

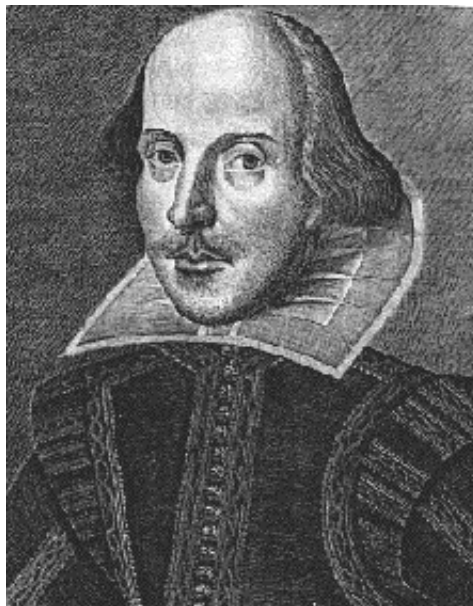
The Tragedy of Richard the Third :

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

by

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Based on the Folio Text of 1623



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Shakespeare: First Folio

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The Tragedie of Richard the Third

with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Fieldq5

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

2 *Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.*
3 Now is the Winter of our Discontent,
4 Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
5 And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our house
6 In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
7 Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
8 Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;
9 Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
10 Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.
11 Grim- visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
12 And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
13 To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduersaries,
14 He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
15 To the lasciuious pleasing of a Lute.
16 But I, that am not shap'd for sportiue trickes,
17 Nor made to court an amorous Looking- glasse:
18 I, that am Rudely stamp't, and want loues Maiesty,
19 To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph:
20 I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
21 Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
22 Deform'd, vn- finish'd, sent before my time
23 Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,
24 And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
25 That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.
26 Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
27 Haue no delight to passe away the time,
28 Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
29 And descant on mine owne Deformity.
30 And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,
31 To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
32 I am determin'd to proue a Villaine,
33 And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
34 Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous,
35 By drunken Prophetes, Libels, and Dreames,
36 To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
37 In deadly hate, the one against the other:
38 And if King *Edward* be as true and iust,
39 As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous,

40 This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd vp:
 41 About a Prophetie, which sayes that G,
 42 Of *Edwards* heyres the murtherer shall be.
 43 Diue thoughts downe to my soule, here *Clarence* comes.
 44 *Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded.*
 45 Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard
 46 That waites vpon your Grace?
 47 *Cla.* His Maiesty tendring my persons safety,
 48 Hath appointed this Conduct, to conuey me to th' Tower
 49 *Rich.* Vpon what cause?
 50 *Cla.* Because my name is *George*.
 51 *Rich.* Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
 52 He should for that commit your Godfathers.
 53 O belike, his Maiesty hath some intent,
 54 That you should be new Christned in the Tower,
 55 But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know?
 56 *Cla.* Yea *Richard*, when I know: but I protest
 57 As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
 58 He hearkens after Propheties and Dreames,
 59 And from the Crosse- row pluckes the letter G:
 60 And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,
 61 His issue disinherited should be.
 62 And for my name of *George* begins with G,
 63 It followes in his thought, that I am he.
 64 These (as I learne) and such like toyes as these,
 65 Hath moou'd his Highnesse to commit me now.
 66 *Rich.* Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:
 67 'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
 68 My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence* 'tis shee,
 69 That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.
 70 Was it not shee, and that good man of Worship,
 71 *Anthony Woodeuile* her Brother there,
 72 That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the Tower?
 73 From whence this present day he is deliuered?
 74 We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.
 75 *Cla.* By heauen, I thinke there is no man secure
 76 But the Queenes Kindred, and night- walking Heralds,
 77 That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris *Shore*.
 78 Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
 79 Lord *Hastings* was, for her deliuey?
 80 *Rich.* Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
 81 Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
 82 Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
 83 If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
 84 To be her men, and weare her Liuey.
 85 The iealous ore- worne Widdow, and her selfe,

86 Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
 87 Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.
 88 *Bra.* I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
 89 His Maiesty hath straightly giuen in charge,
 90 That no man shall haue priuate Conference
 91 (Of what degree soeuer) with your Brother. [q5v
 92 *Rich.* Euen so, and please your Worship *Brakenbury*,
 93 You may partake of any thing we say:
 94 We speake no Treason man; We say the King
 95 Is wise and vertuous, and his Noble Queene
 96 Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not ielialous.
 97 We say, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
 98 A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
 99 And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
 100 How say you sir? can you deny all this?
 101 *Bra.* With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nought to
 102 doo.
 103 *Rich.* Naught to do with Mistris *Shore*?
 104 I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
 105 (Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone.
 106 *Bra.* What one, my Lord?
 107 *Rich.* Her Husband Knaue, would'st thou betray me?
 108 *Bra.* I do beseech your Grace
 109 To pardon me, and withall forbear
 110 Your Conference with the Noble Duke.
 111 *Cl.* We know thy charge *Brakenbury*, and wil obey.
 112 *Rich.* We are the Queenes abiects, and must obey.
 113 Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
 114 And whatsoe're you will imploy me in,
 115 Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow, Sister,
 116 I will performe it to infranchise you.
 117 Meane time, this deepe disgrace in Brotherhood,
 118 Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
 119 *Cl.* I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.
 120 *Rich.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
 121 I will deliuer you, or else lye for you:
 122 Meane time, haue patience.
 123 *Cl.* I must perforce: Farewell. *Exit Clar[ence].*
 124 *Rich.* Go treade the path that thou shalt ne're return:
 125 Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee so,
 126 That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heauen,
 127 If Heauen will take the present at our hands.
 128 But who comes heere? the new deliuered *Hastings*?
 129 *Enter Lord Hastings.*
 130 *Hast.* Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
 131 *Rich.* As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:

132 Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
133 How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?
134 *Hast.* With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:
135 But I shall liue (my Lord) to giue them thanks
136 That were the cause of my imprisonment.
137 *Rich.* No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
138 For they that were your Enemies, are his,
139 And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you,
140 *Hast.* More pittie, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
141 Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.
142 *Rich.* What newes abroad?
143 *Hast.* No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
144 The King is sickly, weake, and melancholly,
145 And his Physitians feare him mightily.
146 *Rich.* Now by S[aint]. Iohn, that Newes is bad indeed.
147 O he hath kept an euill Diet long,
148 And ouer- much consum'd his Royall Person:
149 'Tis very greuous to be thought vpon.
150 Where is he, in his bed?
151 *Hast.* He is.
152 *Rich.* Go you before, and I will follow you.
153 *Exit Hastings.*
154 He cannot liue I hope, and must not dye,
155 Till *George* be pack'd with post- horse vp to Heauen.
156 Ile in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
157 With Lyes well steel'd with weighty Arguments,
158 And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
159 *Clarence* hath not another day to liue:
160 Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
161 And leaue the world for me to bussle in.
162 For then, Ile marry Warwicks yongest daughter.
163 What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
164 The readiest way to make the Wench amends,
165 Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
166 The which will I, not all so much for loue,
167 As for another secret close intent,
168 By marrying her, which I must reach vnto.
169 But yet I run before my horse to Market:
170 *Clarence* still breathes, *Edward* still liues and raignes,
171 When they are gone, then must I count my gains. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

173 *Enter the Coarse of Henrie the sixt with Halberds to guard it,*
 174 *Lady Anne being the Mourner.*
 175 *Anne.* Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
 176 If Honor may be shrowded in a Herse;
 177 Whil'st I a- while obsequiously lament
 178 Th' vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster.
 179 Poore key- cold Figure of a holy King,
 180 Pale Ashes of the House of Lancaster;
 181 Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood,
 182 Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost,
 183 To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*,
 184 Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtred Sonne,
 185 Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.
 186 Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,
 187 I powre the helplesse Balme of my poore eyes.
 188 O cursed be the hand that made these holes:
 189 Cursed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
 190 Cursed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
 191 More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
 192 That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
 193 Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,
 194 Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.
 195 If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,
 196 Prodigeous, and vntimely brought to light,
 197 Whose vgly and vnnaturall Aspect
 198 May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
 199 And that be Heyre to his vnhappinesse.
 200 If euer he haue Wife, let her be made
 201 More miserable by the death of him,
 202 Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
 203 Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Lode,
 204 Taken from Paules, to be interred there.
 205 And still as you are weary of this waight,
 206 Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarse.
 207 *Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.*
 208 *Rich.* Stay you that beare the Coarse, & set it down.
 209 *An.* What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend,
 210 To stop deuoted charitable deeds?
 211 *Rich.* Villaines set downe the Coarse, or by S[aint]. Paul,
 212 Ile make a Coarse of him that disobeyes. [q6
 213 *Gen.* My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe.
 214 *Rich.* Vnmanner'd Dogge,
 215 Stand'st thou when I commaund:
 216 Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest,

217 Or by S[aint]. Paul Ile strike thee to my Foote,
 218 And spurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldnesse.
 219 *Anne.* What do you tremble? are you all affraid?
 220 Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
 221 And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
 222 Auant thou dreadfull minister of Hell;
 223 Thou had'st but power ouer his Mortall body,
 224 His Soule thou canst not haue: Therefore be gone.
 225 *Rich.* Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.
 226 *An.* Foule Diuell,
 227 For Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not,
 228 For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:
 229 Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deepe exclames:
 230 If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
 231 Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.
 232 Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead *Henries* wounds,
 233 Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh.
 234 Blush, blush, thou lumpe of fowle Deformitie:
 235 For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
 236 From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.
 237 Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,
 238 Prouokes this Deluge most vnnaturall.
 239 O God! which this Blood mad'st, reuenge his death:
 240 O Earth! which this Blood drink'st, reuenge his death.
 241 Either Heau'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead:
 242 Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
 243 As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,
 244 Which his Hell- gouern'd arme hath butchered.
 245 *Rich.* Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
 246 Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.
 247 *An.* Villaine, thou know'st nor law of God nor Man,
 248 No Beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie.
 249 *Rich.* But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.
 250 *An.* O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!
 251 *Rich.* More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry:
 252 Vouchsafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)
 253 Of these supposed Crimes, to giue me leaue
 254 By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.
 255 *An.* Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man)
 256 Of these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue
 257 By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Selfe.
 258 *Rich.* Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
 259 Some patient leysure to excuse my selfe.
 260 *An.* Fouler then heart can thinke thee,
 261 Thou can'st make no excuse currant,
 262 But to hang thy selfe.

263 *Rich.* By such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe.
264 *An.* And by dispairing shalt thou stand excused,
265 For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,
266 That did'st vnworthy slaughter vpon others.
267 *Rich.* Say that I slew them not.
268 *An.* Then say they were not slaine:
269 But dead they are, and diuellish slaue by thee.
270 *Rich.* I did not kill your Husband.
271 *An.* Why then he is aliue.
272 *Rich.* Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hands.
273 *An.* In thy foule throat thou Ly'st,
274 Queene *Margaret* saw
275 Thy murd'rous Faulchion smoaking in his blood:
276 The which, thou once didd'st bend against her brest,
277 But that thy Brothers beate aside the point.
278 *Rich.* I was prouoked by her sland'rous tongue,
279 That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltlesse Shoulders.
280 *An.* Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde,
281 That neuer dream'st on ought but Butcheries:
282 Did'st thou not kill this King?
283 *Rich.* I graunt ye.
284 *An.* Do'st grant me Hedge- hogge,
285 Then God graunt me too
286 Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deede,
287 O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
288 *Rich.* The better for the King of heauen that hath him.
289 *An.* He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.
290 *Rich.* Let him thanke me, that holpe to send him thi-ther:
292 For he was fitter for that place then earth.
293 *An.* And thou vnfit for any place, but hell.
294 *Rich.* Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.
295 *An.* Some dungeon.
296 *Rich.* Your Bed- chamber.
297 *An.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyeest.
298 *Rich.* So will it Madam, till I lye with you.
299 *An.* I hope so.
300 *Rich.* I know so. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
301 To leaue this keene encounter of our wittes,
302 And fall something into a slower method.
303 Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths
304 Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henrie* and *Edward*,
305 As blamefull as the Executioner.
306 *An.* Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect.
307 *Rich.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect:
308 Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,
309 To vndertake the death of all the world,

310 So I might liue one houre in your sweet bosome.
 311 *An.* If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
 312 These Nailes should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
 313 *Rich.* These eyes could not endure y beauties wrack,
 314 You should not blemish it, if I stood by;
 315 As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
 316 So I by that: It is my day, my life.
 317 *An.* Blacke night ore- shade thy day, & death thy life.
 318 *Rich.* Curse not thy selfe faire Creature,
 319 Thou art both.
 320 *An.* I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.
 321 *Rich.* It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
 322 To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.
 323 *An.* It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
 324 To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
 325 *Rich.* He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
 326 Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.
 327 *An.* His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
 328 *Rich.* He liues, that loues thee better then he could.
 329 *An.* Name him.
 330 *Rich.* *Plantagenet.*
 331 *An.* Why that was he.
 332 *Rich.* The selvesame name, but one of better Nature.
 333 *An.* Where is he?
 334 *Rich.* Heere: *Spits at him.*
 335 Why dost thou spit at me.
 336 *An.* Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake.
 337 *Rich.* Neuer came poyson from so sweet a place.
 338 *An.* Neuer hung poyson on a fowler Toade.
 339 Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.
 340 *Rich.* Thine eyes (sweet Lady) haue infected mine.
 341 *An.* Would they were Basiliskes, to strike thee dead.
 342 *Rich.* I would they were, that I might dye at once:
 343 For now they kill me with a liuing death.
 344 Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt Teares; [q6v
 345 Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops:
 346 These eyes, which neuer shed remorsefull teare,
 347 No, when my Father Yorke, and *Edward* wept,
 348 To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made
 349 When black- fac'd *Clifford* shooke his sword at him.
 350 Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,
 351 Told the sad storie of my Fathers death,
 352 And twenty times, made pause to sob and weepe:
 353 That all the standers by had wet their cheekes
 354 Like Trees bedash'd with raine. In that sad time,
 355 My manly eyes did scorne an humble teare:

356 And what these sorrowes could not thence exhale,
 357 Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
 358 I neuer sued to Friend, nor Enemy:
 359 My Tongue could neuer learne sweet smoothing word.
 360 But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
 361 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake.
 362 *She lookes scornfully at him.*
 363 Teach not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made
 364 For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
 365 If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
 366 Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe- pointed Sword,
 367 Which if thou please to hide in this true brest,
 368 And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,
 369 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 370 And humbly begge the death vpon my knee,
 371 *He layes his brest open, she offers at with his sword.*
 372 Nay do not pause: For I did kill King *Henrie*,
 373 But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.
 374 Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that stabb'd yong *Edward*,
 375 But 'twas thy Heauenly face that set me on.
 376 *She fals the Sword.*
 377 Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.
 378 *An.* Arise Dissembler, though I wish thy death,
 379 I will not be thy Executioner.
 380 *Rich.* Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.
 381 *An.* I haue already.
 382 *Rich.* That was in thy rage:
 383 Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
 384 This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,
 385 Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,
 386 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.
 387 *An.* I would I knew thy heart.
 388 *Rich.* 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
 389 *An.* I feare me, both are false.
 390 *Rich.* Then neuer Man was true.
 391 *An.* Well, well, put vp your Sword.
 392 *Rich.* Say then my Peace is made.
 393 *An.* That shalt thou know heereafter.
 394 *Rich.* But shall I liue in hope.
 395 *An.* All men I hope liue so.
 396 Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.
 397 *Rich.* Looke how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger,
 398 Euen so thy Brest incloseth my poore heart:
 399 Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.
 400 And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may
 401 But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,

402 Thou dost confirme his happinesse for euer.
 403 *An.* What is it?
 404 *Rich.* That it may please you leaue these sad designes,
 405 To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,
 406 And presently repayre to Crosbie House:
 407 Where (after I haue solemnly interr'd
 408 At Chertsey Monast'ry this Noble King,
 409 And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares)
 410 I will with all expedient duty see you,
 411 For diuers vnknowne Reasons, I beseech you,
 412 Grant me this Boon.
 413 *An.* With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
 414 To see you are become so penitent.
 415 *Tressel and Barkley,* go along with me.
 416 *Rich.* Bid me farwell.
 417 *An.* 'Tis more then you deserue:
 418 But since you teach me how to flatter you,
 419 Imagine I haue saide farewell already.
 420 *Exit two with Anne.*
 421 *Gent.* Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord?
 422 *Rich.* No: to White Friars, there attend my comming
 423 *Exit Coarse*
 424 Was euer woman in this humour woo'd?
 425 Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
 426 Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
 427 What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
 428 To take her in her hearts extreamest hate,
 429 With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
 430 The bleeding witnessse of my hatred by,
 431 Hauling God, her Conscience, and these bars against me,
 432 And I, no Friends to backe my suite withall,
 433 But the plaine Diuell, and dissembling lookes?
 434 And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
 435 Hah!
 436 Hath she forgot alreadie that braue Prince,
 437 *Edward,* her Lord, whom I (some three monthes since)
 438 Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?
 439 A sweeter, and a louelier Gentleman,
 440 Fram'd in the prodigallity of Nature:
 441 Yong, Valiant, Wise, and (no doubt) right Royal,
 442 The spacious World cannot againe affoord:
 443 And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
 444 That crompt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
 445 And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed?
 446 On me, whose All not equals *Edwards* Moytie?
 447 On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus?

