! I do mistake my person all this while: Vpon my life she findes (although I cannot) My selfe to be a maru'llous proper man. Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glasse, And entertaine a score or two of Taylors, To study fashions to adorne my body: Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe, I will maintaine it with some little cost. But first Ile turne yon Fellow in his Graue, And then returne lamenting to my Loue. Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glasse, That I may see my Shadow as I passe. Enter.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray.

Riu. Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maiesty Will soone recouer his accustom'd health

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse, Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort, And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me? If he were dead, what would betide on me? Gray. No other harme, but losse of such a Lord

Qu. The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes

Gray. The Heauens haue blest you with a goodly Son, To be your Comforter, when he is gone

Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority Is put vnto the trust of Richard Glouster, A man that loues not me, nor none of you

Riu. Is it concluded he shall be Protector? Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet: But so it must be, if the King miscarry. Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby

Buc. Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace

Der. God make your Maiesty ioyful, as you haue bin Qu. The Countesse Richmond, good my L[ord]. of Derby. To your good prayer, will scarsely say, Amen. Yet

Derby, not withstanding shee's your wife, And loues not me, be you good Lord assur'd, I hate not you for her proud arrogance

Der. I do beseech you, either not beleeue The enuious slanders of her false Accusers: Or if she be accus'd on true report, Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice

Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of Derby

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I, Are come from visiting his Maiesty

Que. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords

Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully

Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him? Buc. I Madam, he desires to make attonement Betweene the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers, And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine, And sent to warne them to his Royall presence

Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be, I feare our happinesse is at the height. Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it, Who is it that complaines vnto the King, That I (forsooth) am sterne, and loue them not? By holy Paul, they loue his Grace but lightly, That fill his eares with such dissentious Rumors. Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire, Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue, and cogge, Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtesie, I must be held a rancorous Enemy. Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme, But thus his simple truth must be abus'd, With silken, slye, insinuating Iackes? Grey. To who in all this presence speaks your Grace? Rich. To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace: When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong? Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction? A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace (Whom God preserue better then you would wish) Cannot be quiet scarse a breathing while, But you must trouble him with lewd complaints

Qu. Brother of Glouster, you mistake the matter: The King on his owne Royall

disposition, (And not prouok'd by any Sutor else) Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred, That in your outward action shewes it selfe Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe, Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground

Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad, That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch. Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman, There's many a gentle person made a Iacke

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother Gloster You enuy my aduancement, and my friends: God grant we neuer may haue neede of you

Rich. Meane time, God grants that I haue need of you. Our Brother is imprison'd by your meanes, My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie Held in contempt, while great Promotions Are daily giuen to ennoble those That scarse some two dayes since were worth a Noble

Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height, From that contented hap which I inioy'd, I neuer did incense his Maiestie Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue bin An earnest aduocate to plead for him. My Lord you do me shamefull iniurie, Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects

Rich. You may deny that you were not the meane Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment

Riu. She may my Lord, for- Rich. She may Lord Riuers, why who knowes not so? She may do more sir then denying that: She may helpe you to many faire preferments, And then deny her ayding hand therein, And lay those Honors on your high desert. What may she not, she may, I marry may she

Riu. What marry may she? Ric. What marrie may she? Marrie with a King, A Batcheller, and a handsome stripling too, Iwis your Grandam had a worser match

Qu. My Lord of Glouster, I haue too long borne Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes: By heauen, I will acquaint his Maiestie Of those grosse taunts that oft I haue endur'd. I had rather be a Countrie seruant maide Then a great Queene, with

this condition, To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at, Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech him, Thy honor, state, and seate, is due to me

Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King? I will auouch't in presence of the King: I dare aduenture to be sent to th' Towre. 'Tis time to speake, My paines are quite forgot

Margaret. Out Diuell, I do remember them too well: Thou killd'st my Husband Henrie in the Tower, And Edward my poore Son, at Tewkesburie

Rich. Ere you were Queene, I, or your Husband King: I was a packe-horse in his great affaires: A weeder out of his proud Aduersaries, A liberall rewarder of his Friends, To royalize his blood, I spent mine owne

Margaret. I and much better blood Then his, or thine

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband Grey Were factious, for the House of Lancaster; And Riuers, so were you: Was not your Husband, In Margarets Battaile, at Saint Albons, slaine? Let me put in your mindes, if you forget What you haue beene ere this, and what you are: Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am

Q.M. A murth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art

Rich. Poore Clarence did forsake his Father Warwicke, I, and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.) Q.M. Which God reuenge

Rich. To fight on Edwards partie, for the Crowne, And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed vp: I would to God my heart were Flint, like Edwards, Or Edwards soft and pittifull, like mine; I am too childish foolish for this World

Q.M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leaue this World Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is

Riu. My Lord of Gloster: in those busie dayes, Which here you vrge, to proue vs

Enemies, We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King, So should we you, if you should be our King

Rich. If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler: Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof

Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose You should enioy, were you this Countries King, As little ioy you may suppose in me, That I enioy, being the Queene thereof

Q.M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof, For I am shee, and altogether ioylesse: I can no longer hold me patient. Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out, In sharing that which you haue pill'd from me: Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me? If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects; Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebells. Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away

Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'st thou in my sight? Q.M. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd, That will I make, before I let thee goe

Rich. Wert thou not banished, on paine of death? Q.M. I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment, Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode. A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me, And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegeance: This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours, And all the Pleasures you vsurpe, are mine

Rich. The Curse my Noble Father layd on thee, When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper, And with thy scornes drew'st Riuers from his eyes, And then to dry them, gau'st the Duke a Clowt, Steep'd in the faultlesse blood of prettie Rutland: His Curses then, from bitternesse of Soule, Denounc'd against thee, are all falne vpon thee: And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed

Qu. So iust is God, to right the innocent

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe, And the most mercilesse, that ere was heard of

Riu. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported

Dors. No man but prophecied reuenge for it

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it

Q.M. What? were you snarling all before I came, Ready to catch each other by the throat, And turne you all your hatred now on me? Did Yorkes dread Curse preuaile so much with Heauen, That Henries death, my louely Edwards death, Their Kingdomes losse, my wofull Banishment, Should all but answer for that peeuish Brat? Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen? Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curses. Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King, As ours by Murther, to make him a King. Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales, For Edward our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales, Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence. Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene, Out-liue thy glory, like my wretched selfe: Long may'st thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death, And see another, as I see thee now, Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine. Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death, And after many length'ned howres of griefe, Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene. Riuers and Dorset, you were standers by, And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my Sonne Was stab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him, That none of you may liue his naturall age, But by some vnlook'd accident cut off

Rich. Haue done thy Charme, y hateful wither'd Hagge

Q.M. And leaue out thee? stay Dog, for y shalt heare me. If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in store, Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee, O let them keepe it, till thy sinnes be ripe, And then hurle downe their indignation On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace. The Worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule, Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liu'st, And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends: No sleepe close vp that deadly Eye of thine, Vnlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills. Thou

eluish mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge, Thou that wast seal'd in thy Natiuitie The slaue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell: Thou slander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe, Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes, Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested-

Rich. Margaret

Q.M. Richard

Rich. Ha

Q.M. I call thee not

Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke, That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names

Q.M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply. Oh let me make the Period to my Curse

Rich. 'Tis done by me and ends in Margaret

Qu. Thus haue you breath'd your Curse against your self

Q.M. Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune, Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider, Whose deadly Web ensnareth thee about? Foole, foole, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy selfe: The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me, To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch-backt Toade

Hast. False boding Woman, end thy frantick Curse, Least to thy harme, thou moue our patience

Q.M. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine

Ri. Were you wel seru'd, you would be taught your duty

Q.M. To serue me well, you all should do me duty, Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects: O serue me well, and teach your selues that duty

Dors. Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke

Q.M. Peace Master Marquesse, you are malapert, Your fire-new stampe of Honor is scarce currant. O that your yong Nobility could iudge What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable. They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them, And if they fall,

they dash themselues to peeces

Rich. Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it Marquesse

Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me

Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne so high: Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top, And dallies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne

Mar. And turnes the Sun to shade: alas, alas, Witnesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death, Whose bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy wrath Hath in eternall darknesse folded vp. Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Nest: O God that seest it, do not suffer it, As it is wonne with blood, lost be it so

Buc. Peace, peace for shame: If not, for Charity

Mar. Vrge neither charity, nor shame to me: Vncharitably with me haue you dealt, And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd. My Charity is outrage, Life my shame, And in that shame, still liue my sorrowes rage

Buc. Haue done, haue done

Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kisse thy hand, In signe of League and amity with thee: Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble house: Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood: Nor thou within the compasse of my curse

Buc. Nor no one heere: for Curses neuer passe The lips of those that breath them in the ayre

Mar. I will not thinke but they ascend the sky, And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace. O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge: Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites, His venom tooth will rankle to the death. Haue not to do with him, beware of him, Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him, And all their Ministers attend on him

Rich. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham

Buc. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord

Mar. What dost thou scorne me For my gentle counsell? And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from. O but remember this another day: When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow: And say (poore Margaret) was a Prophetesse: Liue each of you the subiects to his hate, And he to yours, and all of you to Gods. Enter.

Buc. My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses

Riu. And so doth mine, I muse why she's at libertie

Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother, She hath had too much wrong, and I repent My part thereof, that I haue done to her

Mar. I neuer did her any to my knowledge

Rich. Yet you haue 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 repayed: He is frank'd vp to fatting for his paines, God pardon them, that are the cause thereof

Riu. A vertuous, and a Christian-like conclusion To pray for them that haue done scath to vs

Rich. So do I euer, being well aduis'd.

Speakes to himselfe.

For had I curst now, I had curst my selfe. Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Maiesty doth call for you, And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord

Qu. Catesby I come, Lords will you go with mee

Riu. We wait vpon your Grace.

Exeunt. all but Gloster.

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle. The secret Mischeefes that I set abroach, I lay vnto the greeuous charge of others. Clarence, who I indeede haue cast in darknesse, I do beweepe to many simple Gulles, Namely to Derby, Hastings,

Buckingham, And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies, That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother. Now they beleeue it, and withall whet me To be reueng'd on Riuers, Dorset, Grey. But then I sigh, and with a peece of Scripture, Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill: And thus I cloath my naked Villanie With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ, And seeme a Saint, when most I play the deuill. Enter two murtherers.

