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**The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Land-
ing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth
field.**

Actus Primus. Scna Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

*N*ow 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.
Grimvisag'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 Lookinglasse:
I, that am Rudely stamp't, 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, vnfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarce 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 determind to proue a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophetes, 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 Prophetie, 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?*

*rem
remCla.*

*His Maiesty tendring my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduct, to conuey me to th'Tower*

*rem
remRich.*

Vpon what cause?

*rem
remCla.*

Because my name is George.

*rem
remRich.*

*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?*

rem

remCla.

*Yea Richard, when I know: but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He hearkens after Prophetes and Dreames,
And from the Crosserow 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.*

rem

remRich.

*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 Woodeulle 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.*

rem

remCla.

*By heauen, I thinke there is no man secure
But the Queenes Kindred, and nightwalking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris Shore.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord Hastings was, for her deliuey?*

rem

remRich.

*Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine to her 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 ieaalous oreworne Widdow, and her selfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.*

rem

remBra.

*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.*

rem

remRich.

*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 ieaalous.
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?*

rem

remBra.

With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nought to doo.

rem

remRich.

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.*

rem

remBra.

What one, my Lord?

rem

remRich.

Her Husband Knaue, would'st thou betray me?

rem

remBra.

I do beseech your Grace

To pardon me, and withall forbear

Your ConfereneeConference with the Noble Duke.

rem

remCla.

We know thy charge Brakenbury, and wil obey.

rem

remRich.

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.

rem

remCla.

I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

rem

remRich.

Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,

I will deliuer you, or else lye for you:

Meane time, haue patience.

rem

remCla.

I must perforce: FarewellA stain partially obscures the end of this word..

Exit Clar.

rem

remRich.

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.

rem

remHast.

Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

rem

remRich.

As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:

Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,

How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?

rem

remHast.

With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:

But I shall liue (my Lord) to giue them thanks

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

rem

remRich.

*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,*

rem

remHast.

*More pittie, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.*

rem

remRich.

What newes abroad?

rem

remHast.

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

rem

remRich.

*Now by Saint¹ Iohn, that Newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an euill Diet long,
And ouermuch consum'd his Royall Person:
'Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon.
Where is he, in his bed?*

rem

remHast.

He is.

rem

remRich.

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 posthorse 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.*

¹S.

*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.

rem

remAnne.

*Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be shrowded in a Herse;
Whil'st I awhile obsequiously lament
Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster.
Poore keycold 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 poure 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 unhappinesse.
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.

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remAn.

*What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend,
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?*

rem

remRich.

*Villaines set downe the Coarse, or by Saint² Paul,
Ile make a Coarse of him that disobeyes.*

rem

remGen.

My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe.

rem

remRich.

Vnmanner'd Dogge,

Stand'st thou when I commaund:

Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest,

Or by Saint³ Paul Ile strike thee to my Foote,

And spurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldnesse.

rem

remAnne.

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.

rem

²S.

³S.

remRich.

Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.

rem

remAn.

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 exclaymes:
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 Deformatie:
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 Hellgouern'd arme hath butchered.*

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remAn.

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

rem

remRich.

But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.

rem

remAn.

O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remAn.

Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man)

Of these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue

By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Selfe.

rem

remRich.

Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue

Some patient leysure to excuse my selfe.

rem

remAn.

Fouler then heart can thinke thee,

Thou can'st make no excuse currant,

An ink mark follows the end of this line.

But to hang thy selfe.

rem

remRich.

By such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe.

rem

remAn.

And by despairing shalt thou stand excused,

For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,

That did'st vnworthy slaughter vpon others.

rem

remRich.

Say that I slew them not.

rem

remAn.

Then say they were not slaine:

But dead they are, and diuellish slaue by thee.

rem

remRich.

I did not kill your Husband.

rem

remAn.

Why then he is aliue.

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remAn.

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.

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remAn.

*Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde,
That neuer dream'st on ought but Butcheries:
Did'st thou not kill this King?*

rem

remRich.

I graunt ye.

rem

remAn.

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

rem

remRich.

The better for the King of heauen that hath him.

rem

remAn.

He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.

rem

remRich.

*Let him thanke me, that holpe to send him thi ther:
For he was fitter for that place then earth.*

rem

remAn.

And thou vnfit for any place, but hell.

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remAn.

Some dungeon.

rem

remRich.

Your Bedchamber.

rem

remAn.

Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyst.

rem

remRich.

So will it Madam, till I lye with you.

rem

remAn.

I hope so.

rem

remRich.

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.

rem

remAn.

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

rem

remRich.

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.

rem

remAn.

If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,

These Nailes should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.

rem

remRich.

These eyes could not endure yt 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.

rem

remAn.

Blacke night oreshade thy day, & death thy life.

rem

remRich.

Curse not thy selfe faire Creature,

Thou art both.

rem

remAn.

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

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remAn.

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

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remAn.

His better doth not breath vpon the earth.

rem

remRich.

He liues, that loues thee better then he could.

rem

remAn.

Name him.

rem

remRich.

Plantagenet.

rem

remAn.

Why that was he.

rem

remRich.

The selfesame name, but one of better Nature.

rem

remAn.

Where is he?

rem

remRich.

Heere:

Spits at him.

Why dost thou spit at me.

rem

remAn.

Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake.

rem

remRich.

Neuer came poyson from so sweet a place.

rem

remAn.

Neuer hung poyson on a fowler Toade.

Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.

rem

remRich.

Thine eyes (sweet Lady) haue infected mine.

rem

remAn.

Would they were Basiliskes, to strike thee dead.

rem

remRich.

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 blackfac'd Clifford shooke his sword at him.

Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,

Told the sad storie of my Fathers death,

Aod 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 sharpepointed 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.

rem

remAn.

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

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remAn.

I haue already.

rem

remRich.

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.*

rem

remAn.

I would I knew thy heart.

rem

remRich.

'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

rem

remAn.

I feare me, both are false.

rem

remRich.

Then neuer Man was true.

rem

remAn.

Well, well, put vp your Sword.

rem

remRich.

Say then my Peace is made.

rem

remAn.

That shalt thou know heereafter.

rem

remRich.

But shall I liue in hope.

rem

remAn.

All men I hope liue so.

Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remAn.

What is it?

rem

remRich.

*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 this Graue with my Repentant Teares)
I will with all expedient duty see you,
For diuers vnknowne Reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this Boon.*

rem

remAn.

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

rem

remRich.

Bid me farwell.

rem

remAn.

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

Exit two with Anne.

rem

remGent.

Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord?

rem

remRich.

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 prodigality of Nature:
Yong, Valiant, Wise, and (no doubt) right Royal,
The spacious World cannot againe afford:
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 Lookingglasse,
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.*

exit.

Scena Tertia.

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

rem

remRiu.

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

rem

remGray.

*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*

rem

remQu.

*If he were dead, what would betide on me?
If he were dead, what would betide on me?*

rem

remGray.

No other harme, but losse of such a Lord.

rem

remQu.

The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes.

rem

remGray.

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

rem

remQu.

*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.*

rem

remRiu.

Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

rem

remQu.

*It is determin'd, not concluded yet;
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.*

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

rem

remGray.

Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.

rem

remBuc.

Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.

rem

remDer.

God make your Maiesty ioyful, as you haue bin

rem

remQu.

The Countesse Richmond, good my Lord⁴ of Derby.

To your good prayer, will scarcely say, Amen.

Yet Derby, notwithstanding shee's your wife,

And loues not me, be you good Lord assur'd,

I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

rem

remDer.

I do beseech you, either not beleue

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.

rem

remQu.

Saw you the King today my Lord of Derby.

rem

remDer.

But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,

Are come from visiting his Maiesty.

rem

remQue.

What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.

rem

remBuc.

Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.

rem

remQu.

God grant him health, did you confer with him?

rem

remBuc.

I Madam, he desires to make attonement

⁴L.

*Betweene the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers,
And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And sent to warne them to his Royall presence.*

rem

remQu.

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

Enter Richard.

rem

remRich.

*They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,
Who is it that complaines vnto the King,
TharThat 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?*

rem

remGrey.

To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?

rem

remRich.

*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 scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.*

rem

remQu.

*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.*

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remQu.

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

rem

remRich.

*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 scarce some two dayes since were worth a Noble.*

rem

remQu.

*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.*

rem

remRich!

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

rem

remRiu.

She may my Lord, for

rem

remRich.

*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.

rem

remRiu.

What marry may she?

rem

remRic.

*What marrie may she? Marrie with a King,
A Batcheller, and a handsome stripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.*

rem

remQu.

*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 Queen Margaret.

rem

remMar.

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

rem

remRich.

*What? threath 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.*

rem

remMargaret.

Out Diuell,

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

rem

remRich.

*Ere you were Queene,
I, or your Husband King:*

*I was a packehorse 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.*

rem

remMargaret.

*I and much better Blood
Then his, or thine.*

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remQ. M.

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

rem

remRich.

*Poore Clarence did forsake his Father Warwicke,
I, and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)*

rem

remQ. M.

Which God reuenge.

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remQ. M.

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

rem

remRiu.

*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.*

rem

remRich.

If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler:

Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

rem

remQu.

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.

rem

remQ. 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 Rebels.

Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away.

rem

remRich.

Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'st thou in my (sight?

rem

remQ. M.

But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,

That will I make, before I let thee goe.

rem

remRich.

Wert thou not banished, on paine of death?

rem

remQ. 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, allegiance:

This Sorrow that I haue, 1 right is yours,

And all the Pleasures you 3rpe, are mine.

rem

remRich.

The Curse my 3le 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 the1, gau'st the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the fault3e blood of prettie Rutland:
His Curses then, from bitterness of Soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are all falne vpon thee:
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.*

rem

remQu.

So iust is God, to right the innocent.

rem

remHast.

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

rem

remRiu.

Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.

rem

remDors.

No man but prophecied reuenge for it.

rem

remBuck.

Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

rem

remQ. 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,
Outliue 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 grieffe,
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.*

rem

remRich.

Haue done thy Charme, yu hateful wither'd Hagge.

rem

remQ. M.

And leaue out thee? stay Dog, for yu 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 Dewills.
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*

rem

remRich.

Margaret.

rem

remQ. M.

Richard.

rem

remRich.

Ha.

rem

remQ. M.

I call thee not.

rem

remRich.

I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,

That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

rem

remQ. M.

Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.

Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

rem

remRich.

'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.

rem

remQu.

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

rem

remQ. 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 Bunchbackt Toade.

rem

remHast.

False boding Woman, end thy frantick Curse,

Least to thy harme, thou moue our patience.

rem

remQ. M.

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

rem

remRi.

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

rem

remQ. 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.

rem

remDors.

Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.

rem

remQ. M.

Peace Master Marquesse, you are malapert,

*Your firenew 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.*

rem

remRich.

Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it Mar quesse.

rem

remDor.

It touches you my Lord, as much as me.

rem

remRich.

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.*

rem

remMar.

And turnes the Sun to shade: alas, alas,

*Witnesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright outshining 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.*

rem

remBuc.

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

rem

remMar.

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.*

rem

remBuc.

Haue done, haue done.

rem

remMar.

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.*

rem

remBuc.

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

rem

remMar.

*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.*

rem

remRich.

What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham.

rem

remBuc.

Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

rem

remMar.

*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.*

Exit.

rem

remBuc.

My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses.

rem

remRiu.

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

rem

remRich.

*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.

rem

remMar.

I neuer did her any to my knowledge.

rem

remRich.

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.

rem

remRiu.

A vertuous, and a Christianlike conclusion

To pray for them that haue done scath to vs.

rem

remRich.

So do I euer, being well aduis'd.

Speakes to himselfe.

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

Enter Catesby.

rem

remCates.

Madam, his Maiesty doth call for you,

And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.

rem

remQu.

Catesby I come, Lords will you go with mee.

rem

remRiu.

We wait vpon your Grace.

Exeunt all but Gloster.

rem

remRich.

I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle.

The secret Mischeefes that I set abroad,

I lay vnto the greeuous charge of others.

Clarence, who I indeede haue cast in darknesse,

I do beweepe to many simple Gullies,

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 beleeeue 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?*

rem

remVil.

*We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.*

rem

remRic.

*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 pittie, if you marke him.*

rem

remVil.

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

rem

remRich.

*Your eyes drop Millstones, when Fooles eyes fall Teares:
I like you Lads, about your businesse straight.
Go, go, dispatch.*

rem

remVil.

We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

rem

*rem*Keep.

Why lookes your Grace so heauily to day.

rem

*rem*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.

rem

*rem*Keep.

What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me

rem

*rem*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 heavy times,

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster

That had befallne 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) ouerboord,

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 deadmens 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.*

rem

remKeep.

Had you such leysure in the time of death

To gaze vpon these secrets of the deepe?

rem

remCla.

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.

rem

remKeep.

Awak'd you not in this sore Agony?

rem

remClar.

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 Ferryman which Poets write of,

Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.

The first that there did greet my Strangersoule,

Was my great FatherinLaw, renowned Warwicke,

Who spake aloud: 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 aloud

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

2uiron'd me, and howled in mine eares

1uch hiddeous cries, that with the very Noise,

I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,

Could not beleue, but that I was in Hell,

Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.

rem

remKeep.

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

rem

remCla.

*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 awhile,
My Soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe.*

rem

remKeep.

I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

rem

remBra.

*Sorrow breakes Seasons, and reposing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noontide 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.

rem

rem1. Mur.

Ho, who's heere?

rem

remBra.

What would'st thou Fellow? And how camm'st thou hither.

rem

rem2. Mur.

I would speak with Clarence, and I came hi ther on my Legges.

rem

remBra.

What so breefe?

rem

rem1.

*'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him see our Commission, and talke no more.*

Reads

*rem
remBra.*

*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.*

Exit.

*rem
rem1*

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

*rem
rem2*

What, shall we stab him as he sleepes.

*rem
rem1*

No: hee'l say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes

*rem
rem2*

Why he shall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudge ment day.

*rem
rem1*

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

*rem
rem2*

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

*rem
rem1*

What? art thou affraid?