448 My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier!
 449 I do mistake my person all this while:
 450 Vpon my life she findes (although I cannot)
 451 My selfe to be a maru'llous proper man.
 452 Ile be at Charges for a Looking- glasse,
 453 And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,
 454 To study fashions to adorne my body:
 455 Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
 456 I will maintaine it with some little cost.
 457 But first Ile turne yon Fellow in his Graue,
 458 And then returne lamenting to my Loue.
 459 Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
 460 That I may see my Shadow as I passe. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

462 *Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Riuers,*
 463 *and Lord Gray.*
 464 *Riu.* Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maiesty
 465 Will soone recouer his accustom'd health.
 466 *Gray.* In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
 467 Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
 468 And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes
 469 *Qu.* If he were dead, what would betide on me? [r1
 470 If he were dead, what would betide on me?
 471 *Gray.* No other harme, but losse of such a Lord.
 472 *Qu.* The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes.
 473 *Gray.* The Heauens haue blest you with a goodly Son,
 474 To be your Comforter, when he is gone.
 475 *Qu.* Ah! he is yong; and his minority
 476 Is put vnto the trust of *Richard Glouster,*
 477 A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
 478 *Riu.* Is it concluded he shall be Protector?
 479 *Qu.* It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
 480 But so it must be, if the King miscarry.
 481 *Enter Buckingham and Derby.*
 482 *Gray.* Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.
 483 *Buc.* Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.
 484 *Der.* God make your Maiesty ioyful, as you haue bin
 485 *Qu.* The Countesse *Richmond,* good my L[ord]. of *Derby.*
 486 To your good prayer, will scarsely say, Amen.
 487 Yet *Derby,* not withstanding shee's your wife,
 488 And loues not me, be you good Lord assur'd,
 489 I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

490 *Der.* I do beseech you, either not beleeeue
 491 The enuious slanders of her false Accusers:
 492 Or if she be accus'd on true report,
 493 Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
 494 From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.
 495 *Qu.* Saw you the King to day my Lord of *Derby*.
 496 *Der.* But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
 497 Are come from visiting his Maiesty.
 498 *Que.* What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.
 499 *Buc.* Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.
 500 *Qu.* God grant him health, did you confer with him?
 501 *Buc.* I Madam, he desires to make attonement
 502 Betweene the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers,
 503 And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
 504 And sent to warne them to his Royall presence.
 505 *Qu.* Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
 506 I feare our happinesse is at the height.
 507 *Enter Richard.*
 508 *Rich.* They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,
 509 Who is it that complaines vnto the King,
 510 That I (forsooth) am sterne, and loue them not?
 511 By holy *Paul*, they loue his Grace but lightly,
 512 That fill his eares with such dissentious Rumors.
 513 Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,
 514 Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue, and cogge,
 515 Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtesie,
 516 I must be held a rancorous Enemy.
 517 Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme,
 518 But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,
 519 With silken, slye, insinuating Iackes?
 520 *Grey.* To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?
 521 *Rich.* To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace:
 522 When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
 523 Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
 524 A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace
 525 (Whom God preserue better then you would wish)
 526 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
 527 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
 528 *Qu.* Brother of Glouster, you mistake the matter:
 529 The King on his owne Royall disposition,
 530 (And not prouok'd by any Sutor else)
 531 Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred,
 532 That in your outward action shewes it selfe
 533 Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
 534 Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground.
 535 *Rich.* I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,

536 That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch.
 537 Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman,
 538 There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.
 539 *Qu.* Come, come, we know your meaning Brother |(Gloster
 540 You enuy my aduancement, and my friends:
 541 God grant we neuer may haue neede of you.
 542 *Rich.* Meane time, God grants that I haue need of you.
 543 Our Brother is imprison'd by your meanes,
 544 My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
 545 Held in contempt, while great Promotions
 546 Are daily giuen to ennoble those
 547 That scarce some two dayes since were worth a Noble.
 548 *Qu.* By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
 549 From that contented hap which I inioy'd,
 550 I neuer did incense his Maiestie
 551 Against the Duke of *Clarence*, but haue bin
 552 An earnest aduocate to plead for him.
 553 My Lord you do me shamefull iniurie,
 554 Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
 555 *Rich.* You may deny that you were not the meane
 556 Of my Lord *Hastings* late imprisonment.
 557 *Riu.* She may my Lord, for—
 558 *Rich.* She may Lord *Riuers*, why who knowes not so?
 559 She may do more sir then denying that:
 560 She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
 561 And then deny her ayding hand therein,
 562 And lay those Honors on your high desert.
 563 What may she not, she may, I marry may she.
 564 *Riu.* What marry may she?
 565 *Ric.* What marrie may she? Marrie with a King,
 566 A Batcheller, and a handsome stripling too,
 567 Iwis your Grandam had a worsere match.
 568 *Qu.* My Lord of Glouster, I haue too long borne
 569 Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes:
 570 By heauen, I will acquaint his Maiestie
 571 Of those grosse taunts that oft I haue endur'd.
 572 I had rather be a Countrie seruant maide
 573 Then a great Queene, with this condition,
 574 To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at,
 575 Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.
 576 *Enter old Queene Margaret.*
 577 *Mar.* And lesned be that small, God I beseech him,
 578 Thy honor, state, and seate, is due to me.
 579 *Rich.* What? threat you me with telling of the King?
 580 I will auouch't in presence of the King:
 581 I dare aduenture to be sent to th' Towre.

582 'Tis time to speake,
 583 My paines are quite forgot.
 584 *Margaret.* Out Diuell,
 585 I do remember them too well:
 586 Thou killd'st my Husband *Henrie* in the Tower,
 587 And *Edward* my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.
 588 *Rich.* Ere you were Queene,
 589 I, or your Husband King:
 590 I was a packe- horse in his great affaires:
 591 A weeder out of his proud Aduersaries,
 592 A liberall rewarder of his Friends,
 593 To royalize his blood, I spent mine owne.
 594 *Margaret.* I and much better blood
 595 Then his, or thine. [r1v
 596 *Rich.* In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey*
 597 Were factious, for the House of *Lancaster*;
 598 And *Riuers*, so were you: Was not your Husband,
 599 In *Margarets* Battaile, at Saint *Albons*, slaine?
 600 Let me put in your mindes, if you forget
 601 What you haue beene ere this, and what you are:
 602 Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.
 603 *Q.M.* A murth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art.
 604 *Rich.* Poore *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwicke*,
 605 I, and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)
 606 *Q.M.* Which God reuenge.
 607 *Rich.* To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne,
 608 And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed vp:
 609 I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*,
 610 Or *Edwards* soft and pittifull, like mine;
 611 I am too childish foolish for this World.
 612 *Q.M.* High thee to Hell for shame, & leaue this World
 613 Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.
 614 *Riu.* My Lord of Gloster: in those busie dayes,
 615 Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies,
 616 We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King,
 617 So should we you, if you should be our King.
 618 *Rich.* If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler:
 619 Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
 620 *Qu.* As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose
 621 You should enioy, were you this Countries King,
 622 As little ioy you may suppose in me,
 623 That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.
 624 *Q.M.* A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
 625 For I am shee, and altogether ioylesse:
 626 I can no longer hold me patient.
 627 Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,

628 In sharing that which you haue pill'd from me:
 629 Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me?
 630 If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects;
 631 Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebells.
 632 Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away.
 633 *Rich.* Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'st thou in my |(sight?
 634 *Q.M.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
 635 That will I make, before I let thee goe.
 636 *Rich.* Wert thou not banished, on paine of death?
 637 *Q.M.* I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment,
 638 Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.
 639 A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me,
 640 And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegiance:
 641 This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
 642 And all the Pleasures you vsurpe, are mine.
 643 *Rich.* The Curse my Noble Father layd on thee,
 644 When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,
 645 And with thy scornes drew'st Riuers from his eyes,
 646 And then to dry them, gau'st the Duke a Clowt,
 647 Steep'd in the faultlesse blood of prettie *Rutland*:
 648 His Curses then, from bitternesse of Soule,
 649 Denounc'd against thee, are all falne vpon thee:
 650 And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
 651 *Qu.* So iust is God, to right the innocent.
 652 *Hast.* O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,
 653 And the most mercilesse, that ere was heard of.
 654 *Riu.* Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.
 655 *Dors.* No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
 656 *Buck.* *Northumberland*, then present, wept to see it.
 657 *Q.M.* What? were you snarling all before I came,
 658 Ready to catch each other by the throat,
 659 And turne you all your hatred now on me?
 660 Did *Yorkes* dread Curse preuaile so much with Heauen,
 661 That *Henries* death, my louely *Edwards* death,
 662 Their Kingdomes losse, my wofull Banishment,
 663 Should all but answer for that peeuish Brat?
 664 Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen?
 665 Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curses.
 666 Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King,
 667 As ours by Murther, to make him a King.
 668 *Edward* thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
 669 For *Edward* our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,
 670 Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence.
 671 Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
 672 Out- liue thy glory, like my wretched selfe:
 673 Long may'st thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death,

674 And see another, as I see thee now,
 675 Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine.
 676 Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death,
 677 And after many length'ned howres of grieffe,
 678 Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.
 679 *Riuers* and *Dorset*, you were standers by,
 680 And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Sonne
 681 Was stab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,
 682 That none of you may liue his naturall age,
 683 But by some vnlook'd accident cut off.
 684 *Rich.* Haue done thy Charme, y hateful wither'd Hagge.
 685 *Q.M.* And leaue out thee? stay Dog, for y shalt heare me.
 686 If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in store,
 687 Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee,
 688 O let them keepe it, till thy sinnes be ripe,
 689 And then hurle downe their indignation
 690 On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace.
 691 The Worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule,
 692 Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liu'st,
 693 And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends:
 694 No sleepe close vp that deadly Eye of thine,
 695 Vnlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame
 696 Affrights thee with a Hell of ugly Deuills.
 697 Thou eluish mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge,
 698 Thou that wast seal'd in thy Natiuitie
 699 The slaue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:
 700 Thou slander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe,
 701 Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes,
 702 Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested—
 703 *Rich. Margaret.*
 704 *Q.M. Richard. Rich. Ha.*
 705 *Q.M.* I call thee not.
 706 *Rich.* I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,
 707 That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.
 708 *Q.M.* Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
 709 Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.
 710 *Rich.* 'Tis done by me and ends in *Margaret.*
 711 *Qu.* Thus haue you breath'd your Curse against your self.
 712 *Q.M.* Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,
 713 Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
 714 Whose deadly Web ensnareth thee about?
 715 Foole, foole, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy selfe:
 716 The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,
 717 To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch- backt Toade.
 718 *Hast.* False boding Woman, end thy frantick Curse,
 719 Least to thy harme, thou moue our patience.

720 *Q.M.* Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
 721 *Ri.* Were you wel seru'd, you would be taught your duty.
 722 *Q.M.* To serue me well, you all should do me duty,
 723 Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:
 724 O serue me well, and teach your selues that duty.
 725 *Dors.* Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.
 726 *Q.M.* Peace Master Marquesse, you are malapert,
 727 Your fire- new stampe of Honor is scarce currant. [r2
 728 O that your yong Nobility could iudge
 729 What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable.
 730 They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,
 731 And if they fall, they dash themselues to peeeces.
 732 *Rich.* Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it Mar-quesse.
 733 *Dor.* It touches you my Lord, as much as me.
 734 *Rich.* I, and much more: but I was borne so high:
 735 Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,
 736 And dallies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne.
 737 *Mar.* And turnes the Sun to shade: alas, alas,
 738 Witnesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death,
 739 Whose bright out- shining beames, thy cloudy wrath
 740 Hath in eternall darknesse folded vp.
 741 Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Nest:
 742 O God that seest it, do not suffer it,
 743 As it is wonne with blood, lost be it so.
 744 *Buc.* Peace, peace for shame: If not, for Charity.
 745 *Mar.* Vrge neither charity, nor shame to me:
 746 Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
 747 And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
 748 My Charity is outrage, Life my shame,
 749 And in that shame, still liue my sorrowes rage.
 750 *Buc.* Haue done, haue done.
 751 *Mar.* O Princely Buckingham, Ile kisse thy hand,
 752 In signe of League and amity with thee:
 753 Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble house:
 754 Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood:
 755 Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.
 756 *Buc.* Nor no one heere: for Curses neuer passe
 757 The lips of those that breath them in the ayre.
 758 *Mar.* I will not thinke but they ascend the sky,
 759 And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
 760 O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge:
 761 Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
 762 His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
 763 Haue not to do with him, beware of him,
 764 Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him,
 765 And all their Ministers attend on him.
 766

767 *Rich.* What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham.
 768 *Buc.* Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.
 769 *Mar.* What dost thou scorne me
 770 For my gentle counsell?
 771 And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from.
 772 O but remember this another day:
 773 When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow:
 774 And say (poore *Margaret*) was a Prophetesse:
 775 Liue each of you the subiects to his hate,
 776 And he to yours, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
 777 *Buc.* My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses.
 778 *Riu.* And so doth mine, I muse why she's at libertie.
 779 *Rich.* I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
 780 She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
 781 My part thereof, that I haue done to her.
 782 *Mar.* I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
 783 *Rich.* Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:
 784 I was too hot, to do somebody good,
 785 That is too cold in thinking of it now:
 786 Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed:
 787 He is frank'd vp to fattig for his paines,
 788 God pardon them, that are the cause thereof.
 789 *Riu.* A vertuous, and a Christian- like conclusion
 790 To pray for them that haue done scath to vs.
 791 *Rich.* So do I euer, being well aduis'd.
 792 *Speakes to himselfe.*
 793 For had I curst now, I had curst my selfe.
 794 *Enter Catesby.*
 795 *Cates.* Madam, his Maiesty doth call for you,
 796 And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.
 797 *Qu.* *Catesby* I come, Lords will you go with mee.
 798 *Riu.* We wait vpon your Grace.
 799 *Exeunt all but Gloster.*
 800 *Rich.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle.
 801 The secret Mischeefes that I set abroach,
 802 I lay vnto the greuous charge of others.
 803 *Clarence*, who I indeede haue cast in darknesse,
 804 I do beweepe to many simple Gullles,
 805 Namely to *Derby*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham*,
 806 And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,
 807 That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother.
 808 Now they beleeeue it, and withall whet me
 809 To be reueng'd on *Riuers*, *Dorset*, *Grey*.
 810 But then I sigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
 811 Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:
 812 And thus I cloath my naked Villanie

813 With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ,
 814 And seeme a Saint, when most I play the deuill.
 815 *Enter two murtherers.*
 816 But soft, heere come my Executioners,
 817 How now my hardy stout resolued Mates,
 818 Are you now going to dispatch this thing?
 819 *Vil.* We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant,
 820 That we may be admitted where he is.
 821 *Ric.* Well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me:
 822 When you haue done, repayre to *Crosby* place;
 823 But sirs be sodaine in the execution,
 824 Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;
 825 For *Clarence* is well spoken, and perhappes
 826 May moue your hearts to pittie, if you marke him.
 827 *Vil.* Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,
 828 Talkers are no good dooers, be assur'd:
 829 We go to vse our hands, and not our tongues.
 830 *Rich.* Your eyes drop Mill- stones, when Fooles eyes
 831 fall Teares:
 832 I like you Lads, about your businesse straight.
 833 Go, go, dispatch.
 834 *Vil.* We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

836 *Enter Clarence and Keeper.*
 837 *Keep.* Why lookes your Grace so heauily to day.
 838 *Cla.* O, I haue past a miserable night,
 839 So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly sights,
 840 That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
 841 I would not spend another such a night
 842 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies:
 843 So full of dismall terror was the time.
 844 *Keep.* What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me
 845 *Cla.* Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
 846 And was embark'd to crosse to Burgundy,
 847 And in my company my Brother Glouster,
 848 Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
 849 Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,
 850 And cited vp a thousand heauy times, [r2v
 851 During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster
 852 That had befallne vs. As we pac'd along
 853 Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
 854 Me thought that Glouster stumbled, and in falling

855 Strooke me (that thought to stay him) ouer- boord,
 856 Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
 857 O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
 858 What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares,
 859 What sights of vgly death within mine eyes.
 860 Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes:
 861 A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd vpon:
 862 Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
 863 Inestimable Stones, vnvalued Iewels,
 864 All scattred in the bottome of the Sea,
 865 Some lay in dead- mens Sculles, and in the holes
 866 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 867 (As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
 868 That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe,
 869 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by.
 870 *Keep.* Had you such leysure in the time of death
 871 To gaze vpon these secrets of the deepe?
 872 *Cl.* Me thought I had, and often did I striue
 873 To yeeld the Ghost: but still the enuious Flood
 874 Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth
 875 To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring ayre:
 876 But smother'd it within my panting bulke,
 877 Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea.
 878 *Keep.* Awak'd you not in this sore Agony?
 879 *Clar.* No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
 880 O then, began the Tempest to my Soule.
 881 I past (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
 882 With that sowre Ferry- man which Poets write of,
 883 Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
 884 The first that there did greet my Stranger- soule,
 885 Was my great Father- in- Law, renowned Warwicke,
 886 Who spake aloud: What scourge for Periurie,
 887 Can this darke Monarchy affoord false *Clarence*?
 888 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
 889 A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
 890 Dabbel'd in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud
 891 *Clarence* is come, false, fleeting, periur'd *Clarence*,
 892 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
 893 Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.
 894 With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
 895 Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares
 896 Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Noise,
 897 I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,
 898 Could not beleue, but that I was in Hell,
 899 Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.
 900 *Keep.* No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,

901 I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.
 902 *Cla.* Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done these things
 903 (That now giue euidence against my Soule)
 904 For *Edwards* sake, and see how he requits mee.
 905 O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appease thee,
 906 But thou wilt be aueng'd on my misdeeds,
 907 Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
 908 O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children.
 909 Keeper, I prythee sit by me a- while,
 910 My Soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe.
 911 *Keep.* I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good rest.
 912 *Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.*
 913 *Bra.* Sorrow breakes Seasons, and reposing houres,
 914 Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon- tide night:
 915 Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,
 916 An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
 917 And for vnfelt Imaginations
 918 They often feele a world of restlesse Cares:
 919 So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
 920 There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.
 921 *Enter two Murtherers.*
 922 1.*Mur.* Ho, who's heere?
 923 *Bra.* What would'st thou Fellow? And how camm'st
 924 thou hither.
 925 2.*Mur.* I would speak with *Clarence*, and I came hi-ther
 926 on my Legges.
 927 *Bra.* What so breefe?
 928 1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
 929 Let him see our Commission, and talke no more. *Reads*
 930 *Bra.* I am in this, commanded to deliuer
 931 The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
 932 I will not reason what is meant heereby,
 933 Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning.
 934 There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.
 935 Ile to the King, and signifie to him,
 936 That thus I haue resign'd to you my charge. *Exit.*
 937 1 You may sir, 'tis a point of wisdom: e
 938 Far you well.
 939 2 What, shall we stab him as he sleepes.
 940 1 No: hee'l say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes
 941 2 Why he shall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudge-ment
 942 day.
 943 1 Why then hee'l say, we stab'd him sleeping.
 944 2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a
 945 kinde of remorse in me.
 946 1 What? art thou affraid?

947 2 Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,
948 But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
949 No Warrant can defend me.
950 1 I thought thou had'st bin resolute.
951 2 So I am, to let him liue.
952 1 Ile backe to the Duke of Glouster, and tell him so.
953 2 Nay, I prythee stay a little:
954 I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,
955 It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.
956 1 How do'st thou feele thy selfe now?
957 2 Some certaine dregges of conscience are yet with-in
958 mee.
959 1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.
960 2 Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.
961 1 Where's thy conscience now.
962 2 O, in the Duke of Glousters purse.
963 1 When hee opens his purse to giue vs our Reward,
964 thy Conscience flyes out.
965 2 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will
966 entertaine it.
967 1 What if it come to thee againe?
968 2 Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward:
969 A man cannot steale, but it accuseth him: A man cannot
970 Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his
971 Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing
972 shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans bosome: It
973 filles a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a
974 Pursse of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any
975 man that keepes it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cit-ties
976 for a dangerous thing, and euery man that means to
977 liue well, endeuours to trust to himselfe, and liue with-out
978 it. [r3
979 1 'Tis euen now at my elbow, perswading me not to
980 kill the Duke.
981 2 Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleue him not:
982 He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.
983 1 I am strong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.
984 2 Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation.
985 Come, shall we fall to worke?
986 1 Take him on the Costard, with the hiltes of thy
987 Sword, and then throw him into the Malmesey- Butte in
988 the next roome.
989 2 O excellent deuce; and make a sop of him.
990 1 Soft, he wakes.
991 2 Strike.
992 1 No, wee'l reason with him.

993 *Cla.* Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.
 994 2 You shall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.
 995 *Cla.* In Gods name, what art thou?
 996 1 A man, as you are.
 997 *Cla.* But not as I am Royall.
 998 1 Nor you as we are, Loyall.
 999 *Cla.* Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.
 1000 1 My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.
 1001 *Cla.* How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speake?
 1002 Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale?
 1003 Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
 1004 2 To, to, to—
 1005 *Cla.* To murther me?
 1006 *Both.* I, I.
 1007 *Cla.* You scarsely haue the hearts to tell me so,
 1008 And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.
 1009 Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?
 1010 1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.
 1011 *Cla.* I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.
 1012 2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.
 1013 *Cla.* Are you drawne forth among a world of men
 1014 To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
 1015 Where is the Euidence that doth accuse me?
 1016 What lawfull Quest haue giuen their Verdict vp
 1017 Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd
 1018 The bitter sentence of poore *Clarence* death,
 1019 Before I be conuict by course of Law?
 1020 To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull.
 1021 I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse,
 1022 That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
 1023 The deed you vndertake is damnable.
 1024 1 What we will do, we do vpon command.
 1025 2 And he that hath commanded, is our King.
 1026 *Cla.* Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings
 1027 Hath in the Table of his Law commanded
 1028 That thou shalt do no murther. Will you then
 1029 Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans?
 1030 Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand,
 1031 To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.
 1032 2 And that same Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,
 1033 For false Forswearing, and for murther too:
 1034 Thou did'st receiue the Sacrament, to fight
 1035 In quarrell of the House of Lancaster.
 1036 1 And like a Traitor to the name of God,
 1037 Did'st breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
 1038 Vnrip'st the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.

