

RICHARD III

By William Shakespeare
Directed by Lauren Carlton

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales; afterwards King Edward the Fifth, & RICHARD, Duke of York: Sons to the King.
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence. Brother to the King.

RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard the Third: Brother to the King.

HENRY, Earl of Richmond; afterwards King Henry the Seventh.

BISHOP OF ELY.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL RIVERS, Brother to King Edward's Queen.

LORD GREY, her Son

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRRELL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

SHERIFF OF WILTSHIRE.

TRESSEL and BERKELEY, Gentlemen attending on Lady Anne.

ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward the Fourth.

DORSET

MARGARET, Widow of King Henry the Sixth.

DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward the Fourth, Clarence, and Gloucester.

LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry the Sixth; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester.

ARCHBISHOP

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts of those murdered by Richard the Third, Soldiers, &c.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

RICHARD

Now is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our house
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;
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,
Deform'd, vn-finish'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,
I am determin'd 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.

RICHARD

Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard
That waites vpon your Grace?

CLARENCE

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

RICHARD

Vpon what cause?

CLARENCE

Because my name is George.

RICHARD

Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours.

CLARENCE

He hearkens after Prophetes and Dreames,
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 mou'd his Highnesse to commit me now.

RICHARD

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.

CLARENCE

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

BRAKENBURY

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

CLARENCE

We know thy charge Brakenbury, and wil obey.

RICHARD

Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
Meane time, haue patience.

CLARENCE

I must perforce¹: Farewell.

Exit Clar.

RICHARD
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heauen--
But who comes heere? the new deliuered Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

HASTINGS
Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

RICHARD
How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?

HASTINGS
With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue (my Lord) to giue them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

RICHARD
What newes?

HASTINGS
The King is sickly, weake, and melancholly.

RICHARD
Where is he, in his bed?

HASTINGS
He is.

RICHARD
Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hastings.

RICHARD
He cannot liue I hope, and must not dye,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse² 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.

¹ Perforce: having no choice in the matter.

² post-horse: quickly as on a horse

For then, Ile marry Warwickes yongest daughter.
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
But yet I run before my horse to Market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines.

Exit

Scena Secunda.

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

ANNE

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

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

RICHARD

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

ANNE

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

RICHARD

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

ANNE

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

RICHARD

Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.

ANNE

Foule Diuell, for Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:
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.
Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this Deluge most vnnaturall.
O God! which this Blood mad'st, reuenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'st, reuenge his death.
Either Heau'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead:
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered.

RICHARD

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

ANNE

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

RICHARD

But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.

ANNE

O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!

RICAHRD

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.

ANNE

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

RICHARD

Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leysure to excuse my selfe.
I did not kill your Husband.

ANNE

Why then he is aliue.

RICHARD

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

ANNE

In thy foule throat thou Ly'st, Queene Margaret saw
Thy murd'rous Faulchion smoaking in his blood.

RICHARD

I was prouoked by her sland'rous tongue--

ANNE

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

RICHARD

I graunt ye.

ANNE

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

RICHARD

The better for the King of heauen that hath him.

ANNE

He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.

RICHARD

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

ANNE

And thou vnfit for any place, but hell.

RICHARD

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

ANNE

Some dungeon.

RICHARD

Your Bed-chamber.
He that bereft thee Lady of thy Husband,

ANNE

Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lye'st.

RICHARD

So will it Madam, till I lye with you.

ANNE
I hope so.

RICHARD
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.

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

RICHARD
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.

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

RICHARD
These eyes could not endure thou 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANNE

His better doth not breath vpon the earth.

RICHARD

He liues, that loues thee better then he could.

ANNE

Where is he?

RICHARD

Heere:

Spits at him.

Why dost thou spit at me.

ANNE

Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake.

RICHARD

Neuer came poyson from so sweet a place.

ANNE

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

RICHARD

Thine eyes (sweet Lady) haue infected mine.

She looks scornfully at him.

If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true brest,
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.

ANNE

I will not be thy Executioner.

RICHARD

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

ANNE

I haue already.

RICHARD

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.

ANNE

I would I knew thy heart.

RICHARD

'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

ANNE

I feare me, both are false.

RICHARD

Then neuer Man was true.

ANNE

Well, well, put vp your Sword.

RICHARD

Say then my Peace is made.

ANNE

That shalt thou know heereafter.

RICHARD

Vouchsafe to weare this Ring?