But soft, heere come my Executioners, How now my hardy stout resolued Mates, Are you now going to dispatch this thing? Vil. We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant, That we may be admitted where he is

Ric. Well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me: When you haue done, repayre to Crosby place; But sirs be sodaine in the execution, Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade; For Clarence is well spoken, and perhappes May moue your hearts to pitty, if you marke him

Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate, Talkers are no good dooers, be assur'd: We go to vse our hands, and not our tongues

Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-stones, when Fooles eyes fall Teares: I like you Lads, about your businesse straight. Go, go, dispatch

Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why lookes your Grace so heauily to day

Cla. O, I haue past a miserable night, So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly sights, That as I am a Christian faithfull man, I would not spend another such a night Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies: So full of dismall terror was the time

Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me Cla. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower, And was embark'd to crosse to Burgundy, And in my

company my Brother Glouster, Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke, Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England, And cited vp a thousand heauy times, During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster That had befalne vs. As we pac'd along Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches, Me thought that Glouster stumbled, and in falling Strooke me (that thought to stay him) ouer-boord, Into the tumbling billowes of the maine. O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne, What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares, What sights of vgly death within mine eyes. Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes: A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd vpon: Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle, Inestimable Stones, vnvalewed Iewels, All scattred in the bottome of the Sea, Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept (As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes, That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe, And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by

Keep. Had you such leysure in the time of death To gaze vpon these secrets of the deepe? Cla. Me thought I had, and often did I striue To yeeld the Ghost: but still the enuious Flood Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring ayre: But smother'd it within my panting bulke, Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea

Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore Agony? Clar. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life. O then, began the Tempest to my Soule. I past (me thought) the Melancholly Flood, With that sowre Ferry-man which Poets write of, Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night. The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule, Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke, Who spake alowd: What scourge for Periurie, Can this darke Monarchy affoord false Clarence? And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by, A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre Dabbel'd in blood, and he shriek'd out alowd Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periur'd Clarence, That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury: Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment. With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine

eares Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Noise, I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after, Could not beleeue, but that I was in Hell, Such terrible Impression made my Dreame

Keep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you, I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it

Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done these things (That now giue euidence against my Soule) For Edwards sake, and see how he requits mee. O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appease thee, But thou wilt be aueng'd on my misdeeds, Yet execute thy wrath in me alone: O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children. Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while, My Soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe

Keep. I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good rest. Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seasons, and reposing houres, Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night: Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories, An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle, And for vnfelt Imaginations They often feele a world of restlesse Cares: So that betweene their Titles, and low Name, There's nothing differs, but the outward fame. Enter two Murtherers.

1.Mur. Ho, who's heere? Bra. What would'st thou Fellow? And how camm'st thou hither

2.Mur. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my Legges

Bra. What so breefe? 1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious: Let him see our Commission, and talke no more.

Reads

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands. I will not reason what is meant heereby, Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning. There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes. Ile to the King, and

signifie to him, That thus I haue resign'd to you my charge. Enter.

1 You may sir, 'tis a point of wisedome: Far you well

2 What, shall we stab him as he sleepes

1 No: hee'l say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes 2 Why he shall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudgement day

1 Why then hee'l say, we stab'd him sleeping

2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a kinde of remorse in me

1 What? art thou affraid? 2 Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant, But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which No Warrant can defend me

1 I thought thou had'st bin resolute

2 So I am, to let him liue

1 Ile backe to the Duke of Glouster, and tell him so

2 Nay, I prythee stay a little: I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change, It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty

1 How do'st thou feele thy selfe now? 2 Some certaine dregges of conscience are yet within mee

1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done

2 Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward

1 Where's thy conscience now

2 O, in the Duke of Glousters purse

1 When hee opens his purse to giue vs our Reward, thy Conscience flyes out

2 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will entertaine it

1 What if it come to thee againe? 2 Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward: A man cannot steale, but it accuseth him: A man cannot Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing

shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans bosome: It fildes a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a Pursse of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any man that keepes it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Citties for a dangerous thing, and euery man that means to liue well, endeuours to trust to himselfe, and liue without it

1 'Tis euen now at my elbow, perswading me not to kill the Duke

2 Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleeue him not: He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh

1 I am strong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me

2 Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation. Come, shall we fall to worke? 1 Take him on the Costard, with the hiltes of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmesey-Butte in the next roome

2 O excellent deuice; and make a sop of him

1 Soft, he wakes

2 Strike

1 No, wee'l reason with him

Cla. Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine

2 You shall haue Wine enough my Lord anon

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou? 1 A man, as you are

Cla. But not as I am Royall

1 Nor you as we are, Loyall

Cla. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble

1 My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne

Cla. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speake? Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale? Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come? 2 To, to, to- Cla. To murther me? Both. I, I

Cla. You scarsely haue the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it. Wherein my Friends haue I offended you? 1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King

Cla. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe

2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye

Cla. Are you drawne forth among a world of men To slay the innocent? What is my offence? Where is the Euidence that doth accuse me? What lawfull Quest haue giuen their Verdict vp Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death, Before I be conuict by course of Law? To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull. I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse, That you depart, and lay no hands on me: The deed you vndertake is damnable

1 What we will do, we do vpon command

2 And he that hath commanded, is our King

Cla. Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings Hath in the Table of his Law commanded That thou shalt do no murther. Will you then Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans? Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand, To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law

2 And that same Vengeance doth he hurle on thee, For false Forswearing, and for murther too: Thou did'st receiue the Sacrament, to fight In quarrell of the House of Lancaster

1 And like a Traitor to the name of God, Did'st breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade, Vnrip'st the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne

2 Whom thou was't sworne to cherish and defend

1 How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs, When thou hast broke it in such deere degree? Cla. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deede? For Edward, for my Brother, for his sake. He sends you not to murther me for this: For in that sinne, he

is as deepe as I. If God will be auenged for the deed, O know you yet, he doth it publiquely, Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme: He needs no indirect, or lawlesse course, To cut off those that haue offended him

1 Who made thee then a bloudy minister, When gallant springing braue Plantagenet, That Princely Nouice was strucke dead by thee? Cla. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage

1 Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults, Prouoke vs hither now, to slaughter thee

Cla. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me: I am his Brother, and I loue him well. If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe, And I will send you to my Brother Glouster: Who shall reward you better for my life, Then Edward will for tydings of my death

2 You are deceiu'd, Your Brother Glouster hates you

Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere: Go you to him from me

1 I so we will

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke, Blest his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme, He little thought of this diuided Friendship: Bid Glouster thinke on this, and he will weepe

1 I Milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe

Cla. O do not slander him, for he is kinde

1 Right, as Snow in Haruest: Come, you deceiue your selfe, 'Tis he that sends vs to destroy you heere

Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune, And hugg'd me in his armes, and swore with sobs, That he would labour my deliuery

1 Why so he doth, when he deliuers you From this earths thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen

2 Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord

Cla. Haue you that holy feeling in your soules, To counsaile me to make my peace with God, And are you yet to your owne soules so blinde, That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me. O sirs consider, they that set you on To do this deede will hate you for the deede

2 What shall we do? Clar. Relent, and saue your soules: Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne, Being pent from Liberty, as I am now, If two such murtherers as your selues came to you, Would not intreat for life, as you would begge Were you in my distresse

1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish

Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuellish: My Friend, I spy some pitty in thy lookes: O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer, Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee, A begging Prince, what begger pitties not

2 Looke behinde you, my Lord

1 Take that, and that, if all this will not do,

Stabs him.

Ile drowne you in the MalmeseyBut within. Enter.

2 A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht: How faine (like Pilate) would I wash my hands Of this most greeuous murther.

Enter 1.Murtherer]

1 How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st me not? By Heauen the Duke shall know how slacke you haue beene

2.Mur. I would he knew that I had sau'd his brother, Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say, For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. Enter.

1.Mur. So do not I: go Coward as thou art. Well, Ile go hide the body in some hole, Till that the Duke giue order for his buriall: And when I haue my meede, I will

away, For this will out, and then I must not stay.

Exit

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Flourish.

Enter the King sicke, the Queene, Lord Marquesse Dorset, Riuers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, Wooduill.

King. Why so: now haue I done a good daies work. You Peeres, continue this vnited League: I, euery day expect an Embassage From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence. And more to peace my soule shall part to heauen, Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth. Dorset and Riuers, take each others hand, Dissemble not your hatred, Sweare your loue

Riu. By heauen, my soule is purg'd from grudging hate And with my hand I seale my true hearts Loue

Hast. So thriue I, as I truly sweare the like

King. Take heed you dally not before your King, Lest he that is the supreme King of Kings Confound your hidden falshood, and award Either of you to be the others end

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue

Ri. And I, as I loue Hastings with my heart, King. Madam, your selfe is not exempt from this: Nor you Sonne Dorset, Buckingham nor you; You haue bene factious one against the other. Wife, loue Lord Hastings, let him kisse your hand, And what you do, do it vnfeignedly

Qu. There Hastings, I will neuer more remember Our former hatred, so thriue I, and mine

King. Dorset, imbrace him: Hastings, loue Lord Marquesse

Dor. This interchange of loue, I heere protest Vpon my part, shall be inuiolable

Hast. And so sweare I

King. Now Princely Buckingham, seale y this league With thy embracements to my wiues Allies, And make me happy in your vnity

Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue, Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me With hate in those where I expect most loue, When I haue most need to imploy a Friend, And most assured that he is a Friend, Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile, Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heauen, When I am cold in loue, to you, or yours.

Embrace

King. A pleasing Cordiall, Princely Buckingham Is this thy Vow, vnto my sickely heart: There wanteth now our Brother Gloster heere, To make the blessed period of this peace

Buc. And in good time, Heere comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and the Duke. Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.

Rich. Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day

King. Happy indeed, as we haue spent the day: Gloster, we haue done deeds of Charity, Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate, Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres

Rich. A blessed labour my most Soueraigne Lord: Among this Princely heape, if any heere By false intelligence, or wrong surmize Hold me a Foe: If I vnwillingly, or in my rage, Haue ought 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 enmitie: I hate it, and desire all good mens loue, First Madam, I intreate true peace of you, Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice. Of you my Noble Cosin Buckingham, If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs. Of you and you, Lord Riuers and of Dorset, That all without desert haue frown'd on me: Of you Lord Wooduill, and Lord Scales of you, Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all. I do not know that

Englishman aliue, With whom my soule is any iot at oddes, More then the Infant that is borne to night: I thanke my God for my Humility

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept heereafter: I would to God all strifes were well compounded. My Soueraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse To take our Brother Clarence to your Grace

Rich. Why Madam, haue I offred loue for this, To be so flowted in this Royall presence? Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead?

They all start.

You do him iniurie to scorne his Coarse

King. Who knowes not he is dead? Who knowes he is? Qu. All-seeing heauen, what a world is this? Buc. Looke I so pale Lord Dorset, as the rest? Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence, But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes

King. Is Clarence dead? The Order was reuerst

Rich. But he (poore man) by your first order dyed, And that a winged Mercurie did beare: Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand, That came too lagge to see him buried. God grant, that some lesse Noble, and lesse Loyall, Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood, Deserue not worse then wretched Clarence did, And yet go currant from Suspition. Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soueraigne for my seruice done

King. I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow

Der. I will not rise, vnlesse your Highnes heare me

King. Then say at once, what is it thou requests

Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my seruants life, Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman, Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke

King. Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death? And shall that tongue giue pardon to a slaue? My Brother kill'd 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 and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd? Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of loue? Who told me how the poore soule did forsake The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me? Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury, When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me: And said deare Brother liue, and be a King? Who told me, when we both lay in the Field, Frozen (almost) to death, how he did lap me Euen in his Garments, and did giue himselfe (All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night? All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you Had so much grace to put it in my minde. But when your Carters, or your wayting Vassalls Haue done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd The precious Image of our deere Redeemer, You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon, And I (vniustly too) must grant it you. But for my Brother, not a man would speake, Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all, Haue bin beholding to him in his life: Yet none of you, would once begge for his life. O God! I feare thy iustice will take hold On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this. Come Hastings helpe me to my Closset. Ah poore Clarence.

Exeunt. some with K[ing]. & Queen.