1039 2 Whom thou was't sworne to cherish and defend.
 1040 1 How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,
 1041 When thou hast broke it in such deere degree?
 1042 *Cl.* Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deede?
 1043 For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his sake.
 1044 He sends you not to murther me for this:
 1045 For in that sinne, he is as deepe as I.
 1046 If God will be auenged for the deed,
 1047 O know you yet, he doth it publiquely,
 1048 Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme:
 1049 He needs no indirect, or lawlesse course,
 1050 To cut off those that haue offended him.
 1051 1 Who made thee then a bloody minister,
 1052 When gallant springing braue *Plantagenet*,
 1053 That Princely Nouice was stricke dead by thee?
 1054 *Cl.* My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.
 1055 1 Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults,
 1056 Prouoke vs hither now, to slaughter thee.
 1057 *Cl.* If you do loue my Brother, hate not me:
 1058 I am his Brother, and I loue him well.
 1059 If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe,
 1060 And I will send you to my Brother Glouster:
 1061 Who shall reward you better for my life,
 1062 Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.
 1063 2 You are deceiu'd,
 1064 Your Brother Glouster hates you.
 1065 *Cl.* Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere:
 1066 Go you to him from me.
 1067 1 I so we will.
 1068 *Cl.* Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,
 1069 Blest his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,
 1070 He little thought of this diuided Friendship:
 1071 Bid Glouster thinke on this, and he will weepe.
 1072 1 I Milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe.
 1073 *Cl.* O do not slander him, for he is kinde.
 1074 1 Right, as Snow in Haruest:
 1075 Come, you deceiue your selfe,
 1076 ' Tis he that sends vs to destroy you heere.
 1077 *Cl.* It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
 1078 And hugg'd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
 1079 That he would labour my deliury.
 1080 1 Why so he doth, when he deliuers you
 1081 From this earths thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen.
 1082 2 Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
 1083 *Cl.* Haue you that holy feeling in your soules,
 1084 To counsaile me to make my peace with God,

1085 And are you yet to your owne soules so blinde,
 1086 That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me.
 1087 O sirs consider, they that set you on
 1088 To do this deede will hate you for the deede.
 1089 2 What shall we do?
 1090 *Clar.* Relent, and saue your soules:
 1091 Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
 1092 Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
 1093 If two such murtherers as your selues came to you,
 1094 Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
 1095 Were you in my distresse.
 1096 1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.
 1097 *Cla.* Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuellish:
 1098 My Friend, I spy some pittie in thy lookes:
 1099 O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
 1100 Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,
 1101 A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.
 1102 2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.
 1103 1 Take that, and that, if all this will not do, *Stabs him.*
 1104 Ile drowne you in the Malmesey-But within. *Exit.*
 1105 2 A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch:
 1106 How faine (like *Pilate*) would I wash my hands
 1107 Of this most greeuous murther. *Enter 1.Murtherer*
 1108 1 How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st me
 1109 not? By Heauen the Duke shall know how slacke you
 1110 haue beene. [r3v
 1111 2.*Mur.* I would he knew that I had sau'd his brother,
 1112 Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
 1113 For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*
 1114 1.*Mur.* So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
 1115 Well, Ile go hide the body in some hole,
 1116 Till that the Duke giue order for his buriall:
 1117 And when I haue my meede, I will away,
 1118 For this will out, and then I must not stay. *Exit*

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

1120 *Flourish.*
 1121 *Enter the King sicke, the Queene, Lord Marquesse*
 1122 *Dorset, Riuers, Hastings, Catesby,*
 1123 *Buckingham, Wooduill.*
 1124 *King.* Why so: now haue I done a good daies work.
 1125 You Peeres, continue this vnited League:
 1126 I, euery day expect an Embassage

1127 From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.
 1128 And more to peace my soule shall part to heauen,
 1129 Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth.
 1130 *Dorset* and *Riuers*, take each others hand,
 1131 Dissemble not your hatred, Swear your loue.
 1132 *Riu.* By heauen, my soule is purg'd from grudging hate
 1133 And with my hand I seale my true hearts Loue.
 1134 *Hast.* So thriue I, as I truly swear the like.
 1135 *King.* Take heed you dally not before your King,
 1136 Lest he that is the supreme King of Kings
 1137 Confound your hidden falshood, and award
 1138 Either of you to be the others end.
 1139 *Hast.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect loue.
 1140 *Ri.* And I, as I loue *Hastings* with my heart,
 1141 *King.* Madam, your selfe is not exempt from this:
 1142 Nor you Sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham* nor you;
 1143 You haue bene factious one against the other.
 1144 Wife, loue Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
 1145 And what you do, do it vnfeignedly.
 1146 *Qu.* There *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
 1147 Our former hatred, so thriue I, and mine.
 1148 *King.* *Dorset*, imbrace him:
 1149 *Hastings*, loue Lord Marquesse.
 1150 *Dor.* This interchange of loue, I heere protest
 1151 Vpon my part, shall be inuiolable.
 1152 *Hast.* And so swear I.
 1153 *King.* Now Princely *Buckingham*, seale y this league
 1154 With thy embracements to my wiues Allies,
 1155 And make me happy in your vnity.
 1156 *Buc.* When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
 1157 Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue,
 1158 Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
 1159 With hate in those where I expect most loue,
 1160 When I haue most need to imploy a Friend,
 1161 And most assured that he is a Friend,
 1162 Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
 1163 Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heauen,
 1164 When I am cold in loue, to you, or yours. *Embrace*
 1165 *King.* A pleasing Cordiall, Princely *Buckingham*
 1166 Is this thy Vow, vnto my sickely heart:
 1167 There wanteth now our Brother *Gloster* heere,
 1168 To make the blessed period of this peace.
 1169 *Buc.* And in good time,
 1170 Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, and the Duke.
 1171 *Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.*
 1172 *Rich.* Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen

1173 And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day.
 1174 *King.* Happy indeed, as we haue spent the day:
 1175 Gloster, we haue done deeds of Charity,
 1176 Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
 1177 Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.
 1178 *Rich.* A blessed labour my most Soueraigne Lord:
 1179 Among this Princely heape, if any heere
 1180 By false intelligence, or wrong surmize
 1181 Hold me a Foe: If I vnwillingly, or in my rage,
 1182 Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
 1183 To any in this presence, I desire
 1184 To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:
 1185 'Tis death to me to be at enmitie:
 1186 I hate it, and desire all good mens loue,
 1187 First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
 1188 Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.
 1189 Of you my Noble Cosin Buckingham,
 1190 If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.
 1191 Of you and you, Lord *Riuers* and of *Dorset*,
 1192 That all without desert haue frown'd on me:
 1193 Of you Lord *Wooduill*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
 1194 Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
 1195 I do not know that Englishman aliue,
 1196 With whom my soule is any iot at oddes,
 1197 More then the Infant that is borne to night:
 1198 I thanke my God for my Humility.
 1199 *Qu.* A holy day shall this be kept heereafter:
 1200 I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
 1201 My Soueraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse
 1202 To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.
 1203 *Rich.* Why Madam, haue I offred loue for this,
 1204 To be so flowted in this Royall presence?
 1205 Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They* |(all start.
 1206 You do him iniurie to scorne his Coarse.
 1207 *King.* Who knowes not he is dead?
 1208 Who knowes he is?
 1209 *Qu.* All- seeing heauen, what a world is this?
 1210 *Buc.* Looke I so pale Lord *Dorset*, as the rest?
 1211 *Dor.* I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
 1212 But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.
 1213 *King.* Is *Clarence* dead? The Order was reuerst.
 1214 *Rich.* But he (poore man) by your first order dyed,
 1215 And that a winged Mercurie did beare:
 1216 Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
 1217 That came too lagge to see him buried.
 1218 God grant, that some lesse Noble, and lesse Loyall,

1219 Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
 1220 Deserue not worse then wretched *Clarence* did,
 1221 And yet go currant from Suspition.
 1222 *Enter Earle of Derby.*
 1223 *Der.* A boone my Soueraigne for my seruice done.
 1224 *King.* I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.
 1225 *Der.* I will not rise, vnlesse your Highnes heare me.
 1226 *King.* Then say at once, what is it thou requests.
 1227 *Der.* The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my seruants life,
 1228 Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
 1229 Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.
 1230 *King.* Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
 1231 And shall that tongue giue pardon to a slaue?
 1232 My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
 1233 And yet his punishment was bitter death. [r4
 1234 Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
 1235 Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd?
 1236 Who spoke of Brother- hood? who spoke of loue?
 1237 Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
 1238 The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?
 1239 Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
 1240 When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me:
 1241 And said deare Brother liue, and be a King?
 1242 Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
 1243 Frozen (almost) to death, how he did lap me
 1244 Euen in his Garments, and did giue himsele
 1245 (All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?
 1246 All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath
 1247 Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
 1248 Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
 1249 But when your Carters, or your wayting Vassalls
 1250 Haue done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
 1251 The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
 1252 You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
 1253 And I (vniustly too) must grant it you.
 1254 But for my Brother, not a man would speake,
 1255 Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe
 1256 For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all,
 1257 Haue bin beholding to him in his life:
 1258 Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
 1259 O God! I feare thy iustice will take hold
 1260 On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
 1261 Come *Hastings* helpe me to my Closset.
 1262 Ah poore *Clarence.* *Exeunt some with K[ing]. & Queen.*
 1263 *Rich.* This is the fruits of rashnes: Markt you not,
 1264 How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene

1265 Look'd pale, when they did heare of *Clarence* death.
 1266 O! they did vrge it still vnto the King,
 1267 God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,
 1268 To comfort *Edward* with our company.
 1269 *Buc.* We wait vpon your Grace. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

1271 *Enter the old Dutchesse of Yorke, with the two*
 1272 *children of Clarence.*
 1273 *Edw.* Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?
 1274 *Dutch.* No Boy.
 1275 *Daugh.* Why do weepe so oft? And beate your Brest?
 1276 And cry, O *Clarence*, my vnhappy Sonne.
 1277 *Boy.* Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head,
 1278 And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Castawayes,
 1279 If that our Noble Father were alieu?
 1280 *Dut.* My pretty Cosins, you mistake me both,
 1281 I do lament the sicknesse of the King,
 1282 As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death:
 1283 It were lost sorrow to waile one that's lost.
 1284 *Boy.* Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:
 1285 The King mine Vnckle is too blame for it.
 1286 God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
 1287 With earnest prayers, all to that effect.
 1288 *Daugh.* And so will I.
 1289 *Dut.* Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel.
 1290 Incapeable, and shallow Innocents,
 1291 You cannot guesse who caus'd your Fathers death.
 1292 *Boy.* Grandam we can: for my good Vnkle Gloster
 1293 Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,
 1294 Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him;
 1295 And when my Vnckle told me so, he wept,
 1296 And pittied me, and kindly kist my cheeke:
 1297 Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
 1298 And he would loue me deerely as a childe.
 1299 *Dut.* Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle shape,
 1300 And with a vertuous Vizer hide deepe vice.
 1301 He is my sonne, I, and therein my shame,
 1302 Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.
 1303 *Boy.* Thinke you my Vnkle did dissemble Grandam?
 1304 *Dut.* I Boy.
 1305 *Boy.* I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noise is this?
 1306 *Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears,*

1307 *Riuers & Dorset after her.*
 1308 *Qu.* Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
 1309 To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
 1310 Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my Soule,
 1311 And to my selfe, become an enemy.
 1312 *Dut.* What means this Scene of rude impatience?
 1313 *Qu.* To make an act of Tragicke violence.
 1314 *Edward* my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
 1315 Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
 1316 Why wither not the leaues that want their sap?
 1317 If you will liue, Lament: if dye, be breefe,
 1318 That our swift- winged Soules may catch the Kings,
 1319 Or like obedient Subiects follow him,
 1320 To his new Kingdome of nere- changing night.
 1321 *Dut.* Ah so much interest haue in thy sorrow,
 1322 As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
 1323 I haue bewept a worthy Husbonds death,
 1324 And liu'd with looking on his Images:
 1325 But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,
 1326 Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
 1327 And I for comfort, haue but one false Glasse,
 1328 That grieues me, when I see my shame in him.
 1329 Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,
 1330 And hast the comfort of thy Children left,
 1331 But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
 1332 And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
 1333 *Clarence*, and *Edward*. O, what cause haue I,
 1334 (Thine being but a moiety of my moane)
 1335 To ouer- go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.
 1336 *Boy.* Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:
 1337 How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?
 1338 *Daugh.* Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoan'd,
 1339 Your widdow- dolour, likewise be vnwept.
 1340 *Qu.* Giue me no helpe in Lamentation,
 1341 I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
 1342 All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
 1343 That I being gouern'd by the waterie Moone,
 1344 May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
 1345 Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord *Edward*.
 1346 *Chil.* Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord *Clarence*.
 1347 *Dut.* Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.
 1348 *Qu.* What stay had I but *Edward*, and hee's gone?
 1349 *Chil.* What stay had we but *Clarence*? and he's gone.
 1350 *Dut.* What stayes had I, but they? and they are gone.
 1351 *Qu.* Was neuer widdow had so deere a losse.
 1352 *Chil.* Were neuer Orphans had so deere a losse.

1353 *Dut.* Was neuer Mother had so deere a losse.
 1354 Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes,
 1355 Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.
 1356 She for an *Edward* weepes, and so do I: [r4v
 1357 I for a *Clarence* weepes, so doth not shee:
 1358 These Babes for *Clarence* weepe, so do not they.
 1359 Alas! you three, on me threefold distrest:
 1360 Power all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurse,
 1361 And I will pamper it with Lamentation.
 1362 *Dor.* Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd,
 1363 That you take with vnthankfulnesse his doing.
 1364 In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull,
 1365 With dull vnwillingnesse to repay a debt,
 1366 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
 1367 Much more to be thus opposite with heauen,
 1368 For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.
 1369 *Riuers.* Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother
 1370 Of the young Prince your sonne: send straight for him,
 1371 Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues.
 1372 Drowne desperate sorrow in dead *Edwards* graue,
 1373 And plant your ioyes in liuing *Edwards* Throne.
 1374 *Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Ha-stings,*
 1375 *and Ratcliffe.*
 1376 *Rich.* Sister haue comfort, all of vs haue cause
 1377 To waile the dimming of our shining Starre:
 1378 But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.
 1379 Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie,
 1380 I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
 1381 I craue your Blessing.
 1382 *Dut.* God blesse thee, and put meeknes in thy breast,
 1383 Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.
 1384 *Rich.* Amen, and make me die a good old man,
 1385 That is the butt- end of a Mothers blessing;
 1386 I maruell that her Grace did leaue it out.
 1387 *Buc.* You cloudy- Princes, & hart- sorowing- Peeres,
 1388 That beare this heaueie mutuall load of Moane,
 1389 Now cheere each other, in each others Loue:
 1390 Though we haue spent our Haruest of this King,
 1391 We are to reape the Haruest of his Sonne.
 1392 The broken rancour of your high- swolne hates,
 1393 But lately splinter'd, knit, and ioyn'd together,
 1394 Must gently be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept:
 1395 Me seemeth good, that with some little Traine,
 1396 Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be set
 1397 Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.
 1398 *Riuers.* Why with some little Traine,

1399 My Lord of Buckingham?
 1400 *Buc.* Marrie my Lord, least by a multitude,
 1401 The new- heal'd wound of Malice should breake out,
 1402 Which would be so much the more dangerous,
 1403 By how much the estate is greene, and yet vngouern'd.
 1404 Where euery Horse beares his commanding Reine,
 1405 And may direct his course as please himselfe,
 1406 As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,
 1407 In my opinion, ought to be preuented.
 1408 *Rich.* I hope the King made peace with all of vs,
 1409 And the compact is firme, and true in me.
 1410 *Riu.* And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all.
 1411 Yet since it is but greene, it should be put
 1412 To no apparant likely- hood of breach,
 1413 Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:
 1414 Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham,
 1415 That it is meete so few should fetch the Prince.
 1416 *Hast.* And so say I.
 1417 *Rich.* Then be it so, and go we to determine
 1418 Who they shall be that strait shall poste to London.
 1419 Madam, and you my Sister, will you go
 1420 To giue your censures in this businesse. *Exeunt.*
 1421 *Manet Buckingham, and Richard.*
 1422 *Buc.* My Lord, who euer iournies to the Prince,
 1423 For God sake let not vs two stay at home:
 1424 For by the way, Ile sort occasion,
 1425 As Index to the story we late talk'd of,
 1426 To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.
 1427 *Rich.* My other selfe, my Counsailes Consistory,
 1428 My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Cosin,
 1429 I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,
 1430 Toward London then, for wee'l not stay behinde. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

1432 *Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at*
 1433 *the other.*
 1434 1.*Cit.* Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so
 1435 fast?
 1436 2.*Cit.* I promise you, I scarsely know my selfe:
 1437 Heare you the newes abroad?
 1438 1. Yes, that the King is dead.
 1439 2. Ill newes byrlady, seldome comes the better:
 1440 I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a gidly world.