ANNE

To take is not to give.

RICHARD

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.
Bid me farwell.

ANNE

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

RICHARD

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,
Hauing God, her Conscience, and these bars against me,
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.

Hah!

I do mistake my person all this while:
Vpon my life she findes (although I cannot)
My selfe to be a maru'llous proper man.
Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glasse,
And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,
To study fashions to adorne my body:
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 Riwers, Marquis of Dorset, and Lord Gray.

RIVERS

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

GRAY

In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes

QUEEN ELIZABETH

If he were dead, what would betide on me?

GRAY

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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.

RIVERS

Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

Enter Buckingham and Stanley.

GRAY

Here comes the Lords of Buckingham & Derby.

BUCKINGHAM

Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.

STANLEY

God make your Maiesty ioyful, as you haue bin

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Saw you the King to day my lord of Derby?

STANLEY

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

What likelihood of his amendment Lords.

BUCKINGHAM

Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

God grant him health, did you confer with him?

BUCKINGHAM

I Madam, he desires to make attonement:
Betweene the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers,
And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine.
And sent to warne them to his Royall presence.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Would all were well, but that will neuer be.

Enter Richard.

RICHARD

They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,
Who is it that complaines vnto the King,
Thar I (forsooth) am sterne, and loue them not?

GREY

To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?

RICHARD

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.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

RICHARD

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.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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.

RICHARD

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

RIVERS

She may my Lord, for---

RICHARD

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.

RIVERS

What marry may she?

RICHARD

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

My Lord of Glouster, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes:
By heauen, I will acquaint his Maiestie
Of those grosse taunts that oft I haue endur'd.
I had rather be a Countrie seruant maide
Then a great Queene, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at,
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

MARGARET

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

RICHARD

Ere you were Queene, I, or your Husband King:
I was a packe-horse in his great affaires:
To royalize his blood, I spent mine owne.

MARGARET

I and much better blood Then his, or thine.

RICHARD

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?

RIVERS

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

RICHARD

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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.

MARGARET

I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In sharing that which you haue pill'd³ from me:
Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me?
Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away.

RICHARD

Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'st thou in my (sight?
Wert thou not banished, on paine of death?

MARGARET

I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegeance:
This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you vsurpe, are mine.

RICHARD

The Curses my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy scornes drew'st Riuers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gau'st the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the faultlesse blood of prettie Rutland:
His Curses then, from bitterness of Soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are all falne vpon thee:

³ pill'd: to pillage or plunder

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

So iust is God, to right the innocent.

HASTINGS

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

RIVERS

Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.

DORSET

No man but prophecied reuenge for it.

MARGARET

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?
Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curses.
Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your 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,
Long may'st thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death.
Riuers and Grey, you both 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.

RICHARD

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

MARGARET

And leaue out thee? stay Dog, for thou shalt heare me.
The Worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule,
No sleepe close vp that deadly Eye of thine,
Thou eluish mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge,
Thou slander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe,
Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested---

RICHARD

Margaret.

MARGARET

Richard.

RICHARD
Ha.

MARGARET
I call thee not.

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

MARGARET
Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

RICHARD
'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.

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

MARGARET
Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch-backt Toade.

BUCKINGHAM
Haue done, haue done.

MARGARET
Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge:
Haue not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him,

RICHARD
What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham.

BUCKINGHAM
Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

MARGARET
Liue each of you the subiects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods.

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

RICHARD
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.

Exit.

Enter Catesby.

CATESBY

Madam, his Maiesty doth call for you.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Catesby I come, Lords will you go with mee.

RIVERS

We wait vpon your Grace.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Brackenbury.

BRACKENBURY

Why lookes your Grace so heuily to day?

CLARENCE

O, I haue past a miserable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames.

BRACKENBURY

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

CLARENCE

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: As we pac'd along
Me thought that Glouster stumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to stay him) ouer-boord,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
I past (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Noise,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,
Could not beleeeue, but that I was in Hell.
Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while,
My Soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe.

BRACKENBURY

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

Enter two Murtherers.

BRACKENBURY

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

SECOND MURDER

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

FIRST MURDER

Let him see our Commission, and talke no more.

Reads

BRACKENBURY

I will not reason what is meant heereby,
There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.

Exit.

SECOND MURDER
What, shall we stab him as he sleepes.

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

SECOND MURDER
Why he shall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudgement day.