Rich. This is the fruits of rashnes: Markt you not, How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene Look'd pale, when they did heare of Clarence death. O! they did vrge it still vnto the King, God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go, To comfort Edward with our company

Buc. We wait vpon your Grace.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutchesse of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead? Dutch. No Boy

Daugh. Why do weepe so oft? And beate your Brest? And cry, O Clarence, my

vnhappy Sonne

Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head, And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Castawayes, If that our Noble Father were aliue? Dut. My pretty Cosins, you mistake me both, I do lament the sicknesse of the King, As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death: It were lost sorrow to waile one that's lost

Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead: The King mine Vnckle is too blame for it. God will reuenge it, whom I will importune With earnest prayers, all to that effect

Daugh. And so will I

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel. Incapeable, and shallow Innocents, You cannot guesse who caus'd your Fathers death

Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Vnkle Gloster Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene, Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him; And when my Vnckle told me so, he wept, And pittied me, and kindly kist my cheeke: Bad me rely on him, as on my Father, And he would loue me deerely as a childe

Dut. Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle shape, And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice. He is my sonne, I, and therein my shame, Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit

Boy. Thinke you my Vnkle did dissemble Grandam? Dut. I Boy

Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noise is this? Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears, Riuers & Dorset after her.

Qu. Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and weepe? To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe. Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my Soule, And to my selfe, become an enemie

Dut. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience? Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence. Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead. Why grow the Branches,

when the Roote is gone? Why wither not the leaues that want their sap? If you will liue, Lament: if dye, be breefe, That our swift-winged Soules may catch the Kings, Or like obedient Subiects follow him, To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night

Dut. Ah so much interest haue in thy sorrow, As I had Title in thy Noble Husband: I haue bewept a worthy Husbands death, And liu'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, haue but one false Glasse, That greeues me, when I see my shame in him. Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother, And hast the comfort of thy Children left, But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes, And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands, Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause haue I, (Thine being but a moity of my moane) To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries

Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death: How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares? Daugh. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoan'd, Your widdow-dolour, likewise be vnwept

Qu. Giue me no helpe in Lamentation, I am not barren to bring forth complaints: All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes, That I being gouern'd by the waterie Moone, May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the World. Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord Edward

Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord Clarence

Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence

Qu. What stay had I but Edward, and hee's gone? Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone

Dut. What stayes had I, but they? and they are gone

Qu. Was neuer widdow had so deere a losse

Chil. Were neuer Orphans had so deere a losse

Dut. Was neuer Mother had so deere a losse. Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes, Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall. She for an Edward weepes, and so do I: I for a Clarence weepes, so doth not shee: These Babes for Clarence weepe, so do not they. Alas! you three, on me threefold distrest: Power all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurse, And I will pamper it with Lamentation

Dor. Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd, That you take with vnthankfulnesse his doing. In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull, With dull vnwillingnesse to repay a debt, Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent: Much more to be thus opposite with heauen, For it requires the Royall debt it lent you

Riuers. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother Of the young Prince your sonne: send straight for him, Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues. Drowne desperate sorrow in dead Edwards graue, And plant your ioyes in liuing Edwards Throne. Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derbie, Hastings, and Ratcliffe.

Rich. Sister haue comfort, all of vs haue cause To waile the dimming of our shining Starre: But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them. Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie, I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee, I craue your Blessing

Dut. God blesse thee, and put meeknes in thy breast, Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man, That is the butt-end of a Mothers blessing; I maruell that her Grace did leaue it out

Buc. You clowdy-Princes, & hart-sorowing-Peeres, That beare this heauie mutuall loade of Moane, Now cheere each other, in each others Loue: Though we haue spent our Haruest of this King, We are to reape the Haruest of his Sonne. The broken rancour of your high-swolne hates, But lately splinter'd, knit, and ioyn'd together, Must gently be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept: Me seemeth good, that with some little Traine, Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be set Hither to London, to be

crown'd our King

Riuers. Why with some little Traine, My Lord of Buckingham? Buc. Marrie my Lord, least by a multitude, The new-heal'd wound of Malice should breake out, Which would be so much the more dangerous, By how much the estate is greene, and yet vngouern'd. Where euery Horse beares his commanding Reine, And may direct his course as please himselfe, As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant, In my opinion, ought to be preuented

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of vs, And the compact is firme, and true in me

Riu. And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all. Yet since it is but greene, it should be put To no apparant likely-hood of breach, Which haply by much company might be vrg'd: Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham, That it is meete so few should fetch the Prince

Hast. And so say I

Rich. Then be it so, and go we to determine Who they shall be that strait shall poste to London. Madam, and you my Sister, will you go To giue your censures in this businesse.

Exeunt.

Manet Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who euer iournies to the Prince, For God sake let not vs two stay at home: For by the way, Ile sort occasion, As Index to the story we late talk'd of, To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince

Rich. My other selfe, my Counsailes Consistory, My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Cosin, I, as a childe, will go by thy direction, Toward London then, for wee'l not stay behinde.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1.Cit. Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so fast? 2.Cit. I promise you, I scarsely know my selfe: Heare you the newes abroad? 1. Yes, that the King is dead

2. Ill newes byrlady, seldome comes the better: I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world. Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed

1. Giue you good morrow sir

3. Doth the newes hold of good king Edwards death? 2. I sir, it is too true, God helpe the while

3. Then Masters looke to see a troublous world

1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne

3. Woe to that Land that's gouern'd by a Childe

2. In him there is a hope of Gouernment, Which in his nonage, counsell vnder him, And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well

1. So stood the State, when Henry the sixt Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old

3. Stood the State so? No, no, good friends, God wot For then this Land was famously enrich'd With politike graue Counsell; then the King Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace

1. Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother

3. Better it were they all came by his Father: Or by his Father there were none at all: For emulation, who shall now be neerest, Will touch vs all too neere, if God preuent not. O full of danger is the Duke of Glouster, And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud: And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule, This sickly Land,

might solace as before

1. Come, come, we feare the worst: all will be well

3. When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their clokes; When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand; When the Sun sets, who doth not looke for night? Vntimely stormes, makes men expect a Dearth: All may be well; but if God sort it so, 'Tis more then we deserue, or I expect

2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare: You cannot reason (almost) with a man, That lookes not heauily, and full of dread

3. Before the dayes of Change, still is it so, By a diuine instinct, mens mindes mistrust Pursuing danger: as by proofe we see The Water swell before a boyst'rous storme: But leaue it all to God. Whither away? 2 Marry we were sent for to the Iustices

3 And so was I: Ile beare you company.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-bishop, yong Yorke, the Queene, and the Dutchesse.

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford, And at Northampton they do rest to night: To morrow, or next day, they will be heere

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince: I hope he is much growne since last I saw him

Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke Ha's almost ouertane him in his growth

Yorke. I Mother, but I would not haue it so

Dut. Why my good Cosin, it is good to grow

Yor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper, My Vnkle Riuers talk'd how I did grow More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Glouster, Small Herbes haue grace,

great Weeds do grow apace. And since, me thinkes I would not grow so fast, Because sweet Flowres are slow, and Weeds make hast

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold In him that did obiect the same to thee. He was the wretched'st thing when he was yong, So long a growing, and so leysurely, That if his rule were true, he should be gracious

Yor. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam

Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt

Yor. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred, I could haue giuen my Vnkles Grace, a flout, To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine

Dut. How my yong Yorke, I prythee let me heare it

Yor. Marry (they say) my Vnkle grew so fast, That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old, 'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth. Grandam, this would haue beene a byting Iest

Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this? Yor. Grandam, his Nursse

Dut. His Nurse? why she was dead, ere y wast borne

Yor. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me

Qu. A parlous Boy: go too, you are too shrew'd

Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe

Qu. Pitchers haue eares. Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Messenger: What Newes? Mes. Such newes my Lord, as greeues me to report

Qu. How doth the Prince? Mes. Well Madam, and in health

Dut. What is thy Newes? Mess. Lord Riuers, and Lord Grey, Are sent to Pomfret, and with them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, Prisoners

Dut. Who hath committed them? Mes. The mighty Dukes, Glouster and

Buckingham

Arch. For what offence? Mes. The summe of all I can, I haue disclos'd: Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed, Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lord

Qu. Aye me! I see the ruine of my House: The Tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hinde, Insulting Tiranny beginnes to Iutt Vpon the innocent and awelesse Throne: Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Massacre, I see (as in a Map) the end of all

Dut. Accursed, and vnquiet wrangling dayes, How many of you haue mine eyes beheld? My Husband lost his life, to get the Crowne, And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost For me to ioy, and weepe, their gaine and losse. And being seated, and Domesticke broyles Cleane ouer-blowne, themselues the Conquerors, Make warre vpon themselues, Brother to Brother; Blood to blood, selfe against selfe: O prepostorous And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene, Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more

Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary. Madam, farwell

Dut. Stay, I will go with you

Qu. You haue no cause

Arch. My gracious Lady go, And thether beare your Treasure and your Goodes, For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me, As well I tender you, and all of yours. Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

The Trumpets sound.

Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Glocester, and Buckingham, Lord Cardinall, with others.

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London, To your Chamber

Rich. Welcome deere Cosin, my thoughts Soueraign The wearie way hath made you

Melancholly

Prin. No Vnkle, but our crosses on the way, Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie. I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me

Rich. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeers Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deceit: No more can you distinguish of a man, Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes, Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart. Those Vnkles which you want, were dangerous: Your Grace attended to their Sugred words, But look'd not on the poyson of their hearts: God keepe you from them, and from such false Friends

Prin. God keepe me from false Friends, But they were none

Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you. Enter Lord Maior.

Lo.Maior. God blesse your Grace, with health and happie dayes

Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all: I thought my Mother, and my Brother Yorke, Would long, ere this, haue met vs on the way. Fie, what a Slug is Hastings, that he comes not To tell vs, whether they will come, or no. Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, heere comes the sweating Lord

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come? Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I; The Queene your Mother, and your Brother Yorke, Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace, But by his Mother was perforce with-held

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace Perswade the Queene, to send the Duke of Yorke Vnto his Princely Brother presently? If she denie, Lord Hastings goe with him, And from her iealous Armes pluck him perforce

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie Can from his Mother winne

the Duke of Yorke, Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate To milde entreaties, God forbid We should infringe the holy Priuiledge Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land, Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne

Buck. You are too sencelesse obstinate, my Lord, Too ceremonious, and traditionall. Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this Age, You breake not Sanctuarie, in seizing him: The benefit thereof is alwayes granted To those, whose dealings haue deseru'd the place, And those who haue the wit to clayme the place: This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor deseru'd it, And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it. Then taking him from thence, that is not there, You breake no Priuiledge, nor Charter there: Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men, But Sanctuarie children, ne're till now

Card. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once. Come on, Lord Hastings, will you goe with me? Hast. I goe, my Lord.

Exit Cardinall and Hastings.

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedie hast you may. Say, Vnckle Glocester, if our Brother come, Where shall we soiourne, till our Coronation? Glo. Where it think'st best vnto your Royall selfe. If I may counsaile you, some day or two Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower: Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit For your best health, and recreation

Prince. I doe not like the Tower, of any place: Did Iulius Cæsar build that place, my Lord? Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place, Which since, succeeding Ages haue re-edify'd

Prince. Is it vpon record? or else reported Successiuely from age to age, he built it? Buck. Vpon record, my gracious Lord

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not registred, Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age, As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie, Euen to the generall ending day

Glo. So wise, so young, they say doe neuer liue long

Prince. What say you, Vnckle? Glo. I say, without Characters, Fame liues long. Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie, I morallize two meanings in one word

Prince. That Iulius Cæsar was a famous man, With what his Valour did enrich his Wit, His Wit set downe, to make his Valour liue: Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror, For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life. Ile tell you what, my Cousin Buckingham

Buck. What, my gracious Lord? Prince. And if I liue vntill I be a man, Ile win our ancient Right in France againe, Or dye a Souldier, as I liu'd a King

Glo. Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring. Enter young Yorke, Hastings, and Cardinall.