1441 *Enter another Citizen.*
 1442 3. Neighbours, God speed.
 1443 1. Giue you good morrow sir.
 1444 3. Doth the newes hold of good king *Edwards* death?
 1445 2. I sir, it is too true, God helpe the while.
 1446 3. Then Masters looke to see a troublous world.
 1447 1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.
 1448 3. Woe to that Land that's gouern'd by a Childe.
 1449 2. In him there is a hope of Gouernment,
 1450 Which in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
 1451 And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe
 1452 No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
 1453 1. So stood the State, when *Henry* the sixt
 1454 Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.
 1455 3. Stood the State so? No, no, good friends, God wot
 1456 For then this Land was famously enrich'd
 1457 With politike graue Counsell; then the King
 1458 Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.
 1459 1. Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother.
 1460 3. Better it were they all came by his Father:
 1461 Or by his Father there were none at all:
 1462 For emulation, who shall now be neerest,
 1463 Will touch vs all too neere, if God preuent not.
 1464 O full of danger is the Duke of Glouster,
 1465 And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:
 1466 And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
 1467 This sickly Land, might solace as before.
 1468 1. Come, come, we feare the worst: all will be well.
 1469 3. When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their clokes;
 1470 When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand;
 1471 When the Sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
 1472 Vntimely stormes, makes men expect a Dearth:
 1473 All may be well; but if God sort it so,
 1474 'Tis more then we deserue, or I expect.
 1475 2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:
 1476 You cannot reason (almost) with a man,
 1477 That lookes not heauily, and full of dread.
 1478 3. Before the dayes of Change, still is it so,
 1479 By a diuine instinct, mens mindes mistrust [r5
 1480 Pursuing danger: as by prooffe we see
 1481 The Water swell before a boyst'rous storme:
 1482 But leaue it all to God. Whither away?
 1483 2 Marry we were sent for to the Iustices.
 1484 3 And so was I: Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

1486 *Enter Arch- bishop, yong Yorke, the Queene,*
1487 *and the Dutchesse.*
1488 *Arch.* Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
1489 And at Northampton they do rest to night:
1490 To morrow, or next day, they will be heere.
1491 *Dut.* I long with all my heart to see the Prince:
1492 I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.
1493 *Qu.* But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
1494 Ha's almost ouertane him in his growth.
1495 *Yorke.* I Mother, but I would not haue it so.
1496 *Dut.* Why my good Cosin, it is good to grow.
1497 *Yor.* Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper,
1498 My Vnkle *Riuers* talk'd how I did grow
1499 More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Glouster,
1500 Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
1501 And since, me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
1502 Because sweet Flowres are slow, and Weeds make hast.
1503 *Dut.* Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
1504 In him that did object the same to thee.
1505 He was the wretched'st thing when he was yong,
1506 So long a growing, and so leysurely,
1507 That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
1508 *Yor.* And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.
1509 *Dut.* I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.
1510 *Yor.* Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred,
1511 I could haue giuen my Vnkles Grace, a flout,
1512 To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.
1513 *Dut.* How my yong Yorke,
1514 I prythee let me heare it.
1515 *Yor.* Marry (they say) my Vnkle grew so fast,
1516 That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,
1517 'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
1518 Grandam, this would haue beene a byting Iest.
1519 *Dut.* I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?
1520 *Yor.* Grandam, his Nursse.
1521 *Dut.* His Nurse? why she was dead, ere y wast borne.
1522 *Yor.* If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
1523 *Qu.* A parlous Boy: go too, you are too shrew'd.
1524 *Dut.* Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.
1525 *Qu.* Pitchers haue eares.
1526 *Enter a Messenger.*
1527 *Arch.* Heere comes a Messenger: What Newes?
1528 *Mes.* Such newes my Lord, as greeues me to report.
1529 *Qu.* How doth the Prince?

1530 *Mes.* Well Madam, and in health.
 1531 *Dut.* What is thy Newes?
 1532 *Mess.* Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Grey*,
 1533 Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,
 1534 Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Prisoners.
 1535 *Dut.* Who hath committed them?
 1536 *Mes.* The mighty Dukes, *Glouster* and *Buckingham*.
 1537 *Arch.* For what offence?
 1538 *Mes.* The summe of all I can, I haue disclos'd:
 1539 Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
 1540 Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lord.
 1541 *Qu.* Aye me! I see the ruine of my House:
 1542 The Tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hinde,
 1543 Insulting Tiranny beginnes to lutt
 1544 Vpon the innocent and awelesse Throne:
 1545 Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Massacre,
 1546 I see (as in a Map) the end of all.
 1547 *Dut.* Accursed, and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
 1548 How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
 1549 My Husband lost his life, to get the Crowne,
 1550 And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost
 1551 For me to ioy, and weepe, their gaine and losse.
 1552 And being seated, and Domesticke broyles
 1553 Cleane ouer- blowne, themselues the Conquerors,
 1554 Make warre vpon themselues, Brother to Brother;
 1555 Blood to blood, selfe against selfe: O prepostorous
 1556 And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,
 1557 Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.
 1558 *Qu.* Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
 1559 Madam, farwell.
 1560 *Dut.* Stay, I will go with you.
 1561 *Qu.* You haue no cause.
 1562 *Arch.* My gracious Lady go,
 1563 And thether beare your Treasure and your Goodes,
 1564 For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace
 1565 The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
 1566 As well I tender you, and all of yours.
 1567 Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

1569 *The Trumpets sound.*
 1570 *Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Glocester, and Buckingham,*
 1571 *Lord Cardinall, with others.*

1572 *Buc.* Welcome sweete Prince to London,
 1573 To your Chamber.
 1574 *Rich.* Welcome deere Cosin, my thoughts Soueraign
 1575 The wearie way hath made you Melancholly.
 1576 *Prin.* No Vnkle, but our crosses on the way,
 1577 Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie.
 1578 I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me.
 1579 *Rich.* Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeers
 1580 Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deceit:
 1581 No more can you distinguish of a man,
 1582 Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
 1583 Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart.
 1584 Those Vnkles which you want, were dangerous:
 1585 Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,
 1586 But look'd not on the poyson of their hearts:
 1587 God keepe you from them, and from such false Friends.
 1588 *Prin.* God keepe me from false Friends,
 1589 But they were none.
 1590 *Rich.* My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet
 1591 you.
 1592 *Enter Lord Maior.*
 1593 *Lo.Maior.* God blesse your Grace, with health and
 1594 happie dayes.
 1595 *Prin.* I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all: [r5v
 1596 I thought my Mother, and my Brother *Yorke*,
 1597 Would long, ere this, haue met vs on the way.
 1598 Fie, what a Slug is *Hastings*, that he comes not
 1599 To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.
 1600 *Enter Lord Hastings.*
 1601 *Buck.* And in good time, heere comes the sweating
 1602 Lord.
 1603 *Prince.* Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother
 1604 come?
 1605 *Hast.* On what occasion God he knowes, not I;
 1606 The Queene your Mother, and your Brother *Yorke*,
 1607 Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
 1608 Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace,
 1609 But by his Mother was perforce with- held.
 1610 *Buck.* Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
 1611 Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
 1612 Perswade the Queene, to send the Duke of *Yorke*
 1613 Vnto his Princely Brother presently?
 1614 If she denie, Lord *Hastings* goe with him,
 1615 And from her ieaious Armes pluck him perforce.
 1616 *Card.* My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie
 1617 Can from his Mother winne the Duke of *Yorke*,

1618 Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
 1619 To milde entreaties, God forbid
 1620 We should infringe the holy Priuiledge
 1621 Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land,
 1622 Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.
 1623 *Buck.* You are too sencelesse obstinate, my Lord,
 1624 Too ceremonious, and traditionall.
 1625 Weigh it but with the grossnesse of this Age,
 1626 You breake not Sanctuarie, in seizing him:
 1627 The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
 1628 To those, whose dealings haue deseru'd the place,
 1629 And those who haue the wit to clayme the place:
 1630 This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor deseru'd it,
 1631 And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it.
 1632 Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
 1633 You breake no Priuiledge, nor Charter there:
 1634 Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,
 1635 But Sanctuarie children, ne're till now.
 1636 *Card.* My Lord, you shall o're- rule my mind for once.
 1637 Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you goe with me?
 1638 *Hast.* I goe, my Lord. *Exit Cardinall and Hastings.*
 1639 *Prince.* Good Lords, make all the speedie hast you may.
 1640 Say, Vnckle *Glocester*, if our Brother come,
 1641 Where shall we soiourne, till our Coronation?
 1642 *Glo.* Where it think'st best vnto your Royall selfe.
 1643 If I may counsaile you, some day or two
 1644 Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
 1645 Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
 1646 For your best health, and recreation.
 1647 *Prince.* I doe not like the Tower, of any place:
 1648 Did *Iulius Caesar* build that place, my Lord?
 1649 *Buck.* He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
 1650 Which since, succeeding Ages haue re- edify'd.
 1651 *Prince.* Is it vpon record? or else reported
 1652 Successiuey from age to age, he built it?
 1653 *Buck.* Vpon record, my gracious Lord.
 1654 *Prince.* But say, my Lord, it were not registred,
 1655 Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
 1656 As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie,
 1657 Euen to the generall ending day.
 1658 *Glo.* So wise, so young, they say doe neuer liue long.
 1659 *Prince.* What say you, Vnckle?
 1660 *Glo.* I say, without Characters, Fame liues long.
 1661 Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,
 1662 I morallize two meanings in one word.
 1663 *Prince.* That *Iulius Caesar* was a famous man,

1664 With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
 1665 His Wit set downe, to make his Valour liue:
 1666 Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,
 1667 For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life.
 1668 Ile tell you what, my Cousin *Buckingham*.
 1669 *Buck*. What, my gracious Lord?
 1670 *Prince*. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
 1671 Ile win our ancient Right in France againe,
 1672 Or dye a Souldier, as I liu'd a King.
 1673 *Glo*. Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring.
 1674 *Enter young Yorke, Hastings, and Cardinall*.
 1675 *Buck*. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of
 1676 Yorke.
 1677 *Prince*. *Richard* of Yorke, how fares our Noble Bro-ther?
 1679 *Yorke*. Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now.
 1680 *Prince*. I, Brother, to our grieffe, as it is yours:
 1681 Too late he dy'd, that might haue kept that Title,
 1682 Which by his death hath lost much Maiestie.
 1683 *Glo*. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke?
 1684 *Yorke*. I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,
 1685 You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:
 1686 The Prince, my Brother, hath out- growne me farre.
 1687 *Glo*. He hath, my Lord.
 1688 *Yorke*. And therefore is he idle?
 1689 *Glo*. Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so.
 1690 *Yorke*. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.
 1691 *Glo*. He may command me as my Soueraigne,
 1692 But you haue power in me, as in a Kinsman.
 1693 *Yorke*. I pray you, Vnckle, giue me this Dagger.
 1694 *Glo*. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart.
 1695 *Prince*. A Begger, Brother?
 1696 *Yorke*. Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue,
 1697 And being but a Toy, which is no grieffe to giue.
 1698 *Glo*. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cousin.
 1699 *Yorke*. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.
 1700 *Glo*. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.
 1701 *Yorke*. O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,
 1702 In weightier things you'le say a Begger nay.
 1703 *Glo*. It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.
 1704 *Yorke*. I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.
 1705 *Glo*. What, would you haue my Weapon, little Lord?
 1706 *Yorke*. I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you
 1707 call me.
 1708 *Glo*. How?
 1709 *Yorke*. Little.
 1710 *Prince*. My Lord of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:

1711 Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.
 1712 *Yorke.* You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
 1713 Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,
 1714 Because that I am little, like an Ape,
 1715 He thinks that you should beare me on your shoulders.
 1716 *Buck.* With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons:
 1717 To mittigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle,
 1718 He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:
 1719 So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.
 1720 *Glo.* My Lord, wilt please you passe along?
 1721 My selfe, and my good Cousin *Buckingham*,
 1722 Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
 1723 To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you. [r6
 1724 *Yorke.* what, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?
 1725 *Prince.* My Lord Protector will haue it so.
 1726 *Yorke.* I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.
 1727 *Glo.* Why, what should you feare?
 1728 *Yorke.* Marry, my Vnckle *Clarence* angry Ghost:
 1729 My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.
 1730 *Prince.* I feare no Vnckles dead.
 1731 *Glo.* Nor none that liue, I hope.
 1732 *Prince.* And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
 1733 But come my Lord: and with a heauie heart,
 1734 Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
 1735 *A Senet. Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Dorset.*
 1736 *Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.*
 1737 *Buck.* Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating *Yorke*
 1738 Was not incensed by his subtile Mother,
 1739 To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?
 1740 *Glo.* No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
 1741 Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:
 1742 Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.
 1743 *Buck.* Well, let them rest: Come hither *Catesby*,
 1744 Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
 1745 As closely to conceale what we impart:
 1746 Thou know'st our reasons vrg'd vpon the way.
 1747 What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter,
 1748 To make *William* Lord *Hastings* of our minde,
 1749 For the installment of this Noble Duke
 1750 In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?
 1751 *Cates.* He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
 1752 That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
 1753 *Buck.* What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? Will
 1754 not hee?
 1755 *Cates.* Hee will doe all in all as *Hastings* doth.
 1756 *Buck.* Well then, no more but this:

1757 Goe gentle *Catesby*, and as it were farre off,
 1758 Sound thou Lord *Hastings*,
 1759 How he doth stand affected to our purpose,
 1760 And summon him to morrow to the Tower,
 1761 To sit about the Coronation.
 1762 If thou do'st finde him tractable to vs,
 1763 Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
 1764 If he be leaden, ycie, cold, vnwilling,
 1765 Be thou so too, and so breake off the talke,
 1766 And giue vs notice of his inclination:
 1767 For we to morrow hold diuided Councils,
 1768 Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employ'd.
 1769 *Rich.* Commend me to Lord *William*: tell him *Catesby*,
 1770 His ancient Knot of dangerous Aduersaries
 1771 To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
 1772 And bid my Lord, for ioy of this good newes,
 1773 Giue Mistresse *Shore* one gentle Kisse the more.
 1774 *Buck.* Good *Catesby*, goe effect this businesse soundly.
 1775 *Cates.* My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.
 1776 *Rich.* Shall we heare from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleepe?
 1777 *Cates.* You shall, my Lord.
 1778 *Rich.* At *Crosby* House, there shall you find vs both.
 1779 *Exit Catesby.*
 1780 *Buck.* Now, my Lord,
 1781 What shall wee doe, if wee perceiue
 1782 Lord *Hastings* will not yeeld to our Complots?
 1783 *Rich.* Chop off his Head:
 1784 Something wee will determine:
 1785 And looke when I am King, clayme thou of me
 1786 The Earledome of Hereford, and all the moueables
 1787 Whereof the King, my Brother, was possest.
 1788 *Buck.* Ile clayme that promise at your Graces hand.
 1789 *Rich.* And looke to haue it yeilded with all kindnesse.
 1790 Come, let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards
 1791 Wee may digest our complots in some forme.
 1792 *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

1794 *Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.*
 1795 *Mess.* My Lord, my Lord.
 1796 *Hast.* Who knockes?
 1797 *Mess.* One from the Lord *Stanley*.
 1798 *Hast.* What is't a Clocke?

1799 *Mess.* Vpon the stroke of foure.
 1800 *Enter Lord Hastings.*
 1801 *Hast.* Cannot my Lord *Stanley* sleepe these tedious
 1802 Nights?
 1803 *Mess.* So it appeares, by that I haue to say:
 1804 First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.
 1805 *Hast.* What then?
 1806 *Mess.* Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
 1807 He dreamt, the Bore had rased off his Helme:
 1808 Besides, he sayes there are two Councels kept;
 1809 And that may be determin'd at the one,
 1810 Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
 1811 Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,
 1812 If you will presently take Horse with him,
 1813 And with all speed post with him toward the North,
 1814 To shun the danger that his Soule diuines.
 1815 *Hast.* Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord,
 1816 Bid him not feare the seperated Councell:
 1817 His Honor and my selfe are at the one,
 1818 And at the other, is my good friend *Catesby*;
 1819 Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs,
 1820 Whereof I shall not haue intelligence:
 1821 Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance.
 1822 And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's so simple,
 1823 To trust the mock'ry of vnquiet slumbers.
 1824 To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,
 1825 Were to incense the Bore to follow vs,
 1826 And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase.
 1827 Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,
 1828 And we will both together to the Tower,
 1829 Where he shall see the Bore will vse vs kindly.
 1830 *Mess.* Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.
 1831 *Exit.*
 1832 *Enter Catesby.*
 1833 *Cates.* Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.
 1834 *Hast.* Good morrow *Catesby*, you are early stirring:
 1835 What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?
 1836 *Cates.* It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
 1837 And I beleue will neuer stand vpright,
 1838 Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.
 1839 *Hast.* How weare the Garland?
 1840 Doest thou meane the Crowne?
 1841 *Cates.* I, my good Lord.
 1842 *Hast.* Ile haue this Crown of mine cut fro[m] my shoulders,
 1843 Before Ile see the Crowne so foule mis- plac'd:
 1844 But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it? [r6v]

1845 *Cates.* I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
 1846 Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
 1847 And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
 1848 That this same very day your enemies,
 1849 The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.
 1850 *Hast.* Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
 1851 Because they haue beene still my aduersaries:
 1852 But, that Ile giue my voice on *Richards* side,
 1853 To barre my Masters Heires in true Descent,
 1854 God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.
 1855 *Cates.* God keepe your Lordship in that gracious
 1856 minde.
 1857 *Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelue- month hence,
 1858 That they which brought me in my Masters hate,
 1859 I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie.
 1860 Well *Catesby*, ere a fort- night make me older,
 1861 Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on't.
 1862 *Cates.* 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
 1863 When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it.
 1864 *Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
 1865 With *Riuers, Vaughan, Grey*: and so 'twill doe
 1866 With some men else, that thinke themselues as safe
 1867 As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are deare
 1868 To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.
 1869 *Cates.* The Princes both make high account of you,
 1870 For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.
 1871 *Hast.* I know they doe, and I haue well deseru'd it.
 1872 *Enter Lord Stanley.*
 1873 Come on, come on, where is your Bore- speare man?
 1874 Feare you the Bore, and goe so vnprouided?
 1875 *Stan.* My Lord good morrow, good morrow *Catesby*:
 1876 You may ieast on, but by the holy Rood,
 1877 I doe not like these seuerall Councels, I.
 1878 *Hast.* My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,
 1879 And neuer in my dayes, I doe protest,
 1880 Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now:
 1881 Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
 1882 I would be so triumphant as I am?
 1883 *Sta.* The Lords at Pomfret, whe[n] they rode from London,
 1884 Were iocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
 1885 And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
 1886 But yet you see, how soone the Day o're- cast.
 1887 This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:
 1888 Pray God (I say) I proue a needlesse Coward.
 1889 What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
 1890 *Hast.* Come, come, haue with you:

1891 Wot you what, my Lord,
1892 To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded.
1893 *Sta.* They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
1894 Then some that haue accus'd them, weare their Hats.
1895 But come, my Lord, let's away.
1896 *Enter a Pursuiuant.*
1897 *Hast.* Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.
1898 *Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.*
1899 How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?
1900 *Purs.* The better, that your Lordship please to aske.
1901 *Hast.* I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
1902 Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:
1903 Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,
1904 By the suggestion of the Queenes Allyes.
1905 But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
1906 This day those Enemies are put to death,
1907 And I in better state then ere I was.
1908 *Purs.* God hold it, to your Honors good content.
1909 *Hast.* Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.
1910 *Throwes him his Purse.*
1911 *Purs.* I thanke your Honor. *Exit Pursuiuant.*
1912 *Enter a Priest.*
1913 *Priest.* Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Ho-nor.
1915 *Hast.* I thanke thee, good Sir *Iohn*, with all my heart.
1916 I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:
1917 Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you.
1918 *Priest.* Ile wait vpon your Lordship.
1919 *Enter Buckingham.*
1920 *Buc.* What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?
1921 Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest,
1922 Your Honor hath no shriuing worke in hand.
1923 *Hast.* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
1924 The men you talke of, came into my minde.
1925 What, goe you toward the Tower?
1926 *Buc.* I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
1927 I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.
1928 *Hast.* Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.
1929 *Buc.* And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.
1930 Come, will you goe?
1931 *Hast.* Ile wait vpon your Lordship. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

1933 *Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying*
 1934 *the Nobles to death at Pomfret.*
 1935 *Riuers.* Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this,
 1936 To day shalt thou behold a Subiect die,
 1937 For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.
 1938 *Grey.* God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,
 1939 A Knot you are, of damned Blood- suckers.
 1940 *Vaugh.* You liue, that shall cry woe for this heere-after.
 1942 *Rat.* Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out.
 1943 *Riuers.* O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!
 1944 Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:
 1945 Within the guiltie Closure of thy Walls,
 1946 *Richard* the Second here was hackt to death:
 1947 And for more slander to thy dismall Seat,
 1948 Wee giue to thee our guiltlesse blood to drinke.
 1949 *Grey.* Now *Margarets* Curse is falne vpon our Heads,
 1950 When shee exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you, and I,
 1951 For standing by, when *Richard* stab'd her Sonne.
 1952 *Riuers.* Then curs'd shee *Richard*,
 1953 Then curs'd shee *Buckingham*,
 1954 Then curs'd shee *Hastings*. Oh remember God,
 1955 To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:
 1956 And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes,
 1957 Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,
 1958 Which, as thou know'st, vniustly must be spilt.
 1959 *Rat.* Make haste, the houre of death is expiate.
 1960 *Riuers.* Come *Grey*, come *Vaughan*, let vs here embrace.
 1961 Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.
 1962 *Exeunt.* [s1

Scaena Quarta.