*rem
rem2*

*Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.*

*rem
rem1*

I thought thou had'st bin resolute.

rem
rem2

So I am, to let him liue.

rem
rem1

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

rem
rem2

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.*

rem
rem1

How do'st thou feele thy selfe now?

rem
rem2

Some certaine dregges of conscience are yet with in mee.

rem
rem1

Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

rem
rem2

Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

rem
rem1

Where's thy conscience now.

rem
rem2

O, in the Duke of Glousters purse.

rem
rem1

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

rem
rem2

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

rem
rem1

What if it come to thee againe?

rem
rem2

*Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward: A man cannot steale, but it
accuseth him: A man cannot Swear, 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 filles 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 Cit ties for a dangerous thing, and euery man that means to liue
well, endeouours to trust to himselfe, and liue vvith out it.*

rem

rem1

'Tis euen now at my elbow, perswading me not to kill the DkueDuke.

rem

rem2

Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleeeue him not:

He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

rem

rem1

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

rem

rem2

Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation.

Come, shall we fall to worke?

rem

rem1

*Take him on the Costard, with the hiltes of thy Sword, and then throw him into the
MalmeseyButte in the next roome.*

rem

rem2

O excellent deuice; and make a sop of him.

rem

rem1

Soft, he wakes.

rem

rem2

Strike.

rem

rem1

No, wee'l reason with him.

rem

remCla.

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

rem

rem2

You shall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.

rem

remCla.

In Gods name, what art thou?

rem

rem1

A man, as you are.

rem

remCla.

But not as I am Royall.

rem

rem1

Nor you as we are, Loyall.

rem

remCla.

Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.

rem

rem1

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

rem

remCla.

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?

rem

rem2

To, to, to

rem

remCla.

To murther me?

rem

remBoth.

I, I.

rem

remCla.

You scarcely haue the hearts to tell me so,

And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.

Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?

rem

rem1

Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

rem

remCla.

I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.

rem

rem2

Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

rem

remCla.

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.*

rem

rem1

What we will do, we do vpon command.

rem

rem2

And he that hath commanded, is our King.

rem

remCla.

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.

rem

rem2

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.

rem

rem1

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.

rem

rem2

Whom thou was't sworne to cherish and defend.

rem

rem1

How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs

When thou hast broke it in such deere degree?

rem

remCla.

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 publicuely,
Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme:
He needs no indirect, or lawlesse course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.*

rem

rem1

*Who made thee then a bloudy minister,
When gallant springing braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouice was strucke dead by thee?*

rem

remCla.

My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.

rem

rem1

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

rem

remCla.

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 so my Brother Glouster:

Who shall reward you better for my life,

Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

rem

rem2

You are deceiu'd,

Your Brother Glouster hates you.

rem

remCla.

Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere:

Go you to him from me.

rem

rem1

I so we will.

rem

remCla.

*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.*

rem

rem1

I Milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe.

rem

remCla.

O do not slander him, for he is kinde.

rem

rem1

Right, as Snow in Haruest:

Come, you deceiue your selfe,

'Tis he that sends vs to destroy you heere.

rem

remCla.

It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,

And hugg'd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,

That he would labour my deliury.

rem

rem1

Why so he doth, when he deliuers you

From this earths thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen.

rem

rem2

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

rem

remCla.

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.

rem

rem2

What shall we do?

rem

remClar.

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.

rem

rem1

Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

rem

remCla.

Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuellish:

My Friend, I spy some pittie 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.

rem

rem2

Looke behinde you, my Lord.

rem

rem1

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

Stabs him.

Ile drowne you in the MalmeseyBut within.

Exit.

rem

rem2

A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht:

How faine (like Pilate) would I wash my hands

Of this most greeuous murther.

Enter 1. Murtherer

rem

rem1

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

rem

rem2. 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.

Exit.

rem

rem1. 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. Scna Prima.

Flourish.

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

rem

remKing.

Why so: now haue I done a good daies work.

You Peeres, continue this vnitied 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, Swear your loue.

rem

remRiu.

By heauen, my soule is purg'd from grudging hate

And with my hand I seale my true hearts Loue.

rem

remHast.

So thriue I, as I truly sweare the like.

rem

remKing.

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.

rem

remHast.

So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.

rem

remRi.

And I, as I loue Hastings with my heart.

rem

remKing.

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.

rem

remQu.

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

*Dorset, imbrace him:
Hastings, loue Lord Marquesse.*
rem
remDor.

*This interchange of loue, I heere protest
Vpon my part, shall be inuiolable.*
rem
remHast.

And so sweare I.
rem
remKing.

*Now Princely Buckingham, seale yu this league
With thy embracements to my wiues Allies,
And make me happy in your vnity.*
rem
remBuc.

*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

rem
remKing.
*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.*
rem
remBuc.

*And in good time,
Heere comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and the Duke.*

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remKing,

*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.*

rem

remRich.

*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 desir1
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 Woodwill, 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.*

rem

remQu.

*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.*

rem

remRich

*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?
You do him iniurie to scorne his Coarse.*

They all start.

rem

remKing.

Who knowes not he is dead?

Who knowes he is?

rem

remQu.

Allseeing heauen, what a world is this?

rem

remBuc.

Looke I so pale Lord Dorset, as the rest?

rem

remDor.

I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,

But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.

rem

remKing.

Is Clarence dead? The Order was reuerst.

rem

remRich.

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.

rem

remDer.

A boone my Soueraigne for my seruice done.

rem

remKing.

I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.

rem

remDer.

I will not rise, vnlesse your Highnes heare me.

rem

remKing.

Then say at once, what is it thou requests.

rem

remDer.

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

rem

remKing.

*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 Brotherhood? 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. & Queen.

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remBuc.

We wait vpon your Grace.

exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

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

This speech is conventionally attributed to Boy. rem

remEdw.

Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?

rem

remDutch.

No Boy.

rem

remDaugh.

Why do weepe so oft? And beate your Brest?

And cry, O Clarence, my vnhappy Sonne.

rem

remBoy.

Why do you looke on vs and shake your head,

And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Castawayes,

If that our Noble Father were aliue?

rem

remDut.

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.

rem

remBoy.

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.*

rem

remDaugh.

And so will I.

rem

remDut.

Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel.

Incapeable, and shallow Innocents,

You cannot guesse who caus'd your Fathers death.

rem

remBoy.

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.

rem

remDut.

Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle shape,

And with a vertuous Vizer hide deepe vice.

He is my sonne, I, and therein my shame,

Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.

rem

remBoy.

Thinke you my Vnkle did dissemble Grandam?

rem

remDut.

I Boy.

rem

remBoy.

I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noise is this?

Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears, Riuers & Dorset after her.

rem

remQu.

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.

rem

remDut.

What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?

rem

remQu.

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 swiftwinged Soules may catch the Kings,

Or like obedient Subiects follow him,

To his new Kingdome of nerechanging night.

rem

remDut.

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 moiety of my moane)

To ouergo thy woes, and drowne thy cries.

rem

remBoy.

Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:

How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?

rem

remDaugh.

Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoan'd,

Your widdowdolour, likewise be vnwept.

rem

remQu.

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.

rem

remChil.

Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord Clarence.

rem

remDut.

Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.

rem

remQu.

What stay had I but Edward, and hee's gone?

rem

remChil.

What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

rem

remDut.

What staves had I, but they? and they are gone.

rem

remQu.

Was neuer widdow had so deere a losse.

rem

remChil.

Were neuer Orphans had so deere a losse.

rem

remDut.

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.

rem

remDor.

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.

rem

remRiuers.

*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, Derby, Ha stings, and Ratchiffe.

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remDut.

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

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remBuc.

*You cloudyPrinces, & hartsorowingPeeres,
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 highswolne 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.*

rem

remRiuers.

*Why with some little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?*

rem

remBuc.

*Marrie my Lord, least by a multitude,
The newheal'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.*

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remRiu.

*And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all.
Yet since it is but greene, it should be put
To no apparant likelyhood 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.*

rem

remHast.

And so say I.

rem

remRich.

*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.

rem

remBuc.

*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.*

rem

remRich.

*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.

rem

rem1. Cit.

Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so fast?

rem

rem2. Cit.

I promise you, I scarsely know my selfe:

Heare you the newes abroad?

rem

rem1.

Yes, that the King is dead.

rem

rem2.

Ill newes byrlady, seldome comes the better:

I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

rem

rem3.

Neighbours, God speed.

rem

rem1.

Giue you good morrow sir.

rem

rem3.

Doth the newes hold of good king Edwards death?

rem

rem2.

I sir, it is too true, God helpe the while.

rem

rem3.

Then Masters looke to see a troublous world.

rem

rem1.

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

rem

rem3.

Woe to that Land that's govern'd by a Childe.

rem

rem2.

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.

rem

rem1.

So stood the State, when Henry the sixt

Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.

rem

rem3.

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.

rem

rem1.

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

rem

rem3.

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.

rem

rem1.

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

rem

rem3.

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.

rem

rem2.

Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:

You cannot reason (almost) with a man,

That lookes not heauily, and full of dread.

rem

rem3.

Before the dayes of Change, still is it so,

By a diuine instinct, mens mindes mistrust

Pursuing danger: as by prooffe we see

The Water swell before a boyst'rous storme:

But leaue it all to God. Whither away?

rem

rem2

Marry we were sent for to the Iustices.

rem

rem3

And so was I: Ile beare you company.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, yong Yorke, the Queene, and the Dutchesse.

rem

remArch.

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.

rem

remDut.

I long with all my heart to see the Prince:

I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.

rem

remQu.

But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke

Ha's almost ouertane him in his growth.

rem

remYorke.

I Mother, but I would not haue it so.

rem

remDut.

Why my good Cosin, it is good to grow.

rem

remYor.

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.*

rem

remDut.

*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.*

rem

remYor.

And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

rem

remDut.

I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

rem

remYor.

*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.*

rem

remDut.

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

rem

remYor.

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

rem

remDut.

I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?

rem

remYor.

Grandam, his Nursse.

rem

remDut.

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

rem

remYor.

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

rem

remQu.

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

rem

remDut.

Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.

rem

remQu.

Pitchers haue eares.

Enter Messenger.

rem

remArch.

Heere comes a Messenger: What Newes?

rem

remMes.

Such newes my Lord, as greeues me to report,

rem

remQu.

How doth the Prince?

rem

remMes.

Well Madam, and in health.

rem

remDut.

What is thy Newes?

rem

remMess.

Lord Riuers, and Lord Grey,

Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,

Sir Thomas Vaughan, Prisoners.

rem

remDut.

Who hath committed them?

rem

remMes.

The Mighty Dukes, Glouster and Buckingham.

rem

remArch.

For what offence?

rem

remMes.

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.

rem

remQu.

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.

rem

remDut.

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 ouerblowne, 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.

rem

remQu.

Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.

Madam, farwell.

rem

remDut.

Stay, I will go with you.

rem

remQu.

You haue no cause.

rem

remArch.

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. Scna Prima.

The Trumpets sound.

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

rem

remBuc.

*Welcome sweete Prince to London,
To your Chamber.*

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remPrin.

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

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remPrin.

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

rem

remRich.

My lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Maior.

rem

remLo. Maior.

God blesse your Grace, with health and happie dayes.

rem

remPrin.

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.

rem

remBuck.

And in good time, heere comes the sweating Lord.

rem

remPrince.

Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?

rem

remHast.

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 withheld.

rem

remBuck.

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 ieaious Armes pluck him perforce.

rem

remCard.

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.

rem

remBuck.

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.*

rem

remCard.

My Lord, you shall o'rerule my mind for once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you goe with me?

rem

remHast.

I goe, my Lord.

Exit Cardinall and Hastings.

rem

remPrince.

Good Lords, make all the speedie hast you may.

Say, Vnckle Glocester, if our Brother come,

Where shall we soiourne, till our Coronation?

rem

remGlo.

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.

rem

remPrince.

I doe not like the Tower, of any place:

Did Iulius Csar build that place, my Lord?

rem

remBuck.

He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,

Which since, succeeding Ages haue reedify'd.

rem

remPrince.

Is it vpon record? or else reported

Successiuely from age to age, he built it?

rem

remBuck.

Vpon record, my gracious Lord.

rem

remPrince.

*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.*

rem

remGlo.

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

rem

remPrince.

What say you, Vnckle?

rem

remGlo.

*I say, without Characters, Fame liues long,
Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,
I morallize two meanings in one word.*

rem

remPrince.

*That Iulius Csar 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.*

rem

remBuck.

What, my gracious Lord?

rem

remPrince.

*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.*

rem

remGlo.

Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring.

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, and Cardinall.

rem

remBuck.

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

rem

remPrince.

Richard of Yorke, how fares our Noble Bro ther?

rem

remYorke.

Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now.

rem

remPrince.

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.

rem

remGlo.

How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke?

rem

remYorke.

I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,

You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:

The Prince, my Brother, hath outgrowne me farre.

rem

remGlo.

He hath, my Lord.

rem

remYorke.

And therefore is he idle?

rem

remGlo.

Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so.

rem

remYorke.

Then he is more beholding to you, then I.

rem

remGlo.

He may command me as my Soueraigne,

But you haue power in me, as in a Kinsman.

rem

remYorke.

I pray you, Vnckle, giue me this Dagger.

rem

remGlo.

My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart.

rem

remPrince.

A Begger, Brother?

rem

remYorke.

Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue,

And being but a Toy, which is no griefe to giue.

rem

remGlo.

A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cousin.

rem

remYorke.

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

rem

remGlo.

I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

rem

remYorke.

O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,

In weightier things you'le say a Begger nay.

rem

remGlo.

It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.

rem

remYorke.

I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.

rem

remGlo.

What, would you haue my Weapon, little Lord?

rem

remYorke.

I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you call me.

rem

remGlo.

How?

rem

remYorke.

Little.

rem

remPrince.

My Lord of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:

Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.

rem

remYorke.

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.

rem

remBuck.

With what a sharpe provided wit he reasons:

To mittigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:

So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.

rem

remGlo.

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.

rem

remYorke.

What, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?

rem

remPrince.

My Lord Protector will haue it so.

rem

remYorke.

