

**Richard III**  
**By William Shakespeare**

**Act I**

**1.1**

*Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester.*

*Richard*

1: Now is the Winter of our Discontent,  
2: Made glorious Summer by this Son of York:  
3: And all the clouds that lowered upon our house  
4: In the deep bosom of the Ocean buried.  
5: Now are our brows bound with Victorious Wreaths,  
6: Our bruised arms hung up for Monuments;  
7: Our stern Alarums changed to merry Meetings;  
8: Our dreadful Marches, to delightful Measures.  
9: Grim-visaged War, hath smoothed his wrinkled Front:  
12: And now, instead of mounting Barbed Steeds,  
13: To fright the Souls of fearful Adversaries,  
14: He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,  
15: To the lascivious pleasing of a Lute.  
16: But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
17: Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glass:  
20: I, that am curtailed of this fair Proportion,  
21: Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,  
22: Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time  
23: Into this breathing World, scarce half made up,  
24: And that so lamely and unfashionable,  
25: That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them.  
26: Why I (in this weak piping time of Peace)  
27: Have no delight to pass away the time,  
28: Unless to see my Shadow in the Sun,  
29: And descant on mine own Deformity.  
30: And therefore, since I cannot prove a Lover,  
31: To entertain these fair well spoken days,  
32: I am determined to prove a Villain,  
33: And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
34: Plots have I laid, Inductions dangerous,  
35: By drunken Prophecies, Libels, and Dreams,  
36: To set my Brother Clarence and the King  
37: In deadly hate, the one against the other:  
38: And if King Edward be as true and just,  
39: As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous,  
40: This day should Clarence closely be mewed up:  
41: About a Prophecy, which says that G,  
42: Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.  
43: Dive thoughts down to my soul, here Clarence comes.

*Enter Clarence and Brakenbury, guarded.*

45: Brother, good day: What means this armed guard

46: That waits upon your Grace?

*Clarence*

His Majesty tending my persons safety,

48: Hath appointed this Conduct, to convey me to th' Tower

*Richard*

Upon what cause?

*Clarence*

Because my name is George.

*Richard*

Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours:

*Clarence*

58: He hearkens after Prophecies and Dreams,

60: And says, a Wizard told him, that by G,

61: His issue disinherited should be.

62: And for my name of George begins with G,

63: It follows in his thought that I am he.

*Richard*

Why this it is, when men are ruled by Women:

67: 'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower;

68: My Lady Grey his Wife, Clarence 'tis she,

69: That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.

70: Was it not she, and that good man of Worship,

71: Anthony Woodeville her Brother there,

72: That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower?

73: From whence this present day he is delivered?

74: We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

*Clarence*

By heaven, I think there is no man secure

76: But the Queen's Kindred

*Brakenbury*

I do beseech your Grace

109: To pardon me, and withal forbear

110: Your Conference with the Noble Duke.

*Clarence*

We know thy charge Brakenbury, and will obey.

*Richard*

We are the Queen's subjects, and must obey.

113: Brother farewell, I will unto the King,

114: And whatsoever you will employ me in,

116: I will perform it to enfranchise you.

117: Mean time, this deep disgrace in Brotherhood,  
118: Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

*Clarence*

I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

*Richard*

Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,

121: I will deliver you, or else lie for you:

122: Mean time, have patience.

*Clarence*

I must perforce: Farewell.

*Exit Clarence*

*Richard*

Go tread the path that thou shalt ne're return:

125: Simple plain Clarence, I do love thee so,

126: That I will shortly send thy Soul to Heaven,

But who comes here? The new delivered Hastings?

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

*Hastings*

Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.

*Richard*

As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain:

133: How hath your Lordship brooked imprisonment?

*Hastings*

With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:

135: But I shall live (my Lord) to give them thanks

136: That were the cause of my imprisonment.

*Richard*

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

138: For they that were your Enemies, are his,

139: And have prevailed as much on him, as you,

*Hastings*

More pity, that the Eagles should be mewed,

141: Whiles Kites and Buzzards play at liberty.

*Richard*

What news abroad?

*Hastings*

No news so bad abroad, as this at home:

144: The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,

145: And his Physicians fear him mightily.