1964 *Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely,*
 1965 *Norfolke, Ratcliffe, Louell, with others,*
 1966 *at a Table.*
 1967 *Hast.* Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met,
 1968 Is to determine of the Coronation:
 1969 In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day?
 1970 *Buck.* Is all things ready for the Royall time?
 1971 *Darb.* It is, and wants but nomination.
 1972 *Ely.* To morrow then I iudge a happie day.

1973 *Buck.* Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein?
 1974 Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?
 1975 *Ely.* Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his
 1976 minde.
 1977 *Buck.* We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
 1978 He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,
 1979 Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:
 1980 Lord *Hastings*, you and he are neere in loue.
 1981 *Hast.* I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:
 1982 But for his purpose in the Coronation,
 1983 I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuer'd
 1984 His gracious pleasure any way therein:
 1985 But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,
 1986 And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice,
 1987 Which I presume hee'le take in gentle part.
 1988 *Enter Gloucester.*
 1989 *Ely.* In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe.
 1990 *Rich.* My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow:
 1991 I haue beene long a sleeper: but I trust,
 1992 My absence doth neglect no great designe,
 1993 Which by my presence might haue beene concluded.
 1994 *Buck.* Had you not come vpon your Q my Lord,
 1995 *William*, Lord *Hastings*, had pronounc'd your part;
 1996 I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.
 1997 *Rich.* Then my Lord *Hastings*, no man might be bolder,
 1998 His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.
 1999 My Lord of *Ely*, when I was last in Holborne,
 2000 I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
 2001 I doe beseech you, send for some of them.
 2002 *Ely.* Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.
 2003 *Exit Bishop.*
 2004 *Rich.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
 2005 *Catesby* hath sounded *Hastings* in our businesse,
 2006 And findes the testie Gentleman so hot,
 2007 That he will lose his Head, ere giue consent
 2008 His Masters Child, as worshipfully he tearmes it,
 2009 Shall lose the Royaltie of Englands Throne.
 2010 *Buck.* Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.
 2011 *Exeunt.*
 2012 *Darb.* We haue not yet set downe this day of Triumph:
 2013 To morrow, in my iudgement, is too sudden,
 2014 For I my selfe am not so well prouided,
 2015 As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.
 2016 *Enter the Bishop of Ely.*
 2017 *Ely.* Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster?
 2018 I haue sent for these Strawberries.

2019 *Ha.* His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morning,
 2020 There's some conceit or other likes him well,
 2021 When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
 2022 I thinke there's neuer a man in Christendome
 2023 Can lesser hide his loue, or hate, then hee,
 2024 For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.
 2025 *Darb.* What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face,
 2026 By any liuelyhood he shew'd to day?
 2027 *Hast.* Mary, that with no man here he is offended:
 2028 For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes.
 2029 *Enter Richard, and Buckingham.*
 2030 *Rich.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserue,
 2031 That doe conspire my death with diuellish Plots
 2032 Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue preuail'd
 2033 Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.
 2034 *Hast.* The tender loue I beare your Grace, my Lord,
 2035 Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence,
 2036 To doome th' Offendors, whosoe're they be:
 2037 I say, my Lord, they haue deserued death.
 2038 *Rich.* Then be your eyes the witsnesse of their euill.
 2039 Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
 2040 Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd vp:
 2041 And this is *Edwards* Wife, that monstrous Witch,
 2042 Consorted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore*,
 2043 That by their Witchcraft thus haue marked me.
 2044 *Hast.* If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord.
 2045 *Rich.* If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
 2046 Talk'st thou to me of Ifs: thou art a Traytor,
 2047 Off with his Head; now by *Saint Paul* I swear,
 2048 I will not dine, vntill I see the same.
 2049 *Louell* and *Ratcliffe*, looke that it be done: *Exeunt.*
 2050 The rest that loue me, rise, and follow me.
 2051 *Manet Louell and Ratcliffe, with the*
 2052 *Lord Hastings.*
 2053 *Hast.* Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
 2054 For I, too fond, might haue preuented this:
 2055 *Stanley* did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes,
 2056 And I did scorne it, and disdaine to flye:
 2057 Three times to day my Foot- Cloth- Horse did stumble,
 2058 And started, when he look'd vpon the Tower,
 2059 As loth to beare me to the slaughter- house.
 2060 O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:
 2061 I now repent I told the Pursuiuant,
 2062 As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
 2063 To day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
 2064 And I my selfe secure, in grace and fauour.

2065 Oh *Margaret, Margaret*, now thy heauie Curse
 2066 Is lighted on poore *Hastings* wretched Head.
 2067 *Ra.* Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner:
 2068 Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.
 2069 *Hast.* O momentarie grace of mortall men,
 2070 Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!
 2071 Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,
 2072 Liues like a drunken Sayler on a Mast,
 2073 Readie with euery Nod to tumble downe,
 2074 Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.
 2075 *Lou.* Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootlesse to exclaime.
 2076 *Hast.* O bloody *Richard*: miserable England,
 2077 I prophecie the fearefull'st time to thee,
 2078 That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon.
 2079 Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,
 2080 They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.
 2081 *Exeunt.* [s1v
 2082 *Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour,*
 2083 *maruellous ill-fauoured.*
 2084 *Richard.* Come Cousin,
 2085 Canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
 2086 Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
 2087 And then againe begin, and stop againe,
 2088 As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror?
 2089 *Buck.* Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
 2090 Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side,
 2091 Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw:
 2092 Intending deepe suspition, gastly Lookes
 2093 Are at my seruice, like enforced Smiles;
 2094 And both are readie in their Offices,
 2095 At any time to grace my Stratagemes.
 2096 But what, is *Catesby* gone?
 2097 *Rich.* He is, and see he brings the Maior along.
 2098 *Enter the Maior, and Catesby.*
 2099 *Buck.* Lord Maior.
 2100 *Rich.* Looke to the Draw- Bridge there.
 2101 *Buck.* Hearke, a Drumme.
 2102 *Rich.* *Catesby*, o're- looke the Walls.
 2103 *Buck.* Lord Maior, the reason we haue sent.
 2104 *Rich.* Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.
 2105 *Buck.* God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.
 2106 *Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.*
 2107 *Rich.* Be patient, they are friends: *Ratcliffe*, and *Louell*.
 2108 *Louell.* Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,
 2109 The dangerous and vnsuspected *Hastings*.
 2110 *Rich.* So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:

2111 I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse Creature,
 2112 That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Christian.
 2113 Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded
 2114 The Historie of all her secret thoughts.
 2115 So smooth he dawb'd his Vice with shew of Vertue,
 2116 That his apparant open Guilt omitted,
 2117 I meane, his Conuersation with *Shores* Wife,
 2118 He liu'd from all attainder of suspects.
 2119 *Buck.* Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred Traytor
 2120 That euer liu'd.
 2121 Would you imagine, or almost beleeeue,
 2122 Wert not, that by great preseruacion
 2123 We liue to tell it, that the subtill Traytor
 2124 This day had plotted, in the Councill- House,
 2125 To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloster.
 2126 *Maior.* Had he done so?
 2127 *Rich.* What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
 2128 Or that we would, against the forme of Law,
 2129 Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death,
 2130 But that the extreme perill of the case,
 2131 The Peace of England, and our Persons safetie,
 2132 Enforc'd vs to this Execution.
 2133 *Maior.* Now faire befall you, he deseru'd his death,
 2134 And your good Graces both haue well proceeded,
 2135 To warne false Traytors from the like Attempts.
 2136 *Buck.* I neuer look'd for better at his hands,
 2137 After he once fell in with Mistresse *Shore*:
 2138 Yet had we not determin'd he should dye,
 2139 Vntill your Lordship came to see his end,
 2140 Which now the louing haste of these our friends,
 2141 Something against our meanings, haue preuented;
 2142 Because, my Lord, I would haue had you heard
 2143 The Traytor speake, and timorously confesse
 2144 The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:
 2145 That you might well haue signify'd the same
 2146 Vnto the Citizens, who haply may
 2147 Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.
 2148 *Ma.* But, my good Lord, your Graces words shal serue,
 2149 As well as I had seene, and heard him speake:
 2150 And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
 2151 But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens
 2152 With all your iust proceedings in this case.
 2153 *Rich.* And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
 2154 T' auoid the Censures of the carping World.
 2155 *Buck.* Which since you come too late of our intent,
 2156 Yet witnesse what you heare we did intend:

2157 And so, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.
 2158 *Exit Maior.*
 2159 *Rich.* Goe after, after, Cousin *Buckingham.*
 2160 The Maior towards Guild- Hall hyes him in all poste:
 2161 There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
 2162 Inferre the Bastardie of *Edwards* Children:
 2163 Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
 2164 Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne
 2165 Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his House,
 2166 Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed so.
 2167 Moreouer, vrge his hatefull Luxurie,
 2168 And beastiall appetite in change of Lust,
 2169 Which stretch vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wiues,
 2170 Euen where his raging eye, or sauage heart,
 2171 Without controll, lusted to make a prey.
 2172 Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person:
 2173 Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
 2174 Of that insatiate *Edward*; Noble *Yorke*,
 2175 My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,
 2176 And by true computation of the time,
 2177 Found, that the Issue was not his begot:
 2178 Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
 2179 Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
 2180 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere farre off,
 2181 Because, my Lord, you know my Mother liues.
 2182 *Buck.* Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
 2183 As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
 2184 Were for my selfe: and so, my Lord, adue.
 2185 *Rich.* If you thriue wel, bring them to Baynards Castle,
 2186 Where you shall finde me well accompanied
 2187 With reuerend Fathers, and well- learned Bishops.
 2188 *Buck.* I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
 2189 Looke for the Newes that the Guild- Hall affoords.
 2190 *Exit Buckingham.*
 2191 *Rich.* Goe *Louell* with all speed to Doctor *Shaw*,
 2192 Goe thou to Fryer *Penker*, bid them both
 2193 Meet me within this houre at Baynards Castle. *Exit.*
 2194 Now will I goe to take some priuie order,
 2195 To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of sight,
 2196 And to giue order, that no manner person
 2197 Haue any time recourse vnto the Princes. *Exeunt.*
 2198 *Enter a Scriuener.*
 2199 *Scr.* Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,
 2200 Which in a set Hand fairely is engross'd,
 2201 That it may be to day read o're in *Paules*.
 2202 And marke how well the sequell hangs together:

2203 Eleuen houres I haue spent to write it ouer,
 2204 For yester- night by *Catesby* was it sent me,
 2205 The Precedent was full as long a doing,
 2206 And yet within these fiue houres *Hastings* liu'd,
 2207 Vntainted, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie.
 2208 Here's a good World the while.
 2209 Who is so grosse, that cannot see this palpable deuce? [s2
 2210 Yet who so bold, but sayes he sees it not?
 2211 Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
 2212 When such ill dealing must be seene in thought. *Exit.*
 2213 *Enter Richard and Buckingham at seuerall Doores.*
 2214 *Rich.* How now, how now, what say the Citizens?
 2215 *Buck.* Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
 2216 The Citizens are mum, say not a word.
 2217 *Rich.* Toucht you the Bastardie of *Edwards* Children?
 2218 *Buck.* I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,
 2219 And his Contract by Deputie in France,
 2220 Th' vnsatiate greedinesse of his desire,
 2221 And his enforcement of the Citie Wiues,
 2222 His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Bastardie,
 2223 As being got, your Father then in France,
 2224 And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
 2225 Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,
 2226 Being the right *Idea* of your Father,
 2227 Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde:
 2228 Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,
 2229 Your Discipline in Warre, Wisdome in Peace,
 2230 Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie:
 2231 Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,
 2232 Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse.
 2233 And when my Oratorie drew toward end,
 2234 I bid them that did loue their Countries good,
 2235 Cry, God saue *Richard*, Englands Royall King.
 2236 *Rich.* And did they so?
 2237 *Buck.* No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word,
 2238 But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
 2239 Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
 2240 Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
 2241 And ask'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull silence?
 2242 His answer was, the people were not vsed
 2243 To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
 2244 Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe:
 2245 Thus sayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
 2246 But nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe.
 2247 When he had done, some followers of mine owne,
 2248 At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps,

2249 And some tenne voyces cry'd, God saue King *Richard*:
 2250 And thus I tooke the vantage of those few.
 2251 Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
 2252 This generall applause, and chearefull showt,
 2253 Argues your wisdom, and your loue to *Richard*:
 2254 And euen here brake off, and came away.
 2255 *Rich.* What tongue- lesse Blockes were they,
 2256 Would they not speake?
 2257 Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?
 2258 *Buck.* The Maior is here at hand: intend some feare,
 2259 Be not you spoke with, but by mightie suit:
 2260 And looke you get a Prayer- Booke in your hand,
 2261 And stand betweene two Church- men, good my Lord,
 2262 For on that ground Ile make a holy Descant:
 2263 And be not easily wonne to our requests,
 2264 Play the Maids part, still answer nay, and take it.
 2265 *Rich.* I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
 2266 As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
 2267 No doubt we bring it to a happie issue.
 2268 *Buck.* Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.
 2269 *Enter the Maior, and Citizens.*
 2270 Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
 2271 I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall.
 2272 *Enter Catesby.*
 2273 *Buck.* Now *Catesby*, what sayes your Lord to my
 2274 request?
 2275 *Catesby.* He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
 2276 To visit him to morrow, or next day:
 2277 He is within, with two right reuerend Fathers,
 2278 Diuinely bent to Meditation,
 2279 And in no Worldly suites would he be mou'd,
 2280 To draw him from his holy Exercise.
 2281 *Buck.* Returne, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
 2282 Tell him, my selfe, the Maior and Aldermen,
 2283 In deepe designes, in matter of great moment,
 2284 No lesse importing then our generall good,
 2285 Are come to haue some conference with his Grace.
 2286 *Catesby.* Ile signifie so much vnto him straight. *Exit.*
 2287 *Buck.* Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
 2288 He is not lulling on a lewd Loue- Bed,
 2289 But on his Knees, at Meditation:
 2290 Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
 2291 But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
 2292 Not sleeping, to engrosse his idle Body,
 2293 But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.
 2294 Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince

2295 Take on his Grace the Soueraigntie thereof.
 2296 But sure I feare we shall not winne him to it.
 2297 *Maior.* Marry God defend his Grace should say vs
 2298 nay.
 2299 *Buck.* I feare he will: here *Catesby* comes againe.
 2300 *Enter Catesby.*
 2301 Now *Catesby*, what sayes his Grace?
 2302 *Catesby.* He wonders to what end you haue assembled
 2303 Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
 2304 His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
 2305 He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.
 2306 *Buck.* Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should
 2307 Suspect me, that I meane no good to him:
 2308 By Heauen, we come to him in perfit loue,
 2309 And so once more returne, and tell his Grace. *Exit.*
 2310 When holy and deuout Religious men
 2311 Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
 2312 So sweet is zealous Contemplation.
 2313 *Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Bishops.*
 2314 *Maior.* See where his Grace stands, tweene two Clergie
 2315 men.
 2316 *Buck.* Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,
 2317 To stay him from the fall of Vanitie:
 2318 And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
 2319 True Ornaments to know a holy man.
 2320 Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious Prince,
 2321 Lend fauourable eare to our requests,
 2322 And pardon vs the interruption
 2323 Of thy Deuotion, and right Christian Zeale.
 2324 *Rich.* My Lord, there needes no such Apologie:
 2325 I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me,
 2326 Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
 2327 Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
 2328 But leauing this, what is your Graces pleasure?
 2329 *Buck.* Euen that (I hope) which pleaseth God aboue,
 2330 And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile.
 2331 *Rich.* I doe suspect I haue done some offence,
 2332 That seemes disgracious in the Cities eye,
 2333 And that you come to reprehend my ignorance. [s2v
 2334 *Buck.* You haue, my Lord:
 2335 Would it might please your Grace,
 2336 On our entreaties, to amend your fault.
 2337 *Rich.* Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.
 2338 *Buck.* Know then, it is your fault, that you resigne
 2339 The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maiesticall,
 2340 The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,

2341 Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,
2342 The Lineall Glory of your Royall House,
2343 To the corruption of a blemisht Stock;
2344 Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepe thoughts,
2345 Which here we waken to our Countries good,
2346 The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:
2347 His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,
2348 His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
2349 And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulfe
2350 Of darke Forgetfulnesse, and deepe Obliuion.
2351 Which to recure, we heartily sollicite
2352 Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge
2353 And Kingly Gouernment of this your Land:
2354 Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
2355 Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine;
2356 But as successiue, from Blood to Blood,
2357 Your Right of Birth, your Empyrie, your owne.
2358 For this, consorted with the Citizens,
2359 Your very Worshipfull and louing friends,
2360 And by their vehement instigation,
2361 In this iust Cause come I to moue your Grace.
2362 *Rich.* I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
2363 Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
2364 Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
2365 If not to answer, you might haply thinke,
2366 Tongue- ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
2367 To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraigntie,
2368 Which fondly you would here impose on me.
2369 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
2370 So season'd with your faithfull loue to me,
2371 Then on the other side I check'd my friends.
2372 Therefore to speake, and to auoid the first,
2373 And then in speaking, not to incurre the last,
2374 Definitiuely thus I answer you.
2375 Your loue deserues my thanks, but my desert
2376 Vnmeritable, shunnes your high request.
2377 First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
2378 And that my Path were euen to the Crowne,
2379 As the ripe Reuenue, and due of Birth:
2380 Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,
2381 So mightie, and so manie my defects,
2382 That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse,
2383 Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea;
2384 Then in my Greatnesse couet to be hid,
2385 And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.
2386 But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,

2387 And much I need to helpe you, were there need:
 2388 The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,
 2389 Which mellow'd by the stealing howres of time,
 2390 Will well become the Seat of Maiestie,
 2391 And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.
 2392 On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
 2393 The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,
 2394 Which God defend that I should wring from him.
 2395 *Buck.* My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,
 2396 But the respects thereof are nice, and triuiall,
 2397 All circumstances well considered.
 2398 You say, that *Edward* is your Brothers Sonne,
 2399 So say we too, but not by *Edwards* Wife:
 2400 For first was he contract to *Lady Lucie*,
 2401 Your Mother liues a Witnessse to his Vow;
 2402 And afterward by substitute betroth'd
 2403 To *Bona*, Sister to the King of France.
 2404 These both put off, a poore Petitioner,
 2405 A Care- cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
 2406 A Beautie- waining, and distressed Widow,
 2407 Euen in the after- noone of her best dayes,
 2408 Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
 2409 Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
 2410 To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie.
 2411 By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got
 2412 This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.
 2413 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 2414 Saue that for reuerence to some alieue,
 2415 I giue a sparing limit to my Tongue.
 2416 Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe
 2417 This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:
 2418 If not to blesse vs and the Land withall,
 2419 Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestrie
 2420 From the corruption of abusing times,
 2421 Vnto a Lineall true deriued course.
 2422 *Maior.* Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.
 2423 *Buck.* Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue.
 2424 *Catesb.* O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit.
 2425 *Rich.* Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?
 2426 I am vnfit for State, and Maiestie:
 2427 I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
 2428 I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
 2429 *Buck.* If you refuse it, as in loue and zeale,
 2430 Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne,
 2431 As well we know your tendernesse of heart,
 2432 And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorse,