I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

rem

remGlo.

Why, what should you feare?

rem

remYorke.

Marry, my Vnckle Clarence angry Ghost:

My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.

rem

remPrince.

I feare no Vnckles dead.

rem

remGlo.

Nor none that liue, I hope.

rem

remPrince.

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.

rem

remBuck.

Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating Yorke

Was not incensed by his subtile Mother,

To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

rem

remGlo.

*No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:
Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.*

rem

remBuck.

*Well, let them rest: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons vrg'd upon 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?*

rem

remCates.

*He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.*

rem

remBuck.

What think'st thou then of Stanley? Will not hee?

rem

remCates.

Hee will doe all in all as Hastings doth.

rem

remBuck.

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 Councils,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employ'd.*

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remBuck.

Good Catesby, goe effect this businesse soundly.

rem

remCates.

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

rem

remRich.

Shall we heare from you, Catesby, ere we sleepe?

rem

remCates.

You shall, my Lord.

rem

remRich.

At Crosby House, there shall you find vs both.

Exit Catesby.

rem

remBuck.

Now, my Lord,

What shall wee doe, if wee perceiue

Lord Hastings will not yeeld to our Complots?

rem

remRich.

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.

rem

remBuck.

Ile clayme that promise at your Graces hand.

rem

remRich.

And looke to haue it yeilded 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.

rem

remMess.

My Lord, my Lord.

rem

remHast.

Who knockes?

rem

remMess.

One from the Lord Stanley.

rem

remHast.

What is't a Clocke?

rem

remMess.

Vpon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord Hastings.

rem

remHast.

Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe these tedious Nights?

rem

remMess.

So it appeares, by that I haue to say:

First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.

rem

remHast.

What then?

rem

remMess.

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.

rem

remHast.

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 use vs kindly.*

rem

remMess.

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

Exit.

Enter Catesby.

rem

remCates.

Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.

rem

remHast.

Good morrow Catesby, you are early stirring:

What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?

rem

remCates.

It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:

And I beleue will neuer stand vpright,

Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

rem

remHast.

How weare the Garland?

Doest thou meane the Crowne?

rem

remCates.

I, my good Lord.

rem

remHast.

Ile haue this Crown of mine cut fr my shoulders,

Before Ile see the Crowne so foule misplac'd:

But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?

rem

remCates.

*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.*

rem

remHast.

*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.*

rem

remCates.

God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

rem

remHast.

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

rem

remCates.

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

rem

remHast.

*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.*

rem

remCates.

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

rem

remHast.

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

*Come on, come on, where is your Borespeare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe so vnprovided?*

rem

remStan.

*My Lord good morrow, good morrow Catesby:
You may ieast on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these seuerall Councels, I.*

rem

remHast.

*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?*

rem

remSta.

*The Lords at Pomfret, wh 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'recast.
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.*

rem

remHast.

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

rem

remSta.

*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.

rem

remHast.

Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.

Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.

How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?

rem

remPurs.

The better, that your Lordship please to aske.

rem

remHast.

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.

rem

remPurs.

God hold it, to your Honors good content.

rem

remHast.

Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.

Throwes him his Purse.

rem

remPurs.

I thanke your Honor.

Exit Pursuiuant.

Enter a Priest.

rem

remPriest.

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

rem

remHast.

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.

rem

remPriest.

Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

rem

remBuc.

What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?

Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest,

Your Honor hath no shruing worke in hand.

rem

remHast.

*Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talke of, came into my minde.
What, goe you toward the Tower?*

rem

remBuc.

*I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.*

rem

remHast.

Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.

rem

remBuc.

And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.

Come, will you goe?

rem

remHast.

Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

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

rem

remRiuers.

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

rem

remGrey.

*God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Bloodsuckers.*

rem

remVaugh.

You liue, that shall cry woe for this heere after.

rem

remRat.

Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out.

rem

remRiuers.

*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.

rem

remGrey.

*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.*

rem

remRiuers.

*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.*

rem

remRat.

Make haste, the houre of death is expiate.

rem

remRiuers.

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

Exeunt.

Scna Quarta.

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

rem

remHast.

*Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:
In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day?*

rem

remBuck.

Is all things ready for the Royall time?

rem

remDarb.

It is, and wants but nomination.

rem

remEly.

To morrow then I iudge a happie day.

rem

remBuck.

*Who knows the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?*

rem

remEly.

Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his minde.

rem

remBuck.

*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.*

rem

remHast.

*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.

rem

remEly.

In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe.

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remBuck.

*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.*

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remEly.

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

Exit Bishop.

rem

remRich.

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.*

rem

remBuck.

Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.

Exeunt.

rem

remDarb.

*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 provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.*

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

rem

remEly.

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

rem

remHa.

*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.*

rem

remDarb.

*What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face,
By any liuelyhood he shew'd to day?*

rem

remHast.

*Mary, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes.*

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remHast.

*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.*

rem

remRich.

*Then be your eyes the witnessse 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.*

rem

remHast.

If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord.

rem

remRich.

*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.

rem

remHast.

*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 FootClothHorse did stumble,
And started, when he look'd vpon the Tower,
As loth to beare me to the slaughterhouse.
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.*

rem

remRa.

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

rem

remHast.

*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.*

rem

remLou.

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

rem

remHast.

*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 illfaouored.

rem

remRichard.

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?*

rem

remBuck.

*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?*

rem

remRich.

He is, and see he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

rem

remBuck.

Lord Maior.

rem

remRich.

Looke to the DrawBridge there.

rem

remBuck.

Hearke, a Drumme.

rem

remRich.

Catesby, o'relooke the Walls.

rem

remBuck.

Lord Maior, the reason we haue sent.

rem

remRich.

Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.

rem

remBuck.

God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.

Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remLouell.

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

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remBuck.

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

rem

remMaior.

Had he done so?

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remMaior.

*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.*

rem

remBuck.

*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.*

rem

remMa.

*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.*

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remBuck.

*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.

rem

remRich.

*Goe after, after, Cousin Buckingham.
The Maior towards GuildHall 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.*

rem

remBuck.

*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.*

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remBuck.

*I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the GuildHall affoords.*

Exit Buckingham.

rem

remRich.

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

Exit.

*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.

rem

remScr.

*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 yesternight 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 dewice?
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.*

Exit.

Enter Richard and Buckingham at seurall Doores.

rem

remRich.

How now, how now, what say the Citizens?

rem

remBuck.

*Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, say not a word.*

rem

remRich.

Tought you the Bastardie of Edwards Children?

rem

remBuck.

*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.*

rem

remRich.

And did they so?

rem

remBuck.

*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 used
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.*

rem

remRich.

What tonguelesse Blockes were they,

Would they not speake?

Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?

rem

remBuck.

*The Maior is here at hand: intend some feare,
Be not you spoke with, but by mightie suit:
And looke you get a PrayerBooke in your hand,
And stand betweene two Churchmen, 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.*

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remBuck.

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.

rem

remBuck.

Now Catesby, what sayes your Lord to my request?

rem

remCatesby.

*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.*

rem

remBuck.

*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.*

rem

remCatesby.

Ile signifie so much vnto him straight.