Buck. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of Yorke

Prince. Richard of Yorke, how fares our Noble Brother? Yorke. Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now

Prince. I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours: Too late he dy'd, that might haue kept that Title, Which by his death hath lost much Maiestie

Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke? Yorke. I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord, You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth: The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre

Glo. He hath, my Lord

Yorke. And therefore is he idle? Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so

Yorke. Then he is more beholding to you, then I

Glo. He may command me as my Soueraigne, But you haue power in me, as in a Kinsman

Yorke. I pray you, Vnckle, giue me this Dagger

Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart

Prince. A Begger, Brother? Yorke. Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue, And

being but a Toy, which is no griefe to giue

Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cousin

Yorke. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it

Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough

Yorke. O then I see, you will part but with light gifts, In weightier things you'le say a Begger nay

Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to weare

Yorke. I weigh it lightly, were it heauier

Glo. What, would you haue my Weapon, little Lord? Yorke. I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you call me

Glo. How? Yorke. Little

Prince. My Lord of Yorke will still be crosse in talke: Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him

Yorke. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me: Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me, Because that I am little, like an Ape, He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders

Buck. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons: To mittigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle, He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe: So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull

Glo. My Lord, wilt please you passe along? My selfe, and my good Cousin Buckingham, Will to your Mother, to entreat of her To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you

Yorke. what, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord? Prince. My Lord Protector will haue it so

Yorke. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower

Glo. Why, what should you feare? Yorke. Marry, my Vnckle Clarence angry Ghost: My Grandam told me he was murther'd there

Prince. I feare no Vnckles dead

Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope

Prince. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare. But come my Lord: and with a heauie heart, Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

A Senet. Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Dorset.

Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buck. Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating Yorke Was not incensed by his subtile Mother, To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously? Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy, Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable: Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe

Buck. Well, let them rest: Come hither Catesby, Thou art sworne as deepely to effect what we intend, As closely to conceale what we impart: Thou know'st our reasons vrg'd vpon the way. What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter, To make William Lord Hastings of our minde, For the installment of this Noble Duke In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile? Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince, That he will not be wonne to ought against him

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? Will not hee? Cates. Hee will doe all in all as Hastings doth

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Goe gentle Catesby, and as it were farre 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 do'st finde him tractable to vs, Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons: If he be leaden, ycie, cold, vnwilling, Be thou so too, and so breake off the talke, And giue vs notice of his inclination: For we to morrow hold diuided Councels, Wherein thy selfe shalt highly

be employ'd

Rich. Commend me to Lord William: tell him Catesby, His ancient Knot of dangerous Aduersaries To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle, And bid my Lord, for ioy of this good newes, Giue Mistresse Shore one gentle Kisse the more

Buck. Good Catesby, goe effect this businesse soundly

Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can

Rich. Shall we heare from you, Catesby, ere we sleepe? Cates. You shall, my Lord

Rich. At Crosby House, there shall you find vs both.

Exit Catesby.

Buck. Now, my Lord, What shall wee doe, if wee perceiue Lord Hastings will not yeeld to our Complots? Rich. Chop off his Head: Something wee will determine: And looke when I am King, clayme thou of me The Earledome of Hereford, and all the moueables Whereof the King, my Brother, was possest

Buck. Ile clayme that promise at your Graces hand

Rich. And looke to haue it yeelded with all kindnesse. Come, let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards Wee may digest our complots in some forme.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord

Hast. Who knockes? Mess. One from the Lord Stanley

Hast. What is't a Clocke? Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure. Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe these tedious Nights? Mess. So it appeares, by that I haue to say: First, he commends him to your Noble selfe

Hast. What then? Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night He dreamt, the

Bore had rased off his Helme: Besides, he sayes there are two Councels 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 Lordships 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 Soule diuines

Hast. Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord, Bid him not feare the seperated Councell: His Honor and my selfe are at the one, And at the other, is my good friend Catesby; Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs, Whereof I shall not haue intelligence: Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance. And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's so simple, To trust the mock'ry of vnquiet slumbers. To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues, Were to incense the Bore to follow vs, And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase. Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me, And we will both together to the Tower, Where he shall see the Bore will vse vs kindly

Mess. Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say. Enter.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord

Hast. Good morrow Catesby, you are early stirring: What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State? Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord: And I beleeue will neuer stand vpright, Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme

Hast. How weare the Garland? Doest thou meane the Crowne? Cates. I, my good Lord

Hast. Ile haue this Crown of mine cut fro[m] my shoulders, Before Ile see the Crowne so foule mis-plac'd: But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it? Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward, Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof: And thereupon he sends you this good newes, That this same very day your enemies, The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes, Because they haue beene still my

aduersaries: But, that Ile giue my voice on Richards side, To barre my Masters Heires in true Descent, God knowes I will not doe it, to the death

Cates. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelue-month hence, That they which brought me in my Masters hate, I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie. Well Catesby, ere a fort-night make me older, Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on't

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord, When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out With Riuers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill doe With some men else, that thinke themselues as safe As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are deare To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you, For they account his Head vpon the Bridge

Hast. I know they doe, and I haue well deseru'd it. Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speare man? Feare you the Bore, and goe so vnprouided? Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow Catesby: You may ieast on, but by the holy Rood, I doe not like these seuerall Councels, I

Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours, And neuer in my dayes, I doe protest, Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now: Thinke you, but that I know our state secure, I would be so triumphant as I am? Sta. The Lords at Pomfret, whe[n] they rode from London, Were iocund, and suppos'd their states were sure, And they indeed had no cause to mistrust: But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-cast. This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt: Pray God (I say) I proue a needlesse Coward. What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent

Hast. Come, come, haue with you: Wot you what, my Lord, To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded

Sta. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads, Then some that haue accus'd them, weare their Hats. But come, my Lord, let's away. Enter a Pursuiuant.

Hast. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.

Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.

How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee? Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to aske

Hast. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now, Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet: Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower, By the suggestion of the Queenes Allyes. But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe) This day those Enemies are put to death, And I in better state then ere I was

Purs. God hold it, to your Honors good content

Hast. Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.

Throwes him his Purse.

Purs. I thanke your Honor.

Exit Pursuiuant.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honor

Hast. I thanke thee, good Sir Iohn, with all my heart. I am in your debt, for your last Exercise: Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you

Priest. Ile wait vpon your Lordship. Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine? Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest, Your Honor hath no shriuing worke in hand

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man, The men you talke of, came into my minde. What, goe you toward the Tower? Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there: I shall returne before your Lordship, thence

Hast. Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there

Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'st it not. Come, will you goe? Hast. Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Riuers. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this, To day shalt thou behold a Subiect die, For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie

Grey. God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you, A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers

Vaugh. You liue, that shall cry woe for this heereafter

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out

Riuers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison! Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres: Within the guiltie Closure of thy Walls, Richard the Second here was hackt to death: And for more slander to thy dismall Seat, Wee giue to thee our guiltlesse blood to drinke

Grey. Now Margarets Curse is falne vpon our Heads, When shee exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I, For standing by, when Richard stab'd her Sonne

Riuers. Then curs'd shee Richard, Then curs'd shee Buckingham, Then curs'd shee Hastings. Oh remember God, To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs: And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes, Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood, Which, as thou know'st, vniustly must be spilt

Rat. Make haste, the houre of death is expiate

Riuers. Come Grey, come Vaughan, let vs here embrace. Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.

Exeunt.

Scaena Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolke, Ratcliffe, Louell, with others, at a Table.

Hast. Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met, Is to determine of the Coronation: In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day? Buck. Is all things ready for the Royall time? Darb. It is, and wants but nomination

Ely. To morrow then I iudge a happie day

Buck. Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein? Who is most inward with the Noble Duke? Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his minde

Buck. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts, He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours, Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine: Lord Hastings, you and he are neere in loue

Hast. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well: But for his purpose in the Coronation, I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuer'd His gracious pleasure any way therein: But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time, And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice, Which I presume hee'le take in gentle part. Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe

Rich. My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow: I haue beene long a sleeper: but I trust, My absence doth neglect no great designe, Which by my presence might haue beene concluded

Buck. Had you not come vpon your Q my Lord, William, Lord Hastings, had pronounc'd your part; I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King

Rich. Then my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder, His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well. My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborne, I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there, I doe beseech you, send for some of them

Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our businesse, And findes the testie Gentleman so hot, That he will lose his Head, ere giue consent His Masters Child, as worshipfully he tearmes it, Shall lose the Royaltie of Englands Throne

Buck. Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.

Exeunt.

Darb. We haue not yet set downe this day of Triumph: To morrow, in my iudgement, is too sudden, For I my selfe am not so well prouided, As else I would be, were the day prolong'd. Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster? I haue sent for these Strawberries

Ha. His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morning, There's some conceit or other likes him well, When that he bids good morrow with such spirit. I thinke there's neuer a man in Christendome Can lesser hide his loue, or hate, then hee, For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart

Darb. What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face, By any liuelyhood he shew'd to day? Hast. Mary, that with no man here he is offended: For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes. Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deserue, That doe conspire my death with diuellish Plots Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue preuail'd Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes

Hast. The tender loue I beare your Grace, my Lord, Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence, To doome th' Offendors, whosoe're they be: I say, my Lord, they haue deserued death

Rich. Then be your eyes the witnesse of their euill. Looke how I am bewitch'd:

behold, mine Arme Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd vp: And this is Edwards Wife, that monstrous Witch, Consorted with that Harlot, Strumpet Shore, That by their Witchcraft thus haue marked me

Hast. If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord

Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet, Talk'st thou to me of Ifs: thou art a Traytor, Off with his Head; now by Saint Paul I sweare, I will not dine, vntill I see the same. Louell and Ratcliffe, looke that it be done:

Exeunt.

The rest that loue me, rise, and follow me.

Manet Louell and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me, For I, too fond, might haue preuented this: Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes, And I did scorne it, and disdaine to flye: Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horse did stumble, And started, when he look'd vpon the Tower, As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house. O now I need the Priest, that spake to me: I now repent I told the Pursuiuant, As too triumphing, how mine Enemies To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd, And I my selfe secure, in grace and fauour. Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy heauie Curse Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched Head

Ra. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner: Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head

Hast. O momentarie grace of mortall men, Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God! Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes, Liues like a drunken Sayler on a Mast, Readie with euery Nod to tumble downe, Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe

Lou. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootlesse to exclaime

Hast. O bloody Richard: miserable England, I prophecie the fearefull'st time to thee,

That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon. Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head, They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, maruellous ill-fauoured.

Richard. Come Cousin, Canst thou quake, and change thy colour, Murther thy breath in middle of a word, And then againe begin, and stop againe, As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror? Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian, Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side, Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw: Intending deepe suspition, gastly Lookes Are at my seruice, like enforced Smiles; And both are readie in their Offices, At any time to grace my Stratagemes. But what, is Catesby gone? Rich. He is, and see he brings the Maior along. Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior

Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme

Rich. Catesby, o're-looke the Walls

Buck. Lord Maior, the reason we haue sent

Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies

Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs. Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: Ratcliffe, and Louell

Louell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor, The dangerous and vnsuspected Hastings

Rich. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe: I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse Creature, That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Christian. Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded The Historie of all her secret thoughts. So

smooth he dawb'd his Vice with shew of Vertue, That his apparant open Guilt omitted, I meane, his Conuersation with Shores Wife, He liu'd from all attainder of suspects

Buck. Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred Traytor That euer liu'd. Would you imagine, or almost beleeue, Wert not, that by great preseruation We liue to tell it, that the subtill Traytor This day had plotted, in the Councell-House, To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloster

Maior. Had he done so? Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels? Or that we would, against the forme of Law, Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death, But that the extreme perill of the case, The Peace of England, and our Persons safetie, Enforc'd vs to this Execution

Maior. Now faire befall you, he deseru'd his death, And your good Graces both haue well proceeded, To warne false Traytors from the like Attempts

Buck. I neuer look'd for better at his hands, After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore: Yet had we not determin'd he should dye, Vntill your Lordship came to see his end, Which now the louing haste of these our friends, Something against our meanings, haue preuented; Because, my Lord, I would haue had you heard The Traytor speake, and timorously confesse The manner and the purpose of his Treasons: That you might well haue signify'd the same Vnto the Citizens, who haply may Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words shal serue, As well as I had seene, and heard him speake: And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both, But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens With all your iust proceedings in this case

Rich. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here, T' auoid the Censures of the carping World

Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent, Yet witnesse what you heare we did intend: And so, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.

