RICHARD THE THIRD.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE SIXTH QUARTO,

1622.

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

BY PETER AUGUSTIN DANIEL.

LONDON:

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[Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 43]
In the Prefatory notice to the Facsimile of Q3 I proposed to give here any further remarks I might have to make on the question of the relation to each other of the Qo. and Fo. versions of this Play, should it seem necessary on a final review of the subject to modify or supplement in any way the argument of my Introduction to Q1.

In that Introduction I endeavoured to prove (1) that the Folio represented substantially the Play as first set forth by Shakespeare; (2) that the Quarto represented, though very imperfectly, a shortened and revised version; and (3) that the Folio itself was printed from a copy of Q6 enlarged and altered in accordance with the MS. copy of the Fo. version which had been preserved in the library of the theatre.

Further study of the subject, while editing Qos. 3 and 6 for this series, has not induced in me any change from the position I then assumed; and as I have, I believe, stated my case with all needful detail in that Introduction to Q1, I have here only to refer the reader to it as my final contribution to the discussion of what is perhaps the most difficult of all Shakespearean problems.

Qos. 3 and 6 form an Appendix to the Introduction to Q1, and will enable the student to test for himself the truth or error of the conclusions to which my study has led me.

I have myself made a minute collation literatim et punctualim of Qos. 3 and 6, and have marked in the latter with a cross [+] every line differing in any degree of significance from the former. Comparison of the two with the corresponding lines of the Fo. may thus readily be made; though, of course, the reader must bear in mind that it is only by its agreement with erroneous readings...
that the question of the connection of the Fo. with either Q3 or Q6 can be decided.

I believe I have set forth in detail all instances of this kind of any moment in pp. vii—xiv of the Introduction to Q1, and it is needless therefore to repeat them here; indeed for convenience it is better that they should be in a separate book, when, with the Qos. 3 and 6 and the Fo. open before him, the reader devotes himself to the examination of the question.

The text of this facsimile of Q6 is taken from the copy in the British Museum, Press mark—C. 34. K. 51. Its Title-page, however, being defective in the imprint in this copy, has been completed from another copy (c. 34. k. 50) in other respects imperfect.

P. A. Daniel.

January, 1889.
THE TRAGEDIE
OF KING RICHARD
THE THIRD.

Contayning his treacherous Plots against
his brother Clarence: The pittifull murder of his innocent
Nephewes: his tyrannicall Vlurpation: with the whole
course of his deteaste life, and most
deserued death.

As it hath been lately Acted by the Kings Maiesties
Servants.

Newly augmented.

By William Shake-shpeare.

LONDON,
Printed by Thomas Purfoot, and are to be sold by Mathew Law, dwelling
In Pauls Church-yard, at the Signe of the Foxe, neere
S. Anthonies gate, 1622.
THE TRAGEDY
OF
KING LEAR
AND
THE
VING
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford

1904

[Title page of a book]
Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

O W is the winter of discontent,
Made glorious sommer by this Sonne of Torke:
And all the cloudes that lowr'd vpon our house,
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments.
Our sterne alarums chang'd to merric meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.
Grim-vifage war, hath smooth'd his wrinckled front,
And now instead of mounting barbed steedes,
To fright the soules of fearfull aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not sharpe of sportive trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking Glaffe:
I that am rudely stampt, and want loues Maiestie,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissimbling Nature,
Deform'd, vnfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Have no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spe my shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore since I cannot proue a louer,
To entretaine these faire well spoken daies,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hare the idle pleasures of these daies:
Plots haue I laid, inductions dangerous,
The Tragedie

By drunken prophesies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King,
In deadly hate the one against the other,
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous:
This day should Clarence closely be meewd vp,
About a Prophetic which sayes that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherer shall be.
Dive thoughts downe to my soule. Enter Clarence with
Here Clarence comes, a Guard of men.
Brother good daies, what meanes this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?
Cla. His Maiestie tendering my persons safetie hath ap-
This conduct to convey me to the Tower. (pointed
Glo. Vpon what cause?
Cla. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your good fathers:
O belike his Maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christened in the Tower,
But what is the matter Clarence, may I know?
Cla. Yea Richard when I doe know, for I protest
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He hearkens after prophesies and dreams,
And from the crosse-row pluckes the letters G.
And sayes a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disheirted should be,
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he,
These as I learne, and such like toyes as these,
Hawe moud his Highnesse to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulede by women,
Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis she
That tempts him to this extremitie:
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony Woodville her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.
of Richard the Third.

**Cla.** By heaven I think there is no man secur'd
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistresse Shore:
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his deliverie?

**Glo.** Humble complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie,
I'll tell you what, I think it is our way;
If we will keepe in favour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her liuerie,
The jealous one-worne widdow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dud them Gentlewomen,
Are mightie goslings in this Monarchy.

**Bro.** I befeech your graces both to pardon me?
His maiestie hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree fonder with his brother.

**Glo.** Even so & please your worship Brokenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the King
Is wife and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well brooke in yeares, faire and not jealous,
We say that Shores wife hath a prettie soore,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes:
How say you sir, can you deny all this?

**Bro.** With this (my Lord) my selfe have nought to do.
**Glo.** Naught to do with Mistresse Shore, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly alone.

**Bro.** What one my Lord?
**Glo.** Her husband knaue, wouldst thou betray me?

**Bro.** I befeech your Grace to pardon me, and withall for-
Your conference with the noble Duke.

**Cla.** We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.
**Glo.** We are the Queens Abiefts and must obey,
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoever you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widdow sister,

**A 3.** I will
The Tragedie

I will performe it to infranchise you,
Meanet ime this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shal not be long.

I will deliver you, or lie for you,
Meanet ime haue patience.

Cla. I must perforce, farewell.  

Exit Cla.

Glo. Go tread the path, that thou shalt there returne,

Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee so,

That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:

But who comes heere, the new deliuered Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:

Well are you welcome to this openaunce,

How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:

But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,

For they that were your enemies, are his,

And haue preuailed as much on him as you.

Hast. More pittie that the Eagle should be mewed,

While Kites and Buzzards prey at libertie.

Glo. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:

The King is sickly, weake and melancholy,

And his Phisitions feare him mightily.

Glo. Now by St. Paul this newes is bad indeed,

Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,

And ouermuch confumed his Royall person,

Tis very grieuus to be thought vpon,

What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

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

Exit Hast.

He cannot liue I hope, and must not die

Till George be packt with post horse vp to heauen,

He into vrgo his hatred more to Clarence,

With
With lies well steeld with weightie arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to buffell in:
For then Ie marry Warwick's yongest daughter.
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readieft way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all fo much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horfe to Market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. Exit.

Enter Lady Anne, with the hearse of Harry the 6.

Lady Anne. Set downe, set downe your honorable Lord,
If honor may be shrowded in a heare se,
Whilest I a while obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of vertuous Lancaster,
Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
Thou bloodles remnant of that royall blood,
Be it lawfull that I invocate thy Ghost,
To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered sonne,
Stabbd by the selfe fame hands that made these holes:
Loe, in those windowes that let forth thy life,
I poure the helpelesse blame of my poore eyes.
Curst be the hand that made the fatall holes,
Curst be the heart, that had the heart to do it,
More direfull hap beside that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can wish to Adders, Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues:
If euer he haue child, abortifue be it,
Prodigious and untimely brought to light:
Whole vgly and unnaturall aspeet
May fright the hopefull mother at the view,
The Tragedie

If ever he have wife, let her be mad:
As miserable by the death of him.
As I am made by my poor Lord and thee,
Come now towards Chertley with your holy load
Taken from Paul's to be interred there:
And still as you are a wearie of the weight,
Reft you whilsts I lament King Henry's coarse.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stray you that beare the coarse, and set it downe,
La. What blacke Magician coniures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarse, or by St. Paul,
Ile make a coarse of him that disobeyes.
Gen. Stand backe and let the Coffin pass.
Glo. Vnmannder dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
Or by Saint Paul jle strike thee to my foot,
And spurne upon thee beggar for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell.

Auant thou fearfull minifter of hell,
Thou hadst but power over his mortall bodie,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet Saint for charitie, be not so curst.
La. Foule diuell, for Gods fake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou haft made the happie earth thy hell:
Fil'd it with cursing cries and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this paternge of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen see, see dead Henry's wounds,
Open their congail'd mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lumpe of soule deformitie,
For tis thy presence that exhales this blood,
From cold and emptie veynes where no bloud dwells.
Thy deed inhumaine and unnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most unnaturall.

Oh God, which this bloud mad't, revenge his death:
Oh earth, which this bloud drink'd, revenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,
of Richard the Third.

Of earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou didst swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hel-gouernarme hath butchered.

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses,
La. Villanne, thou knowst no law of God, nor man:

No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie,
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
La. Oh wonderfull when devils tell the truth.
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry,
Vouchsafe divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposd evils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.

La. vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne evils, but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leasure to excuse my selfe.

La. Foulere then heart can thinke thee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.
Glo. By such dispaire I should accuse my selfe.
La. And by dispaire shouldst thou stand excuse,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst, vnworthy slaughter upon others.
Glo. Say that I slew them nor.
La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and diuellish slaue by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

La. Why then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead and slaine by Edwards hand.

La. In thy soule throat thou lyest. Queene Margret saw
Thy bloody faualshion smoaking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that thy brother beate aside the poynct.
Glo. I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue
Which laide their guilt vpon my guiltless shoulders.

La. Thou waft prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which never dreamt on ought: but butcheryes.

Didst thou not kill this King? Glo. I grant yec.

B
La.
The Tragedie

La. Doest graunt me hedgehog, then God graunt metoo
Thou maist be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.
La. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou wost for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.
La. I will rest beside the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.
La. I hope so.
Glo. I know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a flower methode:
Is not the causer of the time-lesse deaths,
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect.
Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest that houre in your sweete bosome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beautie from their cheekes.
Glo. These eyes could never indure sweet beauties wrack,
You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night overshad thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell most unnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell just and reasonable,
To be reuenged on him that slew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La.
of Richard the Third.

La. His better doth not breath upon the earth.
Glo. Go too, he lives that loves you better then he could.
La. Why what was hee? Glo. The selfsame name, but one of better nature,
La. Where is hee? Glo. Here.

She spitteth at him.

Why doest thou spit at mee?
La. Would it were mortal pozson for thy sake.
Glo. Never came pozson from so sweete a place.
La. Never hung pozson on a Fowler roade,
Out of my sight, thou dost infect my eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes sweete Lade haue infected mine.
La. Would they were Basiliskes to strike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death:
Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt teares,
Shamed their afeect with store of childish drops,
I never sued to friends nor enemie,
My tongue could never learn sweete soothing words.
But now thy beautie is propos'de my fee:
My proud heart suee, and prompts my tongue to speake,
Teach not thy lips such scorne, for they were made
For killing Lady, not for such contempt,
If thy revengefull heart cannot forgive,
L0e here I lend thee this sharpe pointed sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosome,
And let the soule forth that adorest thee:
I laie it naked to thy deadly stroake:
And humbly beg the death upon my knee,
Nay, doe not pawfe, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beauty that provoked me:
Nay now dispatch, twas I that kild king Henry,
But twas thy heauenly face that set me on:
Take vp the sword againe, or take vp me.
La. Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill myselfe, and I will doe it.
La. I haue alreadie.

B 2

Glo.
The Tragedie

Glo. 'Tis, that was in the rage:
Speak it againe, and even with the word,
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou shalt by accessarie.

La. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are falle.
Glo. Then newer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That shal you know hereafter.
Glo. But I shall live in hope.
La. All men I hope live fo.
Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.
La. To take, is not to giue.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompasseth thy siger,
Euen to thy brest incloseth me poote heart.
Wered both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore suppliant may
But beg on favoure at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happinesse for euer.

La. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad designes
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner;
And presently repaire to Crobbie place,
Where, after I haue solemnely enterred
At Cbertics Monasterie this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with al expedient dutie see you:
For divers unknonne reasons, I beseech you
Graunt me this boone.

La. With all my heart, & much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tresill and Bartly, goe along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue said farewell alreadie.