Exit.

rem

remBuck.

*Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward,
He is not lulling on a lewd LoueBed,*

*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.*

rem

remMaior.

Marry God defend his Grace should say vs nay.

rem

remBuck.

I feare he will: here Catesby comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now Catesby, what sayes his Grace?

rem

remCatesby.

*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.*

rem

remBuck.

*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.*

Exit.

*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.

rem

remMaior.

See where his Grace stands, tweene two Clergie men.

rem

remBuck.

*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.*

rem

remRich.

*My Lord, there needs 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?*

rem

remBuck.

*Euen that (I hope) which pleaseth God aboue,
And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile.*

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remBuck.

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

rem

remRich.

Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.

rem

remBuck.

*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 sleepeie 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 sollicite
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 successiue, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Emphyrie, 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.*

rem

remRich.

*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,
Tonguetie'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraigntie,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprove 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.*

rem

remBuck.

*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 Witnessse 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 Carecras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beautiewaining, and distressed Widow,
Euen in the afternoone 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.*

rem

remMaior.

Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.

rem

remBuck.

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

rem

remCatesb.

O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit.

rem

remRich.

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.

rem

remBuck.

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 downfall of your House:

And in this resolution here we leaue you.

Come Citizens, we will entreat no more.

Exeunt.

rem

remCatesb.

Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their suit:

If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.

rem

remRich.

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 foulefac'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.*

rem

remMaior.

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

rem

remRich.

In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

rem

remBuck.

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

rem

remAll.

Amen.

rem

remBuck.

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

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remBuck.

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

rem

remRich.

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 Mar-
quesse Dorset.*

rem

remDuch. 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.*

rem

remAnne.

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

rem

remQu.

As much to you, good Sister: whither away?

rem

remAnne.

*No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.*

rem

remQu.

Kind Sister thanks, 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?*

rem

remLieu.

*Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them,
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.*

rem

remQu.

The King? who's that?

rem

remLieu.

I meane, the Lord Protector.

rem

remQu.

*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?*

rem

remDuch. Yorke.

I am their Fathers Mother, I will see them.

rem

remAnne.

*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.*

rem

remLieu.

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

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

rem

remStanley.

*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.*

rem

remQu.

*Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent heart may haue some scope to beat,
Or else I swoone with this deadkilling newes.*

rem

remAnne.

Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes.

rem

remDors.

Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your Grace?

rem

remQu.

*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 outstrip Death, goe crosse the Seas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of Hell.
Goe hye thee, hye thee from this slaughterhouse,
Lest thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of Margarets Curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.*

rem

remStanley.

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.*

rem

remDuch. 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.*

rem

remStanley.

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

rem

remAnne.

*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.*

rem

remQu.

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

rem

remAnne.

*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.*

rem

remQu.

Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining.

rem

remAnne.

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

rem

remDors.

Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.

rem

remAnne.

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

rem

remDu. 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.*

rem

remQu.

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 Playfellow,
For tender Princes: vse my Babies well;
So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.*

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

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

rem

remRich.

Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

rem

remBuck.

My gracious Soueraigne.

rem

remRich.

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?

rem

remBuck.

Still liue they, and for euer let them last.

rem

remRich.

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.

rem

remBuck.

Say on my louing Lord.

rem

remRich.

Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

rem

remBuck.

Why so you are, my thricerenowned Lord.

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remBuck.

True, Noble Prince.

rem

remRich.

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.*

*rem
remBuck.*

Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

*rem
remRich.*

*Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:
Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?*

*rem
remBuc.*

*Giue me some litle breath, some pawse, deare Lord,
Before I positiuely speake in this:
I will resoluue you herein presently.*

Exit Buck.

*rem
remCatesby.*

The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.

*rem
remRich.*

*I will conuerse with Ironwitted Fooles,
And vnrespectiue Boyes: none are for me,
That looke into me with considerate eyes,
Highreaching Buckingham growes circumspect.
Boy.*

*rem
remPage.*

My Lord.

*rem
remRich.*

*Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt vnto a close exploit of Death?*

*rem
remPage.*

*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.*

*rem
remRich.*

What is his Name?

rem

remPage.

His Name, my Lord, is Tirrell.

rem

remRich.

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

Exit.

*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?

rem

remStanley.

*Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse Dorset
As I heare, is fled to Richmond,
In the parts where he abides.*

rem

remRich.

*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,
Tearefalling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.*

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

rem

remTyr.

Iames Tyrrel, and your most obedient subiect.

rem

remRich.

Art thou indeed?

rem

remTyr.

Proue me, my gracious Lord.

rem

remRich.

Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?

rem

remTyr.

Please you:

But I had rather kill two enemies.

rem

remRich.

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.

rem

remTyr.

Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.

rem

remRich.

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.

rem

remTyr.

I will dispatch it straight.

Exit.

Enter Buckingham.

rem

remBuck.

My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde,

The late request that you did sound me in.

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remBuck.

I heare the newes, my Lord.

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remBuck.

*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.*

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remBuck.

What sayes your Highnesse to my iust request?

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remBuck.

May it please you to resoluue me in my suit.

rem

remRich.

Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine.

Exit.

rem

remBuck.

*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 Brecknock, while my fearefull Head is on.*

Exit.

Enter Tyrrel.

rem

remTyr.

*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.

rem

remRic.

Kinde Tirrell, am I happy in thy Newes.

rem

remTir.

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

rem

remRich.

But did'st thou see them dead.

rem

remTir.

I did my Lord.

rem

remRich.

And buried gentle Tirrell.

rem

remTir.

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

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remTir.

I humbly take my leaue.

rem

remRich.

*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.

rem

remRat.

My Lord.

rem

remRich.

Good or bad newes, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

rem

remRat.

*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.*

rem

remRich.

*Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
Then Buckingham and his rash lewied Strength.
Come, I haue learn'd, that fearfull commenting
Is leaden seruator to dull delay.*

*Delay leds impotent and Snailepac'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.

rem

remMar.

*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.

rem

remQu.

*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.*

rem

remMar.

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

rem

remDut.

*So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce,
That my woewearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?*

rem

remMar.

Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,

Edward for Edward, payes a dying debt.

rem

remQu.

*Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the intrailles of the Wolfe?*

When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

rem

remMar.

When holy Harry dyed, and my sweet Sonne.

rem

remDut.

*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.*

rem

remQu.

*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?*

rem

remMar.

*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.*

rem

remDut.

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

rem

remMar.

*Thou had'st a Clarence too,
And Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept
A Hellhound 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 truedisposing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre
Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Puefellow with others mone.*

rem

remDut.

Oh Harries wife, triumph not in my woes:

God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thine.

rem

remMar.

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,

Ih'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:

Cancel his bond of life, deere God I pray,

That I may liue and say, The Dogge is dead.

rem

remQu.

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 bunchback'd Toad.

rem

remMar.

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.*

rem

remQu.

*O thou well skill'd in Curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.*

rem

remMar.

Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day:

*Compare dead happinesse, with living 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.*

An ink mark follows the end of this line.

rem

remQu.

My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

rem

remMar.

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

Exit Margaret.

rem

remDut.

Why should calamity be full of words?

rem

remQu.