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

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

FIRST MURDER
What? art thou affraid?
I thought thou had'st bin resolute.

SECOND MURDER
So I am, to let him liue.

FIRST MURDER
Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

SECOND MURDER
Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

FIRST MURDER
Soft, he wakes.

CLARENCE
Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.
In Gods name, what art thou?

FIRST MURDER
A man, as you are.

CLARENCE
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

SECOND MURDER
To, to, to---

CLARENCE
To murther me?

BOTH

I, I.

CLARENCE

Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?

FIRST MURDER

What we will do, we do vpon command.

SECOND MURDER

And he that hath commanded, is our King.

CLARENCE

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?
If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe,
And I will send you to my Brother Glouster:
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

SECOND MURDER

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

CLARENCE

O do not slander him, for he is kinde.

FIRST MURDER

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

SECOND MURDER

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

CLARENCE

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?

SECOND MURDER

What shall we do?

CLARENCE

Relent, and saue your soules:
My Friend, I spy some pittie in thy lookes:
Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee--

SECOND MURDER

Looke behinde you, my Lord.

FIRST MURDER

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

Stabs him.

FIRST MURDER

Ile drowne you in the Malmesey-But⁴ within.

Exit.

SECOND MURDER

How faine (like Pilate) would I wash my hands
Of this most greuous murther.

Exit

⁴ Malmesey-But: a barrel of sweet wine

Actus Secundus.

Scoena Prima.

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

KING EDWARD IV

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

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.

RIVERS

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

And with my hand I seale my true hearts Loue.

HASTINGS

So thriue I, as I truly sweare the like.

KING EDWARD IV

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.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

There Hastings, I will neuer more remember

Our former hatred, so thriue I, and mine.

KING EDWARD IV

Dorset, imbrace him:

Hastings, loue Lord Marquesse.

DORSET

This interchange of loue, I heere protest

Vpon my part, shall be inuiolable.

HASTINGS

And so sweare I.

KING EDWARD IV

Now Princely Buckingham, seale thou this league

With thy embracements to my wiues Allies,

And make me happy in your vnity.

BUCKINGHAM

When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue,
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me.

Embrace

KING EDWARD IV
There wanteth now our Brother Gloster heere,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.

RICHARD
Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen.
King, Gloster, we haue done deeds of Charity,

KING EDWARD IV
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate.

RICHARD
A blessed labour my most Soueraigne Lord:
If I vnwillingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace.

QUEEN ELIZABETH
My Soueraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse
To take our Brother Clarence to your Grace.

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

They all start.

RIVERS
Who knowes not he is dead? Who knowes he is?

QUEEN ELIZABETH
All-seeing heauen, what a world is this?

KING EDWARD IV
Is Clarence dead? The Order was reuerst.

RICHARD
But he (poore man) by your first order dyed.

KING EDWARD IV

My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd?
Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of loue?
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.

RICHARD

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?

BUCKINGHAM

We wait vpon your Grace.

exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutchesse of Yorke, Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears, Riuers & Gray after her.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe?
Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.

DUCHESS OF YORK

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.

RIVERS

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.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliffe.

RICHARD

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.

DUCHESS OF YORK

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

RICHARD

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

BUCKINGHAM

You clowdy-Princes, & hart-sorowing-Peeres,
Though we haue spent our Haruest of this King,
We are to reape the Haruest of his Sonne.
Me seemeth good, that with some little Traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

HASTINGS

And so say I.

RICHARD

Madam, and you my Sister, will you go?

Exeunt. Manet Buckingham, and Richard.

BUCKINGHAM

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,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.

RICHARD

My other selfe, my Counsailes Consistory⁵,
Toward London then, for wee'l not stay behinde.

Exeunt

⁵ Consistory: official meeting place; council-chamber

Scena Tertia.

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

SECOND CITIZEN

Heare you the newes abroad?

FIRST CITIZEN

Yes, that the King is dead.

SECOND CITIZEN

Then Master looke to see a troublous world.

FIRST CITIZEN

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

SECOND CITIZEN

Woe to that Land that's gouern'd by a Childe.
full of danger is the Duke of Glouster,
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught⁶ and proud.

FIRST CITIZEN

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

SECOND CITIZEN

When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their clokes;
When the Sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
All may be well; but if God sort it so,
'Tis more then we deserue, or I expect.

Exeunt.

⁶ Haught: arrogant or high and mighty

Scena Quarta.