*Richard*

Now by Saint John, that News is bad indeed.

150: Where is he, in his bed?

*Hastings*

He is.

*Richard*

Go you before, and I will follow you. *Exit Hastings.*

154: He cannot live I hope, and must not die,

155: Till George be packed with post-horse up to Heaven.

156: I'll in to urge his hatred more to Clarence,

157: With Lies well steeled with weighty Arguments,

158: And if I fail not in my deep intent,

159: Clarence hath not another day to live:

160: Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,

161: And leave the world for me to bustle in.

162: For then, I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.

163: What though I killed her Husband, and her Father,

164: The readiest way to make the Wench amends,

165: Is to become her Husband, and her Father:

169: But yet I run before my horse to Market:

170: Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns,

171: When they are gone, then must I count my gains. *Exit*

## **1.2**

*Enter the Corse of Henry VI with Halberds to guard it; Lady Anne being the Mourner.*

*Anne.*

Set down, set down your honorable load,

176: If Honor may be shrouded in a Hearse;

177: Whil'st I awhile obsequiously lament

178: Th' untimely fall of Virtuous Lancaster.

179: Poor key-cold Figure of a holy King,

180: Pale Ashes of the House of Lancaster;

182: Be it lawful that I invoke thy Ghost,

183: To hear the Lamentations of poor Anne,

184: Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered Son,

185: Stabbed by the selfsame hand that made these wounds.

188: O cursed be the hand that made these holes:

189: Cursed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:

190: Cursed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:

191: More direful hap betide that hated Wretch

192: That makes us wretched by the death of thee,

193: Than I can wish to Wolves, to Spiders, Toads,

194: Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives.

195: If ever he have Child, Abortive be it,

196: Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,

197: Whose ugly and unnatural Aspect

198: May fright the hopeful Mother at the view,

200: If ever he have Wife, let her be made

201: More miserable by the death of him,

202: Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.

203: Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Load,

Taken from Paul's, to be interred there.

*Enter Richard.*

*Richard*

Stay you that bear the Corse, and set it down.

*Anne*

What black Magician conjures up this Fiend,

210: To stop devoted charitable deeds?

*Richard*

Villains set down the Corse, or by Saint Paul,

212: I'll make a Corse of him that disobeys.

*Guard*

My Lord stand back, and let the Coffin pass.

*Richard*

216: Advance thy Halberd higher than my breast,

217: Or by Saint Paul I'll strike thee to my Foot.

*Anne.*

What do you tremble? are you all afraid?

220: Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortal,

221: And Mortal eyes cannot endure the Devil.

*Richard*

Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.

*Anne*

Foul Devil, for God's sake hence, and trouble us not,

228: For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:

230: If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,

231: Behold this pattern of thy Butcheries.

232: Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead Henry's wounds,

233: Open their congealed mouths, and bleed afresh.

234: Blush, blush, thou lump of foul Deformity:

235: For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood

236: From cold and empty Veins where no blood dwells.

*Richard*

Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,

246: Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.

*Anne*

Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor Man,

248: No Beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

*Richard*

But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.

*Anne*

O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

*Richard*

More wonderful, when Angels are so angry:  
252: Vouchsafe (divine perfection of a Woman)  
253: Of these supposed Crimes, to give me leave  
254: By circumstance, but to acquit my self.

*Anne*  
Vouchsafe (defused infection of a man)  
256: Of these known evils, but to give me leave  
257: By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Self.

*Richard*  
I did not kill your Husband.

*Anne*  
Why then he is alive.

*Richard*  
Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.

*Anne*  
In thy foul throat thou Liest. Queen Margaret saw  
275: Thy murd'rous Falchion smoking in his blood:

*Richard*  
I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,  
279: That laid their guilt, upon my guiltless Shoulders.

*Anne*  
Thou was't provoked by thy bloody mind,  
281: That never dream'st on ought but Butcheries:  
282: Did'st thou not kill this King?

*Richard*  
I grant ye.

*Anne*  
Do'st grant me Hedge-hog,  
285: Then God grant me too  
286: Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed,  
287: O he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

*Richard*  
The better for the King of heaven that hath him.