Exit Maior.

Rich. Goe after, after, Cousin Buckingham. The Maior towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all poste: There, at your meetest vantage of the time, Inferre the Bastardie of Edwards Children: Tell them, how Edward put to death a Citizen, Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his House, Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed so. Moreouer, vrge his hatefull Luxurie, And beastiall appetite in change of Lust, Which stretcht vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wiues, Euen where his raging eye, or sauage heart, Without controll, lusted to make a prey. Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person: Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child Of that insatiate Edward; Noble Yorke, My Princely Father, then had Warres 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 farre off, Because, my Lord, you know my Mother liues

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator, As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead, Were for my selfe: and so, my Lord, adue

Rich. If you thriue wel, bring them to Baynards Castle, Where you shall finde me well accompanied With reuerend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affoords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe Louell with all speed to Doctor Shaw, Goe thou to Fryer Penker, bid them both Meet me within this houre at Baynards Castle. Enter.

Now will I goe to take some priuie order, To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight, And to giue order, that no manner person Haue any time recourse vnto the Princes.

Exeunt.

Enter a Scriuener

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings, Which in a set Hand fairely is engross'd, That it may be to day read o're in Paules. And marke how well the sequell hangs together: Eleuen houres I haue spent to write it ouer, For yester-night by Catesby was it sent me, The Precedent was full as long a doing, And yet within these fiue houres Hastings liu'd, Vntainted, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie. Here's a good World the while. Who is so grosse, that cannot see this palpable deuice? Yet who so bold, but sayes he sees it not? Bad is the World, and all will come to nought, When such ill dealing must be seene in thought. Enter.

Enter Richard and Buckingham at seuerall Doores.

Rich. How now, how now, what say the Citizens? Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord, The Citizens are mum, say not a word

Rich. Toucht you the Bastardie of Edwards Children? Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy, And his Contract by Deputie in France, Th' vnsatiate greedinesse of his desire, And his enforcement of the Citie Wiues, His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Bastardie, As being got, your Father then in France, And his resemblance, being not like the Duke. Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments, Being the right Idea of your Father, Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde: Layd open all your Victories in Scotland, Your Discipline in Warre, Wisdome in Peace, Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie: Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose, Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse. And when my Oratorie drew toward end, I bid them that did loue their Countries good, Cry, God saue Richard, Englands Royall King

Rich. And did they so? Buck. No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word, But like dumbe 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 Maior, what meant this wilfull silence? His answer was, the people were not vsed To be spoke to, but by the Recorder. Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe: Thus sayth the Duke, thus hath

the Duke inferr'd, But nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe. When he had done, some followers of mine owne, At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps, And some tenne voyces cry'd, God saue King Richard: And thus I tooke the vantage of those few. Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I, This generall applause, and chearefull showt, Argues your wisdome, and your loue to Richard: And euen here brake off, and came away

Rich. What tongue-lesse Blockes were they, Would they not speake? Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come? Buck. The Maior is here at hand: intend some feare, Be not you spoke with, but by mightie suit: And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand, And stand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord, For on that ground Ile make a holy Descant: And be not easily wonne to our requests, Play the Maids part, still answer nay, and take it

Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them, As I can say nay to thee for my selfe, No doubt we bring it to a happie issue

Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks. Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here, I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall. Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now Catesby, what sayes your Lord to my request? Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord, To visit him to morrow, or next day: He is within, with two right reuerend Fathers, Diuinely bent to Meditation, And in no Worldly suites would he be mou'd, To draw him from his holy Exercise

Buck. Returne, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke, Tell him, my selfe, the Maior and Aldermen, In deepe designes, in matter of great moment, No lesse importing then our generall good, Are come to haue some conference with his Grace

Catesby. Ile signifie so much vnto him straight. Enter.

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward, He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed, But on his Knees, at Meditation: Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,

But meditating with two deepe Diuines: Not sleeping, to engrosse his idle Body, But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule. Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince Take on his Grace the Soueraigntie thereof. But sure I feare we shall not winne him to it

Maior. Marry God defend his Grace should say vs nay

Buck. I feare he will: here Catesby comes againe. Enter Catesby.

Now Catesby, what sayes his Grace? Catesby. He wonders to what end you haue assembled Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him, His Grace not being warn'd thereof before: He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him

Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should Suspect me, that I meane no good to him: By Heauen, we come to him in perfit loue, And so once more returne, and tell his Grace. Enter.

When holy and deuout Religious men Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence, So sweet is zealous Contemplation. Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Bishops

Maior. See where his Grace stands, tweene two Clergie men

Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince, To stay him from the fall of Vanitie: And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand, True Ornaments to know a holy man. Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince, Lend fauourable eare to our requests, And pardon vs the interruption Of thy Deuotion, and right Christian Zeale

Rich. My Lord, there needes no such Apologie: I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me, Who earnest in the seruice of my God, Deferr'd the visitation of my friends. But leauing this, what is your Graces pleasure? Buck. Euen that (I hope) which pleaseth God aboue, And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile

Rich. I doe suspect I haue done some offence, That seemes disgracious in the Cities eye, And that you come to reprehend my ignorance

Buck. You haue, my Lord: Would it might please your Grace, On our entreaties, to amend your fault

Rich. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land

Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you resigne The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maiesticall, The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors, Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth, The Lineall Glory of your Royall House, To the corruption of a blemisht Stock; Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepie thoughts, Which here we waken to our Countries good, The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes: His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie, His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants, And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulfe Of darke Forgetfulnesse, and deepe Obliuion. Which to recure, we heartily solicite Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge And Kingly Gouernment of this your Land: Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute, Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine; But as successiuely, from Blood to Blood, Your Right of Birth, your Empyrie, your owne. For this, consorted with the Citizens, Your very Worshipfull and louing friends, And by their vehement instigation, In this iust Cause come I to moue your Grace

Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence, Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe, Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition. If not to answer, you might haply thinke, Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraigntie, Which fondly you would here impose on me. If to reproue you for this suit of yours, So season'd with your faithfull loue to me, Then on the other side I check'd my friends. Therefore to speake, and to auoid the first, And then in speaking, not to incurre the last, Definitiuely thus I answer you. Your loue deserues my thankes, but my desert Vnmeritable, shunnes your high request. First, if all Obstacles were cut away, And that my Path were euen to the Crowne, As the ripe Reuenue, and due of Birth: Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit, So mightie, and so manie my defects, That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse, Being a Barke

to brooke no mightie Sea; Then in my Greatnesse couet 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 helpe you, were there need: The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit, Which mellow'd by the stealing howres of time, Will well become the Seat of Maiestie, And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne. On him I lay that, you would lay on me, The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres, Which God defend that I should wring from him

Buck. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace, But the respects thereof are nice, and triuiall, All circumstances well considered. You say, that Edward is your Brothers Sonne, So say we too, but not by Edwards Wife: For first was he contract to Lady Lucie, Your Mother liues a Witnesse to his Vow; And afterward by substitute betroth'd To Bona, Sister to the King of France. These both put off, a poore Petitioner, A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes, A Beautie-waining, and distressed Widow, Euen in the after-noone of her best dayes, Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye, Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree, To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie. By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got This Edward, whom our Manners call the Prince. More bitterly could I expostulate, Saue that for reuerence to some aliue, I giue a sparing limit to my Tongue. Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie: If not to blesse vs and the Land withall, Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestrie From the corruption of abusing times, Vnto a Lineall true deriued course

Maior. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you

Buck. Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue

Catesb. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit

Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me? I am vnfit for State, and Maiestie: I doe beseech you take it not amisse, I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you

Buck. If you refuse it, as in loue and zeale, Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers

Sonne, As well we know your tendernesse of heart, And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorse, Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred, And egally indeede to all Estates: Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no, Your Brothers Sonne shall neuer reigne our King, But we will plant some other in the Throne, To the disgrace and downe-fall of your House: And in this resolution here we leaue you. Come Citizens, we will entreat no more.

Exeunt.

Catesb. Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their suit: If you denie them, all the Land will rue it

Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares. Call them againe, I am not made of Stones, But penetrable to your kinde entreaties, Albeit against my Conscience and my Soule. Enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage graue men, Since you will buckle fortune on my back, To beare her burthen, where I will or no. I must haue patience to endure the Load: But if black Scandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach, Attend the sequell of your Imposition, Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me From all the impure blots and staynes thereof; For God doth know, and you may partly see, How farre I am from the desire of this

Maior. God blesse your Grace, wee see it, and will say it

Rich. In saying so, you shall but say the truth

Buck. Then I salute you with this Royall Title, Long liue King Richard, Englands worthie King

All. Amen

Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd

Rich. Euen when you please, for you will haue it so

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace, And so most ioyfully we take our

leaue

Rich. Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe. Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset.

Duch.Yorke. Who meetes vs heere? My Neece Plantagenet, Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster? Now, for my Life, shee's wandring to the Tower, On pure hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince. Daughter, well met

Anne. God giue your Graces both, a happie And a ioyfull time of day

Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away? Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse, Vpon the like deuotion as your selues, To gratulate the gentle Princes there

Qu. Kind Sister thankes, wee'le enter all together: Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes. Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leaue, How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of Yorke? Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience, I may not suffer you to visit them, The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary

Qu. The King? who's that? Lieu. I meane, the Lord Protector

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title. Hath he set bounds betweene their loue, and me? I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them? Duch.Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see them

Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother: Then bring me to their sights, Ile beare thy blame, And take thy Office from thee, on my perill

Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leaue it so: I am bound by Oath, and therefore

pardon me.

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence, And Ile salute your Grace of Yorke as Mother, And reuerend looker on of two faire Queenes. Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster, There to be crowned Richards Royall Queene

Qu. Ah, cut my Lace asunder, That my pent heart may haue some scope to beat, Or else I swoone with this dead-killing newes

Anne. Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes

Dors. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your Grace? Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee gone, Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles, Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children. If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe crosse the Seas, And liue with Richmond, from the reach of Hell. Goe hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter-house, Lest thou encrease the number of the dead, And make me dye the thrall of Margarets Curse, Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene

Stanley. Full of wise care, is this your counsaile, Madame: Take all the swift aduantage of the howres: You shall haue Letters from me to my Sonne, In your behalfe, to meet you on the way: Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwise delay

Duch.Yorke. O ill dispersing Winde of Miserie. O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death: A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World, Whose vnauoided Eye is murtherous

Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent

Anne. And I with all vnwillingnesse will goe. O would to God, that the inclusiue Verge Of Golden Mettall, that must round my Brow, Were red hot Steele, to seare me to the Braines, Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome, And dye ere men can say, God saue the Queene

Qu. Goe, goe, poore soule, I enuie not thy glory, To feed my humor, wish thy selfe no harme

Anne. No: why? When he that is my Husband now, Came to me, as I follow'd Henries Corse, When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands, Which issued from my other Angell Husband, And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd: O, when I say I look'd on Richards Face, This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst, 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, Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death. Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe, Within so small a time, my Womans heart Grossely grew captiue to his honey words, And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curse, Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest: For neuer yet one howre in his Bed Did I enioy the golden deaw of sleepe, But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd. Besides, he hates me for my Father Warwicke, And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me

Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining

Anne. No more, then with my soule I mourne for yours

Dors. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory

Anne. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leaue of it

Du.Y. Go thou to Richmond, & good fortune guide thee, Go thou to Richard, and good Angels tend thee, Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts possesse thee, I to my Graue, where peace and rest lye with mee. Eightie odde yeeres of sorrow haue I seene, And each howres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene

Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower. Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes, Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls, Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones, Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow, For tender Princes: vse my Babies well; So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Louel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham

Buck. My gracious Soueraigne

Rich. Giue me thy hand.