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

ARCHBISHOP

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.

DUCHESS

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

YORKE

I Mother, but I would not haue it so.

DUCHESS

Why my good Cosin, it is good to grow.

YORKE

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.

DUCHESS

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.

YORK

And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

DUCHESS

I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

YORK

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.

DUCHESS

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

YORKE

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

DUCHESS

I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?

YORKE

Grandam, his Nursse.

DUCHESS

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

YORKE

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

YORKE

Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Pitchers haue eares.

Enter a Messenger.

ARCHBISHOP

Heere comes a Messenger: What Newes?

MESSENGER

Such newes my Lord, as greues me to report.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

How doth the Prince?

MESSENGER

Well Madam, and in health.

DUCHESS

What is thy Newes?

MESSENGER

Lord Riuers, and Lord Grey,
Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir Thomas Vaughan, Prisoners.

DUCHESS

Who hath committed them?

MESSENGER

The mighty Dukes, Glouster and Buckingham.

ARCHBISHOP

For what offence?

MESSENGER

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.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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.

DUCHESS

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

DUCHESS

Stay, I will go with you.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

You haue no cause.

ARCHBISHOP

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, He conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Exeunt

Actus Tertius.
Scoena Prima.

The Trumpets sound.

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

BUCKINGHAM

Welcome sweete Prince to London, to your Chamber.

PRINCE EDWARD

I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me.

RICHARD

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

Enter Lord Maior.

LORD MAIOR OF LONDON

God blesse your Grace, with health and happie dayes.

PRINCE EDWARD

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.
Say, Vnckle Glocester, if our Brother come,
Where shall we soiourne, till our Coronation?

RICHARD

Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower.

PRINCE EDWARD

I doe not like the Tower, of any place:
Did Iulius Caesar build that place, my Lord?

BUCKINGHAM

He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,

PRINCE EDWARD

Is it vpon record? or else reported
Successiuely from age to age, he built it?
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie.

RICHARD

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

PRINCE EDWARD

What say you, Vnckle?

Enter yong Yorke, Hastings, and Cardinall.

BUCKINGHAM

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

PRINCE EDWARD

Richard of Yorke, how fares our Noble Brother?

YORKE

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

RICHARD

How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke?

YORKE

I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre.

RICHARD

He hath, my Lord.

YORKE

And therefore is he idle?

RICHARD

Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so.

PRINCE EDWARD

Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.

YORKE

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

RICHARD

My Lord, wilt please you passe along?

YORKE

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

PRINCE EDWARD

My Lord Protector will haue it so.

*A Senet. Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Grey.
Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.*

BUCKINGHAM

Come hither Catesby,
What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter,

To make William Lord Hastings of our minde?

CATESBY

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

BUCKINGHAM

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

CATESBY

Hee will doe all in all as Hastings doth.

BUCKINGHAM

Goe gentle Catesby.
And as it were farre off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose,
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.

Exit Catesby.

BUCKINGHAM

Now, my Lord, what shall wee doe, if wee perceiue
Lord Hastings will not yeeld to our Complots?

RICHARD

Chop of his head man, somewhat we will doe,
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.

BUCKINGHAM

Ile clayme that promise at your Graces hand.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.

MESSENGER
My Lord, my Lord.

HASTINGS
Who knockes?

MESSENGER
One from the Lord Stanley.

Enter Lord Hastings.

HASTINGS
Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe these tedious Nights?

MESSENGER
So it appeares, by that I haue to say:
He dreamt, the Bore had rased off⁷ his Helme.

HASTINGS
Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord,
Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance.

Exit.

Enter Catesby.

HASTINGS
Good morrow Catesby, you are early stirring:
What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?

CATESBY
It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
And I beleeeue will neuer stand vpright,
Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

HASTINGS
How weare the Garland? Doest thou meane the Crowne?

CATESBY
I, my good Lord.

HASTINGS
Ile haue this Crown of mine cut frō my shoulders,
Before Ile see the Crowne so foule mis-plac'd:

⁷ Rased off: to remove

To barre my Masters Heires in true Descent,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.

CATESBY

God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

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

RIVERS

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

GREY

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

RATCLIFFE

Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out.

GREY

Now Margarets Curse is falne vpon our Heads,

RIVERS

Then curs'd shee Richard,
Then curs'd shee Hastings. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs.

RATCLIFFE

Make haste, the houre of death is expiate⁸.