2433 Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred,
 2434 And egally indeede to all Estates:
 2435 Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no,
 2436 Your Brothers Sonne shall neuer reigne our King,
 2437 But we will plant some other in the Throne,
 2438 To the disgrace and downe- fall of your House:
 2439 And in this resolution here we leaue you.
 2440 Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*
 2441 *Catesb.* Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their suit:
 2442 If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.
 2443 *Rich.* Will you enforce me to a world of Cares.
 2444 Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,
 2445 But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
 2446 Albeit against my Conscience and my Soule.
 2447 *Enter Buckingham, and the rest.*
 2448 Cousin of Buckingham, and sage graue men,
 2449 Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
 2450 To beare her burthen, where I will or no.
 2451 I must haue patience to endure the Load:
 2452 But if black Scandall, or foule- fac'd Reproach,
 2453 Attend the sequell of your Imposition,
 2454 Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me
 2455 From all the impure blots and staynes thereof;
 2456 For God doth know, and you may partly see,
 2457 How farre I am from the desire of this.
 2458 *Maior.* God blesse your Grace, wee see it, and will
 2459 say it.
 2460 *Rich.* In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
 2461 *Buck.* Then I salute you with this Royall Title,
 2462 Long liue King *Richard*, Englands worthie King.
 2463 *All.* Amen.
 2464 *Buck.* To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.
 2465 *Rich.* Euen when you please, for you will haue it so. [s3
 2466 *Buck.* To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
 2467 And so most ioyfully we take our leaue.
 2468 *Rich.* Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe.
 2469 Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

2471 *Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the*
 2472 *Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset.*
 2473 *Duch.Yorke.* Who meetes vs heere?
 2474 My Neece *Plantagenet*,

2475 Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
 2476 Now, for my Life, shee's wandring to the Tower,
 2477 On pure hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince.
 2478 Daughter, well met.
 2479 *Anne.* God giue your Graces both, a happie
 2480 And a ioyfull time of day.
 2481 *Qu.* As much to you, good Sister: whither away?
 2482 *Anne.* No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
 2483 Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
 2484 To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
 2485 *Qu.* Kind Sister thanks, wee'le enter all together:
 2486 *Enter the Lieutenant.*
 2487 And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
 2488 Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leaue,
 2489 How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of *Yorke*?
 2490 *Lieu.* Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
 2491 I may not suffer you to visit them,
 2492 The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.
 2493 *Qu.* The King? who's that?
 2494 *Lieu.* I meane, the Lord Protector.
 2495 *Qu.* The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
 2496 Hath he set bounds betweene their loue, and me?
 2497 I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?
 2498 *Duch.Yorke.* I am their Fathers Mother, I will see
 2499 them.
 2500 *Anne.* Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother:
 2501 Then bring me to their sights, Ile beare thy blame,
 2502 And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.
 2503 *Lieu.* No, Madame, no; I may not leaue it so:
 2504 I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.
 2505 *Exit Lieutenant.*
 2506 *Enter Stanley.*
 2507 *Stanley.* Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
 2508 And Ile salute your Grace of *Yorke* as Mother,
 2509 And reuerend looker on of two faire Queenes.
 2510 Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster,
 2511 There to be crowned *Richards* Royall Queene.
 2512 *Qu.* Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
 2513 That my pent heart may haue some scope to beat,
 2514 Or else I swoone with this dead- killing newes.
 2515 *Anne.* Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes.
 2516 *Dors.* Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your
 2517 Grace?
 2518 *Qu.* O *Dorset*, speake not to me, get thee gone,
 2519 Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles,
 2520 Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

2521 If thou wilt out- strip Death, goe crosse the Seas,
 2522 And liue with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
 2523 Goe hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter- house,
 2524 Lest thou encrease the number of the dead,
 2525 And make me dye the thrall of *Margarets* Curse,
 2526 Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
 2527 *Stanley*. Full of wise care, is this your counsaile, Madame:
 2528 Take all the swift aduantage of the howres:
 2529 You shall haue Letters from me to my Sonne,
 2530 In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:
 2531 Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwise delay.
 2532 *Duch. Yorke*. O ill dispersing Winde of Miserie.
 2533 O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death:
 2534 A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World,
 2535 Whose vnauoided Eye is murtherous.
 2536 *Stanley*. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent.
 2537 *Anne*. And I with all vnwillingnesse will goe.
 2538 O would to God, that the inclusiue Verge
 2539 Of Golden Metall, that must round my Brow,
 2540 Were red hot Steele, to seare me to the Braines,
 2541 Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,
 2542 And dye ere men can say, God saue the Queene.
 2543 *Qu.* Goe, goe, poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,
 2544 To feed my humor, wish thy selfe no harme.
 2545 *Anne*. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
 2546 Came to me, as I follow'd *Henries* Corse,
 2547 When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,
 2548 Which issued from my other Angell Husband,
 2549 And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
 2550 O, when I say I look'd on *Richards* Face,
 2551 This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,
 2552 For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
 2553 And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
 2554 And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
 2555 More miserable, by the Life of thee,
 2556 Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death.
 2557 Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,
 2558 Within so small a time, my Womans heart
 2559 Grossely grew captiue to his honey words,
 2560 And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curse,
 2561 Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:
 2562 For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
 2563 Did I enioy the golden deaw of sleepe,
 2564 But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd.
 2565 Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwicke*,
 2566 And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.

2567 *Qu.* Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining.
 2568 *Anne.* No more, then with my soule I mourne for
 2569 yours.
 2570 *Dors.* Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.
 2571 *Anne.* Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leaue
 2572 of it.
 2573 *Du.Y.* Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee,
 2574 Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee,
 2575 Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts possesse thee,
 2576 I to my Graue, where peace and rest lye with mee.
 2577 Eightie odde yeeres of sorrow haue I seene,
 2578 And each howres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.
 2579 *Qu.* Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.
 2580 Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,
 2581 Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls,
 2582 Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones,
 2583 Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,
 2584 For tender Princes: vse my Babies well;
 2585 So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.
 2586 *Exeunt.* [s3v

Scena Secunda.

2588 *Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buc-kingham,*
 2589 *Catesby, Ratcliffe, Louel.*
 2590 *Rich.* Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.
 2591 *Buck.* My gracious Soueraigne.
 2592 *Rich.* Giue me thy hand. *Sound.*
 2593 Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy assistance,
 2594 Is King *Richard* seated:
 2595 But shall we weare these Glories for a day?
 2596 Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them?
 2597 *Buck.* Still liue they, and for euer let them last.
 2598 *Rich.* Ah *Buckingham*, now doe I play the Touch,
 2599 To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:
 2600 Young *Edward* liues, thinke now what I would speake.
 2601 *Buck.* Say on my louing Lord.
 2602 *Rich.* Why *Buckingham*, I say I would be King.
 2603 *Buck.* Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.
 2604 *Rich.* Ha? am I King? 'tis so: but *Edward* liues.
 2605 *Buck* True, Noble Prince.
 2606 *Rich.* O bitter consequence!
 2607 That *Edward* still should liue true Noble Prince.
 2608 Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

2609 Shall I be plaine? I wish the Bastards dead,
 2610 And I would haue it suddenly perform'd.
 2611 What say'st thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe.
 2612 *Buck.* Your Grace may doe your pleasure.
 2613 *Rich.* Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:
 2614 Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?
 2615 *Buc.* Giue me some litle breath, some pawse, deare Lord,
 2616 Before I positiuely speake in this:
 2617 I will resolute you herein presently. *Exit Buck[ingham].*
 2618 *Catesby.* The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.
 2619 *Rich.* I will conuerse with Iron-witted Fooles,
 2620 And vnrespectiue Boyes: none are for me,
 2621 That looke into me with considerate eyes,
 2622 High-reaching *Buckingham* growes circumspect.
 2623 Boy.
 2624 *Page.* My Lord.
 2625 *Rich.* Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
 2626 Will tempt vnto a close exploit of Death?
 2627 *Page.* I know a discontented Gentleman,
 2628 Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit:
 2629 Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
 2630 And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.
 2631 *Rich.* What is his Name?
 2632 *Page.* His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrell*.
 2633 *Rich.* I partly know the man: goe call him hither,
 2634 Boy. *Exit.*
 2635 The deepe reuoluing wittie *Buckingham*,
 2636 No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes.
 2637 Hath he so long held out with me, vntyr'd,
 2638 And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.
 2639 *Enter Stanley.*
 2640 How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the newes?
 2641 *Stanley.* Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse *Dorset*
 2642 As I heare, is fled to *Richmond*,
 2643 In the parts where he abides.
 2644 *Rich.* Come hither *Catesby*, rumor it abroad,
 2645 That *Anne* my Wife is very grieuous sicke,
 2646 I will take order for her keeping close.
 2647 Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,
 2648 Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence* Daughter:
 2649 The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.
 2650 Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, giue out,
 2651 That *Anne*, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.
 2652 About it, for it stands me much vpon
 2653 To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me.
 2654 I must be marryed to my Brothers Daughter,

2655 Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:
 2656 Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,
 2657 Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in
 2658 So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,
 2659 Teare- falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.
 2660 *Enter Tyrrel.*
 2661 Is thy Name *Tyrrel*?
 2662 *Tyr. Iames Tyrrel, and your most obedient subiect.*
 2663 *Rich.* Art thou indeed?
 2664 *Tyr.* Proue me, my gracious Lord.
 2665 *Rich.* Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
 2666 *Tyr.* Please you:
 2667 But I had rather kill two enemies.
 2668 *Rich.* Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies,
 2669 Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbers,
 2670 Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
 2671 *Tyrrel*, I meane those Bastards in the Tower.
 2672 *Tyr.* Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
 2673 And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.
 2674 *Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet Musique:
 2675 Hearke, come hither *Tyrrel*,
 2676 Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare, *Whispers.*
 2677 There is no more but so: say it is done,
 2678 And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.
 2679 *Tyr.* I will dispatch it straight. *Exit.*
 2680 *Enter Buckingham.*
 2681 *Buck.* My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde,
 2682 The late request that you did sound me in.
 2683 *Rich.* Well, let that rest: *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond.*
 2684 *Buck.* I heare the newes, my Lord.
 2685 *Rich.* *Stanley*, hee is your Wiues Sonne: well, looke
 2686 vnto it.
 2687 *Buck.* My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promise,
 2688 For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,
 2689 Th' Earledome of Hertford, and the moueables,
 2690 Which you haue promised I shall possesse.
 2691 *Rich.* *Stanley* looke to your Wife: if she conuey
 2692 Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.
 2693 *Buck.* What sayes your Highnesse to my iust request?
 2694 *Rich.* I doe remember me, *Henry* the Sixt
 2695 Did prophecie, that *Richmond* should be King,
 2696 When *Richmond* was a little peeuish Boy.
 2697 A King perhaps.
 2698 *Buck.* May it please you to resolue me in my suit.
 2699 *Rich.* Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
 2700 *Buck.* And is it thus? repayes he my deepe seruice

2701 With such contempt? made I him King for this?
2702 O let me thinke on *Hastings*, and be gone
2703 To Brecnock, while my fearefull Head is on. *Exit.*
2704 *Enter Tyrrel.*
2705 *Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
2706 The most arch deed of pittious massacre [s4
2707 That euer yet this Land was guilty of:
2708 *Dighton* and *Forrest*, who I did suborne
2709 To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
2710 Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges,
2711 Melted with tendernesse, and milde compassion,
2712 Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.
2713 O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
2714 Thus, thus (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another
2715 Within their Alablaster innocent Armes:
2716 Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,
2717 And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.
2718 A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
2719 Which one (quoth *Forrest*) almost chang'd my minde:
2720 But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine stopt:
2721 When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered
2722 The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,
2723 That from the prime Creation ere she framed.
2724 Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
2725 They could not speake, and so I left them both,
2726 To beare this tydings to the bloody King.
2727 *Enter Richard.*
2728 And heere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord.
2729 *Ric.* Kinde *Tirrell*, am I happy in thy Newes.
2730 *Tir.* If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge,
2731 Beget your happinesse, be happy then,
2732 For it is done.
2733 *Rich.* But did'st thou see them dead.
2734 *Tir.* I did my Lord.
2735 *Rich.* And buried gentle *Tirrell*.
2736 *Tir.* The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
2737 But where (to say the truth) I do not know.
2738 *Rich.* Come to me *Tirrel* soone, and after Supper,
2739 When thou shalt tell the processe of their death.
2740 Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,
2741 And be inheritor of thy desire.
2742 Farewell till then.
2743 *Tir.* I humbly take my leaue.
2744 *Rich.* The Sonne of *Clarence* haue I pent vp close,
2745 His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,
2746 The Sonnes of *Edward* sleepe in *Abrahams* bosome,

2747 And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
 2748 Now for I know the Britaine *Richmond* aymes
 2749 At yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
 2750 And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,
 2751 To her go I, a iolly thriuing wooer.
 2752 *Enter Ratcliffe.*
 2753 *Rat.* My Lord.
 2754 *Rich.* Good or bad newes, that thou com'st in so
 2755 bluntly?
 2756 *Rat.* Bad news my Lord, *Mourton* is fled to Richmond,
 2757 And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welshmen
 2758 Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
 2759 *Rich.* Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
 2760 Then Buckingham and his rash leuied Strength.
 2761 Come, I haue learn'd, that fearfull commenting
 2762 Is leaden seruitor to dull delay.
 2763 Delay leds impotent and Snaile- pac'd Beggery:
 2764 Then fierie expedition be my wing,
 2765 Ioues Mercury, and Herald for a King:
 2766 Go muster men: My counsaile is my Sheeld,
 2767 We must be breefe, when Traitors braue the Field.
 2768 *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

2770 *Enter old Queene Margaret.*
 2771 *Mar.* So now prosperity begins to mellow,
 2772 And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
 2773 Heere in these Confines slily haue I lurkt,
 2774 To watch the waining of mine enemies.
 2775 A dire induction, am I witnesse to,
 2776 And will to France, hoping the consequence
 2777 Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall.
 2778 Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere?
 2779 *Enter Dutchesse and Queene.*
 2780 *Qu.* Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes:
 2781 My vnblowed Flowres, new appearing sweets:
 2782 If yet your gentle soules flye in the Ayre,
 2783 And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
 2784 Houer about me with your ayery wings,
 2785 And heare your mothers Lamentation.
 2786 *Mar.* Houer about her, say that right for right
 2787 Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night.
 2788 *Dut.* So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce,

2789 That my woe- wearied tongue is still and mute.
 2790 *Edward Plantagenet*, why art thou dead?
 2791 *Mar. Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
 2792 *Edward* for *Edward*, payes a dying debt.
 2793 *Qu.* Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs,
 2794 And throw them in the intrailles of the Wolfe?
 2795 When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?
 2796 *Mar.* When holy *Harry* dyed, and my sweet Sonne.
 2797 *Dut.* Dead life, blind sight, poore mortall liuing ghost,
 2798 Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graues due, by life vsurpt,
 2799 Breefe abstract and record of tedious dayes,
 2800 Rest thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,
 2801 Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.
 2802 *Qu.* Ah that thou would'st assoone affoord a Graue,
 2803 As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seate:
 2804 Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere,
 2805 Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee?
 2806 *Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
 2807 Giue mine the benefit of signeurie,
 2808 And let my greefes frowne on the vpper hand
 2809 If sorrow can admit Society.
 2810 I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
 2811 I had a Husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
 2812 Thou had'st an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
 2813 Thou had'st a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.
 2814 *Dut.* I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st kill him;
 2815 I had a *Rutland* too, thou hop'st to kill him.
 2816 *Mar.* Thou had'st a *Clarence* too,
 2817 And *Richard* kill'd him.
 2818 From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept
 2819 A Hell- hound that doth hunt vs all to death:
 2820 That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
 2821 To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:
 2822 That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:
 2823 That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping soules:
 2824 That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
 2825 Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to our graues.
 2826 O vpright, iust, and true- disposing God,
 2827 How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre [s4v
 2828 Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body,
 2829 And makes her Pue- fellow with others mone.
 2830 *Dut.* Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes:
 2831 God wisse with me, I haue wept for thine.
 2832 *Mar.* Beare with me: I am hungry for reuenge,
 2833 And now I cloy me with beholding it.
 2834 Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*,

2835 The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
 2836 Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they
 2837 Matcht not the high perfection of my losse.
 2838 Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stab'd my *Edward*,
 2839 And the beholders of this franticke play,
 2840 Th' adulterate *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
 2841 Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graues.
 2842 *Richard* yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer,
 2843 Onely reseru'd their Factor, to buy soules,
 2844 And send them thither: But at hand, at hand
 2845 Insues his pittious and vnpittied end.
 2846 Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,
 2847 To haue him sodainly conuey'd from hence:
 2848 Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,
 2849 That I may liue and say, The Dogge is dead.
 2850 *Qu.* O thou did'st prophesie, the time would come,
 2851 That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
 2852 That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch- back'd Toad.
 2853 *Mar.* I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune:
 2854 I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,
 2855 The presentation of but what I was;
 2856 The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;
 2857 One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below:
 2858 A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;
 2859 A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge
 2860 To be the ayme of euery dangerous Shot;
 2861 A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;
 2862 A Queene in ieast, onely to fill the Scene.
 2863 Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
 2864 Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein dost thou Ioy?
 2865 Who sues, and kneeles, and sayes, God saue the Queene?
 2866 Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
 2867 Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?
 2868 Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
 2869 For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow:
 2870 For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:
 2871 For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
 2872 For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:
 2873 For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
 2874 For she being feared of all, now fearing one:
 2875 For she commanding all, obey'd of none.
 2876 Thus hath the course of Iustice whirl'd about,
 2877 And left thee but a very prey to time,
 2878 Hauing no more but Thought of what thou wast.
 2879 To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
 2880 Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not

2881 Vsurpe the iust proportion of my Sorrow?
 2882 Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,
 2883 From which, euen heere I slip my wearied head,
 2884 And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee.
 2885 Farwell Yorke's wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
 2886 These English woes, shall make me smile in France.
 2887 *Qu.* O thou well skill'd in Curses, stay a- while,
 2888 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
 2889 *Mar.* Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day:
 2890 Compare dead happinesse, with liuing woe:
 2891 Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,
 2892 And he that slew them fowler then he is:
 2893 Bett'ring thy losse, makes the bad causer worse,
 2894 Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curse.
 2895 *Qu.* My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
 2896 *Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharpe,
 2897 And pierce like mine. *Exit Margaret.*
 2898 *Dut.* Why should calamity be full of words?
 2899 *Qu.* Windy Attornies to their Clients Woes,
 2900 Ayery succeeders of intestine ioyes,
 2901 Poore breathing Orators of miseries,
 2902 Let them haue scope, though what they will impart,
 2903 Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.
 2904 *Dut.* If so then, be not Tongue-ty'd: go with me,
 2905 And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother
 2906 My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd.
 2907 The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclames.
 2908 *Enter King Richard, and his Traine.*
 2909 *Rich.* Who intercepts me in my Expedition?
 2910 *Dut.* O she, that might haue intercepted thee
 2911 By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
 2912 From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou hast done.
 2913 *Qu.* Hid'st thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne
 2914 Where't should be branded, if that right were right?
 2915 The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,
 2916 And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
 2917 Tell me thou Villaine- slaue, where are my Children?
 2918 *Dut.* Thou Toad, thou Toade,
 2919 Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?
 2920 And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne?
 2921 *Qu.* Where is the gentle *Riuers, Vaughan, Gray*?
 2922 *Dut.* Where is kinde *Hastings*?
 2923 *Rich.* A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes:
 2924 Let not the Heauens heare these Tell- tale women
 2925 Raile on the Lords Anointed. Strike I say.
 2926 *Flourish. Alarums.*