Exit.

Glo.
of Richard the Third.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the course.

Sir. Towards Chertsey noble Lord?

Glo. Not to white Fryers: there attend my coming.

Was euer woman in this humour wood? Exeunt. Marue Glo.

Was euer woman in this humour wonne?

Ile haue her, but I will not kepe her long.

What I that kild her husband and her father,

To take her in her hearts extreamest heate:

With curses in her mouth, teares in her eyes.

The bleeding witness of her hatred by:

Hauing God, her conscience, and these barres against me;

And I nothing to backe my suite withall

But the plaine Diuell and dissembling lookes,

And yet to win her all the world to nothing? Hah?

Hath she forgot already that braue Prince

Edward, her Lord, Whome I some three moneths since

Stab'd in my angry mood at Tewsbury?

A sweeter and a louelier gentleman,

Fram'd in the prodigalitie of nature:

Yong, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royall,

The Ipacious world cannot againe afford.

And will she yet debase her eyes on me,

That cropt the golden prime of this sweete Prince,

And made her widdow to a woefull bed?

On me, whose al not equals Edwands moity,

On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus?

My Dukedom to be a beggerly denier,

I doe mistake my person all this while.

Vpon my life she finds, although I cannot

My selfe, to be a maruaillous proper man,

Ile be at charges for a Looking-glass,

And entertainne some score or two of tailors

To studie fashions to adore my body,

Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,

I will maintaine it with a little cost.

But first Ile turne you fellow in his graue,

And then returne lamenting to my loue.

Shine our faire sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,

That I may see my shaddow as I passe. Exit.

Enter.
The Tragedie

Enter Queen, Lord Rivers and Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, ther no doubt his maieftie,
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words,
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sone,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Gloucefter,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Ri. It is concluded he shall be Protector?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But to it must be if the King miscarrie, Enter Buck Darby.
Gr. Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby,
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your Maieftie joyfull as you haue bene.
Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lord of Darby,
To your good prayers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby, notwithstanding shees your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.
Dar. I beseech you either not beleue
The envious flaunders of her accusers,
Or if she be accused in true report,
Beare with her weakenesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.
Ri. Saw you the King to day my Lord Darby?
Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Came from visiting his Maieftie.
Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords.
Buc. Madame, good hope, his grace speakes chearfully.
Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. Madam we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord Chamberlaine.
of Richard the Third.

And sent to warne them at his royall presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will never be.

I scarce our happinesse is at the highest. Enter Gloucester.

Glo. They doe me wrong, and I will not indure it.

Who are they that complains vnto the King?

That I forsooth am alerne love them not:

By wholy Paul they loue his grace but lightly

That fill his ears with such diffentious rumors:

Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,

Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceive and cog,

Ducke with French nods, and apish courtezie,

I must be hold a rankerous enemie.

Cannot a plaine man live and thinke no harme,

But thus in simpele truth must be abus'd

By Silken flie insinuating Lackes?

Ri. To home in this presence speakes your grace?

Glo. To thee that hal not homelie nor grace.

When haue I injured thee, when done thee wrong,

Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all. His royall person

(Whome God preferue better then you would wis)

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of Gloucester, you mustake the matter:

The King of his owne royall disputation,

And not provokt by any futer else,

Ayming belike at your interiour hatred

Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,

Against my kindred, brother, and my selfe:

Makes him to send, that thereby he may gatber

The grounds of your ill will and to remoue it.

Glo. I cannot tell, the world is grown so bad,

That wrens may prey where Eagles dare not pearch,

Since every lacke became a Gentleman

There's many a gentle person made a Lacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning brother Glo.

You enuie mine advancement and my friends,

God graunt we neuer may haue need of you.

Glo. Meane time, God graunt that we haue need of you,

Our
The Tragedie.

Our brother is imprisoned by your means,
My selfe disgraced, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions
Are daily given to enoble those,
That scarce some two dayes since were worth a noble.

By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enjoyed,
I neuer did incense his Maiestie
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earnest advocate to pleade for him.
My Lord, you doe me shamefull injurie,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspets.

You may deny that you were not the cause,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonments.

She may my Lord.

She may, L. Rivers, why who knowes not so?
She may doe more sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may shee not? she may, yea marriage may she.

What marriage may she?

A bachelor, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.

My L. of Gloucester, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraiding, and your bitter scoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiestie,
With those grosse taunts I often haue indured.
I had rather be a country seruant mayd,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at.

Small joy haue I in being Englands Queene. 

And lest he be that small, God I beseech thee,
Thy honour, state, and state is due to me.

What? threat you me with telling the King?
Tell him and spare not, looke what I sayd,
I will auoch in presence of the King:
Tis time to speake, when paines are quite forgot.
of Richard the Third.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember them too well,
Thou sleweft my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward my poore sonne at Tewsburie.

Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs,
A weeder out of his proud aduerfaries,
A liberall rewarde of his friends:
To royallize his blood I spilt mine owne.

Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster:
And Riuers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margarets battaile at Saint Albons slaine:
Let me put in your mind, if yours forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I have been, and what I am.

Qu. Mar. A murtherous villain, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poore Clarence did forsake his Father Warwicke,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which Iesus pardon.)

Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childifh foolish for this world.

Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,
Thou Cacodemone, where thy kingdomes is.

Ri. My Lord of Glocefter in those busie daies,
Which here you urge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lord, our lawfull King,
So shoulde we now, if you should be our king.

Glo. If should be? I had rather be a pedlar,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.

Qu. Mar. As little joy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this countries king:
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof,

Qu. Mar. A little joy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am she, and altogether joyleffe.

C I can
The Tragedie

I can no longer hold me patient.

Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharing out that which you haue pil'd from me:

Which of you trembles not that looke on me?

If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects;

Yet that by you depoild, you quake like rebels:

O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.

Glo. Foullewrinkled witch, what makst thou in my sight?

Qu. Ma. But repetition of what thou hast mard,

That will I make, before I let thee goe:

A husband and a sonne thou owesst vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegiance:

The sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vlurpe, is mine.

Glo. The curse me noble father laide on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,
And then to driem them, gau'st the Duke a clout

Steep't in the blood of prettie Rutland:

His curses then from bitterness of soule,

Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,

And God, not we, hath plagud thy bloodie deed.

Qu. So iust is God to right the innocent.

Haft. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,

And the most mercifull that euer was heard of.

Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported,

Dor. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

Bnc. Northumberland then present, wept to see it.

Qu. Ma. What? were you sharling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turne you now your hatred all on me?

Did Yorkes dread curse prevale so much with heaven,

That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,

Their kingdomes losse, my woefull banishment,

Could all but answer for that pouish brat?

Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?

Why then giue way dull clouds to my quicke curses:

If not by warre, by surfeet die your King.

As our by murder, to make him a King.

Edward
of Richard the Third.

Edward thy sonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like vntimely violences,
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out liue thy glory, like my wretched selfe:
Long maist thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,
And see another, as I see thee now
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art stald in mine:
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene,
Riveres and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so was thou LordHAHngs, when my sonne
Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by some vnlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.

Qu. M. And leave out thee? stay dog, for thou shalt heare
If heauen have any greeuous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can with vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy finnes beripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
Thy friends suspect for traraytors whilst thou liuest,
And take deepe traraytors for thy dearest friends,
No sleepe closev p that deadly eye of thine,
Vnlesse it be whilst some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vglie diuels,
Thou eluished mart, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that wast seald in thy nativitye
The slaeue of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slander of thy mothers heauic womb,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou deftefted &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. I call the not.
Glo. Then I crie thee mercy: for I had though

C 2

Thou
The Tragedie

Thou hadst called me all these bitter names.
\[Qn.\, Ma\, r.\] Why so I did, but looke for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curse.
\[Glo.\] This done by me and ends by Margaret.
\[Qn.\] Thus have you breathed your curse against your
\[Qn.\, M.\] Poore painted Queene, vaine flourith of my for-
 Why strewst thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web in snareth thee about?
Fool, fools, thou whetst a knife to kill thy selfe,
The time will come when thou shalt with for me,
To helpe thee curse that poisoned bunchback toade.
\[Haff.\] False boading woman send thy franticke curse,
Least to thy harme thou movest our patience:
\[Qn.\, M.\] Foule shame vpon you, you have all mou’d mine.
\[Ri.\] Why were you well serv’d you would be taught your duty.
\[Qn.\, Ma.\] To serve me well, you all should doe me dutie,
Teach mee to be your Queene, and you my subjectts:
O serve me well, and teach your selues that dutie.
\[Dor.\] Dispute not with her, she is lunaticke.
\[Qn.\, M.\] Peace master Marqueffe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce currant:
O that your young nobilitie could judge,
What t’were to loose it and be miserable?
They that stand high, have many blasts to make them,
And if they fall they dash themselves to peace.
\[Glo.\] Good counsell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.
\[Dor.\] It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
\[Glo.\] Yea, and much more, but I was borne so high,
Our aerie buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dailies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.
\[Qn.\, Ma.\] And turns the Sunne to shade, alas, alas,
Witness my sunne, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright outshining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkenesse fouled vp:
Your aerie buildeth in our aeries neast.
O God that seeft it, doe not suffer it:
As it was won with blood, looke be it so.
\[Buck.\] Haue done for shame, if not for charitie.
\[Qn.\, M.\] Virge neither charitie nor shame to me,
of Richard the Third.

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered,
My charitie is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame shall live my sorrowes rage.

Buck. Haue done.

Q. Mary. O princely Buckingham, I will kisse thy hand,
In signe of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely house,
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here, for curses never passe
The lips of them that breath them in the aire.

Q. Ma. Ill not beleue but they ascend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not doe with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him,
And all their minifters attend on him.

Glo. What doth the say my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Q. Ma. What doest thou scorn me for my gentle coun-
And looke the diuell that I warne thee from? (fell,
O but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poore Margaret was a Prophete.

Looke each of you, the subjectts of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to Gods.

Exit.

Haft. My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine, I wonder shees at libertie.

Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part there of that I haue done.

Haft. I never did her any to my knowledge.

Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was too hot to doe somebody good,
That is too colde in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid,
The Tragedie

He is frankt vp to sitting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cause of it.

Riu. Avertuous and a Cristianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that haue done feth to vs.

Glo. So do I euery being well aduised,
For had I curft, now I had curft myfelfe.

Caf. Madame, his maieflie doth call for you.
And for your noble Grace: and you my noble Lord.

Qu. Catsby, we come, Lords will you goe with vs,
Ri. Madame, we will attend your Grace. Enter Ma. Clo.

Glo. I doe the wrong, and first began to braule,
The fecret mischiefe that I let abroach,
I lay vnto the grieuous charge of others.
Clarence, whome I indeed have laid in darkenesse:
I doe bewepe to many simple guls:
Namely to Haftings, Darby, Buckingham,
And fay it is the Queene, and her allies
That stirre the K. against the Duke my brother.
Now they beleue me, and with all whet me
To be reuenged on Riuers, Vaughan, Gray.
But then figh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs to doe good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked villanie
With old od ends, ftole out of holy writ,
And feeme a Saint, when moft I play the Diuell.

But loft here comes my Executioners. Enter Executioners.
How now, my hardy ftoout resolued mates,
Are ye not going to despatch this deed?

Exe. We arc my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it heere about me.
When you haue done, reparie to Crosbie place:
But firs, be fuddaine in the execution:
Withall, obdurate: doe not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is wel spoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pittie if you marke him.

Exe. Thu, feare not, my Lord we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be assured:
We come to vie our hands and not our tongues.

Glo.
of Richard the Third.

Glo. Your eyes drop milestones, when fooles etc drop tears
I like you Lads, about your businesse. Exeunt.

Enter Clarence Brokenbury.

Bro. Why lookes you Grace so heauily to day?

Cla. Oh, I haue past a miserable night,
So full of vgly fights, of gasly dreames:
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though t'were to buy a world of happie dayes,
So full of dismall terrour was the time.

Bro. What was your dreame? I long to heare you tell it.

Cla. Me thought I was imbarke for Burgundie,
And in my company my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walke
Upon the hatches, there we looked towards England,
And cited vp a thousand fearfull times,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster,
That had befallen vs: as we past along,
Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Gloster stumbeld, and in stumbling
Strooke me (that thought to stay him) over-board.
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.

Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyse of water in mine eares,
What vgly fights of death within mine eyes:
Me thought I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed vp,
Wedges of gold, great Anchors, heapes of pearle,
Inestimable stones, vnvalued jewels,
Some lay in dead mens sculs, and in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabite, there were crept
As were in corne of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which wade the slimie bottome of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Bro. Had you such leisuer in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deepe?

Cla. Me thought I had: for still the enuious flood
Kept in my soule, and would not let it foorth,
To keepe the emptie, vall, and wandring ayre,

But
The Tragedie.

But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brok. A wakt you not with this sore agonie?

Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest of my soule,
Who past (methought) the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdom of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greete my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud, what scourge for perjurie
Can this darke monarchie afford false Clarence?

And so he vanisht: Then came wandring by,
A shadow like an Angel, in bright haire,
Dassled in blood, and he squeak out aloud,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence?
That stabd me in the field by Texwburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your tormentes,
With that methought a legiion of soule fiends
Environed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling, wakt, and for a season after,
Could not beleue but that I was in helle,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.

Brok. No maruells (my Lord) though it affrighted you,
I promise you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.

Clar. O Brokenburie, I have done those things,
Which now beare evidence against my soule,
For Edwards sake, and see how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper slay by me,
My soule is heavie, and I faine would sleepe.

Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and repoling howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their tiles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for unfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of restless cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,
of Richard the Third.

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?

Exe. I would speake with Clarence, & I came hither on my

Bro. Yea, are ye so briefe?

(legs)

2. Exe. O sir, it is better be briefe then tedious,

Shew him our Commission, talke no more. He readeth it.

Bro. I am in this commanded to deliver

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,

I will not reason what is meant thereby

Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning:

Heere are the keyes, there sits the Duke a sleepe:

Ile to his Maiestie and certifie his Grace,

That thus I haue resign'd my place to you,

Exe. Do so, it is a poyn't of wisedome.

2. What shal we stab him as he sleepeas?

1. No, then he will say twas done cowardly

when he wakes.

2. When he wakes,

Why soole he shall never wake till the judgement day,

1. Why then he will say we stab'd him sleeping.

2. The vrging of that word judgement, hath bred

A kind of remorse in me.

1. What art thou afraid?

2. Not to kill him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd

For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.


2. I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humour will

Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tell xx.

1. How dofst thou feele thy selfe now? (me

2. Faith some certaine drags of conscience are yet within

1. Remember our reward when the deed is done.

2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.

1. Where is thy conscience now?

2. In the Duke of Glosters purse.

1. So when he opens his purse to giue vs our reward,

Thy conscience flies out.

2. Let it goe, ther's few or none will entertaine it.

1. How if it come to thee againe?
The Tragedie

2. He not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing. It makes a man a coward. A man cannot steal,
But if accused him, he cannot steal but he checks him:
He cannot lie with his neighbour's wife but it detects
Him, it is a blushing shamefull spirit that murinies
In a man's bosom; it fills one full of obacles,
It made me once restore a piece of gold that I found.
It beggers any man that keeps it; it is turned out of all
towns and cities for a dangerous thing, and every
Man that means to live well, endevours to trust
To himselfe, and to live without it.
1. Sounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me
Not to kill the Duke.
2. Take the devil in thy minde, and beleevue him not,
He would insinuate with thee to make thee sigh.
1. Tut, I am strong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.
2. Stood like a tall fellow that respects his reputation,
Come shall we to this geare? 
1. Take him over the costard with the hilts of my sword,
And then we will chop him in the Malmsey-but in the next
2. Oh excellent device, make a stoppe of him. (roome:
1. Harke, he stirs, shall I strike?
2. No, first let's reason with him. Cla. awakeneth.
Cla. Where art thou Keeper, give me a cup of wine.
1. You shall haue wine enought, my Lord anone.
Cla. In God's name, what art thou:
2. A man, as you are.
Cla. But not as I am, royall.
1. Nor you as we are, loyall,
Cla. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.
2. My voice is now the Kings, my looks mine owne.
Cla. How darkely and how deadly dost thou speake?
Tell me, who are you? wherefore come you hither?
Am. To, to, to.
Cla. To murder me? Am. I.
Cla. You scarcely have the heart to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it,
Wherein my friends have I offended you?
of Richard the Third.

1. Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

_Gla._ I shall be reconciled to him agayne.

2. Neuer my Lo. therefore prepare to die,

_Clar._ Are you calld forth from out a world of men

To slay the innocent? what is my offence?
Where are the evidence to accuse me?

What lawfull quest have given their verdict vp
Vnto the frowning Judge, or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be conuict by course of law?

To threaten me with death is most vnlawfull:
I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,
By Christs deare blood shed for our greuous sinnes,
That you depart and lay no hands on me,
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. What we will doe, we do vpon command.

2. And he that hath commanded is the King.

_Gla._ Erroneous vassal, the great King of Kings,

Hath in his Tables of his Law commanded,
That thou shalt doe no murther, and wilt thou then
Surne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heed, for he holdes vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2. And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,

For false forswearing and for murtherto?
Thou didst receive the holy Sacrament
To fight in quarrell of the house of Lancaster.

1. And like attritor to the Name of God,

Didst breake that vow, and with thy trecherous blade
Vnripst the bowels of thy Soueraignes sorne,

2. Whome thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.

1. How canst thou urge Gods dreadfull law to vs,

When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?

_Gla._ Alas, for whose sake didst thou ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why first, he sends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this sin he is as deepe as I.

If God will be revenged for this deede,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,
The Tragedie

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, brave Plantagenet,
The Princely Nounce was strokke dead by thee.

Cla. My brothers lue, the Deuill, and my rage,

2. Thy brothers loue, the Deuill, and thy fault,
Have brought vs hither now to murther thee.

Cla. Oh, if you loue brother, hate not me,
I am his brother, and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for need, goe backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother Glocester.

Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

2. You are deceiued, your brother Glocester hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.

Am. I so we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,
Bleft his three sones with his victorius arm.
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship,
Bid Glocester thinke on this, and he will weepe,

Am. I, milstones, as he lesstoned vs to weepe.

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

1. Right, as snow in harvest, thou deceiued thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murther thee.

Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him,
He hugh me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliverie.

2. Why so he doth, now he delivers thee
From this worlds thrall dome: to the joyes of heauen.

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

Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,

That thou wilt war with God for murthering me?
Ah first consider, he that set thee on
To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede,
of Richard the Third.

2. What shall we doe?
   Cia. Relent, and save your soules.
   1. Relent, is cowardly, and womanish.
   Cia. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, and diuclish.
My friend, I spie some pittie in your lookes;
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and intreat for me:
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?
  1. I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, He stabbs him.
He chop thee in the malmesey But in the next roome,
  2. A bloodie deed, and desperatly performd,
How faine alike Pilate would I wash my hand,
Of this most grieuous guiltie murder done.
   1. Why doest thou not helpe me?
By heauen the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.
   2. I would he knew that I had saued his brother,
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine.
   1. So do not I, goe coward as thou art.
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I must away,
For this will out, and here I must not stay.
   Exit.

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Rivers, &c.

King. So, now I haue done a good dayes worke,
You peers continue this vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen;
Since I haue set my friend at peace on earth:
Rivers and Hastings, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.
   Ri. By heauen my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I sweale my true heartes loue,
   Haft. So thrue I as I sweare the like.
King. Take heede you dally not before your King,
Least he that is the suppreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falhood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

D 3

Haft
The Tragedie

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.

Rim. And I, as I love Haftings with my heart.

Kim. Madame, your selfe are not exempt in this,

Nor your honne Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,

You have been factious one against the other:

Wife, love Lord Haftings, let him kisse your hand,

And what you doe, do it vnstainedly.

Qu. Here Haftings, I will never more remember

Our former hatred, so thrice I and mine.

Dor. Thus enterchange of love, I here protest,

Upon my part shall be vnviolable.

Ha. And so sweare I my Lord.

Kim. Now princely Buckingham seal these thou this league,

With thy embracement to my wifes allies,

And make me happy in your vnitive.

Buc. When ever Buckingham doth turne his hate

On you, or yours, but with all dutious love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me

With hate, in those where I expect most love,

When I have most need to employ a friend.

And most assured that he is a friend,

Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile

Be he vnto me, This doe I begge of God,

When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.

Kim. A pleasing cordial princely Buckingham,

Is this thy vowe vnto my sickly heart:

There wanteth now our brother Gloffer here,

To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Glochester.

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke,

Glo. Good morrow to my foueraigne King and Queene,

And princely peers, a happy time of day.

Kim. Happie indeed, as we have spent the day.

Brother we have done deedes of charitie:

Made peace of enmitie, faire love of hate,

BETweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.

Glo. A blessed labour most foueraigne liege,

Amongst this princely heape, if any here

By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
of Richard the Third.

Hold me a fœ, if I unwittingly or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
Tis death to me to be enmity.
I hate it, and desire all good mens lóue.
First Madame, I intreate peace of you,
Which I purchase with my dutious service.
Of you my noble cousen Buckinghani,
If euer any grudge were lodgd betwene vs.
Of you my Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without desert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemens, indeed of all:
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whome my soule is any iotet at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thank my God for my humilitie.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all strifes were well compounded,
My soueraigne liege I do beseech you Maiestie
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this,
To be thus scorned in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You doe him iurie to scorne his coarse.

Ri. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?

Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?

Bne. Louke I so pale Lord Dorset as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lord, and no one in this presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheeckes,

Kin. Is Clarence dead? the order was reuered.

Glo. But he (poore soule) by your first order dide,
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardie criple bore the countermaund,
That came too laggd to see him buried:
God graunt that some lesse noble, and lesse lóyall,
Neer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Deserve not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet goe currant from suspicione.

Enter Darbie.

Dar.
The Tragedie.

Dar. A boone (my soueraigne) for my service done,
Kin. I pray thee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.
Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse graunt,
Kin. Then speake at once, what it is thou demandest?
Dar. The forfeit (soueraigne) of my seruants life,

Who slew to day a ryotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk,

Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And shall the same gine pardon to a flawe;
My brother slew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruell death.
Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete and bad me be adioide?
Who spake of brother-hood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
The mightie warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field by Tewxburie,
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me,
And said, deare brother, liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lappe me,
Even in his owne armes, and gave himselle
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutishe wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.

But when your carters or your wayting vassailers
Hauent done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious Image of our deare Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vnjustly too, must graunt it you.
But for my brother, not a man would speake,
Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe,
For him, poore soule: The proudest of you all
Hauent bene beholden to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once pleading for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and your for this.

Come Haftings, helpe me to my closet, oh poore Clarence

(Exit.)

Glo.
of Richard the Third.

Glo. This is the fruit of rawness: mark you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queene,
Looks pale when they did hear of Clarence death.
Oh, they did urge it still unto the King,
God will revenge it. But come let's in
To comfort Edward with our company. Exeunt.

Enter Dches of Yorke with Clarence Children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?
Dut. No boy.
Boy. Why do you wring your hands and beat your

And crie, Oh Clarence my unhappy sonne?
Girl. Why do you looke on vs and shake your head?
And call vs wretches, Orphains, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Dut. My prittie Colens, you mistake me much,
I do lament the sickness of the King:
As loth to loose him now your fathers dead:
It were loft labour to weep for one that's lost.

Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vnkle is too blame for this,
God will revenge it. Whome I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth love you well,
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot geffe who causde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vnkle Gloucester
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when he told me so he wept,
And huggd me in his arme, and kindly kisst my cheekes,
And bad me telte on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his child.

Dut. Oh that deceit should stole such gentle shapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my sonne, yea and therein my shame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thynke you my Vnkle did dissemble, Granam?
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thynke it, harke, what noife is this?

Enter.
The Tragedie

Enter the Queen.