Exeunt.

⁸ Expiate: Here; already arived

Scaena Quarta.

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

HASTINGS

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

BUCKINGHAM

Is all things ready for the Royall time?

DARBY

It is, and wants but nomination.

ELY

To morrow then I iudge a happie day.

BUCKINGHAM

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

ELY

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

BUCKINGHAM

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.

HASTINGS

I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice,

Enter Gloucester.

ELY

In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe.

RICHARD

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.

BUCKINGHAM

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.

RICHARD

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

ELY

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

Exit Bishop.

RICHARD

Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

Exeunt.

HASTINGS

His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morning,
I thinke there's neuer a man in Christendome
Can lesser hide his loue, or hate, then hee.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

RICHARD

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?

HASTINGS

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.

RICHARD

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.

HASTINGS

If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord.

RICHARD

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.

Exeunt.

RICHARD

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

Manet Catesby and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Hastings.

HASTINGS

Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy heauie Curse
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched Head.

RATCLIFFE

Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner.

HASTINGS

O bloody Richard: miserable England,
Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.

Enter a Scriuener.

SCRIVENER.

Here is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Eleuen houres I haue spent to write it ouer,
For yester-night by Catesby was it sent me,
And yet within these fiue houres Hastings liu'd,
Vntainted, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie.
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 seuerall Doores.

RICHARD

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:
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire of this.

BUCKINGHAM

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

ALL

Amen.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.
Scena Prima.

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

DUCHESS OF YORKE
Daughter, well met.

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH
As much to you, good Sister: whither away?

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH
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?

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH
The King? who's that?

BRACKENBURY
I meane, the Lord Protector.

QUEEN ELIZABETH
The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?

DUCHESS
I am their Fathers Mother, I will see
them.

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

BRACKENBURY

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

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

STANLEY

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

QUEEN

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

ANNE

Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes.

DORSET

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe crosse the Seas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of Hell.

STANLEY

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

ANNE

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

ANNE

No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henries Corse,

When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I say I look'd on Richards Face,
This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,
For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death.
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,
Within so small a time, my Womans heart
Grossely grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curse,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:
For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enjoy 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.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining.

ANNE

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

DORSET

Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.

ANNE

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

DUCHESS

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.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

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

RICHARD

Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

BUCKINGHAM

My gracious Soueraigne.

RICHARD

Giue me thy hand.

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?

BUCKINGHAM

Still liue they, and for euer let them last.

RICHARD

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.

BUCKINGHAM

Say on my louing Lord.

RICHARD

Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

BUCKINGHAM

Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.

RICHARD

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

BUCKINGHAM

True, Noble Prince.

RICHARD

O bitter consequence!

That Edward still should liue true Noble Prince.

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.

BUCKINGHAM

Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

RICHARD

Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?

BUCKINGHAM

Giue me some litle breath, some pawse, deare Lord,
I will resolute you herein presently.

Exit Buck.

CATESBY

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

RICHARD

High-reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.
Hath he so long held out with me, vntyr'd,
And stops he now for breath?
Come hither Catesby, rumor it abroad,
That Anne, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.
About it, for it stands me much vpon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me.
I must be marryed to my Brothers Daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in
So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,
Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

RICHARD

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

TYRREL

Iames Tyrrel, and your most obedient subiect.

RICHARD

Art thou indeed?

TYRREL

Proue me, my gracious Lord.

RICHARD

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

TYRREL

Please you:
But I had rather kill two enemies.

RICHARD

Thou sing'st sweet Musique: Hearke, come hither Tyrrel,

Whispers.

TYRREL

I will dispatch it straight.

Exit.

[re]Enter Buckingham.

BUCKINGHAM

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

RICHARD

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

BUCKINGHAM

I heare the newes, my Lord.

RICHARD

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

BUCKINGHAM

My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promise,
Th'Earledome of Hertford, and the moueables,
Which you haue promised I shall possesse.

RICHARD

I doe remember me, Henry the Sixt
Did prophecie, that Richmond should be King,
A King perhaps.

BUCKINGHAM

My lord.

RICHARD

I, whats a clocke?

BUCKINGHAM

I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

RICHARD

Wel, but whats a clocke?

BUCKINGHAM

Vpon the stroke of ten.

RICHARD

Well, let it strike.

BUCKINGHAM

Whie let it strike?

RICHARD

Because that like a lacke thou keepst the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.