*Anne*  
He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

*Richard*  
Let him thank me, that help to send him thither:  
292: For he was fitter for that place than earth.

*Anne*  
And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

*Richard*

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

*Anne*

Some dungeon.

*Richard*

Your Bed-chamber.

*Anne*

Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

*Richard*

So will it Madam, till I lie with you.

*Anne*

I hope so.

*Richard*

I know so. But gentle Lady Anne,  
301: To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
302: And fall something into a slower method.  
303: Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
304: Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,  
305: As blameful as the Executioner.

*Anne*

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

*Richard*

Your beauty was the cause of that effect:  
308: Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep.

*Anne*

If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,  
312: These Nails should rent that beauty from my Cheeks.

*Richard*

These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack,  
314: You should not blemish it, if I stood by;  
315: As all the world is cheered by the Sun,  
316: So I by that: It is my day, my life.

*Anne*

Black night ore-shade thy day, and death thy life.

*Richard*

Curse not thy self fair Creature. Thou art both.

*Anne*

I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

*Richard*

It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
322: To be revenged on him that loveth thee.

*Anne*

It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
324: To be revenged on him that killed my Husband.

*Richard*

He that bereft thee Lady of thy Husband,  
326: Did it to help thee to a better Husband.

*Anne*

His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

*Richard*

He lives, that loves thee better than he could.

*Anne*

Name him.

*Richard*

Plantagenet.

*Anne*

Why that was he.

*Richard*

The selfsame name, but one of better Nature.

*Anne*

Where is he?

*Rich*

Here: *She spits at him.*  
335: Why dost thou spit at me?

*Anne*

Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake.

*Richard*

Never came poison from so sweet a place.

*Anne*

Never hung poison on a fouler Toad.  
339: Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.

*Richard*

Thine eyes (sweet Lady) have infected mine.

*Anne*

Would they were Basilisks, to strike thee dead.



*Richard*

I would they were, that I might die at once:  
For now they kill me with a living death. *She looks scornfully at him.*  
363: Teach not thy lip such Scorn; for it was made  
364: For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.  
365: If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
366: Lo here I lend thee this sharp-pointed Sword,  
367: Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,  
368: And let the Soul forth that adoreth thee,  
369: I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
370: And humbly beg thee death upon my knee,

*He lays his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.*

372: Nay do not pause: For I did kill King Henry,  
373: But 'twas thy Beauty that provoked me.  
374: Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that stabbed young Edward,  
But 'twas thy Heavenly face that set me on. *She lets fall the Sword.*  
377: Take up the Sword again, or take up me.

*Anne*

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

*Richard*

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

*Anne*

I have already.

*Richard*

That was in thy rage:  
383: Speak it again, and even with the word,  
384: This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy Love,  
385: Shall for thy love, kill a far truer Love,  
386: To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

*Anne*

I would I knew thy heart.

*Richard*

'Tis figured in my tongue.

*Anne*

I fear me, both are false.

*Richard*

Then never Man was true.

*Anne*

Well, well, put up your Sword.

*Richard*

Say then my Peace is made.

*Anne*

That shalt thou know hereafter.

*Richard*

But shall I live in hope.

*Anne*

All men I hope live so.

*Richard*

396: Vouchsafe to wear this Ring.

Look how my Ring encompasseth thy Finger,

398: Even so thy Breast encloseth my poor heart:

399: Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

400: And if thy poor devoted Servant may

401: But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,

402: Thou dost confirm his happiness forever.

*Anne*

What is it?

*Richard*

That it may please you leave these sad designs,

405: To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,

406: And presently repair to Crosby House:

407: Where (after I have solemnly interred

408: At Chertsey Monastery this Noble King,

409: And wet his Grave with my Repentant Tears)

410: I will with all expedient duty see you.

412: Grant me this Boon.

*Anne*

With all my heart, and much it joys me too,

414: To see you are become so penitent.

415: Tressel and Barkley, go along with me.

*Richard*

Bid me farewell.

*Anne*

'Tis more then you deserve:

418: But since you teach me how to flatter you,

419: Imagine I have said farewell already. *Exit two with Anne.*

*Corse Bearer*

Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord?

*Richard*

No: to White Friars, there attend my coming. *Exit Corse.*

424: Was ever woman in this humor wooed?