Qu. Who shall hinder me to waile and weepes,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
To joyne with blacke despaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this scene of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragick violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the root is withered?
Why wither not the leaves, the sap being gone?
If you will live, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our swift winged soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I have bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liued by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are crakt in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glasse,
Which greeues me when I see my shame in him,
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And plukt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, O what cause have I
Then, being but mottie of my selfe,
To overgo thy plaints and drown the cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you weep not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Ger. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand.
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Give me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouerned by the watry moane.
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. Edward,
Ambo. Oh for our father, for our deare Lo. Clarence.
Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.
Qu. What stay had I but Edward, and is he gone?
Ambo. What stay had we but Clarence, and is he gone?
Dut. What stay had I but they, and they are gone?
Qu. Was never widow, had so deare losse.
Ambo. Was ever Orphans had a dearer losse?
Dut. Was ever mother had a dearer losse?

Alas, I am the mother of these moanes,
Their woes are parcelled, mine are general:
She for Edward weeps, and so do I:
If for a Clarence weeps, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weeps, and so do I:
I for an Edward weeps, and so do they,
Alas, you three on me three should distressed.
Powre all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. Enter Gloster, with
Glo. Madame have comfort all of vs have cause others.
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailling them.
Madame my mother, I doe cry you mercy,
I did not see your Grace humbly on my knee
I crave you blessing.

Dut. God bless thee, and put meekeness in thy minde,
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, make medias a good old man.
That is the butt end of my mothers blessing:
I maruell why her grace did leave it out?

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart sorrowing Peeres,
That beare this mutuell heaute load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we have spent our harvest for this King,
We are to reap the harvest of his soone:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splintered, knit, and joyned together,
Must greatly be prefered, cherish and kept.
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.

E 2

Glo.
The Tragedie

Glo. Then be it so: and goe we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow?
Madame, and you my mother, will you go,
To give your censures in this weightie businesse.

Exit. With all our hearts.  

Exeunt. 

Back. My Lord, who euer iourneys to the Prince,
For Gods sake let none two be behind:
For by the way I le fort occasion,
As index to the storie we lately talkt off,
To part the Qunenes proud kindred from the King,
Glo. My other selfe, my counsels constitorie.
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cousen:
I like a child will goe by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde.  

Exit. 

Enter two Citizens.

1. Cit. Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.
1. Heare you the newes abroad?
2. I, that the King is dead.
1. Bad newes birlady, feldome comes the better;
I feare, I feare, twill prove a troublesome world.  

Enter another Cit.

3. Cit. Good morrow neighbours,
Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?
1. It doth.
3. Then maitsters looke to see a troublous world.
2. No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne.
3. Woe to that land thats gouernd by a childe.
2. In him there is a hope of gouernment,
That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
1. So flood the stare when Harry the sixt
Was crownd at Paris, but at nine moneths old.
3. Stood the stare? no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famously enrich
With politike grace counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vncles to protect his Grace.
2. So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3. Better it were, they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:
of Richard the Third.

For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Which touch vs all too near if God prevent not,
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Glocester,
And the Queens kindred haute and proude,
And were they to be ruled, and not rule,
This fickle land might solace as before.

2. Come, come, we feare the worst, all shall be well.

3. When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes.

When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes make men expect a death;
All men be well: but if God iort it so,
Tis more then we deserne, or I expect.

1. Truly the soules of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot alwaies reason with a man
That lookes not heavilly and full of faire.

3. Before the times of change, still is it so:

By a deuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by prooue we see,
The waters swell before a boyflous storme:
But leaue it all to God: whither away?

2. We are lent for to the Justice.

3. And so was I, ile beare you company.

Enter Cardinal, Dutches of Yorke, Qu. yong Yorke.

Car. Last night I heard they lay at Northampton,
At Stoniftratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day they will be heere.

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

Qu. But I haetenoe, they lay my sonne of Yorke
Hath ouertane him in his growth,

For. I mother, but I would not haue it so.

Dut. Why, my yong Cousin it is good to grow.

For. Granam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My Vnkle Rivers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Vnkle Glo.
Small hearbs haue grace, great weeds grow apace:
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweete flowers are sow, and weedes make haft.
The Tragedie

Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Tor. Now by my troth if I had been remembred.
I could have given my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine.
That should have nearer touch'd his growth then he did
Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
Tor. Marry they say, that my VnCLE grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
Twas full two yeares ered could get a tooth.
Granam, this would have beene a prettie left.
Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?
Tor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Tor. If they were not, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perillous Boy: go too: you are too shrewd.
Car. Good Madame be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers haue cares.
Car. Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mightie Dukes, Glocester and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I have disclosed:
Why, or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrannie begins to let
of Richard the Third.

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre.
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.

Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sones were lost,
For me to joy and weep their gaine and losse,
And being feated, and domestick broyles
Cleanse ouerblowne, themselves the conquerours,
Make war vpon themselves, blood against blood,
Sesse against sesse, O preposterous
And franktice outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.

Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuarie.
Dut. Ile goe along with you.
Qu. You have no cause.
Car. My gracious Lady, go.

And thus ye bare your treasure and your goods.
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace,
The Scale I keepe, and so betid to me,
As well I render you, and all of yours:
Come ile conduct you to the Sanctuarie.

The trumpets sound. Enter young Prince, the Duke of
Glofter, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.

Buck. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your cham-
Glo. Welcome deare Cozen my thoughts fouraigne:
The weary way hath made you melancholie,

Prin. No Vncle, but our crosse on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie:
I want more Vnckes here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweete Prince, the untaunted vertue of your yeares,
Haue not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguishe of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or never lumpeth with the heart,
Those Vnckes which you want, were dangerous,
Your grace attended to their forged words,
But looke not on the payson of their hearts:

God
The Tragedie.

God keep ye from them, and from such false friends. 

Prin. God keep me from false friends, but they were none. 

Glo. My Lord, the Major of London comes to greet you. 

Enter Lord Major. 

Lo, M. God bless your Grace, with health and happy days. 

Prin. I thank you good my Lo. and thank you all. 

I thought my mother and my brother Yorke, 
Would long ere this have met us on the way: 
Fie, what a flug is Haftings that he comes not 
To tell vs whether they will come or no. 

Enter L. Haft. 

Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating Lord. 

Prin. Welcome my Lord, what, will our mother come? 

Haft. On what occasion God he knowes, not I: 

The Queen your mother, and your brother Yorke 

Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince 
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace, 
But by his mother was perforce with-held. 

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course 

Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace 

Perswade the Queen to send the Duke of Yorke 

Vnto his Princely brother presently? 

If he deny, Lord Haftings go with them, 

And from her jealous armes plucke him perforce, 

Car. My Lo. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie 

Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke, 

Anon expe& him here: but if false 

To milde entreaties, God forbid 

We should infringe the holy priviledge 

Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this land, 

Would I be guiltie of so grea a sinne. 

Buck. You are too fenceleffe obstinate my Lord, 

Too ceremonious and traditionall. 

Weigh it but with the greatness of this age, 

You breake not Sanctuarie in seazing him: 

The benefit thereof is alwaies granted 

To those whose dealings have deserued the place, 

And those who haue the wit to clame the place, 

This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it; 

And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it. 

Then
of Richard the Third.

Then take him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sactuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children neuer till now.

*Car.* My Lord, you shall ouer-rule my mind for once?
Come on Lord Hallings, will you goe with me?

*Hlst.* I goe my Lord.

*Exit Car. & Hlst.*

*Pri.* Good Lords make all the speedie haft you may.

Say *Uncle Gloucester,* if our brother come,
Where shall we soijourne till our Coronation?

*Glo.* Where it thinkt best vnto your roayl selfe:
If I may counsell you, some day or two
Your highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

*Pri.* I doe not like the Tower of any place:

Did *Julius Cæsar* build that place my Lord?

*Buick.* He did, my gratious Lo. begin that place,
Which since suceeding ages have recdified.

*Prin.* Is it vpon record, or else reported
Succesfullye from age to age he built it?

*Buick.* Upon record my gratious Lord,

*Prin.* But say my Lord it were not registred,
Me thinke the truth should live from age to age,

Ast were retaile to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.

*Glo.* So wife, so yong they saie do never liue long.

*Prin.* What say you *Uncle*?

*Glo.* I say, without Characters fame liues long:

That like the formall vice, iniquitie,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

*Prin.* That *Julius Cæsar* was a famous man,
With what his valour did inrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,

For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
He tell you what my Cousen *Buckingham.*

*Buick.* What my gratious Lord?

*Prin.* And if I liue vntill I be a man,
The Tragedie

Ile winne our ancient right in France againe,

Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a King.

Glo. Short somners lightly haue a forward spring.

Enter yong Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of Yorke.

Prin. Richard of Yorke, how fares our noble brother:

Tor. Well my deare Lord; so must I call you now.

Prin. I brother to our grieue, as it is yours:

Too late he dide that might haue kept that title,

Which by his death hath lost much maiestie.

Glo. How fares our cousin noble Lo. of Yorke?

Tor. I thanke you gentile vncle. O my Lord,

You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:

The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.

Glo. He hath my Lord.

Tor. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire cousin, I must not say so,

Tor. Then he is more beholding to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,

But you have power in me as in a knight.

Tor. I pray you Vncle giue me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger little cousin, with all my heart.

Prin. A begger brother?

Tor. Of my kind Vncle that I know will giue,

And being but a toy, which is no gift to giue.

Glo. A greater gift then that, ile giue my cofen.

Tor. A greater gift? O that the sword too it.

Glo. I gentle cofen, were it light enough.

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

In weightier things youle say a begger nay.

Glo. It is too weightie for you grace to weare.

Tor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.

Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord?

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


Prin. My Lo. of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:

Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

Tor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:

Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because
of Richard the Third.

Because that I am little like an Ape.
He thinkest that you should beare me on your shoulders.

Buc. With what a sharpe provided wit he reasones,

To mitigate the scorne he glue his vnkle,
He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning and so young is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lo: wilt pleafe you passe along?
My selfe and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to intreat of her
To meete you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Tor. What will you goe vnto the Tower my Lord?

Prin. My Lord Protector will have it so.

Tor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you feare?

Tor. Mary my vnkle Clarence angry ghost:

My Granam told me he was murdred there.

Prin. I feare no vncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.

Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.

But come my L. with a heauie heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.


Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this litie prating Yorke,

Whas not incensed by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perilous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toc.

Buc. Well let them rest: come hither Gatesby,

Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart.
Thou knowest our reasons vrgdevpon the way:
What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter
To make William L. Hastings of our minde,
For the instalment of this noble Duke,
In the seate toyall of this famous Ile?

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

Buc. What thinkest thou then of Stanley, what will he?
The Tragedie

Cat. He will doe all in all as Hastings doth.

Buc. Well, then no more but this: Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,

Sound Lord Hastings how he stands affected

Into our purpose, if he be willing,

Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, Icie, cold, unwilling,

Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,

And giue vs notice of his inclination,

For we to morrow hold deuided counsels,

Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employed.

Glo. Commend me to Lord William, tell him Catesby

His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries

To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,

And bid my friends for joy of this good newes,

Gue gentle Mistris Shore, one gentle kisse the more.

Buck. Good Catesby effect this business soundly.

Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heede I may.

Glo. Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we sleepe?

Cat. You shall my Lord. Exit Catesby.

Glo. At Crosby place, there shall you finde vs both.

Buck. Now my Lord, what shall we doe, if we perceiue

William Lord Hastings will not yeeld to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head man, some what we will do,

And looke when I am King, claime thou of me

The Earldome of Hertford and the mouseables,

Whereof the King my brother stood possesse.

Buck. Ie claime that promise at your Graces hands.

Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingnesse.

Come let us sup betimes, that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some forme. Exeunt.

Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings,


Haft. Who knocks at the coore?


Haft. Whats a clocke?

Mess. Upon the stroke of foure.

Haft. Cannot thy master sleepe the tedious nights?

Mess. So it shold seeme by that I haue to say:

First
of Richard the Third.

First he commends him to your noble Lordship.

*Haft.* And then, *Mes.* And then he sends you word,

He dreamt tonight, the Boare had cast his helme:

Besides he says, there are two counsels held,

And that may be determined at the one,

Which may make you and him to rew at the other,

Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure

If presently you will take horse with him,

And with all speede post into the North,

To shun the danger that his soule diuines.