Sound.

Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy assistance, Is King Richard seated: But shall we weare these Glories for a day? Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them? Buck. Still liue they, and for euer let them last

Rich. Ah Buckingham, now doe I play the Touch, To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed: Young Edward liues, thinke now what I would speake

Buck. Say on my louing Lord

Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King

Buck. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord

Rich. Ha? am I King? 'tis so: but Edward liues

Buck True, Noble Prince

Rich. O bitter consequence! That Edward still should liue true Noble Prince. Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull. Shall I be plaine? I wish the Bastards dead, And I would haue it suddenly perform'd. What say'st thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes: Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye? Buc. Giue me some litle breath, some pawse, deare Lord, Before I positiuely speake in this: I will resolue you herein presently.

Exit Buck[ingham].

Catesby. The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe

Rich. I will conuerse with Iron-witted Fooles, And vnrespectiue Boyes: none are for me, That looke into me with considerate eyes, High-reaching Buckingham growes circumspect. Boy

Page. My Lord

Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold Will tempt vnto a close exploit of Death? Page. I know a discontented Gentleman, Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit: Gold were as good as twentie Orators, And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing

Rich. What is his Name? Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tirrell

Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither, Boy. Enter.

The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham, No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes. Hath he so long held out with me, vntyr'd, And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so. Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newes? Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse Dorset As I heare, is fled to Richmond, In the parts where he abides

Rich. Come hither Catesby, rumor it abroad, That Anne my Wife is very grieuous sicke, I will take order for her keeping close. Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman, Whom I will marry straight to Clarence Daughter: The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him. Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, giue out, That Anne, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye. About it, for it stands me much vpon To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me. I must be marryed to my Brothers Daughter, Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse: Murther her Brothers, and then marry her, Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne, Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye. Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel? Tyr. Iames Tyrrel, and your most obedient subiect

Rich. Art thou indeed? Tyr. Proue me, my gracious Lord

Rich. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine? Tyr. Please you: But I had rather kill two enemies

Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies, Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbers, Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon: Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower

Tyr. Let me haue open meanes to come to them, And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them

Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musique: Hearke, come hither Tyrrel, Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare,

Whispers.

There is no more but so: say it is done, And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. Enter.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde, The late request that you did sound me in

Rich. Well, let that rest: Dorset is fled to Richmond

Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord

Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wiues Sonne: well, looke vnto it

Buck. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promise, For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd, Th' Earledome of Hertford, and the moueables, Which you haue promised I shall possesse

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if she conuey Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it

Buck. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust request? Rich. I doe remember me,

Henry the Sixt Did prophecie, that Richmond should be King, When Richmond was a little peeuish Boy. A King perhaps

Buck. May it please you to resolue me in my suit

Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. Enter

Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe seruice With such contempt? made I him King for this? O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone To Brecnock, while my fearefull Head is on. Enter.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done, The most arch deed of pittious massacre That euer yet this Land was guilty of: Dighton and Forrest, who I did suborne To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery, Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges, Melted with tendernesse, and milde compassion, Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story. O thus (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle Babes: Thus, thus (quoth Forrest) girdling one another Within their Alablaster innocent Armes: Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke, And in their Summer Beauty kist each other. A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay, Which one (quoth Forrest) almost chang'd my minde: But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine stopt: When Dighton thus told on, we smothered The most replenished sweet worke of Nature, That from the prime Creation ere she framed. Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse, They could not speake, and so I left them both, To beare this tydings to the bloody King. Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord

Ric. Kinde Tirrell, am I happy in thy Newes

Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge, Beget your happinesse, be happy then, For it is done

Rich. But did'st thou see them dead

Tir. I did my Lord

Rich. And buried gentle Tirrell

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them, But where (to say the truth) I do not know

Rich. Come to me Tirrel soone, and after Supper, When thou shalt tell the processe of their death. Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good, And be inheritor of thy desire. Farewell till then

Tir. I humbly take my leaue

Rich. The Sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close, His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage, The Sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bosome, And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night. Now for I know the Britaine Richmond aymes At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter, And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne, To her go I, a iolly thriuing wooer. Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord

Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com'st in so bluntly? Rat. Bad news my Lord, Mourton is fled to Richmond, And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welshmen Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth

Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere, Then Buckingham and his rash leuied Strength. Come, I haue learn'd, that fearfull commenting Is leaden seruitor to dull delay. Delay leds impotent and Snaile-pac'd Beggery: Then fierie expedition be my wing, Ioues Mercury, and Herald for a King: Go muster men: My counsaile is my Sheeld, We must be breefe, when Traitors braue the Field.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow, And drop into the rotten mouth of death:

Heere in these Confines slily haue I lurkt, To watch the waining of mine enemies. A dire induction, am I witnesse to, And will to France, hoping the consequence Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall. Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes heere? Enter Dutchesse and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes: My vnblowed Flowres, new appearing sweets: If yet your gentle soules flye in the Ayre, And be not fixt in doome perpetuall, Houer about me with your ayery wings, And heare your mothers Lamentation

Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce, That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute. Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead? Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet, Edward for Edward, payes a dying debt

Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs, And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe? When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done? Mar. When holy Harry dyed, and my sweet Sonne

Dut. Dead life, blind sight, poore mortall liuing ghost, Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graues due, by life vsurpt, Breefe abstract and record of tedious dayes, Rest thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth, Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood

Qu. Ah that thou would'st assoone affoord a Graue, As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seate: Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere, Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee? Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent, Giue mine the benefit of signeurie, And let my greefes frowne on the vpper hand If sorrow can admit Society. I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him: I had a Husband, till a Richard kill'd him: Thou had'st an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him: Thou had'st a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him

Dut. I had a Richard too, and thou did'st kill him; I had a Rutland too, thou hop'st to

kill him

Mar. Thou had'st a Clarence too, And Richard kill'd him. From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept A Hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death: That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes, To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood: That foule defacer of Gods handy worke: That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping soules: That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth, Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to our graues. O vpright, iust, and true-disposing God, How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body, And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone

Dut. Oh Harries wife, triumph not in my woes: God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thine

Mar. Beare with me: I am hungry for reuenge, 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: Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they Matcht not the high perfection of my losse. Thy Clarence he is dead, that stab'd my Edward, And the beholders of this franticke play, Th' adulterate Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray, Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graues. Richard yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer, Onely reseru'd their Factor, to buy soules, And send them thither: But at hand, at hand Insues his pittious and vnpittied end. Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray, To haue him sodainly conuey'd from hence: Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray, That I may liue and say, The Dogge is dead

Qu. O thou did'st prophesie, the time would come, That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch-back'd Toad

Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune: I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen, The presentation of but what I was; The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant; One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below: A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes; A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge To be the

ayme of euery dangerous Shot; A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble; A Queene in ieast, onely to fill the Scene. Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers? Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein dost thou Ioy? Who sues, and kneeles, and sayes, God saue the Queene? Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee? Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee? Decline all this, and see what now thou art. For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow: For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name: For one being sued too, one that humbly sues: For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care: For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me: For she being feared of all, now fearing one: For she commanding all, obey'd of none. Thus hath the course of Iustice whirl'd about, And left thee but a very prey to time, Hauing no more but Thought of what thou wast. To torture thee the more, being what thou art, Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not Vsurpe the iust proportion of my Sorrow? Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke, From which, euen heere I slip my wearied head, And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee. Farwell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance, These English woes, shall make me smile in France

Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curses, stay a-while, And teach me how to curse mine enemies

Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day: Compare dead happinesse, with liuing woe: Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were, And he that slew them fowler then he is: Bett'ring thy losse, makes the bad causer worse, Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curse

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe, And pierce like mine.

Exit Margaret.

Dut. Why should calamity be full of words? Qu. Windy Atturnies to their Clients Woes, Ayery succeeders of intestine ioyes, Poore breathing Orators of miseries, Let

them haue scope, though what they will impart, Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart

Dut. If so then, be not Tongue-ty'd: go with me, And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd. The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclaimes. Enter King Richard, and his Traine.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition? Dut. O she, that might haue intercepted thee By strangling thee in her accursed wombe, From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou hast done

Qu. Hid'st thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne Where't should be branded, if that right were right? The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne, And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers. Tell me thou Villaine-slaue, where are my Children? Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade, Where is thy Brother Clarence? And little Ned Plantagenet his Sonne? Qu. Where is the gentle Riuers, Vaughan, Gray? Dut. Where is kinde Hastings? Rich. A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes: Let not the Heauens heare these Tell-tale women Raile on the Lords Annointed. Strike I say.

Flourish. Alarums.

Either be patient, and intreat me fayre, Or with the clamorous report of Warre, Thus will I drowne your exclamations

Dut. Art thou my Sonne? Rich. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience

Rich. Madam, I haue a touch of your condition, That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe

Dut. O let me speake

Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare

Dut. I will be milde, and gentle in my words

Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in hast

Dut. Art thou so hasty? I haue staid for thee (God knowes) in torment and in agony

Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you? Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well, Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell. A greeuous burthen was thy Birth to me, Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie. Thy School-daies frightfull, desp'rate, wilde, and furious, Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous: Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, slye, and bloody, More milde, but yet more harmfull; Kinde in hatred: What comfortable houre canst thou name, That euer grac'd me with thy company? Rich. Faith none, but Humfrey Hower, That call'd your Grace To Breakefast once, forth of my company. If I be so disgracious in your eye, Let me march on, and not offend you Madam. Strike vp the Drumme

Dut. I prythee heare me speake

Rich. You speake too bitterly

Dut. Heare me a word: For I shall neuer speake to thee againe

Rich. So

Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iust ordinance Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror: Or I with greefe and extreame Age shall perish, And neuer more behold thy face againe. Therefore take with thee my most greeuous Curse, Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st. My Prayers on the aduerse party fight, And there the little soules of Edwards Children, Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies, And promise them Successe and Victory: Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end: Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. Enter.