425: Was ever woman in this humor won?

426: I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.  
459: Shine out fair Sun, till I have bought a glass,  
460: That I may see my Shadow as I pass. *Exit.*

### **1.3**

*Enter the Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.*

*Rivers*

Have patience Madam, there's no doubt his Majesty  
465: Will soon recover his accustomed health.

*Grey.*

In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse,  
467: Therefore for God's sake entertain good comfort,  
468: And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes

*Elizabeth*

470: If he were dead, what would betide on me?

*Grey.*

No other harm, but loss of such a Lord.

*Elizabeth*

The loss of such a Lord includes all harms.

*Grey.*

The Heavens have blest you with a goodly Son,  
474: To be your Comforter, when he is gone.

*Elizabeth*

Ah! He is young; and his minority  
476: Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,  
477: A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

*Rivers*

Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

*Elizabeth*

It is determined, not concluded yet:  
But so it must be, if the King miscarry. *Enter Buckingham and Derby.*

*Grey.*

Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Derby.

*Buckingham*

Good time of day unto your Royal Grace.

*Derby*

God make your Majesty joyful, as you have been.

*Elizabeth*

Saw you the King today, my Lord of Derby?

*Derby*

But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,  
497: Are come from visiting his Majesty.

*Elizabeth*

God grant him health, did you confer with him?

*Buckingham*

Aye, Madam, he desires to make atonement  
502: Between the Duke of Gloucester, and your Brothers,  
503: And between them, and my Lord Chamberlain,  
504: And sent to warn them to his Royal presence.

*Elizabeth*

Would all were well, but that will never be,  
506: I fear our happiness is at the height.      *Enter Richard.*

*Richard*

They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.  
509: Who is it that complains unto the King,  
510: That I (forsooth) am stern, and love them not?  
511: By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly,  
512: That fill his ears with such dissentious Rumors.  
513: Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,  
514: Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and codge,  
515: Duck with French nods, and Apish courtesy,  
516: I must be held a rancorous Enemy.  
517: Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,  
518: But thus his simple truth must be abused,  
519: With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

*Grey.*

To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?

*Richard*

To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace:  
522: When have I injured thee? When done thee wrong?  
523: Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?  
524: A plague upon you all. His Royal Grace  
525: (Whom God preserve better then you would wish)  
526: Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,  
527: But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

*Elizabeth*

Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter:

*Richard*

I cannot tell, the world is grown so bad,  
536: That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not perch.

*Elizabeth*

Come, come, we know your meaning Brother Gloucester  
540: You envy my advancement, and my friends:

541: God grant we never may have need of you.

*Richard*

Meantime, God grants that I have need of you.

543: Our Brother is imprisoned by your means,

*Elizabeth*

550: I never did incense his Majesty

551: Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been

552: An earnest advocate to plead for him.

*Richard*

You may deny that you were not the mean

556: Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment?

*Rivers*

She may my Lord, for-

*Richard*

She may Lord Rivers, why who knows not so?

559: She may do more sir than denying that:

560: She may help you to many fair preferments,

561: And then deny her aiding hand therein,

562: And lay those Honors on your high desert.

563: What may she not, she may, I marry may she.

*Rivers*

What marry may she?

*Richard*

What marry may she? Marry with a King,

*Elizabeth*

My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne

569: Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:

570: By heaven, I will acquaint his Majesty

571: Of those gross taunts that oft I have endured.

572: I had rather be a Country servant maid

573: Than a great Queen, with this condition,

574: To be so baited, scorned, and stormed at,

Small joy have I in being England's Queen. *Enter old Queen Margaret.*

*Margaret*

And lessened be that small, God I beseech him.

578: Thy honor, state, and seat, is due to me.

*Richard*

What? Threat you me with telling of the King?

580: I will avouch't in presence of the King:

581: I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tower.

582: 'Tis time to speak. My pains are quite forgot.

*Margaret.*

Out Devil, I do remember them too well:  
586: Thou killd'st my Husband Henry in the Tower,  
587: And Edward my poor Son, at Tewkesbury.