2927 Either be patient, and intreat me fayre,
 2928 Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
 2929 Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
 2930 *Dut.* Art thou my Sonne?
 2931 *Rich.* I, I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe.
 2932 *Dut.* Then patiently heare my impatience.
 2933 *Rich.* Madam, I haue a touch of your condition,
 2934 That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
 2935 *Dut.* O let me speake.
 2936 *Rich.* Do then, but Ile not heare.
 2937 *Dut.* I will be milde, and gentle in my words.
 2938 *Rich.* And breefe (good Mother) for I am in hast.
 2939 *Dut.* Art thou so hasty? I haue staid for thee
 2940 (God knowes) in torment and in agony.
 2941 *Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you?
 2942 *Dut.* No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,
 2943 Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.
 2944 A greuous burthen was thy Birth to me,
 2945 Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.
 2946 Thy School- daies frightfull, desp'rate, wilde, and furious,
 2947 Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:
 2948 Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, slye, and bloody,
 2949 More milde, but yet more harmful; Kinde in hatred:
 2950 What comfortable houre canst thou name,
 2951 That euer grac'd me with thy company?
 2952 *Rich.* Faith none, but *Humfrey Hower*,
 2953 That call'd your Grace
 2954 To Breakefast once, forth of my company.
 2955 If I be so disgracious in your eye,
 2956 Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.
 2957 Strike vp the Drumme.
 2958 *Dut.* I prythee heare me speake. [s5
 2959 *Rich.* You speake too bitterly.
 2960 *Dut.* Heare me a word:
 2961 For I shall neuer speake to thee againe.
 2962 *Rich.* So.
 2963 *Dut.* Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iust ordinance
 2964 Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:
 2965 Or I with greefe and extreame Age shall perish,
 2966 And neuer more behold thy face againe.
 2967 Therefore take with thee my most greuous Curse,
 2968 Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more
 2969 Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.
 2970 My Prayers on the aduerse party fight,
 2971 And there the little soules of *Edwards* Children,
 2972 Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,

2973 And promise them Successe and Victory:
 2974 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
 2975 Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
 2976 *Qu.* Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
 2977 Abides in me, I say Amen to her.
 2978 *Rich.* Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.
 2979 *Qu.* I haue no more sonnes of the Royall Blood
 2980 For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)
 2981 They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes:
 2982 And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
 2983 *Rich.* You haue a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
 2984 Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?
 2985 *Qu.* And must she dye for this? O let her liue,
 2986 And Ile corrupt her Manners, staine her Beauty,
 2987 Slander my Selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed:
 2988 Throw ouer her the vaile of Infamy,
 2989 So she may liue vnscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
 2990 I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.
 2991 *Rich.* Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princesse.
 2992 *Qu.* To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.
 2993 *Rich.* Her life is safest onely in her byrth.
 2994 *Qu.* And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.
 2995 *Rich.* Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposite.
 2996 *Qu.* No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.
 2997 *Rich.* All vnauoyded is the doome of Destiny.
 2998 *Qu.* True: when auoyded grace makes Destiny.
 2999 My Babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
 3000 If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.
 3001 *Rich.* You speake as if that I had slaine my Cosins?
 3002 *Qu.* Cosins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,
 3003 Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,
 3004 Whose hand soeuer lanch'd their tender hearts,
 3005 Thy head (all indirectly) gaue direction.
 3006 No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
 3007 Till it was whetted on thy stone- hard heart,
 3008 To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.
 3009 But that still vse of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,
 3010 My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,
 3011 Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:
 3012 And I in such a desp'rate Bay of death,
 3013 Like a poore Barke, of sailes and tackling reft,
 3014 Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky bosome.
 3015 *Rich.* Madam, so thrue I in my enterprize
 3016 And dangerous successe of bloody warres,
 3017 As I intend more good to you and yours,
 3018 Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.

3019 *Qu.* What good is couer'd with the face of heauen,
 3020 To be discouered, that can do me good.
 3021 *Rich.* Th' aduancement of your children, gentle Lady
 3022 *Qu.* Vp to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.
 3023 *Rich.* Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,
 3024 The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.
 3025 *Qu.* Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
 3026 Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
 3027 Canst thou demise to any childe of mine.
 3028 *Rich.* Euen all I haue; I, and my selfe and all,
 3029 Will I withall indow a childe of thine:
 3030 So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
 3031 Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
 3032 Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.
 3033 *Qu.* Be breefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse
 3034 Last longer telling then thy kindnesse date.
 3035 *Rich.* Then know,
 3036 That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.
 3037 *Qu.* My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule.
 3038 *Rich.* What do you thinke?
 3039 *Qu.* That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule
 3040 So from thy Soules loue didst thou loue her Brothers,
 3041 And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.
 3042 *Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
 3043 I meane that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,
 3044 And do intend to make her Queene of England.
 3045 *Qu.* Well then, who dost y meane shallbe her King.
 3046 *Rich.* Euen he that makes her Queene:
 3047 Who else should bee?
 3048 *Qu.* What, thou?
 3049 *Rich.* Euen so: How thinke you of it?
 3050 *Qu.* How canst thou woo her?
 3051 *Rich.* That I would learne of you,
 3052 As one being best acquainted with her humour.
 3053 *Qu.* And wilt thou learne of me?
 3054 *Rich.* Madam, with all my heart.
 3055 *Qu.* Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers.
 3056 A paire of bleeding hearts: thereon ingraue
 3057 *Edward* and *Yorke*, then haply will she weepe:
 3058 Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*
 3059 Did to thy Father, steept in Rutlands blood,
 3060 A hand-kercheefe, which say to her did dreyn
 3061 The purple sappe from her sweet Brothers body,
 3062 And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
 3063 If this inducement moue her not to loue,
 3064 Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:

3065 Tell her, thou mad'st away her Vnckle *Clarence*,
 3066 Her Vnckle *Riuers*, I (and for her sake)
 3067 Mad'st quicke conueyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
 3068 *Rich.* You mocke me Madam, this not the way
 3069 To win your daughter.
 3070 *Qu.* There is no other way,
 3071 Vnlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,
 3072 And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.
 3073 *Ric.* Say that I did all this for loue of her.
 3074 *Qu.* Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee
 3075 Hauing bought loue, with such a bloody spoyle.
 3076 *Rich.* Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:
 3077 Men shall deale vnaduisedly sometimes,
 3078 Which after- houres giues leysure to repent.
 3079 If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
 3080 To make amends, Ile giue it to your daughter:
 3081 If I haue kill'd the issue of your wombe,
 3082 To quicken your encrease, I will beget
 3083 Mine yssue of your blood, vpon your Daughter:
 3084 A Grandams name is little lesse in loue,
 3085 Then is the doting Title of a Mother;
 3086 They are as Children but one steppe below,
 3087 Euen of your mettall, of your very blood:
 3088 Of all one paine, saue for a night of groanes
 3089 Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
 3090 Your Children were vexation to your youth, [s5v
 3091 But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
 3092 The losse you haue, is but a Sonne being King,
 3093 And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene.
 3094 I cannot make you what amends I would,
 3095 Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.
 3096 *Dorset* your Sonne, that with a fearfull soule
 3097 Leads discontented steppes in Forraine soyle,
 3098 This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
 3099 To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
 3100 The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,
 3101 Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset*, Brother:
 3102 Againe shall you be Mother to a King:
 3103 And all the Ruines of distressefull Times,
 3104 Repayr'd with double Riches of Content.
 3105 What? we haue many goodly dayes to see:
 3106 The liquid drops of Teares that you haue shed,
 3107 Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
 3108 Aduantaging their Loue, with interest
 3109 Often- times double gaine of happinesse.
 3110 Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,

3111 Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,
 3112 Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.
 3113 Put in her tender heart, th' aspiring Flame
 3114 Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princesse
 3115 With the sweet silent houres of Marriage ioyes:
 3116 And when this Arme of mine hath chastised
 3117 The petty Rebell, dull- brain'd *Buckingham*,
 3118 Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
 3119 And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
 3120 To whom I will retaile my Conquest wonne,
 3121 And she shalbe sole Victoresse, *Caesars Caesar*.
 3122 *Qu.* What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
 3123 Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?
 3124 Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
 3125 Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee,
 3126 That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,
 3127 Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares?
 3128 *Rich.* Infferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.
 3129 *Qu.* Which she shall purchase with stil lasting warre.
 3130 *Rich.* Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.
 3131 *Qu.* That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.
 3132 *Rich.* Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.
 3133 *Qu.* To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth.
 3134 *Rich.* Say I will loue her euerlastingly.
 3135 *Qu.* But how long shall that title euer last?
 3136 *Rich.* Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end.
 3137 *Qu.* But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?
 3138 *Rich.* As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.
 3139 *Qu.* As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.
 3140 *Rich.* Say, I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.
 3141 *Qu.* But she your Subiect, lothes such Soueraignty.
 3142 *Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
 3143 *Qu.* An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
 3144 *Rich.* Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.
 3145 *Qu.* Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.
 3146 *Rich.* Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.
 3147 *Qu.* O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead,
 3148 Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues,
 3149 Harpe on it still shall I, till heart- strings breake.
 3150 *Rich.* Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.
 3151 Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.
 3152 *Qu.* Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurpt.
 3153 *Rich.* I sweare.
 3154 *Qu.* By nothing, for this is no Oath:
 3155 Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor;
 3156 Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;

3157 Thy Crowne vsurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
 3158 If something thou would'st sweare to be beleeu'd,
 3159 Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.
 3160 *Rich.* Then by my Selfe.
 3161 *Qu.* Thy Selfe, is selfe- misvs'd.
 3162 *Rich.* Now by the World.
 3163 *Qu.* 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
 3164 *Rich.* My Fathers death.
 3165 *Qu.* Thy life hath it dishonor'd.
 3166 *Rich.* Why then, by Heauen.
 3167 *Qu.* Heauens wrong is most of all:
 3168 If thou didd'st feare to breake an Oath with him,
 3169 The vnity the King my husband made,
 3170 Thou had'st not broken, nor my Brothers died.
 3171 If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him,
 3172 Th' Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,
 3173 Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,
 3174 And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,
 3175 Which now two tender Bed- fellows for dust,
 3176 Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
 3177 What can'st thou sweare by now.
 3178 *Rich.* The time to come.
 3179 *Qu.* That thou hast wronged in the time ore- past:
 3180 For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
 3181 Heereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
 3182 The Children liue, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
 3183 Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age:
 3184 The Parents liue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
 3185 Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
 3186 Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
 3187 Misvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill- vs'd repast.
 3188 *Rich.* As I entend to prosper, and repent:
 3189 So thriue I in my dangerous Affayres
 3190 Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:
 3191 Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres:
 3192 Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest.
 3193 Be opposite all Planets of good lucke
 3194 To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,
 3195 Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,
 3196 I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter.
 3197 In her, consists my Happinesse, and thine:
 3198 Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee;
 3199 Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,
 3200 Death, Desolation, Ruine, and Decay:
 3201 It cannot be auoyded, but by this:
 3202 It will not be auoyded, but by this.

3203 Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)
 3204 Be the Attorney of my loue to her:
 3205 Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene;
 3206 Not my deserts, but what I will deserue:
 3207 Vrge the Necessity and state of times,
 3208 And be not peeuish found, in great Designes.
 3209 *Qu.* Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?
 3210 *Rich.* I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good.
 3211 *Qu.* Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.
 3212 *Rich.* I, if your selves remembrance wrong your selfe.
 3213 *Qu.* Yet thou didst kil my Children.
 3214 *Rich.* But in your daughters wombe I bury them.
 3215 Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed
 3216 Selues of themselues, to your recomforture.
 3217 *Qu.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
 3218 *Rich.* And be a happy Mother by the deed.
 3219 *Qu.* I go, write to me very shortly,
 3220 And you shal vnderstand from me her mind. *Exit Q[ueene].*
 3221 *Rich.* Beare her my true loues kisse, and so farewell.
 3222 Relenting Foole, and shallow- changing Woman. [s6
 3223 How now, what newes?
 3224 *Enter Ratcliffe.*
 3225 *Rat.* Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast
 3226 Rideth a puissant Nauie: to our Shores
 3227 Throng many doubtfull hollow- hearted friends,
 3228 Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beat them backe.
 3229 'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
 3230 And there they hull, expecting but the aide
 3231 Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.
 3232 *Rich.* Some light- foot friend post to y Duke of Norfolk:
 3233 *Ratcliffe* thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is hee?
 3234 *Cat.* Here, my good Lord.
 3235 *Rich.* *Catesby*, flye to the Duke.
 3236 *Cat.* I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haste.
 3237 *Rich.* *Catesby* come hither, poste to Salisbury:
 3238 When thou com'st thither: Dull vnmindfull Villaine,
 3239 Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?
 3240 *Cat.* First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure,
 3241 What from your Grace I shall deliuer to him.
 3242 *Rich.* O true, good *Catesby*, bid him leuie straight
 3243 The greatest strength and power that he can make,
 3244 And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
 3245 *Cat.* I goe. *Exit.*
 3246 *Rat.* What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salis-bury?
 3248 *Rich.* Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I
 3249 goe?

3250 *Rat.* Your Highnesse told me I should poste before.
 3251 *Rich.* My minde is chang'd:
 3252 *Enter Lord Stanley.*
 3253 *Stanley,* what newes with you?
 3254 *Sta.* None, good my Liege, to please you with y hearing,
 3255 Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
 3256 *Rich.* Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
 3257 What need'st thou runne so many miles about,
 3258 When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neerest way?
 3259 Once more, what newes?
 3260 *Stan.* *Richmond* is on the Seas.
 3261 *Rich.* There let him sinke, and be the Seas on him,
 3262 White- liuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there?
 3263 *Stan.* I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse.
 3264 *Rich.* Well, as you guesse.
 3265 *Stan.* Stirr'd vp by *Dorset, Buckingham,* and *Morton,*
 3266 He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.
 3267 *Rich.* Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword vnsway'd?
 3268 Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossesst?
 3269 What Heire of *Yorke* is there aliuie, but wee?
 3270 And who is Englands King, but great *Yorkes* Heire?
 3271 Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas?
 3272 *Stan.* Vnlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.
 3273 *Rich.* Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
 3274 You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes.
 3275 Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare.
 3276 *Stan.* No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.
 3277 *Rich.* Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
 3278 Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
 3279 Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore,
 3280 Safe- conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?
 3281 *Stan.* No, my good Lord, my friends are in the
 3282 North.
 3283 *Rich.* Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
 3284 When they should serue their Soueraigne in the West?
 3285 *Stan.* They haue not been commanded, mighty King:
 3286 Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
 3287 Ile muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
 3288 Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please.
 3289 *Rich.* I, thou would'st be gone, to ioyne with *Richmond:*
 3290 But Ile not trust thee.
 3291 *Stan.* Most mightie Soueraigne,
 3292 You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
 3293 I neuer was, nor neuer will be false.
 3294 *Rich.* Goe then, and muster men: but leaue behind
 3295 Your Sonne *George Stanley:* looke your heart be firme,

3296 Or else his Heads assurance is but fraile.
 3297 *Stan.* So deale with him, as I proue true to you.
 3298 *Exit Stanley.*
 3299 *Enter a Messenger.*
 3300 *Mess.* My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonshire,
 3301 As I by friends am well aduertised,
 3302 Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
 3303 Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
 3304 With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.
 3305 *Enter another Messenger.*
 3306 *Mess.* In Kent, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in Armes,
 3307 And euery houre more Competitors
 3308 Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.
 3309 *Enter another Messenger.*
 3310 *Mess.* My Lord, the Armie of great *Buckingham*.
 3311 *Rich.* Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
 3312 *He striketh him.*
 3313 There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.
 3314 *Mess.* The newes I haue to tell your Maiestie,
 3315 Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
 3316 *Buckinghams* Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd,
 3317 And he himselfe wandred away alone,
 3318 No man knowes whither.
 3319 *Rich.* I cry thee mercie:
 3320 There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.
 3321 Hath any well- aduised friend proclaym'd
 3322 Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?
 3323 *Mess.* Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.
 3324 *Enter another Messenger.*
 3325 *Mess.* Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord Marquesse *Dorset*,
 3326 'Tis said, my Liege, in Yorkeshire are in Armes:
 3327 But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse,
 3328 The Brittainie Nauie is dispers'd by Tempest.
 3329 *Richmond* in Dorsetshire sent out a Boat
 3330 Vnto the shore, to aske those on the Banks,
 3331 If they were his Assistants, yea, or no?
 3332 Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,
 3333 Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,
 3334 Hoys'd sayle, and made his course againe for Brittainie.
 3335 *Rich.* March on, march on, since we are vp in Armes,
 3336 If not to fight with forraine Enemies,
 3337 Yet to beat downe these Rebels here at home.
 3338 *Enter Catesby.*
 3339 *Cat.* My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
 3340 That is the best newes: that the Earle of Richmond [s6v
 3341 Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,

3342 Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told.
 3343 *Rich.* Away towards Salsbury, while we reason here,
 3344 A Royall battell might be wonne and lost:
 3345 Some one take order Buckingham be brought
 3346 To Salsbury, the rest march on with me. *Florish. Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

3348 *Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.*
 3349 *Der.* Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
 3350 That in the stye of the most deadly Bore,
 3351 My Sonne *George Stanley* is frankt vp in hold:
 3352 If I reuolt, off goes yong *Georges* head,
 3353 The feare of that, holds off my present ayde.
 3354 So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
 3355 Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented
 3356 He should espouse *Elizabeth* hir daughter.
 3357 But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?
 3358 *Chri.* At *Penbroke*, or at *Hertford West* in *Wales*.
 3359 *Der.* What men of Name resort to him.
 3360 *Chri.* Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Souldier,
 3361 Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,
 3362 *Oxford*, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *Iames Blunt*,
 3363 And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
 3364 And many other of great name and worth:
 3365 And towards *London* do they bend their power,
 3366 If by the way they be not fought withall.
 3367 *Der.* Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,
 3368 My Letter will resolue him of my minde.
 3369 Farewell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

3371 *Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led*
 3372 *to Execution.*
 3373 *Buc.* Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
 3374 *Sher.* No my good Lord, therefore be patient.
 3375 *Buc.* *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Gray & Riuers*,
 3376 Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire Sonne *Edward*,
 3377 *Vaughan*, and all that haue miscarried
 3378 By vnder- hand corrupted foule iniustice,
 3379 If that your moody discontented soules,

3380 Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
 3381 Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction.
 3382 This is All- soules day (Fellow) is it not?
 3383 *Sher.* It is.
 3384 *Buc.* Why then Al- soules day, is my bodies doomsday
 3385 This is the day, which in King *Edwards* time
 3386 I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
 3387 False to his Children, and his Wiues Allies.
 3388 This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall
 3389 By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.
 3390 This, this All- soules day to my fearfull Soule,
 3391 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:
 3392 That high All- seer, which I dallied with,
 3393 Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
 3394 And giuen in earnest, what I begg'd in iest.
 3395 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 3396 To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.
 3397 Thus *Margarets* curse falles heauy on my necke:
 3398 When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 3399 Remember *Margaret* was a Prophetesse:
 3400 Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,
 3401 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
 3402 *Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.*

Scena Secunda.