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse Abides in me, I say Amen to her

Rich. Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you

Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the Royall Blood For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (Richard) They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes: And therefore leuell not to hit their liues

Rich. You haue a daughter call'd Elizabeth, Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious? Qu. And must she dye for this? O let her liue, And Ile corrupt her Manners, staine her Beauty, Slander my Selfe, as false to Edwards bed: Throw ouer her the vaile of Infamy, So she may liue vnscarr'd of bleeding slaughter, I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter

Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princesse

Qu. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so

Rich. Her life is safest onely in her byrth

Qu. And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers

Rich. Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposite

Qu. No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary

Rich. All vnauoyded is the doome of Destiny

Qu. True: when auoyded grace makes Destiny. My Babes were destin'd to a fairer death, If grace had blest thee with a fairer life

Rich. You speake as if that I had slaine my Cosins? Qu. Cosins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend, Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life, Whose hand soeuer lanch'd their tender hearts, Thy head (all indirectly) gaue direction. No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt, Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart, To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes. But that still vse of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame, My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes, Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes: And I in such a desp'rate Bay of death, Like a poore Barke, of sailes and tackling reft, Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky bosome

Rich. Madam, so thriue I in my enterprize And dangerous successe of bloody warres, As I intend more good to you and yours, Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd

Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heauen, To be discouered, that can do me good

Rich. Th' aduancement of your children, gentle Lady Qu. Vp to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads

Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune, The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory

Qu. Flatter my sorrow with report of it: Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor, Canst thou demise to any childe of mine

Rich. Euen all I haue; I, and my selfe and all, Will I withall indow a childe of thine: So in the Lethe of thy angry soule, Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs, Which thou supposest I haue done to thee

Qu. Be breefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse Last longer telling then thy kindnesse date

Rich. Then know, That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter

Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule

Rich. What do you thinke? Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule So from thy Soules loue didst thou loue her Brothers, And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it

Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning: I meane that with my Soule I loue thy daughter, And do intend to make her Queene of England

Qu. Well then, who dost y meane shallbe her King

Rich. Euen he that makes her Queene: Who else should bee? Qu. What, thou? Rich. Euen so: How thinke you of it? Qu. How canst thou woo her? Rich. That I would

learne of you, As one being best acquainted with her humour

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me? Rich. Madam, with all my heart

Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers. A paire of bleeding hearts: thereon ingraue Edward and Yorke, then haply will she weepe: Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret Did to thy Father, steept in Rutlands blood, A hand-kercheefe, which say to her did dreyne The purple sappe from her sweet Brothers body, And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall. If this inducement moue her not to loue, Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds: Tell her, thou mad'st away her Vnckle Clarence, Her Vnckle Riuers, I (and for her sake) Mad'st quicke conueyance with her good Aunt Anne

Rich. You mocke me Madam, this not the way To win your daughter

Qu. There is no other way, Vnlesse thou could'st put on some other shape, And not be Richard, that hath done all this

Ric. Say that I did all this for loue of her

Qu. Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee Hauing bought loue, with such a bloody spoyle

Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be now amended: Men shall deale vnaduisedly sometimes, Which after-houres giues leysure to repent. If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes, To make amends, Ile giue it to your daughter: If I haue kill'd the issue of your wombe, To quicken your encrease, I will beget Mine yssue of your blood, vpon your Daughter: A Grandams name is little lesse in loue, Then is the doting Title of a Mother; They are as Children but one steppe below, Euen of your mettall, of your very blood: Of all one paine, saue for a night of groanes 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 losse you haue, is but a Sonne being King, And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene. I cannot make you what amends I would, Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can. Dorset your Sonne, that with a

fearfull soule Leads discontented steppes in Forraine soyle, This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home To high Promotions, and great Dignity. The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife, Familiarly shall call thy Dorset, Brother: Againe shall you be Mother to a King: And all the Ruines of distressefull Times, Repayr'd with double Riches of Content. What? we haue many goodly dayes to see: The liquid drops of Teares that you haue shed, Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle, Aduantaging their Loue, with interest Often-times double gaine of happinesse. Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go, Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience, Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale. Put in her tender heart, th' aspiring Flame Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princesse With the sweet silent houres of Marriage ioyes: And when this Arme of mine hath chastised The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd Buckingham, Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come, And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed: To whom I will retaile my Conquest wonne, And she shalbe sole Victoresse, Cæsars Cæsar

Qu. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle? Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles? Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee, That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue, Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares? Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance

Qu. Which she shall purchase with stil lasting warre

Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats

Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids

Rich. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene

Qu. To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth

Rich. Say I will loue her euerlastingly

Qu. But how long shall that title euer last? Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end

Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last? Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it

Qu. As long as Hell and Richard likes of it

Rich. Say, I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low

Qu. But she your Subiect, lothes such Soueraignty

Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her

Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told

Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale

Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style

Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke

Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead, Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues, Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake

Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past. Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne

Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurpt

Rich. I sweare

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath: Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor; Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue; Thy Crowne vsurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory: If something thou would'st sweare to be beleeu'd, Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd

Rich. Then by my Selfe

Qu. Thy Selfe, is selfe-misvs'd

Rich. Now by the World

Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs

Rich. My Fathers death

Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd

Rich. Why then, by Heauen

Qu. Heauens wrong is most of all: If thou didd'st feare to breake an Oath with him, The vnity the King my husband made, Thou had'st not broken, nor my Brothers died. If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him, Th' Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head, Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child, And both the Princes had bene breathing heere, Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for dust, Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes. What can'st thou sweare by now

Rich. The time to come

Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past: For I my selfe haue many teares to wash Heereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee. The Children liue, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd, Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age: The Parents liue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd, Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age. Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast Misvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repast

Rich. As I entend to prosper, and repent: So thriue I in my dangerous Affayres Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound: Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres: Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest. Be opposite all Planets of good lucke To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue, Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts, I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter. In her, consists my Happinesse, and thine: Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee; Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule, Death, Desolation, Ruine, and Decay: It cannot be auoyded, but by this: It will not be auoyded, but by this. Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so) Be the Atturney of my loue to her: Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene; Not my deserts, but what I will deserue: Vrge the Necessity and state of times, And be not peeuish found, in great Designes

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus? Rich. I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe

Rich. I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe

Qu. Yet thou didst kil my Children

Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them. Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed Selues of themselues, to your recomforture

Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will? Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed

Qu. I go, write to me very shortly, And you shal vnderstand from me her mind.

Exit Q[ueene].

Rich. Beare her my true loues kisse, and so farewell. Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman. How now, what newes? Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast Rideth a puissant Nauie: to our Shores Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends, Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beat them backe. 'Tis thought, that Richmond is their Admirall: And there they hull, expecting but the aide Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore

Rich. Some light-foot friend post to y Duke of Norfolk: Ratcliffe thy selfe, or Catesby, where is hee? Cat. Here, my good Lord

Rich. Catesby, flye to the Duke

Cat. I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haste

Rich. Catesby come hither, poste to Salisbury: When thou com'st thither: Dull vnmindfull Villaine, Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke? Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure, What from your Grace I shall deliuer to him

Rich. O true, good Catesby, bid him leuie straight The greatest strength and power that he can make, And meet me suddenly at Salisbury

Cat. I goe. Enter.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury? Rich. Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I goe? Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should poste before

Rich. My minde is chang'd: Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you? Sta. None, good my Liege, to please you with y hearing, Nor none so bad, but well may be reported

Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad: What need'st thou runne so many miles about, When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neerest way? Once more, what newes? Stan. Richmond is on the Seas

Rich. There let him sinke, and be the Seas on him, White-liuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there? Stan. I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse

Rich. Well, as you guesse

Stan. Stirr'd vp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton, He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne

Rich. Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword vnsway'd? Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossest? What Heire of Yorke is there aliue, but wee? And who is Englands King, but great Yorkes Heire? Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas? Stan. Vnlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse

Rich. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege, You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes. Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not

Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back? Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers? Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore, Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes? Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North

Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North, When they should serue their Soueraigne in the West? Stan. They haue not been commanded, mighty King: Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue me leaue, Ile muster vp my friends, and meet your

Grace, Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please

Rich. I, thou would'st be gone, to ioyne with Richmond: But Ile not trust thee

Stan. Most mightie Soueraigne, You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull, I neuer was, nor neuer will be false

Rich. Goe then, and muster men: but leaue behind Your Sonne George Stanley: looke your heart be firme, Or else his Heads assurance is but fraile

Stan. So deale with him, as I proue true to you.

Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonshire, As I by friends am well aduertised, Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate, Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother, With many moe Confederates, are in Armes. Enter another Messenger

Mess. In Kent, my Liege, the Guilfords are in Armes, And euery houre more Competitors Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong. Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Armie of great Buckingham

Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,

He striketh him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes

Mess. The newes I haue to tell your Maiestie, Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters, Buckinghams Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd, And he himselfe wandred away alone, No man knowes whither

Rich. I cry thee mercie: There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine. Hath any well-aduised friend proclaym'd Reward to him that brings the Traytor in? Mess. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord. Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Sir Thomas Louell, and Lord Marquesse Dorset, 'Tis said, my Liege, in Yorkeshire are in Armes: But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse, The Brittaine Nauie is dispers'd by Tempest. Richmond in Dorsetshire sent out a Boat Vnto the shore, to aske those on the Banks, If they were his Assistants, yea, or no? Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham, Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them, Hoys'd sayle, and made his course againe for Brittaine

Rich. March on, march on, since we are vp in Armes, If not to fight with forraine Enemies, Yet to beat downe these Rebels here at home. Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken, That is the best newes: that the Earle of Richmond Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford, Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told

Rich. Away towards Salsbury, while we reason here, A Royall battell might be wonne and lost: Some one take order Buckingham be brought To Salsbury, the rest march on with me.

Florish. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me, That in the stye of the most deadly Bore, My Sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold: If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head, The feare of that, holds off my present ayde. So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord. Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented He should espouse Elizabeth hir daughter. But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now? Chri. At Penbroke, or at Hertford West in Wales

Der. What men of Name resort to him

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned Souldier, Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley, Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir Iames Blunt, 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 withall

Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand, My Letter will resolue him of my minde. Farewell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him? Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient

Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Gray & Riuers, Holy King Henry, and thy faire Sonne Edward, Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried By vnder-hand corrupted foule iniustice, If that your moody discontented soules, Do through the clowds behold this present houre, Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction. This is All-soules day (Fellow) is it not? Sher. It is

Buc. Why then Al-soules day, is my bodies doomsday This is the day, which in King Edwards time I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found False to his Children, and his Wiues Allies. This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted. This, this All-soules day to my fearfull Soule, Is the determin'd respit of my wrongs: That high All-seer, which I dallied with, Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head, And giuen in earnest, what I begg'd in iest. Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes. Thus Margarets curse falles heauy on my necke: When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow, Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse: Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame, Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Exeunt. Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Frends Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of Tyranny, Thus farre into the bowels of the Land, Haue we marcht on without impediment; And heere receiue we from our Father Stanley Lines of faire comfort and encouragement: The wretched, bloody, and vsurping Boare, (That spoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines) Swilles your warm blood like wash, & makes his trough In your embowel'd bosomes: This foule Swine Is now euen in the Centry of this Isle, Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne: From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march. In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends, To reape the Haruest of perpetuall peace, By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warre

Oxf. Euery mans Conscience is a thousand men, To fight against this guilty Homicide

Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs

Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear, Which in his deerest neede will flye from him

Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march, True Hope is swift, and flyes with Swallowes wings, Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Exeunt. Omnes.

Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolke, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Bosworth field, My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad? Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes

Rich. My Lord of Norfolke

Nor. Heere most gracious Liege

Rich. Norfolke, we must haue knockes: Ha, must we not? Nor. We must both giue

and take my louing Lord

Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night, But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that. Who hath descried the number of the Traitors? Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their vtmost power

Rich. Why our Battalia trebbles that account: Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength, Which they vpon the aduerse Faction want. Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen, Let vs suruey the vantage of the ground. Call for some men of sound direction: Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay, For Lords, to morrow is a busie day.

Exeunt.

Enter Richmond, Sir William Branden, Oxford, and Dorset.

Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set, And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre, Giues token of a goodly day to morrow. Sir William Brandon, you shall beare my Standard: Giue me some Inke and Paper in my Tent: Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile, Limit each Leader to his seuerall Charge, And part in iust proportion our small Power. My Lord of Oxford, you Sir William Brandon, And your Sir Walter Herbert stay with me: The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment; Good Captaine Blunt, beare my goodnight to him, And by the second houre in the Morning, Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent: Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me: Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know? Blunt. Vnlesse I haue mistane his Colours much, (Which well I am assur'd I haue not done) His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least South, from the mighty Power of the King

Richm. If without perill it be possible, Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speak with him And giue him from me, this most needfull Note

Blunt. Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it, And so God giue you quiet rest to night

Richm. Good night good Captaine Blunt: Come Gentlemen, Let vs consult vpon to

morrowes Businesse; Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.

They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke, & Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke? Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke

King. I will not sup to night, Giue me some Inke and Paper: What, is my Beauer easier then it was? And all my Armour laid into my Tent? Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readinesse

Rich. Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge, Vse carefull Watch, choose trusty Centinels, Nor. I go my Lord

Rich. Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

Exit

Rich. Ratcliffe

Rat. My Lord

Rich. Send out a Pursuiuant at Armes To Stanleys Regiment: bid him bring his power Before Sun-rising, least his Sonne George fall Into the blinde Caue of eternall night. Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Giue me a Watch, Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow: Look that my Staues be sound, & not too heauy. Ratcliff

Rat. My Lord

Rich. Saw'st the melancholly Lord Northumberland? Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe, Much about Cockshut time, from Troope to Troope Went through the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers

King. So, I am satisfied: Giue me a Bowle of Wine, I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit, Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue. Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready? Rat. It is my Lord

Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leaue me. Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent And helpe to arme me. Leaue me I say.

Exit Ratclif.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord, Be to thy Person, Noble Father in Law. Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother? Der. I by Attourney, blesse thee from thy Mother, Who prayes continually for Richmonds good: So much for that. The silent houres steale on, And flakie darkenesse breakes within the East. In breefe, for so the season bids vs be, Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning, And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement Of bloody stroakes, and mortall staring Warre: I, as I may, that which I would, I cannot, With best aduantage will deceiue the time, And ayde thee in this doubtfull shocke of Armes. But on thy side I may not be too forward, Least being seene, thy Brother, tender George Be executed in his Fathers sight. Farewell: the leysure, and the fearfull time Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue, And ample enterchange of sweet Discourse, Which so long sundred Friends should dwell vpon: God giue vs leysure for these rites of Loue. Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well

Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment: Ile striue with troubled noise, to take a Nap, Lest leaden slumber peize me downe to morrow, When I should mount with wings of Victory: Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.

Exeunt. Manet Richmond.

O thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe, Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye: Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath, That they may crush downe with a heauy fall, Th' vsurping Helmets of our Aduersaries: Make vs thy ministers of Chasticement, That we may praise thee in thy victory: To thee I do commend my watchfull soule, Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes: Sleeping, and waking, oh

defend me still.

Sleeps.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to Henry the sixt.

Gh. to Ri[chard]. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow: Thinke how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth At Teukesbury: Dispaire therefore, and dye.

Ghost to Richm[ond].

Be chearefull Richmond, For the wronged Soules Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe: King Henries issue Richmond comforts thee. Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixt.

Ghost. When I was mortall, my Annointed body By thee was punched full of holes; Thinke on the Tower, and me: Dispaire, and dye, Harry the sixt, bids thee dispaire, and dye.

To Richm[ond].

Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror: Harry that prophesied thou should'st be King, Doth comfort thee in sleepe: Liue, and flourish. Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heauy in thy soule to morrow. I that was wash'd to death with Fulsome Wine: Poore Clarence by thy guile betray'd to death: To morrow in the battell thinke on me, And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.

To Richm[ond].

Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee, Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flourish. Enter the Ghosts of Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riu. Let me sit heauy in thy soule to morrow, Riuers, that dy'de at Pomfret: dispaire, and dye

Grey. Thinke vpon Grey, and let thy soule dispaire

Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guilty feare Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and

dye.

All to Richm[ond].

Awake, And thinke our wrongs in Richards Bosome, Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day. Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Gho. Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake, And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes. Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye.

Hast. to Rich[ard].

Quiet vntroubled soule, Awake, awake: Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake. Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

Ghosts. Dreame on thy Cousins Smothered in the Tower: Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard, And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death, Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye.

Ghosts to Richm[ond].

Sleepe Richmond, Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy, Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy, Liue, and beget a happy race of Kings, Edwards vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.

Ghost to Rich[ard].

Richard, thy Wife, That wretched Anne thy Wife, That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee, Now filles thy sleepe with perturbations, To morrow in the Battaile, thinke on me, And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye:

Ghost to Richm[ond].

Thou quiet soule, Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe: Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victory, Thy Aduersaries Wife doth pray for thee. Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost to Rich[ard].

The first was I That help'd thee to the Crowne: That last was I that felt thy Tyranny. O, in the Battaile think on Buckingham, And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse. Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death, Fainting dispaire; dispairing yeeld thy breath.

Ghost to Richm[ond].

I dyed for hope Ere I could lend thee Ayde; But cheere thy heart, and be thou not dismayde: God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side, And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

Richard starts out of his dreame.

Rich. Giue me another Horse, bind vp my Wounds: Haue mercy Iesu. Soft, I did but dreame. O coward Conscience? how dost thou afflict me? The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight. Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh. What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none else by, Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I. Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am: Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reason: why? Lest I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe? Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good That I my Selfe, haue done vnto my Selfe? O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe, For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe. I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not. Foole, of thy Selfe speake well: Foole, do not flatter. My Conscience hath a thousand seuerall Tongues, And euery Tongue brings in a seuerall Tale, And euerie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine; Periurie, in the high'st Degree, Murther, sterne murther, in the dyr'st degree, All seuerall sinnes, all vs'd in each degree, Throng all to'th' Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty. I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loues me; And if I die, no soule shall pittie me. Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Selfe, Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe. Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard. Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord

King. Who's there? Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock Hath twice done salutation to the Morne, Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour

King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows

King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night Haue stroke more terror to the soule of Richard, Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers Armed in proofe, and led by shallow Richmond. 'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me, Vnder our Tents Ile play the Ease-dropper, To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.

Exeunt. Richard & Ratliffe,

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.

Richm. Good morrow Richmond

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen, That you haue tane a tardie sluggard heere? Lords. How haue you slept my Lord? Rich. The sweetest sleepe, And fairest boading Dreames, That euer entred in a drowsie head, Haue I since your departure had my Lords. Me thought their Soules, whose bodies Rich[ard]. murther'd, Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory: I promise you my Heart is very iocond, In the remembrance of so faire a dreame, How farre into the Morning is it Lords? Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure

Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.

His Oration to his Souldiers.

More then I haue said, louing Countrymen, The leysure and inforcement of the time Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this, God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side, The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules, Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces, (Richard except) those whom we fight against, Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow. For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen, A bloudy Tyrant, and a Homicide: One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;

One that made meanes to come by what he hath, And slaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him: A base foule Stone, made precious by the soyle Of Englands Chaire, where he is falsely set: One that hath euer beene Gods Enemy. Then if you fight against Gods Enemy, God will in iustice ward you as his Soldiers. If you do sweare to put a Tyrant downe, You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine: If you do fight against your Countries Foes, Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the hyre. If you do fight in safegard of your wiues, Your wiues shall welcome home the Conquerors. If you do free your Children from the Sword, Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age. Then in the name of God and all these rights, Aduance your Standards, draw your willing Swords. For me, the ransome of my bold attempt, Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face. But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt, The least of you shall share his part thereof. Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully, God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victory. Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

K. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond? Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in Armes

King. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then? Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose

King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is. Tell the clocke there.

Clocke strikes.

Giue me a Kalender: Who saw the Sunne to day? Rat. Not I my Lord

King. Then he disdaines to shine: for by the Booke He should haue brau'd the East an houre ago, A blacke day will it be to somebody. Ratcliffe

Rat. My Lord

King. The Sun will not be seene to day, The sky doth frowne, and lowre vpon our Army. I would these dewy teares were from the ground. Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me More then to Richmond? For the selfe-same Heauen That frownes

on me, lookes sadly vpon him. Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field

King. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse. Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power, I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine, And thus my Battell shal be ordred. My Foreward shall be drawne in length, Consisting equally of Horse and Foot: Our Archers shall be placed in the mid'st; Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey, Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horse. They thus directed, we will follow In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side Shall be well-winged with our cheefest Horse: This, and Saint George to boote. What think'st thou Norfolke

Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne, This found I on my Tent this Morning. Iockey of Norfolke, be not so bold, For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold

King. A thing deuised by the Enemy. Go Gentlemen, euery man to his Charge, Let not our babling Dreames affright our soules: For Conscience is a word that Cowards vse, Deuis'd at first to keepe the strong in awe, Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law. March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too't pell mell, If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell. What shall I say more then I haue inferr'd? Remember whom you are to cope withall, A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Run-awayes, A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants, Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth To desperate Aduentures, and assur'd Destruction. You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest: You hauing Lands, and blest with beauteous wiues, They would restraine the one, distaine the other, And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow? Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cost, A Milke-sop, one that neuer in his life Felt so much cold, as ouer shooes in Snow: Let's whip these straglers o're the Seas againe, Lash hence these ouer-weening Ragges of France, These famish'd Beggers, weary of their liues, Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit) For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themselues. If we be conquered, let men conquer

vs, And not these bastard Britaines, whom our Fathers Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd, And on Record, left them the heires of shame. Shall these enioy our Lands? lye with our Wiues? Rauish our daughters?

Drum afarre off

Hearke, I heare their Drumme, Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen, Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head, Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood, Amaze the welkin with your broken staues. Enter a Messenger.

What sayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power? Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come

King. Off with his sonne Georges head

Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh: After the battaile, let George Stanley dye

King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom. Aduance our Standards, set vpon our Foes, Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S[aint]. George Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons: Vpon them, Victorie sits on our helpes.

Alarum, excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Rescue my Lord of Norfolke, Rescue, Rescue: The King enacts more wonders then a man, Daring an opposite to euery danger: His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights, Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death: Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarums.

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse

Cates. Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horse Rich. Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast, And I will stand the hazard of the Dye: I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field, Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him. A Horse, a Horse,

my Kingdome for a Horse.

Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne, with diuers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes Be prais'd Victorious Friends; The day is ours, the bloudy Dogge is dead

Der. Couragious Richmond, Well hast thou acquit thee: Loe, Heere these long vsurped Royalties, From the dead Temples of this bloudy Wretch, Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall. Weare it, and make much of it

Richm. Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all. But tell me, is yong George Stanley liuing? Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne, Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs

Richm. What men of name are slaine on either side? Der. Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Walter Lord Ferris, Sir Robert Brokenbury, and Sir William Brandon

Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births, Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled, That in submission will returne to vs, And then as we haue tane the Sacrament, We will vnite the White Rose, and the Red. Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction, That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity: What Traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen? England hath long beene mad, and scarr'd her selfe; The Brother blindely shed the Brothers blood; The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonne; The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire; All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster, Diuided, in their dire Diuision. O now, let Richmond and Elizabeth, The true Succeeders of each Royall House, By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together: And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so) Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace, With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes. Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord, That would reduce these bloudy dayes againe, And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood; Let them not liue to taste this

Lands increase, That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace. Now Ciuill wounds are stopp'd, Peace liues agen; That she may long liue heere, God say, Amen.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK KING RICHARD III ***

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