*Haft.* Good fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord:

Bid him not feare the separated counsels:

His Honour and my selfe are at the one,

And at the other is my servaunt Catesby:

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,

Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.

Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instancie.

And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond,

To trust the mockerie of vnquiet slumbers.

To flye the Boare before the Boare pursuie vs,

Were to incenceth Boare to follow vs,

And make pursuite where he did meane no chafe.

Go, bid thy maister rise and come to me,

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where he shall see the Boare will vs kindly.


*Enter Catesby to L. Hasting.*

*Catesby.* Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.

*Haft.* Good morrow Catesby: you are early stirring,

What newes, what newes, in this our tottering state?

*Catesby.* It is a reeling world indeeede my Lord,

And I beleue we will never stand upright.

Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

*Haft.* Who! weare the Garland!? doest thou meane the

*Catesby.* My good Lord. (Crowne?)

*Haft.* Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shoul-

Ere I will see the Crowne so soule misplaste: (ders,

But canst thou geffe that he doth ayme at it?

*Catesby.* Upon my life my L. and hopes to finde you forward

*F 3.*
The Tragedie

Upon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he sends you this good newes:
That this same every day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, must die at Pomfret.

Haft. Indeed I am no mourner for this newes,
Because they have beene still mine enemies:
But that I lie give my voise on Richards side,
To barre my masters heires in true discent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.

Cat. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

Haft. But I shall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me in my masters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
I telt the Catesby. Cat. What my Lord?

Haft. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
I lefend some packing, that yet thinke not on it.

Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.

Haft. O monstrous, monstrous, and so fas it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Gray; and so twill doo
With some men else, who thinke themselues as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.

Haft. I know they do, and I haue well deserued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-speare man?
Feare you the Boare, and goe you to vnprov'd?

Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may iest on, but by the holy Roode,
I do not like these seuerall counsels I.

Haft. My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And never in my life I do protest,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
I would bee triumphant as I am?

Sta. The Lords of Pomfret when they rode from London
Were iocund, and suppose their states was sure,
of Richard the Third.

And indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soon the day oecas,
This sudden scab of rancor I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I prove a needlele coward,
But come my L. shall we to the Tower?

    Hast. I go: but say, heare you not the newes?
This day those men you talke of, are beheaded.

Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that have accused them weare their hats:
But come my L. lets away. Exit. L. Standley, & Cat.

    Hast. Go you before, I'll follow presently.
Enter Haftings a Pursuam.

    Hast. Well met Haftings, how goes the world with thee?

Pur. The better that is pleafe your good Lordship to ask.

    Hast. I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee last where now we meete:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keep it to thy selfe)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then euer I was.

Pur. God hold it to your Honours good content.

    Hast. Gramercy Haftings, hold spend thou that.
    He gives him his purse.


    Hast. What sir Iohn, you are well met:
I am beholding to you for your last dayes exercise:
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. He whispers
Enter Buckingham. (in his ear.

    Buc. How now Lord Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the Priest. (priest?
Your Honour hath no thruiung worke in hand.

    Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Thofe men you talke of, came into my minde:
What, go you to the Tower my Lord?

    Buc. I do, but long I shall not stay,
I shall retorn before your Lordship thence.

    Hast. Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

    Buc. And supper too, although thou knowest it not.
The Tragedie.

Come, shall we go along?

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with the Lord Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Rim. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this:

Today shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keep the Prince from all the packe of you:

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Rim. O Pomsret, Pomsret. O thou bloody prisoner,

Fatall and ominous to noble Peeres:
Within the guilty cloiture of thy walles

Richard the second here was hatcht to death:
And for more slander to thy dismall soule,

We giue thee vour guiltlesse blouds to drinke.

Gray. Now Margaret's curse if falne vpun our heads,

For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.

Rim. Then curse the Haslings, then curse the Buckingham,

Then curse the Richard. O remember God,

To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,

And for my sister and her princely sonne:

Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest vuiuiuly must be spilt.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Rim. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace

And take our leaves, vntill we meete in heauen. Exeunt.

Enter the Lords to counsell,

Hast. My Lords at once, the cause why we are met,

Is to determine of the Coronation.

In Gods name say, when is this rayall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that rayall time?

Dar. It is, and let but nomination.

Bib. To morrow then, I guesse a happee time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord Protector's minde herein?

Who is most inward with the noble Duke? (his mind.

Bi. Why you my Lord? me thinks you should soonest know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:

But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,

Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

Lord
of Richard the Third.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well.
But for his purpose in the Coronation
I have not found him, nor he delivered
His grace's pleasure any way therein;
But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ie give my voyce,
Which I presume he will take in good part.
Bif. Now in good time heere comes the Duke himselfe.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My noble L. and cousens all good morrow,
I have bene long a sleepe, but now I hope
My absence doth neglect no great designes,
Which by my presence might have bene concluded.
But. Had not you come upon your kew my Lord,
William L. Hastings had now pronounst you part:
I mean your voyce for crowning of the King.
Glo. Then my L. Hastings, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loves me well.
Hast. I thank your grace.
Glo. My Lord of Elie.
Bif. My Lord.
Glo. When I was last in Holborne,
I saw good strawberesies in your garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them.
Bif. I goe my Lord.
Glo. Cousen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our businesse,
And findes the free gentleman so hote,
As he will loose his head ere giue consent,
His maisters sonne as wolshipfull he termes it,
Shall loose the royaltye of Englands thraone.


Dar. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To morrow in mine opinion is too soone;
For I my selfe am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolonged.

Enter the Bishop of Elie.

Bis. Where is my L. Protector, I haue sent for these straw-
Hast. (berries.

G
The Tragedie

Hast. His grace lookes cheerfully and smooth to day,
Theres some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit,
I think there is never a man in Christendome,
That can let her hide his love or hate then he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
    Dar, What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he shewed to day?
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended,
    For if he were, he would have shewn it in his face.
    Dar. I pray God he be not, I say.

Enter Gloster.

Glo I pray you all, what do they deserve
That do conspire my death with diuellish plots
Of dammed witchcraft, and that have preuaild
Upon my body with their hellish charmes?
Hast. The tender love I heare your grace my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,
To doome the offenders whatsoever they be:
    I say my Lord they have deserved death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witnesse of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.
This is that Edwards wife, that monstrous witch,
Conforst with that harlot Strumpter Shore,
That by their witchcrafts thus have marked me.
Hast. If they have done this thing my gracour Lord.
Glo. If thou Proctor of this dammed Strumper,
Tell thou me of it? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I swear.
Vntill I see the same, some see it done:
The rest that love me, come and follow me. Exeunt, manet
Hast. Woe, woe, for England, not a whit for me. Ca with Hast.
For I too fond might have prevented this.
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I disdained it, and did scorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horse did stumble,
And startled when he lookt vp on the Tower,

As
of Richard the Third.

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
Oh, now I want the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I told the Pursuivant,
As were triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomsfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my selfe secure in grace and favour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curse
I slighted on poore Hastings wretched head.

Cat. Dispatch my Lord, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head,
Haft. O momentary state of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire looks,
Lives like a drunken Sayer on a mast,
Ready with euerie nod to tumble downe
Into fatal bowels of the depee.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They smile at me, that shortly shall be dead.  

Enter Duke of Glofier and Buckingham in armour.

Glo. Come counf, canst thou quake & change thy colour?
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and stop againe,
As if thou were desfraught and mad with terror.

Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the depee Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prye on euerie side:
Intending depee suspition, gaily looks
Are at my service like inforced smiles,
And both are readie in their offices
To grace my Stratagems.  

Enters Major.

Glo. Here comes the Major.
Buc. Let me alone to entreate him. Lord Major
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. The reason we haue sent for you.
Glo. Catesby overlooke the walles.
Buc. Harke, I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs.
Glo. O, O. be quiet, it is Catesby.

G 2
The Tragedie

Enter Catenby with Hastings head.

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,

The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lou’d the man, that I must wepe:

I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,

That breathed upon this earth a Christian:

Looke ye my Lord Major:

I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded

The Historie of all her secret thoughts:

So smooth he daub’d his vice with sheu of vertue,

That his apparent open guilt omitted:

I meane his conversation with Shore’s wife,

He laid from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the couerst of the traitor

That euer liu’d. would you haue imagined,

Or almost beleue, were not by great preseruation

Weliu to tell it you? The subtle traitor

Had this day plotted in the counsell house,

To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloucester.

Mayor. What, had he so?

Glo. What thinke ye we are Turkes or Infidels,

Or that we would against the course of Law,

Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,

But that the extreame perill of the case,

The peace of England, and our persons safetie

Inforst vs to this execution?

Mas. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death.

And you my good L. beth, haue well proceeded,

To warne falles traitors from the like attempts:

I neuer lookt for better at his hands,

After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore.

Glo. Yet had not we determined he should die,

Vntill your Lordship came to see his death;

Which now the longing haft of these our friends

Somewhat against our meaning haue prevented,

Because my Lord, we would haue had you heard

The traitor speake, and timely confess

The manner, and the purpose of his treason,

That you might well haue signified the same.
of Richard the Third.

Unto the Citizens, who happily may
Misconstrue vs in him, and waile his death.

Ma. My good L. your graces word shall suffice,
As well as I had seen or heard him speake:
And doubt you not right noble Princes both;
But Ile acquaint your dutious Citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish your Lordship here,
To avoid the carping censures of the world.

Buc. But since you came too late of our intents,
Yet witness what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.

Glo. After, after, Cousen Buckingham. Exit Mayor.

The Mayor towards Guild-hall hies him in all post,
There at your meetest advantage of the time,
Inferrre the bastardy of Edwards children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was taremd so.
Moreover urge his hatefull luxurie,
And beastiall appetite in change of lust,
Which stretcht to their seruants,daughters,wiues,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauiage heart,
Without controll lifted to make his prey:
Nay for a need thus farre come neare my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vnslatiate Edward, noble Yorke,
My Princely father then had wares in France,
And by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this sparingly as it were farre off,
Because you know my Lord, me brother wiues.

Buc. Fear not, my Lord, Ie play the Orator.
As if the golden fee for which I pleade,
Were for my selfe.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied

G 3 With
The Tragedie

With reverend fathers and well learned Bishops.

Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild-hall affordeth, and so my Lord farwell.

Glo. Now will I in to take some pruie order (Ex. Buc.
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to giue notice that no manner of person
At any time haue recourse vnto the Princes. Exit.

Enter a Scrivener with a paper in his hand.
This is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairely is ingroff'd,
That it may be this day read ouer in Pauls:
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I spent to write it ouer.
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The president was full as long a dooing,
And yet within these five houres lin'd Lord Hastings
Untainted, vexamined: free, at libertie:
Here's a good world the while. Why who's so groffe
That sees not this palpable device?
Yet who so blind but layes he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seene in thought. Exit.

Enter Gloucester at one door, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord what say the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mumme, and speake not a word.

Glo. Toucht you the baltardy of Edwards Children?
Buc. 1 did; with the infatiate greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne baltardy,
As being got, your father then in France:
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in one forme and noblenesse of minde:
Layd vpon all your victoires in Scotland:
Your Discipline in warre, wisedome in peace:
Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeed left nothing sitting for the purpose
Untouched, or slighly handled in discourse:
And when my Oratorie grew to end,
of Richard the Third.

I had them that loves their Countries good,
Cry, God save Richard, England's royall King.
Glo. A, and did they so?
Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathlesse stone,
Gazde cace on other and looke deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them:
And askt the Mayor what meanes this wilful silence?
His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spokentoo, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrged to tell my tale againe:
Thus faith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
But nothing speake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,
And some ten voyces cryed, God save King Richard:
Thankes louing Citizens and friends quoth I,
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisedome and your loues to Richard:
And so brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongueless blocks were they, would they not
Buc. No by my troth my Lord.
Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his bretheren come?
Buc. The Mayor is here: and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie suete:
And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,
For on that ground he build a holy descent:
Be not easielye wonne to our request:
Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst please as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for myselfe,
No doubt weele bring it to a happie issue.
Buc. You shall see what I can do, get you vp to the leads. Ex.
Now my Lord Mayor, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spokent withall. Enter Catesby.
Here comes his servant: how now Catesby, what sayes he?
Cat. My Lord he doth entreate your Grace
To visit him to morrow, or next day:

Ex.
The Tragedie.