*Windy Atturnies to their Clients Woes,
Ayery succeders 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.*

rem

remDut.

*If so then, be not Tonguety'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 exclames.*

Enter King Richard, and his Traine.

rem

remRich.

Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

rem

remDut.

*O she, that might haue intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her aceursedaccursed wombe,
From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou hast done.*

rem

remQu.

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 Villaineslaue, where are my Children?*

rem

remDut.

*Thou Toad, thou Toade,
Where is thy Brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet his Sonne?*

rem

remQu.

Where is the gentle Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?

rem

remDut.

Where is kinde Hastings?

rem

remRich.

*A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes:
Let not the Heauens heare these Telltale 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.*

rem

remDut.

Art thou my Sonne?

rem

remRich.

I, I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe.

rem

remDut.

Then patiently heare my impatience.

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remDut.

O let me speake.

rem

remRich.

Do then, but Ile not heare.

rem

remDut.

I will be milde, and gentle in my words.

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remDut.

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

rem

remRich.

And came I not at last to comfort you?

rem

remDut.

*No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.
A greuous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.
Thy Schooldaies 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?*

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remDut.

I prythee heare me speake.

rem

remRich.

You speake too bitterly.

rem

remDut.

Heare me a word:

For I shall neuer speake to thee againe.

rem

remRich.

So.

rem

remDut.

*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.*

Exit.

rem

remQu.

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

rem

remRich.

Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.

rem

remQu.

*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.*

rem

remRich.

*You haue a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?*

rem

remQu.

*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.*

rem

remRich.

Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princesse.

rem

remQu.

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

rem

remRich.

Her life is safest onely in her byrth.

rem

remQu.

And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.

rem

remRich.

Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposite.

rem

remQu.

No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.

rem

remRich.

All vnauoyded is the doome of Destiny.

rem

remQu.

True: when auoyded grace makes Destiny.

My Babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

rem

remRich,

You speake as if that I had slaine my Cosins?

rem

remQu.

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 stonehard 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.

rem

remRich.

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.

rem

remQu.

What good is couer'd with the face of heauen,

To be discouered, that can do me good.

rem

remRich.

Th'aduancement of your children, gentle Lady

rem

remQu.

Vp to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.

rem

remRich.

Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,

The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.

rem

remQu.

Flatter my sorrow with report of it:

Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,

Canst thou demise to any childe of mine.

rem

remRich.

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.

rem

remQu.

Be breefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse

Last longer telling then thy kindness date.

rem

remRich.

Then know,

That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.

rem

remQu.

My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule.

rem

remRich.

What do you thinke?

rem

remQu.

*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.*

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remQu.

Well then, who dost yu meane shallbe her King.

rem

remRich.

Euen he that makes her Queene:

Who else should bee?

rem

remQ1.

What, thou?

rem

remRich.

Euen so: How thinke you of it?

rem

remQu.

How canst thou woo her?

rem

remRich.

That I would learne of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

rem

remQu.

And wilt thou learne of me?

rem

remRich.

Madam, with all my heart.

rem

remQu.

*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 handkercheefe, 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.*

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remQu.

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

rem

remRich.

Say that I did all this for loue of her.

rem

remQu.

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

rem

remRich.

*Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men shall deale vnaduisedly sometimes,
Which afterhoures 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
Of tentimes 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, dullbrain'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, Csars Csar.*

rem

remQu.

*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?*

rem

remRich.

Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.

rem

remQu.

Which she shall purchase with stil lasting warre.

rem

remRich.

Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.

rem

remQu.

That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.

rem

remRich.

Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.

rem

remQu.

To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth.

rem

remRich.

Say I will loue her euerlastingly.

rem

remQu.

But how long shall that title euer last?

rem

remRich.

Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end.

rem

remQu.

But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?

rem

remRich.

As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.

rem

remQu.

As long as Hell and Richard likes of it.

rem

remRich.

Say, I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.

rem

remQu.

But she your Subiect, lothes such Soueraignty.

rem

remRich.

Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

rem

remQu.

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

rem

remRich.

Then plainly, to her, tell my louing tale.

rem

remQu.

Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.

rem

remRich.

Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.

rem

remQu.

*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 heartstrings breake.*

rem

remRich.

Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.

Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

rem

remQu.

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

rem

remRich.

I sweare.

rem

remQu.

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.

rem

remRich.

Then by my Selfe.

rem

remQu.

Thy Selfe, is selfemisus'd.

rem

remRich.

Now by the World.

rem

remQu.

'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

rem

remRich.

My Fathers death.

rem

remQu.

Thy life hath it dishonor'd.

rem

remRich.

Why then, by Heauen.

rem

remQu.

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 Bedfellowes for dust,

Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.

What can'st thou sweare by now.

rem

remRich.

The time to come.

rem

remQu.

That thou hast wronged in the time orepast:

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

Misus'd ere us'd, by times illvs'd repast.

rem

remRich.

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.*

rem

remQu.

Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?

rem

remRich.

I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good.

rem

remQu.

Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.

rem

remRich.

I, if your selves remembrance wrong your selfe.

rem

remQu.

Yet thou didst kil my Children.

rem

remRich.

But in your daughters wombe I bury them.

Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed

Selues of themselues, to your recomforture.

rem

remQu.

Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

rem

remRich.

And be a happy Mother by the deed.

rem

remQu.

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

Exit Q.

rem

remRich.

*Beare her my true loues kisse, and so farewell.
Relenting Foole, and shallowchanging Woman.
How now, what newes?*

Enter Ratcliffe.

rem

remRat.

*Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast
Rideth a puissant Nauie: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollowhearted 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.*

rem

remRich.

*Some lightfoot friend post to y Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or Catesby, where is hee?*

rem

remCat.

Here, my good Lord.

rem

remRich.

Catesby, flye to the Duke.

rem

remCat.

I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haste.

rem

remRich.

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?*

rem

remCat.

*First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliuer to him.*

rem

remRich.

O true, good Catesby, bid him leuie straight

*The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.*

rem
remCat.

I goe.

Exit.

rem
remRat.

What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salis bury?

rem
remRich.

Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I goe?

rem
remRat.

Your Highnesse told me I should poste before.

rem
remRich.

My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?

rem
remSta.

*None, good my Liege, to please you with y hearing,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.*

rem
remRich.

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?*

rem
remStan.

Richmond is on the Seas.

rem
remRich.

*There let him sinke, and be the Seas on him,
Whiteliuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there?*

rem
remStan.

I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse.

rem
remRich.

Well, as you guesse.

rem

remStan.

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

rem

remRich.

*Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword vnsway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossesst?
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?*

rem

remStan.

Vnlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.

rem

remRich.

*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.*

rem

remStan.

No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.

rem

remRich.

*Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore,
Safeconducting the Rebels from their Shippes?*

rem

remStan.

No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.

rem

remRich.

*Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they should serue their Soueraigne in the West?*

rem

remStan.

*They haue not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
Ile muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please.*

rem

remRich.

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

rem

remStan.

Most mightie Soueraigne,

You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,

I neuer was, nor neuer will be false.

rem

remRich.

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.

rem

remStan.

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

Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

rem

remMess.