BUCKINGHAM

Whie then resolue me whether you wil or no?

RICHARD

thou troublest me, I am not in the vain.

Exit.

BUCKINGHAM

And is it thus? repayes he my deepe seruice
With such contempt? made I him King for this?

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Tyrrel and Richard.

RICHARD
Kinde Tirrell, am I happy in thy Newes.

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

RICHARD
But did'st thou see them dead.

TYRREL
I did my Lord.

RICHARD
And buried gentle Tirrell.

TYRREL
The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them.

RICHARD
Come to me Tirrel soone, and after Supper,
When thou shalt tell the processe of their death.
Farewell till then.

TYRREL
I humbly take my leaue.

Exit Tyrell

RICHARD
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.

RATCLIFFE
My Lord.

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

RATCLIFFE
Bad news my Lord, Ely is fled to Richmond,

And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welshmen
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

RICHARD

Go muster men: My counsaile is my Sheeld,
We must be breefe, when Traitors braue the Field.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

MARGARET

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 witnessse 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.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes:
If yet your gentle soules flye in the Ayre,
Houer about me with your ayery wings,

DUCHESS OF YORK

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

MARGARET

Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward, payes a dying debt.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

MARGARET

If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signeurie⁹.
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.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Oh Harries wife, triumph not in my woes.

MARGARET

Beare with me: I am hungry for reuenge,
Richard yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer,

⁹ Signeurie: seniority

Cancel his bond of life, deere God I pray,
That I may liue and say, The Dogge is dead.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

MARGARET

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;
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?
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.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

MARGARET

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

MARGARET

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

DUCHESS

Why should calamity be full of words?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Poore breathing Orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they will impart,
Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.

DUCHESS

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

Enter King Richard, and his Traine.

RICHARD

Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

DUCHESS OF YORK

O let me speake.

RICHARD

Do then, but Ile not heare.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Art thou so hasty? I haue staid for thee.

RICHARD

And came I not at last to comfort you?

DUCHESS OF YORK

Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.

RICHARD

You speake too bitterly.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Heare me a word:

For I shall neuer speake to thee againe.

RICHARD

So.

DUCHESS OF YORK

Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iust ordinance
Or I with greefe and extreame Age shall perish,

And neuer more behold thy face againe.
Therefore take with thee my most greeuous Curse:
My Prayers on the aduerse party fight.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend.

Exit Duchess.

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH
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.

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH
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.

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

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

RICHARD
Her life is safest onely in her byrth.

QUEEN ELIZABETH
And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.

RICHARD
Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposite.

QUEEN ELIZABETH
No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.

RICHARD
All vnauoyded is the doome of Destiny.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

True: when auoyded grace makes Destiny.

RICHARD

Madam, so thriue I in my enterprize
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

RICHARD

Then know, That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.
What do you thinke?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule
So from thy Soules loue didst thou loue her Brothers.

RICHARD

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.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

How canst thou woo her?

RICHARD

That I would learne of you.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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:

RICHARD

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

RICHARD

Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men shall deale vnaduisedly sometimes,
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
To make amends, Ile giue it to your daughter.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?

RICHARD
Say I will loue her euerlastingly.

QUEEN ELIZABETH
But how long shall that title euer last?

RICHARD
As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.

QUEEN ELIZABETH
As long as Hell and Richard likes of it.

RICHARD
I swear.

QUEEN ELIZABETH
By nothing, for this is no Oath.
If something thou would'st sweare to be beleeu'd,
Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.

RICHARD
Now by the World.

QUEEN ELIZABETH
'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

RICHARD
My Fathers death.

QUEEN ELIZABETH
Thy life hath it dishonor'd.

RICHARD
Why then, by Heauen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH
Heavens wrong is most of all:
What can'st thou sweare by now?

RICHARD
The time to come.

QUEEN ELIZABETH
That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:
The Children liue, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
The Parents liue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd.

RICHARD

Be opposite all Planets of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,
I tender not thy beautiful Princes 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 Attorney of my loue to her:
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Yet thou didst kil my Children.

RICHARD

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

QUEEN ELIZABETH

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

Exit Q.

RICHARD

Beare her my true loues kisse, and so farewell.
How now, what newes?

Enter Ratcliffe.

RATCLIFFE

Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast
Rideth a puissant Nauie: to our Shores
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their Admirall:

Enter Lord Stanley.

RICHARD

What newes with you?