He is within with two reverend Fathers,
Divinely beat to meditation,
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

_Buc._ Return good Catesby to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deep designes and matters of great moment,
No lese importing them then our generall good,
Are come to haue some conference with his grace.

Cat. Ile him what you say my Lord.

_Buc._ A ha my Lord, this prince is not an Edward,
He is not lulling on a leawd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans;
But meditating with two deep Divine;
Not sleeping to ingross his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchfull soule,
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himselfe the soueraignant thereon,
But sure I feare we shall never winne him to it.

Mai. Marry God forbide his grace should say vs nay.

_Enter Catesby._

_Buc._ I feare he will, how now Catesby,
What sayes your Lord?

Cat. My Lord he wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troups of Citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before:
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.

_Buc._ Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace:

When holy and devout religious men,
Are at their heads, tis hard to draw them hence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

_Enter Rich. and two Bishops aloft._

_Maior._ See where he stands betweene two Clergymen.

_Buc._ Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince:
To stay him from the fall of vanitie,
of Richard the Third.

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourablc cares to my request:
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no such Apologie,
I rather do beseech you pardon me;
Who earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends:
But leaving this, what is your Gracious pleasure?
Buc. Even that I hope which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this unjustlyd Ile.
Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seeme disgracious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buc. You have my Lord: would it please your Grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.
Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land?
Buc. Then know it is your fault that you resigne
The Supreme Seate, the Throne maestical,
The Sceptred office of your Ancestors,
The lineall glory of your royall House,
To the corruption of a blemishd stocke:
Whilst in the mildenesse of your sleepe thoughts,
Which here we waken to your Countrys good:
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face deface't with scars of infamous,
And almost shoulterd in this swelling gulph
Of blind forgetfulness and darke oblivion:
Which to recover we heartily sollicite
Your Gracious selfe to take on you the soueraignty therof,
Not as Proctor, Sward, Substitute,
Nor lowly Factor for an others gaine?
But as successivly from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this comforted with the Citizens,
Your worshipfull and very loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause I to moue your Grace.
Glo. I know not whither to depart in silence,
The Tragedie

Or bitterly to speake in your reprooue,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deserveth my thankes, but my desert
Unmeritable shunneth your high request.
First if all obfacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the Crowne,
As my right reneweth and due by birth,
Yet so much is my pouerie of Spirit,
So mightie and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
Being a Bark unto brooke no mightie sea,
Then in my greatnesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
But God be thanked there is no need for me,
And much I neede to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the faire of majestie;
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I lay, what you would lay on me:
The right and fortune of his happie starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buc. My Lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and triuall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother sonne,
So say we too, but not by Edwards wife:
For first he was contracted to Lady Lucy,
Your mother liues, a witnesse to that vow,
And afterwards by substitute betrothed
To Bona, sister to the King of France,
These both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazed mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and distressed widdowe,
Even in the afternoone of her best days,
Made price and purchase of his lustfull eye,
Seduce the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To base declension and loathed bigamie,
By her in this unlawfull bed he got,

This
of Richard the Third.

This Edward, whose our manners terme the Prince:
More bitterly could expostulate,
Save that for reverence to some alien
I give a sparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall selfe.
This proffered benefit of dignitie?
If not to blesseths and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall flocke,
From the corruption of a busing time,
Unto a lineall true derived course.

Mai. Do good my Lord, your citizens entreat you.
Cat. O make them joyfull, grant their lawfull sute.

Glo. Alas, why would you heapeth those cares on me,
I am vnfit for state and dignitie:
I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot, nor I will not yeld to you.

Buc. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the childe your brothers sone,
Aswell we know your tendernest of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you except our sute or no,
Your brothers sone shall never raigne our King,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downefall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you,

Come Citizens, zounds, I le intreat no more.

Glo. O do not sweare my Lord of Buckingham.
Cat. Call them againe, my Lord and accept their sute.
Ano. Do, good my Lord, leaft all the land doe rew it.
Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them againe, I am not made of stones;
But penetrable to your kind intreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soule,
Costen of Buckingham and you sage grauemen,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To bear the burthen whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the loade;

H 2  But
The Tragedie

But if blacke scandal or so foule fact reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof.
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.

May. God bleffe your Grace, we see it, and will say it.
Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buc. Then I lalute you with this kingly Title:
Long live King Richard, Englands royall King.

May. Amen.

Buc. To morrow will it please you to be crown'd?
Glo. Even when you will, since you will haue it so.
Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
Glo. Come, let us to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good Coursen, farewell gentle friends.  

Enter Queene mother, Dutchesse of Yorke, Marques
Dorset at one doore, Dutchesse of Glocester
at another doore.

Duc. Who meetes vs here, my Neece Plantagenet?
Qu. Sister well met, whither away so fast?
Duc. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Upon the like devotion as your selues;
To grateulate the tender Princes there.
Qu. Kind sister thankes, weele enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes,
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fears the Prince?

Lieu. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straitly charged the contrary.

Qu. The King? why, who's that?
Lieu. I cry you mercie, I mean the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that kingly title:
Hath he set bounds betwixt their lound and me:
I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will see them.

Duc. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, in love their mother:

Then
Then fear not thou. Ile beare thy blame.
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

Lieu. I doe beseech your Graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it.

Enter Lord Standish.

Stan. Let me but meete your Ladies at an houre hence,
And Ile salute your Grace of Tavke, as mother:
And reverent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you must goe with me to Weilminster,
There to be crowned Richards royall Queene.

Qu. O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May have some scope to beate, or else I found
With this dead liking newes.

Dor. Madam, have comfort, how fares your Grace?

Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee hence.

Death and destruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt over leap death, goe croste the seas,
And liue with Richmond from the race of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter house,
Least thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swifft advantage of the time,
You shall haue letters from me to me sonne,
To meete you on the way and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwise delay.

Dut. Tor. O ill dispersing winde of miserie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,
A Cokatrice haft thou hatcht to the world,
Whose vnauoyded eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come Madam, I in all haste was sent for.

Dutch. And I in all vnwillinge will goe,
I would to God that the inclusitue verge
Of golden mettall that must round my browe,
Were red hotte fleete to scare me to the braine,
Annoynted let me bee with deadly poyson,
And die, ere men can say, God saueth the Queene.
The Tragedie

Qu. Alas poore soule, I envie not thy glory,
    To seeke my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
    Came to me I followed Henryes course,
    When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
    Which issued from my other angell husband,
    And that dead saint, which then I weeping followed
    O, when I say, I lookt on Richards face,
    This was my wife, be thou quoth I accurst,
    For making me so yong, so old a widow,
    And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
    And be thy wife if any be so badde
    As miserable by the death of thee,
    As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,
    Loe, even I can repeate this curse againe,
    Euen in so short a space, my woman's heart
    Crossly grew captiue to his hony words,
    And prou'd the subjectts of my owne soules curse,
    Which ever since hath kept mine eyes from sleepe,
    For never yet, one houre in his bed,
    Haue I enioyed the golden dew of sleepe,
    But haue bene waked by his timorous dreames,
    Besides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
    And will shortly be rid of me;

Qu. Alas poore soule, I pittie thy complaints.

Dut. Glo. No more then from my soule I mourne for yours
    Qu. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glorie.

Dut. Glo. Adue poore soule, thou takst thy leaue of it.

Dut. Tor. Go thou to Richmond, & good fortune guide thee
    Go thou to Richard, and good Angels guard thee,
    Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,
    I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
    Eightie old yeres of sorrow haue I seene,
    And each houres joy wrackt with a weke of teene.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Colen of Buckingham,

Give me thy hand: Here he ascended his throne.

Thus
Thus high by thy advice
And thy assistence is King Richard seated:
But shall we weare these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we recioyce in them?
  Buc. Still lye they, and for euer may they last.
  Kin. Ri. O Buckingham, now I doe play the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Yong Edward liues: thinke now what I would say.
  Buc. Say on my gratious soueraigne.
  King. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.
  Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowned Liege,
  Kin. Ha: am I King? tis so, but Edward liues.
  Buc. True noble Prince.
  Kin. O bitter confequence,
That Edward still should liue true noble Prince.
Cofen, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would haue it suddenly perormde,
What faieft thou? speake suddenly, be breife.
  Buc. Your grace may do your pleafure.
  King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnessefreezeth,
  Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die?
  Buc. Gibe me some breath, some little pause my Lord,
Before I pofitiuely speake herein:
I will refolue your grace immediatly.
  Cat. The King is angry, see, he bites the lip.
  King. I will encounter with iron witted fooles,
And vnrespectuoe boyes, none are for me.
That looke into me with considerate eyes:
Boy, high reaching Buckingham groves circumspect..
  Boy. Lord.
  King. Knowst thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt ynto a close exploit of death.
  Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
  King. What is his name?
  Boy. His name my Lord, is Terrill.
   King.
The Tragedie.

King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe revoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shal be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntride,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now,what newes with you?
Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where
he abides.

King. Caterby. Cat. My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close;
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whome I will marry straight to Clarence daughter;
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, give out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon;
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vnckertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,
Teares falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrel?
Tir. James Tirrel, and your most obedient subject.
King. Art thou indeed?
Tir. Proove me my gracious soueraigne.
King. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.
King. Why thou haft it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepees disturbs,
Are they that I would have thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.
Tir. Let me have open meanes to come to them,

And
of Richard the Third.

And soone I'le rid you from the feare of them,

King. Thou singft sweet musique. Come hither Tirrell,

Go by that token, rife and lend thine eare. He whispers in

Tis no more but fo, say, is it done

And I will loue thee, and preferre thee too.

Tir. Tis done my gracious Lord.

King. Shall we heare from thee Tirrell, ere we sleepe?

Enter Buckingham.

Tir. Yea my good Lord.

Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,

The late demand that you did sound me in,

King. Well let that passe, Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.

King. Stanly, he is your wifes sonne: Well looke too it.

Buc. My Lord I claime your gift, my due by promise,

For which your honor and your faith is paynd,

The Earledome of Hereford and the movable,

The which you promised I should possesse.

King. Stanly looke to your wife, if she conuey

Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.

Buc. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust demand?

King. As I remember Henry the fixt

Did prophesieth that Richmond should be King,

When Richmond was a little peeulih boy,

A King perhaps, perhaps.

Buc. My Lord.

King. How chance the Prophet could not at that time,

Haue told me, I being by, that I should kill him.

Buc. My Lord, your promisfe for the Earledome,

King. Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,

The Maior in curtse shewed me the Castle,

And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I startte,

Because a Bard of Ireland told me once

I should not liue long after I saw Richmond

Buc. My Lord.

King. I, what a clocke?

Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde

Of what you promise me.

King. Well, but what a clocke?

Buc. Upon the stroke of ten.
The Tragedie

King. Well, let it strike.
Buc. Why let it strike?
King. Because that like a Jacke thou keepest the stroke Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the guing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then resolue me whether you will or no?
K. Tut,tut, thou troubled me, I am not in the vaine. Exit.
Buc. Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on Hastings, and begone
To Brecknock, while my fearfull head is on. Exit.

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch-act of pittose massacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forrest whom I did subborne,
To do this ruthfull peice of butchery,
Although they were fleete villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Looe thus quoth Dighton lay these tender babes,
Thus, thus quoth Forrest girdling one another
Within their innocent alaister armes,
Their lips like foure red Roses on a stalk,
When in their sommer beautie kinde each other,
A booke of prayers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forrest almost chang'd my mind,
But O the Diuell! there the villaine flote,
Whilst Dighton thus told on we smothered.
The most replenished sweet worke of nature
That from the prime creation euer he framde,
They could not speake, and so I left them both,
To bring thesetydings to the bloody King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he come, All haile my soueraigne Liege.
King. Kind Tirrell, and I happie in thy newes?
Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happinesse, be happie then,
For it is done my Lord.
of Richard the Third.

_King._ But didst thou see them dead?
_Tir._ I did my Lord.
_King._ And buried gentle Tirill?
_Tir._ The Chaplain of the Tower hath buried them.