3404 *Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and*
 3405 *others, with drum and colours.*
 3406 *Richm.* Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Friends
 3407 Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of Tyranny,
 3408 Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
 3409 Haue we marcht on without impediment;
 3410 And heere receiue we from our Father *Stanley*
 3411 Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
 3412 The wretched, bloody, and vsurping Boare,
 3413 (That spoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
 3414 Swilles your warm blood like wash, & makes his trough
 3415 In your embowel'd bosomes: This foule Swine
 3416 Is now euen in the Centry of this Isle,
 3417 Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne:
 3418 From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
 3419 In Gods name cheerefully on, couragious Friends,
 3420 To reape the Haruest of perpetuall peace,
 3421 By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warre.

3422 *Oxf.* Euery mans Conscience is a thousand men,
 3423 To fight against this guilty Homicide.
 3424 *Her.* I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.
 3425 *Blunt.* He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
 3426 Which in his deerest neede will flye from him.
 3427 *Richm.* All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
 3428 True Hope is swift, and flyes with Swallowes wings,
 3429 Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
 3430 *Exeunt Omnes.*
 3431 *Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolke, Ratcliffe,*
 3432 *and the Earle of Surrey.*
 3433 *Rich.* Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Bosworth field,
 3434 My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?
 3435 *Sur.* My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
 3436 *Rich.* My Lord of Norfolke.
 3437 *Nor.* Heere most gracious Liege.
 3438 *Rich.* Norfolke, we must haue knockes:
 3439 Ha, must we not?
 3440 *Nor.* We must both giue and take my louing Lord.
 3441 *Rich.* Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,
 3442 But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
 3443 Who hath descried the number of the Traitors?
 3444 *Nor.* Six or seuen thousand is their vtmost power.
 3445 *Rich.* Why our Battalia trebbles that account:
 3446 Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
 3447 Which they vpon the aduerse Faction want.
 3448 Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
 3449 Let vs suruey the vantage of the ground.
 3450 Call for some men of sound direction: [t1
 3451 Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,
 3452 For Lords, to morrow is a busie day. *Exeunt*
 3453 *Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Ox-ford,*
 3454 *and Dorset.*
 3455 *Richm.* The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,
 3456 And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
 3457 Giues token of a goodly day to morrow.
 3458 *Sir William Brandon,* you shall beare my Standard:
 3459 Giue me some Inke and Paper in my Tent:
 3460 Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile,
 3461 Limit each Leader to his seuerall Charge,
 3462 And part in iust proportion our small Power.
 3463 My Lord of Oxford, you *Sir William Brandon,*
 3464 And your *Sir Walter Herbert* stay with me:
 3465 The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment;
 3466 Good Captaine *Blunt,* beare my goodnight to him,
 3467 And by the second houre in the Morning,

3468 Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent:
 3469 Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:
 3470 Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, do you know?
 3471 *Blunt.* Vnlesse I haue mistane his Colours much,
 3472 (Which well I am assur'd I haue not done)
 3473 His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least
 3474 South, from the mighty Power of the King.
 3475 *Richm.* If without perill it be possible,
 3476 Sweet *Blunt*, make some good meanes to speak with him
 3477 And giue him from me, this most needfull Note.
 3478 *Blunt.* Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it,
 3479 And so God giue you quiet rest to night.
 3480 *Richm.* Good night good Captaine *Blunt*:
 3481 Come Gentlemen,
 3482 Let vs consult vpon to morrowes Businesse;
 3483 Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.
 3484 *They withdraw into the Tent.*
 3485 *Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke, & Catesby.*
 3486 *Rich.* What is't a Clocke?
 3487 *Cat.* It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.
 3488 *King.* I will not sup to night,
 3489 Giue me some Inke and Paper:
 3490 What, is my Beauer easier then it was?
 3491 And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
 3492 *Cat.* It is my Liege: and all things are in readinesse.
 3493 *Rich.* Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge,
 3494 Vse carefull Watch, choose trusty Centinels,
 3495 *Nor.* I go my Lord.
 3496 *Rich.* Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.
 3497 *Nor.* I warrant you my Lord. *Exit*
 3498 *Rich.* *Ratcliffe.*
 3499 *Rat.* My Lord.
 3500 *Rich.* Send out a Pursuiuant at Armes
 3501 To *Stanleys* Regiment: bid him bring his power
 3502 Before Sun- rising, least his Sonne *George* fall
 3503 Into the blinde Caue of eternall night.
 3504 Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Giue me a Watch,
 3505 Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:
 3506 Look that my Staues be sound, & not too heauy. *Ratcliff.*
 3507 *Rat.* My Lord.
 3508 *Rich.* Saw'st the melancholly Lord Northumberland?
 3509 *Rat.* *Thomas* the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe,
 3510 Much about Cockshut time, from Troope to Troope
 3511 Went through the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers.
 3512 *King.* So, I am satisfied: Giue me a Bowle of Wine,
 3513 I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit,

3514 Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue.
 3515 Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?
 3516 *Rat.* It is my Lord.
 3517 *Rich.* Bid my Guard watch. Leauē me.
 3518 *Ratcliffe,* about the mid of night come to my Tent
 3519 And helpe to arme me. Leauē me I say. *Exit Ratclif.*
 3520 *Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.*
 3521 *Der.* Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.
 3522 *Rich.* All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
 3523 Be to thy Person, Noble Father in Law.
 3524 Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?
 3525 *Der.* I by Attourney, blesse thee from thy Mother,
 3526 Who prayes continually for Richmonds good:
 3527 So much for that. The silent houres steale on,
 3528 And flakie darkenesse breakes within the East.
 3529 In breefe, for so the season bids vs be,
 3530 Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,
 3531 And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement
 3532 Of bloody stroakes, and mortall staring Warre:
 3533 I, as I may, that which I would, I cannot,
 3534 With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
 3535 And ayde thee in this doubtfull shocke of Armes.
 3536 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 3537 Least being seene, thy Brother, tender *George*
 3538 Be executed in his Fathers sight.
 3539 Farewell: the leysure, and the fearfull time
 3540 Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,
 3541 And ample enterchange of sweet Discourse,
 3542 Which so long sundred Friends should dwell vpon:
 3543 God giue vs leysure for these rites of Loue.
 3544 Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.
 3545 *Richm.* Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
 3546 Ile striue with troubled noise, to take a Nap,
 3547 Lest leaden slumber peize me downe to morrow,
 3548 When I should mount with wings of Victory:
 3549 Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.
 3550 *Exeunt. Manet Richmond.*
 3551 O thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe,
 3552 Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
 3553 Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,
 3554 That they may crush downe with a heauy fall,
 3555 Th' vsurping Helmets of our Aduersaries:
 3556 Make vs thy ministers of Chastisement,
 3557 That we may praise thee in thy victory:
 3558 To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
 3559 Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:

3560 Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still. *Sleeps.*
 3561 *Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to*
 3562 *Henry the sixt.*
 3563 *Gh. to Ri[chard].* Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow:
 3564 Thinke how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth
 3565 At Teukesbury: Dispaire therefore, and dye.
 3566 *Ghost to Richm[ond].* Be chearefull Richmond,
 3567 For the wronged Soules
 3568 Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
 3569 King *Henries* issue Richmond comforts thee.
 3570 *Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixt.*
 3571 *Ghost.* When I was mortall, my Anointed body
 3572 By thee was punched full of holes;
 3573 Thinke on the Tower, and me: Dispaire, and dye,
 3574 *Harry* the sixt, bids thee dispaire, and dye.
 3575 *To Richm[ond].* Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:
 3576 *Harry* that prophesied thou should'st be King,
 3577 Doth comfort thee in sleepe: Liue, and flourish. [t1v
 3578 *Enter the Ghost of Clarence.*
 3579 *Ghost.* Let me sit heauy in thy soule to morrow.
 3580 I that was wash'd to death with Fulsome Wine:
 3581 Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betray'd to death:
 3582 To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
 3583 And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.
 3584 *To Richm[ond].* Thou off- spring of the house of Lancaster
 3585 The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
 3586 Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flourish.
 3587 *Enter the Ghosts of Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan.*
 3588 *Riu.* Let me sit heauy in thy soule to morrow,
 3589 Riuers, that dy'de at Pomfret: dispaire, and dye.
 3590 *Grey.* Thinke vpon Grey, and let thy soule dispaire.
 3591 *Vaugh.* Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guilty feare
 3592 Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.
 3593 *All to Richm[ond].* Awake,
 3594 And thinke our wrongs in *Richards* Bosome,
 3595 Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.
 3596 *Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.*
 3597 *Gho.* Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,
 3598 And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.
 3599 Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye.
 3600 *Hast. to Rich[ard].* Quiet vntroubled soule,
 3601 Awake, awake:
 3602 Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.
 3603 *Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.*
 3604 *Ghosts.* Dreame on thy Cousins
 3605 Smothered in the Tower:

3606 Let vs be laid within thy bosome *Richard*,
 3607 And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,
 3608 Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye.
 3609 *Ghosts to Richm[ond]*. Sleepe Richmond,
 3610 Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy,
 3611 Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
 3612 Liue, and beget a happy race of Kings,
 3613 *Edwards* vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.
 3614 *Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.*
 3615 *Ghost to Rich[ard]*. *Richard*, thy Wife,
 3616 That wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
 3617 That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
 3618 Now filles thy sleepe with perturbations,
 3619 To morrow in the Battaile, thinke on me,
 3620 And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye:
 3621 *Ghost to Richm[ond]*. Thou quiet soule,
 3622 Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe:
 3623 Dreame of Successes, and Happy Victory,
 3624 Thy Aduersaries Wife doth pray for thee.
 3625 *Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.*
 3626 *Ghost to Rich[ard]*. The first was I
 3627 That help'd thee to the Crowne:
 3628 That last was I that felt thy Tyranny.
 3629 O, in the Battaile think on Buckingham,
 3630 And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse.
 3631 Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
 3632 Fainting dispaire; despairing yeeld thy breath.
 3633 *Ghost to Richm[ond]*. I dyed for hope
 3634 Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
 3635 But cheere thy heart, and be thou not dismayde:
 3636 God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
 3637 And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.
 3638 *Richard starts out of his dreame.*
 3639 *Rich.* Giue me another Horse, bind vp my Wounds:
 3640 Haue mercy Iesu. Soft, I did but dreame.
 3641 O coward Conscience? how dost thou afflict me?
 3642 The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.
 3643 Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 3644 What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none else by,
 3645 *Richard* loues *Richard*, that is, I am I.
 3646 Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am:
 3647 Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reason: why?
 3648 Lest I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe?
 3649 Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
 3650 That I my Selfe, haue done vnto my Selfe?
 3651 O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,

3652 For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.
 3653 I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not.
 3654 Foole, of thy Selfe speake well: Foole, do not flatter.
 3655 My Conscience hath a thousand seuerall Tongues,
 3656 And euery Tongue brings in a seuerall Tale,
 3657 And euerie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
 3658 Periurie, in the high'st Degree,
 3659 Murther, sterne murther, in the dyr'st degree,
 3660 All seuerall sinnes, all vs'd in each degree,
 3661 Throng all to'th' Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.
 3662 I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loues me;
 3663 And if I die, no soule shall pittie me.
 3664 Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Selfe,
 3665 Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.
 3666 Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd
 3667 Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
 3668 To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*.
 3669 *Enter Ratcliffe.*
 3670 *Rat.* My Lord.
 3671 *King.* Who's there?
 3672 *Rat. Ratcliffe,* my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock
 3673 Hath twice done salutation to the Morne,
 3674 Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour.
 3675 *King.* O *Ratcliffe,* I feare, I feare.
 3676 *Rat.* Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows.
 3677 *King.* By the Apostle *Paul,* shadowes to night
 3678 Haue stroke more terror to the soule of *Richard,*
 3679 Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers
 3680 Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow *Richmond.*
 3681 'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
 3682 Vnder our Tents Ile play the Ease- dropper,
 3683 To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.
 3684 *Exeunt Richard & Ratcliffe,*
 3685 *Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting*
 3686 *in his Tent.*
 3687 *Richm.* Good morrow *Richmond.*
 3688 *Rich.* Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
 3689 That you haue tane a tardie sluggard heere?
 3690 *Lords.* How haue you slept my Lord?
 3691 *Rich.* The sweetest sleepe,
 3692 And fairest boading Dreames,
 3693 That euer entred in a drowsie head,
 3694 Haue I since your departure had my Lords.
 3695 Me thought their Soules, whose bodies *Rich[ard].* murther'd,
 3696 Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:
 3697 I promise you my Heart is very iocond,

3698 In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
 3699 How farre into the Morning is it Lords?
 3700 *Lor.* Vpon the stroke of foure.
 3701 *Rich.* Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.
 3702 *His Oration to his Souldiers.*
 3703 More then I haue said, louing Countrymen,
 3704 The leysure and inforcement of the time
 3705 Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this, [t2
 3706 God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
 3707 The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
 3708 Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces,
 3709 (*Richard* except) those whom we fight against,
 3710 Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow.
 3711 For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
 3712 A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
 3713 One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
 3714 One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
 3715 And slaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him:
 3716 A base foule Stone, made precious by the soyle
 3717 Of Englands Chaire, where he is falsely set:
 3718 One that hath euer beene Gods Enemy.
 3719 Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
 3720 God will in iustice ward you as his Soldiers.
 3721 If you do sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
 3722 You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine:
 3723 If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
 3724 Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the hyre.
 3725 If you do fight in safegard of your wiues,
 3726 Your wiues shall welcome home the Conquerors.
 3727 If you do free your Children from the Sword,
 3728 Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
 3729 Then in the name of God and all these rights,
 3730 Aduance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
 3731 For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
 3732 Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.
 3733 But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
 3734 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 3735 Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
 3736 God, and Saint *George, Richmond,* and Victory.
 3737 *Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.*
 3738 *K.* What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
 3739 *Rat.* That he was neuer trained vp in Armes.
 3740 *King.* He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?
 3741 *Rat.* He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.
 3742 *King.* He was in the right, and so indeed it is.
 3743 Tell the clocke there. *Clocke strikes.*

3744 Giue me a Kalender: Who saw the Sunne to day?
 3745 *Rat.* Not I my Lord.
 3746 *King.* Then he disdaines to shine: for by the Booke
 3747 He should haue brau'd the East an houre ago,
 3748 A blacke day will it be to somebody. *Ratcliffe.*
 3749 *Rat.* My Lord.
 3750 *King.* The Sun will not be seene to day,
 3751 The sky doth frowne, and lowre vpon our Army.
 3752 I would these dewy teares were from the ground.
 3753 Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me
 3754 More then to Richmond? For the selfe- same Heauen
 3755 That frownes on me, lookes sadly vpon him.
 3756 *Enter Norfolk.*
 3757 *Nor.* Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.
 3758 *King.* Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.
 3759 Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
 3760 I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
 3761 And thus my Battell shal be ordred.
 3762 My Foreward shall be drawne in length,
 3763 Consisting equally of Horse and Foot:
 3764 Our Archers shall be placed in the mid'st;
 3765 *Iohn* Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas* Earle of *Surrey*,
 3766 Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horse.
 3767 They thus directed, we will follow
 3768 In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side
 3769 Shall be well- winged with our cheefest Horse:
 3770 This, and Saint George to boote.
 3771 What think'st thou *Norfolke*.
 3772 *Nor.* A good direction warlike Soueraigne,
 3773 This found I on my Tent this Morning.
 3774 *Iockey of Norfolk*, be not so bold,
 3775 *For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold.*
 3776 *King.* A thing deuised by the Enemy.
 3777 Go Gentlemen, euery man to his Charge,
 3778 Let not our babling Dreames affright our soules:
 3779 For Conscience is a word that Cowards vse,
 3780 Deuis'd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
 3781 Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
 3782 March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too't pell mell,
 3783 If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.
 3784 What shall I say more then I haue inferr'd?
 3785 Remember whom you are to cope withall,
 3786 A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Run- awayes,
 3787 A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants,
 3788 Whom their o're- cloyed Country vomits forth
 3789 To desperate Aduentures, and assur'd Destruction.

3790 You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:
 3791 You hauing Lands, and blest with beauteous wiues,
 3792 They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
 3793 And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow?
 3794 Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cost,
 3795 A Milke- sop, one that neuer in his life
 3796 Felt so much cold, as ouer shooes in Snow:
 3797 Let's whip these straglers o're the Seas againe,
 3798 Lash hence these ouer- weening Ragges of France,
 3799 These famish'd Beggers, weary of their liues,
 3800 Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
 3801 For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themselues.
 3802 If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
 3803 And not these bastard Britaines, whom our Fathers
 3804 Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
 3805 And on Record, left them the heires of shame.
 3806 Shall these enioy our Lands? lye with our Wiues?
 3807 Rauish our daughters? *Drum afarre off*
 3808 Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
 3809 Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
 3810 Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head,
 3811 Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood,
 3812 Amaze the welkin with your broken stauces.
 3813 *Enter a Messenger.*
 3814 What sayes Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?
 3815 *Mes.* My Lord, he doth deny to come.
 3816 *King.* Off with his sonne *Georges* head.
 3817 *Nor.* My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh:
 3818 After the battaile, let *George Stanley* dye.
 3819 *King.* A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
 3820 Aduance our Standards, set vpon our Foes,
 3821 Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S[aint]. *George*
 3822 Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons:
 3823 Vpon them, Victorie sits on our helpes.
 3824 *Alarum, excursions. Enter Catesby.*
 3825 *Cat.* Rescue my Lord of Norfolke,
 3826 Rescue, Rescue:
 3827 The King enacts more wonders then a man,
 3828 Daring an opposite to euery danger:
 3829 His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
 3830 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
 3831 Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.
 3832 *Alarums.* [t2v
 3833 *Enter Richard.*
 3834 *Rich.* A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.
 3835 *Cates.* Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horse

3836 *Rich.* Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,
 3837 And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
 3838 I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
 3839 Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.
 3840 A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.
 3841 *Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard*
 3842 *is slaine.*
 3843 *Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the*
 3844 *Crowne, with diuers other Lords.*
 3845 *Richm.* God, and your Armes
 3846 Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
 3847 The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.
 3848 *Der.* Couragious Richmond,
 3849 Well hast thou acquit thee: Loe,
 3850 Heere these long vsurped Royalties,
 3851 From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
 3852 Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
 3853 Weare it, and make much of it.
 3854 *Richm.* Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all.
 3855 But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* liuing?
 3856 *Der.* He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,
 3857 Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.
 3858 *Richm.* What men of name are slaine on either side?
 3859 *Der.* *Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Walter Lord Ferris,*
 3860 *Sir Robert Brokenbury, and Sir William Brandon.*
 3861 *Richm.* Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
 3862 Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,
 3863 That in submission will returne to vs,
 3864 And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
 3865 We will vnite the White Rose, and the Red.
 3866 Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction,
 3867 That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity:
 3868 What Traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?
 3869 England hath long beene mad, and scarr'd her selfe;
 3870 The Brother blindely shed the Brothers blood;
 3871 The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonne;
 3872 The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;
 3873 All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster,
 3874 Diuided, in their dire Diuision.
 3875 O now, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
 3876 The true Succeeders of each Royall House,
 3877 By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:
 3878 And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)
 3879 Enrich the time to come, with Smooth- fac'd Peace,
 3880 With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes.
 3881 Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,

3882 That would reduce these bloody dayes againe,
3883 And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;
3884 Let them not liue to taste this Lands increase,
3885 That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace.
3886 Now Ciuill wounds are stopp'd, Peace liues agen;
3887 That she may long liue heere, God say, Amen. *Exeunt*

FINIS.

3889 The Tragedy of Richard the Third:
3890 with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the
Battell at Bosworth Field.