STANLEY

Richmond is on the Seas.
He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.

RICHARD

Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword vnsway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossesst?
Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare.

STANLEY

No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.

RICHARD

Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?

STANLEY

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

RICHARD

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.

Exit Stanley.

Enter Catesby.

CATESBY

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.

RICHARD

Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

Florish. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Stanley, and Sir Christopher.

STANLEY

Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
My Sonne George Stanley is frankt vp¹⁰ in hold:
The feare of that, holds off my present ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
My Letter will resolute him of my minde.
Farewell.

Exeunt.

¹⁰ Frankt up: closed in a cage; shut up in an enclosure

Actus Quintus.
Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.

BUCKINGHAM

Will not King Richard let me speake with him?

SHERIFF

No my good Lord, therefore be patient.

BUCKINGHAM

Thus Margarets curse falles heauy on my necke:
When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow,
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, Blunt, and others, with drum and colours.

RICHMOND

Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Friends
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of Tyranny,
The wretched, bloody, and vsurping Boare,
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,
In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends,
To reape the Haruest of perpetuall peace,
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 Catesby.

RICHARD

Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Bosworth field,
Who hath descried the number of the Traitors?

NORFOLKE

Six or seuen thousand is their vtmost power.

RICHARD

Why our Battalia trebbles that account:
Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day.

Exeunt.

Enter Richmond, Sir James Blunt, Oxford, and Ely.

RICHMOND

The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

BLUNT

His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least
South, from the mighty Power of the King.

RICHMOND

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

BLUNT

Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it.

RICHMOND

Good night good Captaine Blunt.
Let vs consult vpon to morrowes Businesse.

They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolk, & Catesby.

RICHARD
What is't a Clocke?

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

RICHARD
I will not sup to night, Ratcliffe.

RATCLIFFE
My Lord.

RICHARD
Send out a Pursuiuant at Armes¹¹
To Stanleys Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his Sonne George fall
Into the blinde Caue of eternall night.
Bid my Guard watch. Leau me.

Exit Ratclif. Manet Richmond.

RICHMOND
O thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
Make vs thy ministers of Chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory:
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule.

Sleeps.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

GHOST OF CLARENCE
Let me sit heauy in thy soule to morrow.
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 off-spring of the house of Lancaster
The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flourish.
Enter the Ghosts of Riuers, Gray.

Enter the Ghosts of Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan.

¹¹ Pursuiuant at Armes: junior officer to the herald

GHOST OF RIVERS

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

GHOST OF GREY

Thinke vpon Grey, and let thy soule dispaire.
Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.

ALL TO RICHM.

Awake,
And thinke our wrongs in Richards Bosome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

GHOST OF HASTINGS

Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye.
Hast. to Rich. Quiet vntroubled soule,
Awake, awake:
Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.
Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

GHOSTS OF THE PRINCES

Dreame on thy Cousins Smothered in the Tower:
Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye.
Ghosts 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.

GHOST OF ANNE

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

GHOST OF BUCKINGHAM

The first was I That help'd thee to the Crowne:
That last was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battaile think on Buckingham,

Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death.
Ghost 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.

RICHARD

Giue me another Horse, bind vp my Wounds:
Haue mercy Iesu. Soft, I did but dreame.
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?
no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,
My Conscience hath a thousand seuerall Tongues,
And euery Tongue brings in a seuerall Tale,
And euerie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
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.

Exeunt Richard

*Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.
His Oration to his Souldiers.*

RICHMOND

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

His Oration to his Souldiers.

More then I haue said, louing Countrymen,
The leysure and inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
(Richard except) those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow.
Aduance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

RICHARD

Who saw the Sunne to day?

RATCLIFFE

Not I my Lord.

RICHARD

Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me?

Enter Norfolk.

NORFOLKE

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

RICHARD

Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
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.

Drum afar off

Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
Fight Gentlemen of England, fight bold yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head,
Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood.

Alarum, excursions.

Enter Catesby.

CATESBY

Rescue my Lord of Norfolk, Rescue, Rescue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarums.

Enter Richard.

RICHARD

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

CATESBY

Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horse

RICHARD

Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

Alarum

Enter Richard and Richmond,

they fight, Richard is slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish.

*Enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the
Crowne, with diuers other Lords.*

RICHMOND

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

DERBY

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.

RICHMOND

Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all.
But tell me, is yong George Stanley liuing?

DERBY

He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,
Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.

RICHMOND

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