But how or in what place I do not know.

_King._ Come to me Tirill soone at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the proceffe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.  _Exit Tirill._

Farewell till soone.
The sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meaneely haue I matcht in marriage,
The sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams boisme,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Britaine Richmond aimes
And yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I goe a iolly thriving wooer.  _Enter Catesby._

_Cat._ My Lord.

_King._ Good newes or bad, that thou comeft in so bluntly?
_Cat._ Bad newes my Lord, _Ely_ is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welchmen
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

_King._ _Ely_ with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his rash leuied army:
Come, I haue heard that fearfull commenting,
Is leaden seruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and snailie-pac't beggary,
Then fierie expedition be my wings,
Lone, _Mersarie_, and Herald for a King.
Come mutter men, my counfaile is my shield,
We must be briefe, when traitors braue the field.  _Exeunt._

_Enter Queen Margaret sola._

_Qu. Mar._ So now prosperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines stilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the wayning of mine aduersaries:
A dire induction am I witnessse too,
And will to _France_, hoping the consequence
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>The Tragedie Will prove as bitter, blacke and tragical, Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes heere. Enter the Queens, and the Dutchesse of York.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes! My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweets, If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire, And be not fixt in doome perpetuall, Hourer aboue me with your airie wings, And heare your mothers lamentation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes, And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe: When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done? Qu. Mar. When holy Mary died, and my sweet Son. Dut. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall living Ghost, Woes fceane, worlds shame, graves dueby life vsurpt, Rest their unrest on Englands lawfull earth, Wnlawfull made drunke with innocents blood.</td>
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<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Qu. O that thou woldst as well afford a graue, As thou canst yeeld a melancholly feat, Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere: Q. who hath any cause to mourne but I? Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voice That my woe-weartied tonge is mute and dumbe, Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead? Qu. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent, Give me the benefit of signiorie, And let my woes frowne on the upper hand, Sorrow can admit societie, Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine: I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him. I had a Richard, till a Richard kild him. Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kild him. Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kild him. Dut. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him: I had a Rutland too, and thou holpst to kill him. Qu. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, till Richard kild him: From forth the kennel of thy wombe hath crept.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
of Richard the Third.

A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That Dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,
Thy wombe let loose to chafe vs to our graues,
O vpright, iust, and true difposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnall curre
Preyes on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pue-fellow with others mone.

Dut. O, Harries wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thee.

Qu. Mar. Beare with me, I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it:
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quite my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they
March not the high perfecion of my losse:
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this Tragick play,
The adulterate Hasings, Rivens, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimely smoothere in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely referred their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand,
Enfues his pitteous, and vuptitted end,
Earth gapes, hels burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To hauch him suddenly conueied away.
Cancell his bond of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say the Dog is dead.

Qu. O thou didft prophesie the time would come
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That botteld spider, that soule hunch-backt toad.

Qu. Mar. I cald the then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cald thee then poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
The Tragedie.

A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the ayme of every dangerous shot,
A Queene in iaft, onely to fill the scene:  
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children, wherein doest thou joy?
Who sses to thee, and cries God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, a most distrested widowe:
For joyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catife crown'd with care:
For one being sue'd too, one that humbly sues:
For one commanding all, obeyd of none:
For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Having no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torment thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, even here, I slip my wearied necke,
And leau the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorke, wife, and Queene of sad mishanchance,
These English woes, will make me smile in France.

Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Qu. Mar. Forbear to sleepe the night, and fast the day,
Compare dead happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them sower then he is:
Bettring thy losse makes the bad causer worse,
Revolving this, will teach thee how to curse,

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,
Qu. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, & pierce like mine.

Dut. Why should calamitie be full of words? Exit Ma.

Qu. Windie atturndes to your client woes,
Aerie succeeders of intate joyes,

Poore
King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Dut. As she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.

Qu. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two sones, and brothers:
Tell me thou villain slave, where are my children?
Dut. Thou rade, thou rade, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his Sonne?

Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray?
King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heavens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. The trumpets
Either be patient, and intreat me faire;
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my Sonne?

King. I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.

King. Madam I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reprooche.
Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my speech.

King. And briefe good mother for I am in halfe.
Dut. Art thou so hasty, I haue laid for thee,
God knowes in anguith, paine and agonie.

King. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowes it well,
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell.
The Tragedie

A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Thy schoole-days frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious:
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That ever grace me in thy companie?

King. Faith none but Humphrey hourse, that called your grace
to breake fast once forth of my companie:
If it be so gratious in your fight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall never see thee more.

King. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with grieffe and extreme age shall perish,
And never looke upon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,
Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou wearst,
My prayers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the little soules of Edwards children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successe and victorie,
Bloudie thou art, and bloudie will be thy end,
Shamefures thy life, and doth thy death attend. Exit.

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

King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.

Qu. I haue no more soules of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters, Richard
They shall be praying Nunneres, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues,

King. You have a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her manners, staine her beautie,
Slander my selfe, as faile to Edwards bed,

Qu. Throw over her the vaile of infamie,
So she may liue vnscarde from bleeding slaughter:
of Richard the Third.

I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Qu. To save her life, I say she is not so.

King. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Qu. And only in that safety died her brothers.

King. Let at their births good stars were opposite.

Qu. No to their lives bad friends were contrary.

King. All vainly did is the doome of destiny.

Qu. True, when avoyded grace makes destiny,

My babes were destine to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

King. Madam, so thrive I in my dangerous attempt of hostile

As intend more good to you and yourse, (armes,

Then ever you and yours were by me wrong'd.

Qu. What good is couered with the face of heavun,

To be discovered that can doe me good.

King. The advancement of your children mightie Lady.

Qu. Up to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.

King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,

The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it.

Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,

Canst thou demisse to any child of mine.

King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all.

Will I withall endow a child of thine,

So in the Leche of thy angry soule,

Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposst I have done to thee.

Qu. Be briefe, leaft that the processe of thy kindnesse

Laft longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.

Ki. Then know that from my soule I looe thy daughter.

Qu. My daughters mother thinks it with her soule.

King. What doe you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soule,

So from thy soule didst thou love her brothers,

And from my hearts love, I doe thanke thee for it,

Ki. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.

I meane that with my soule I love thy daughter,

And meane to make her Queene of England.
The Tragedie

Qu. Say then, who doest thou meane shall be her King?
King. Even he that makes her Queene, who should else?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, even I, what thinke you of it Madam?
Qu. How canst thou woe her?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were best acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her brothers
A pair of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorks, then happily she will wepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheefe slept in Rutlands blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her vnkle Clarence,
Her Uneeke Rivers, yea, and for her sake
Madest quicke conueniencie with her good Aunt Anne.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Unlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
King. Inferrefaire Englands peace by his alliance.
Qu. Which the hall purchase with still lasting warre.
King. Say that the King which may command intreats
Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid,
King. Say she shall be a high and mightie Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.
Qu. But how long shall that title euerlast?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.
Qu. But how long fairely shall that title last?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
King. Say I her soueraigne am her subject loue.
Qu. But she your subject loaths such souerainge.
of Richard the Third.

King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qn. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
King. Then in plaine teares tell her my louing tale.
Qn. Plaine and not honest is too harsh a tyle.
King. Madam, your reasons are too shallow, & too quick.
Qn. O no, my reasons are too deepe and dead.

Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,
Harpe on it till shall I, till heart-strings breake.

King. Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.
Qn. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third usurped.
King. I sweare by nothing.
Qn. By nothing, for this is no oath,
The George prophan'd, hath loft his holy honor:
The Garter blemish, pawn'd his Knightly vertue:
The Crowne usurp, disgrac't his Kingly dignitie,
If something thou wilt sweare to be beleude,
Sweare then by something that thou haft not wrong'd

King. Now, by the world.
Qn. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
King. My fathers death.
Qn. Thy selfe hath that dishonor'd.
King. Then by my selfe.
Qn. Thy selfe, thy selfe misuseth.
King. Why, then by God.
Qn. Gods wrong is most of all:
If thou hast fear'd to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King my brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother slaine.
If thou hast fear'd to breake an oath by him,
The Imperiall mettall circling now thy brow,
Had grac't the tender temples of my child,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worme.

King. By the time to come.
Qn. That thou haft wrong'd in time orepast,
For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
Hereafter time for time, by thee past wrong'd,
The children liue, whose parents thou haft slaundered,
The Tragedie

Vngouerd youth to wayle it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou haft butcherd,
Old withered plaints to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haft
Misled, err vfed, by time misled orepaft.

King. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my selfe my selfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy reft,
Be opposite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts I love,
Immaculated devotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her consits my happinesse and thine.
Without her followes to this land and me,
To thee, her selfe, and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolation, ruine and decay,
It cannot be aoided but by this:
It will not be aoided but by this:
Therefore good Mother ( I must call you so)
Be the atturney of my love to her.
Please what I will be, not what I have beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserve:
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not peculiif fond in great defignes.

Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to doe good.
Shall I forget my selfe to be my selfe?
King. I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.

But thou drift kill my Children.

But in your daughters wombe Ile bury them,
Where in that nest of Spicerie there shall breed,
Selves of themselves, to your recompisture.

Shall I goe win my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happy mother by the deed.

I goe, write to me very shortly.

King. Beare her my true loves kisse: farewell. Exit Qn.
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. Enter Rat.

My gracious Soueraigne, on the Westerne coast, Rideth
of Richard the Third.

Rideth a puissant Nauie: To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow-harted friends,

tnarm'd, and unresolu'd to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide,
Of Buckingham to welcome them a shore.

King. Some light-foot friend, post to the D. of Norfolke.
Rateiffe thy selfe, or Catesby, where is he?

Cat. Heere my Lord.

King. Flie to the Duke: post thou to Salisbury,
When thou comest there : dull vnmindfull villanie
Why standst thou still, and goest not to the Duke?

Cat. First mightie soueraigne, let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliver him.

King. O true, good Catesbie, bid him leue straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at Salisbury.

Rate. What is your highnesse pleasure I shal do at Salisbury?

King. Why what wouldst thou doe there before I go?

Rate. Your Highnes told me I should post before.

King. My mind is chang'd sir, my mind is chang'd:
How now, what newes with you? Enter Darby.

Dar. None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing.
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why dooest thou runne so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes?

Dar. Richmond is on the seas.

King. There let him sinke, and be the seas on him
White liuered runnegate, what doth he there?

Dar. I know not mightie soueraigne but by guesse.

King. Well sir, as you guesse, as you guesse.

Dar. Sturd vp by Dorset, Buckingham and Ely,
He makes for England, there to claim the crowne.

King. Is the Chaire empty? Is the sword vnswaid?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossell?
What heire of Yorke is there alioye but we?
And who is Englands King, but great Yorke's heire?

K. 3

Then
The Tragedie.

Then tell me what doth he vpon the sea?

_Dar._ Vnleffe for that my Liege, I cannot guesse.

_King._ Vnleffe for that, he cometh to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman cometh,
Thou wilt revolt, and flie to him I feare.

_Dar._ No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.

_King._ Where is thy power then to beat him backe?

Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships.

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

_King._ Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the North?

When they should serve their soueraigne in the West.

_Dar._ They have not been commanded mightie soueraigne,
Please it your Maiestie to give me leave,
I mustere vp my friends and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Maiestie shall please?

_King._ I, I, thou wouldst begone to ioyne with Richmond,
I will not trust you sir.

_Dar._ Most mightie soueraigne,
You have no caufe to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be false.

_King._ Well, go muster men; but heare you, leave behind

Your son George Stanley, looke your faith be firme;
Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.

_Dar._ So deal with him, as I proue true to you.  _Exit._

_Enter a Messenger._

_Mes._ My Gratious soueraigne, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in armes.

_Enter another Messenger._

_Mes._ My liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in armes,
And every houre more competitors.
Flocke to their aide, and still their power encreaseth.

_Enter another Messenger._

_Mes._ My Lord, the armie of the Duke of Buckingham.

_He striketh him._

_King._
of Richard the Third.

King. Out on ye Owles, nothing but songs of death.
Take that vntill you bring me better newes.
Mes. Your Grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckingham's armie is disperst and scattered,
And he himself fled no man knowes whither.