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.

rem

remMess.

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.

rem

remMess.

My Lord, the Armie of great Buckingham.

rem

remRich.

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

He striketh him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.

rem

remMess.

The newes I haue to tell your Maiestie,

*Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himselfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither.*

rem

remRich.

I cry thee mercie:

*There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any welladvised friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?*

rem

remMess.

Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

rem

remMess.

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 Brittain 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 Brittain.*

rem

remRich.

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.

rem

remCat.

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.*

rem

remRich.

Away towards Salsbury, while we reason here,

*A Royall batteil 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.

rem

remDer.

*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?*

rem

remChri.

At Penbroke, or at Hertford West in Wales.

rem

remDer.

What men of Name resort to him.

rem

remChri,

*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.*

rem

remDer.

*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.

rem

remBuc.

Will not King Richard let me speake with him?

rem

remSher.

No my good Lord, therefore be patient.

rem

remBuc.

*Hastings, and Edwards children, Gray & Riuers,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire Sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried
By vnderhand corrupted foule iniustice,
If that your moody disconcented soules,
Do through the clouds behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction.
This is Allsoules day (Fellow) is it not?*

rem

remSher.

It is.

rem

remBuc.

*Why then Alsoules 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 Allsoules day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:
That high Allseer, 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.

rem

remRichm

Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Friends

Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of Tyranny,

An ink mark follows the end of this line.

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 off sharpe Warre.

rem

remOxf.

Euery mans Conscience is a thousand men,

To fight against this guilty Homicide.

rem

remHer.

I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.

rem

remBlunt.

He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,

Which in his deerest neede will flye from him.

rem

remRichm.

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.

rem

remRich.

*Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Bosworth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?*

rem

remSur.

My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.

rem

remRich.

My Lord of Norfolke.

rem

remNor.

Heere most gracious Liege.

rem

remRich.

Norfolke, we must haue knockes: Ha, must we not?

rem

remNor.

We must both giue and take my louing Lord.

rem

remRich.

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?

rem

remNor.

Six or seuen thousand is their vtmost power.

rem

remRich.

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 Brandon, Ox ford, and Dorset.

rem

remRichm.

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?*

rem

remBlunt.

*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.*

rem

remRichm.

*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.*

rem

remBlunt.

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

rem

remRichm.

*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.

rem

remRich.

What is't a Clocke?

rem

remCat.

It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.

rem

remKing.

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?

rem

remCat.

It is my Liege: and all things are in readinesse.

rem

remRich.

Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge,

Vse carefull Watch, choose trusty Centinels,

rem

remNor.

I go my Lord.

rem

remRich.

Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.

rem

remNor.

I warrant you my Lord.

Exit

rem

remRich.

Ratcliffe.

rem

remRat.

My Lord.

rem

remRich.

Send out a Pursuiuant at Armes

To Stanleys Regiment: bid him bring his power

Before Sunrising, 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.

rem

remRat.

My Lord.

rem

remRich.

Saw'st the melancholly Lord Northumberland?

rem

remRat.

Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe,

Much about Cockshut time, from Troope to Troope

Went through the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers.

rem

remKing.

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?

rem

remRat.

It is my Lord.

rem

remRich.

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.

rem

remDer.

Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.

rem

remRich.

All comfort that the darke night can affoord,

Be to thy Person, Noble Father in Law.

Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?

rem

remDer.

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.*

rem

remRichm.

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 Chastisement,
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 sixth.

rem

remGh.

to Ri.

*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.*

rem

*rem*Ghost
to Richm.

*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.

rem
*rem*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.

*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.

rem
*rem*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.

*Thou offspring 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.

rem
*rem*Riu

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

rem
*rem*Grey.

Thinke vpon Grey, and let thy soule dispaire.

rem
*rem*Vaugh.

Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guilty feare

Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.

rem

remAll

to Richm.

Awake,

And thinke our wrongs in Richards Bosome,

Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

rem

remGho.

Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,

And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.

Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye.

rem

remHast.

to Rich.

Quiet vntroubled soule,

Awake, awake:

Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

rem

remGhosts.

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.

rem

remGhosts

to Richm.

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.

rem

remGhost

to Rich.

Richard, thy Wife,

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

rem

remGhost

to Richm.

*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.

rem

remGhost

to Rich.

*The first was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The 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; despairing yeeld thy breath.*

rem

remGhost

to Richm.

*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.

rem

remRich.

*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 euey 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 euey one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.*

Enter Ratcliffe.

rem

remRat.

My Lord.

rem

remKing.

Who's there?

rem

remRat.

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.

rem

remKing.

O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.

rem

remRat.

Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows.

rem

remKing.

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 prooffe, and led by shallow Richmond.
'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the Easedropper,
To heare if any meane to thanke from me.*

Exeunt Richard & Ratliffe,

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.

This speech is conventionally attributed to the Lords. rem
remRichm.

Good morrow Richmond.

rem

remRich.

Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,

That you haue tane a tardie sluggard heere?

rem

remLords.

How haue you slept my Lord?

rem

remRich.

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 Richard⁵ 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?*

rem

remLor.

Vpon the stroke of foure.

rem

remRich.

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

His Oration to his Souldiers.

⁵Rich.

*More then I haue said, lowing 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 bloody 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.

rem

remK.

What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

rem

remRat.

That he was neuer trained vp in Armes.

rem

remKing.

He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

rem

remRat.

He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

rem

remKing.

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?

rem

remRat.

N1t I my Lord.

rem

remKing.

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.

rem

remRat.

My Lord.

rem

remKing.

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 selfesame Heauen

That frownes on me, lookes sadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolke.

rem

remNor.

Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.

rem

remKing.

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 flow
In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be wellwinged with our cheefest Horse:
This, and Saint George to boote.
What think'st thou Norfolke.*

rem

remNor.

*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.*

rem

remKing.

*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 Runawayes,
A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants,
Whom their o'recloyed 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 Milkesop, 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 ouerweening Raggés of France,
These famish'd Beggés, weary of their liues,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meanes (poore Rats) shad hang'd themselues.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines, 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?
Rawish 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 staués.*

Enter a Messenger.

What sayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

rem

remMes.

My Lord, he doth deny to come.

rem

remKing.

Off with his sonne Georges head.

rem

remNor.

My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh:

After the battaile, let George Stanley dye.

rem

remKing.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.

Aduance our Standards, set vpon our Foes,

Our Ancient word of Courage, faire Saint⁶ George

Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons:

Vpon them, Victorie sits on our helps.

Alarum, excursions. Enter Catesby.

rem

remCat.

*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.

*rem
remRich.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.
rem
remCates.
Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horse
rem
remRich.
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.*

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

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

*rem
remRichm.
God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.
rem
remDer.
Couragious Richmond,
Well hast thou acquit thee: Loe,
Heere these long vsurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.
rem*

remRichm.

Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all.

But tell me, is yong George Stanley liuing?

rem

remDer.

He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,

Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.

rem

remRichm.

What men of name are slaine on either side?

rem

remDer.

Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Walter Lord Ferris,

Sir Robert Brokenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

rem

remRichm.

Interre their Bodies, as become their Birth,

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 Smoothfac'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.