King. O I cry you mercie, I did mistake,
Ratchiff's reward him for the blow I gaue him;
Hath any well aduised friend gien out,
Rewards for him that brings in Buckingham?
Mes. Such proclamation hath been made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir Thomas Louell, and Lord Marques Dorset,
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace,
The Britaine Nauie is disperst, Richmond in Dorsetshire,
Sent out a boat to ask them on the shore,
If they were his assilants yea, or no:
Who answered him they came from Buckingham
Upon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoi! Ho! and made away for Britaine.

King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with foraigne enemies,
Yet to beat downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesbie.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That's the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder newes, yet they must be told.

King. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and loft.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the slie of this most bloudie Bore,
My son George Stanley is ranckt vp in hold,
If I reuoult, off goes yong George's head,
The feare of that, with-holds my present aide.

But
The Tragedie

But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

*Christ.* At Pembroke, or at Hertford west in Wales.

*Dar.* What men of name report to him?

*S. Christ.* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned solldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew.
With many more of noble name and worth,
And towards London they doe bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

*Dar.* Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter,
The seue Letters will resolue him of my mind,
Farewell.*

Enter Buckingham to Execution.

*Buc.* Will not King Richard let me speake with him?
*Rat.* No my Lord, therfore be patient.

*Buc.* Hastings, and Edwards children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, fowl justice,
If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day, fellowes, is it not?
*Rat.* It is my Lord.

*Buc.* Why then All-soules day, is my bodies Doomesday:
This is the day, that in King Edwards time
I wish might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wifes allies:
This is the day wherein I wish to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This, this All-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined repit of my wronges:
That high all-feer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained praiser on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in ieaf.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To
To turne their points on their maisters bosome:
Now Margaret's curse is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse.
Come lirs! conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment:
And heere receiue we from our Father Stanley,
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement;
The wretched, bloody, and vsurping Boare,
That spoil'd your sommer-field, and fruitfull vines,
Swils your warme blood like waith, and makes his trough,
In your imbowelled bosomes, this foule swine
Lies now euem in the center of this Ile,
Neere to the towne of Leicester as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one daies march,
In Gods name cheare on, courageous friends,
To reape the harueft of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody triall of sharpe warre.

1 Lor. Every mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloody homicide.
2 Lor. I doubt not but his friends will fiie to vs.
3 Lor. He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.

Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Enter K. Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.

King. Heere pitch our tents, euem here in Bosworth field,
Why how now Catesby, why lookest thou so sad?

Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.

King. Norfolke, come hither:
Norfolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both gue and take, my gracious Lord.

King. Up with my tent there, heere will I lye to night,

But
The Tragedie

But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their greatest number.

King. Why, our battalion trebles that account,
Besides, the Kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse partie want:
Up with my tent there, valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs survey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Let vs want no discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a bulie day.

Exeunt.

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seat,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Gives signall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standard,
The Earle of Pembroke keeps his regiment,
Good captain Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent,
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest,
Where is Lord Stanley quarterd, doest thou know?

Blunt. Unles I haue mistane his colours much,
Which well I am assur'd I haue not done.
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,
South from the mightie power of the King.

Rich. If without perill it be possible,
Good captain Blunt beare my good night to him,
And give him from me, this most needfull scrowle,

Blunt. Upon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.

Rich. Farewell good Blunt.

Give me some Ink and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his feueral charge,
And part in just proportion our small strengt:
Come, let vs confute vpon to morrows businesse,
Into our tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter K. Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesbie.

King. What is a clocke?
of Richard the Third.

Cat. It is six of the clocke, full supper time.

King. I will not sup to night, give me some Inke & paper.

What is my Beauer easier then it was?

And all my armor laid into my tent.

Cat. It is my Liege, and all things are in readinesse,

King. Good Norfolke his theeto thy charge,

Ve carefull watch, chuse trufty Centinell.

Nor. I goe my Lord.

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norfolke.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesbie.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Send out a Purfauant at armes

To Stanleys regiment, bid him bring his power

Before Sun-rising, least his sone George fall

Into the blind cave of eternall night,

Fill me a bowle of wine, give me a watch,

Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,

Looke that my slaves be found and not too heavie Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Sawest thou the melancholy L. Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himselfe,

Much like Cockshur time, from troupe to troupe

Went through the armie chearing vp the souldiers.

King So I am satisfied, give me a bowle of wine,

I haue not that alacritie of spirit,

Nor cheare of mind that I was wont to haue:

Set it downe, is Inke and paper readie?

Rat. It is my Lord.

King. Bid my Guard watch, leave mee,

Ratcliff about the midst of night come to my tent

And helpe to arme me: leave me I say. Exit Ratcliff.

Enter Darby to Richmonduistine.

Dar. Fortune and victorie fit on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,

Be to thy person, noble father in lawe,

Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Dar. I by atturney bless thee from thy mother,

Who prays continually for Richards good.

L 2 So

V. III.
The Tragedie

So much for that: the silent hours steal on,
And flakie darkness breaks within the East,
In briefe, for so the season bids us be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloudie strokes and mortall staring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With bell aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubfull shocke of armes:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene thy tender brother George,
Be execucd in his Fathers fight.
Farewell, the leisure and the fearfull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of love,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundered friends should dwell upon,
God giue vs leasure for these rights of love,
Once more adiew, be valiant and speed well.

Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
He strue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Least leaden slumber peife me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. Exeunt.
O thou whole captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,
That they may crufli downe with a heauie fall,
The usurping helmet of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy Ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still.

Enter the Ghost of prince Ed. Son to Henry the sext.

Ghost to K. Ric. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,
At Twkesbury; dispare therefore and die.
To Rich. Be cheerefull Richmond, for the wronged soules

Of
of Richard the Third.

Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henry's issue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixth.

Ghost to K. Ri. When I was mortall, my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me: dispaire and die,
Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire and die.

To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,
Harrie that prophesied thou shouldest be King,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, live and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
I that was waft to death with fullsome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betrayed to death:

To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleffe sword, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heires of York do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, live and flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
Rivers that died at Pomfret, dispaire and die.

Gray. Think evpon Gray, and let thy soule dispaire.

Vaugh. Think evpon Vaughan, and with guiltie feare
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die...

All to Rich. Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ric, bosome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy daies.
Thinke on Lord Hastings, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire England's sake.

Enter the Ghosts of two young Princes.

Ghost to K. R. Dreame on thy counsins smothered in the
Lerws be laid within thy bosome Richard,

And weigh the downe to ruine, shame and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.

To Ri. Slepe Richmond slepe in peace, and wake in joy.

Good
The Tragedie

Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edw. vnhappy sounes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now sist thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battle thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse word, despaire and die.

To Rich. Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.
The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinelle:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting despaire, despairing yeeld thy breath.

To Rich. I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.

K. Ric. Give me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie lefu : soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how doe'st thou affliet me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearfull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What doe I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I:
Is there a murthener heere? No. Yes I am,
Then flye, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Left I revenge What? my selfe vpon myselfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherfore? for any good
That my selfe haue done vnto my selfe:
of Richard the Third.

Of no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet l y e, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand severall tongues,
And every tongue brings in a severall tale.
And every tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Perjurie, in the highest degree,
Murder, sterne murder, in the dyreft degree,
All severall sinner, all vsde in each degree,
Throng all to the barrre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
I shall despaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
And wherfore should they? since that I my selfe,
Find in my selfe, no pitty to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I murthred
Came all to my tent, and every one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I: the earley village cocke,
Hath twice done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.
King. O Ratcliffe, I haue dreamd a fearefull dreame,
What thinkst thou, will our friends proue all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.
King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night
Haue strokke more terror to the soue of Richard,
Then can the substance of ten thousand fouldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by shallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,
Under our Tents Ic play the ewele-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow Richmond.

Richo
The Tragedie.

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue taue a tardie sluggard here.
Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowlie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their soules, whose bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:
I promife you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Why then is time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing country-men, (His Oration to
The leisure and inforcement of the time,
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules;
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vswinne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truely gentlemen,
A bloudie tyrant, and a homicide.
One raifde in bloud, and one in bloud establised:
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the means to helpe him:
A base soule stone, made precious by the soyle
Of Englands chaire, where he is faftly set,
One that hath euer beene Gods enemie:
Then if you fight against Gods enemie,
God will in iustice ward you as his souldiers:
If you sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countries foes,
Your countries sat, shall pay your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerors:
If you doe free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age.

Then
of Richard the Third.

Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Aduance your Randardst draw your willing words
For me, the randard of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corps on the earths cold face;
But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof,
Sound drums and trumpets boldly, and cheerfully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was never train'd vp in armes.

King. He said the truth, and what said Surrey then.
Rat. He smiled and said, the better for our purpose.

King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is:
Tell the clockethere The clocke striketh.
Give me a Kalender, who saw the Sunne to day?

Rat. Not I my Lord.

King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke,
He should have brau'd the East an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it bee to some bodie.

Rat. My Lord.

King. The Sunne will not be seene to day,
The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon our armie,
I would these deawie teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond; for the selfe-same heauen
That frownes on me looke fadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolke.

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

King. Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,
Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my souldiers to the plaine.
And thus my battell shall be ordered.
My fore-ward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
John Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey
Shall have the leading of the soute and horse;
They thus directed, we will follow.
The Tragedie

In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chieflie horse?
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkest thou not.
Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, He sheweth
This found I on my tent this morning.
Loekey of Norfolke, be not to bold,
For Dicken thy master is bought and sold.
King. A thing devised by the enemie,
Goe Gentlemen every man unto his charge,
Let not our babling dreams affright our foules,
Conscience is a word that cowards use,
Deuise as first to kepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience, swords our lawe.
March on, joyne bravely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell. His Oration
What shall I say more then I haue in sered,
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, Rascols and runawaies,
A scum of Brittaines, and base lackey pelants,
Whom their orecloyed countrey vomits forth
To desperate adventures and utter’d destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to wretst:
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wiuens,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our mothers cost,
A milkefope, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow:
Letvs whip these straggers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famish beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang’d themselves.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owneland beaten, bob’d and thumpt,
And on record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum, Right
of Richard the Third.

Right Gentlemen of England fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw, your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves,
What saies Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

Maj. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his sonne George's head.
Nor. My Lord, the enemie is past the marsh,
After the bataile, let George Stanley die.

King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, let vpon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie fits on our helps.

Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesby.

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

King. A horse, a horse, my Kingdome for a horse.
Cat. Withdraw my Lord, I helpe you to a horse.
King. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye,
I thinke there be sixe Richmondes in the field,
Sue haue I slaine to day instead of him.
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

Alarum, Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine,
then vestal being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby bearing the Crowne, with other Lords.

Rich. God and your armes be praised victorius friends,
The day is ours the bloudie dog is dead.
Dar. Courageous Richmond, well haft thou acquit thee,
Loc heere this long vsurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloodie wretch,
Hauent I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of heauen say Amen to all.
The Tragedie of Richard the Third.

But tell me, is yong George Stanley living?

Dor. He is my Lord, and safe in Lefter Towne,

Whither if it please you, we may now withdraw vs.

Rich. What men of name are flaine on either side?


Rich. Enter their bodies, as become their births,

Proclaime a pardon to the fouldiers fled,

That in submission will returne vs,

And then as we have taken the Sacrament,

We will unite the white rose and the red.

Smile heauen upon this faire conjunction,

That long hath frownd upon their enmity,

What Traitor heares me, and lays not Amen?

England hath long beene mad, and scar'd herself,

The brother blindly shed the brothers blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his owne son,

The sonne compeld, beene butcher to the fire,

All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster,

Diuided in their dire diuision.

O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeders of each royall house,

By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,

And let thy heires (God if they will be so)

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac't peace,

With smiling plentie, and faire prosperous daies.

Abate the edge of Traitors gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloudie daies againe,

And make poore England weepe in streames of bloud,

Let them not liue to taft this lands encrease,

That would with treason wound this faire lands peace.

Now ciuill wounds are stop't, peace liues againe,

That she may long liue heare, God say Amen.

FINIS.
Shakespeare, William
Richard the Third

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