*Richard*

Ere you were Queen, aye, or your Husband King:  
590: I was a pack-horse in his great affairs:  
591: A weeder out of his proud Adversaries,  
592: A liberal rewarder of his Friends,  
593: To royalize his blood, I spent mine own.

*Margaret.*

Aye, and much better blood than his or thine.

*Richard*

In all which time, you and your Husband Grey  
597: Were factious, for the House of Lancaster;  
598: And Rivers, so were you: if you forget  
601: What you have been ere this, and what you are:  
602: Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

*Margaret*

A murderous Villain, and so still thou art.

*Richard*

Poor Clarence did forsake his Father Warwick,  
605: Aye, and forswore himself (which Jesu pardon.)  
To fight on Edward's party, for the Crown,  
608: And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mewed up:  
609: I would to God my heart were Flint, like Edward's,  
610: Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;  
611: I am too childish foolish for this World.

*Margaret*

High thee to Hell for shame, and leave this World

*Rivers*

My Lord of Gloucester: in those busy days,  
615: Which here you urge, to prove us Enemies,  
616: We followed then our Lord, our Sovereign King,  
617: So should we you, if you should be our King.

*Richard*

If I should be? I had rather be a Peddler:  
619: Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

*Elizabeth*

As little joy (my Lord) as you suppose  
621: You should enjoy, were you this Country's King,  
622: As little joy you may suppose in me,  
623: That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

*Margaret*

A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof,  
625: For I am she, and altogether joyless:  
626: I can no longer hold me patient.  
627: Hear me, you wrangling Pirates that fall out,  
628: In sharing that which you have pilled from me:  
629: Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?  
632: Ah, gentle Villain, do not turn away.

*Richard*

Foul, wrinkled Witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?  
Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?

*Margaret*

I was: but I do find more pain in banishment,  
638: Than death can yield me here, by my abode.  
639: A Husband and a Son thou ow'st to me,  
640: And thou a Kingdom; all of you, allegiance:  
641: This Sorrow that I have, by right is yours,  
642: And all the Pleasures you usurp, are mine.

*Richard*

The Curse my Noble Father laid on thee,  
644: When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,  
645: And with thy scorns drew'st Rivers from his eyes,  
646: And then to dry them, gav'st the Duke a Clout,  
647: Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland:  
648: His Curses then, from bitterness of Soul,  
649: Denounced against thee, are all faln upon thee:  
650: And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

*Elizabeth*

So just is God, to right the innocent.

*Hastings*

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

*Rivers*

Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

*Dorset*

No man but prophesied revenge for it.

*Buckingham*

Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

*Margaret*

What? Were you snarling all before I came,  
658: Ready to catch each other by the throat,  
659: And turn you all your hatred now on me?  
664: Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heaven?  
665: Why then give way dull Clouds to my quick Curses.  
666: Though not by War, by Surfeit die your King,

667: As ours by Murder to make him a King.  
668: Edward thy Son, that now is Prince of Wales,  
669: For Edward our Son, that was Prince of Wales,  
670: Die in his youth, by like untimely violence.  
671: Thy self a Queen, for me that was a Queen,  
672: Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self:  
673: Long may'st thou live, to wail thy Children's death,  
674: And see another, as I see thee now,  
675: Deckerd in thy Rights, as thou art stalled in mine.  
679: Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,  
680: And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my Son  
681: Was stabbed with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,  
682: That none of you may live his natural age,  
683: But by some unlooked accident cut off.

*Richard*

Have done thy Charm, thy hateful withered Hag.

*Margaret*

And leave out thee? Stay Dog, for thou shalt hear me.  
686: If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,  
687: Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
688: O let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,  
689: And then hurl down their indignation  
690: On thee, the troubler of the poor World's peace.  
691: The Worm of Conscience still begnaw thy Soul,  
692: Thy Friends suspect for Traitors while thou liv'st,  
693: And take deep Traitors for thy dearest Friends:  
694: No sleep close up that deadly Eye of thine,  
695: Unless it be while some tormenting Dream  
696: Affrights thee with a Hell of ugly Devils.  
697: Thou elfish marked, abortive rooting Hog,  
698: Thou that wast sealed in thy Nativity  
699: The slave of Nature, and the Son of Hell:  
700: Thou slander of thy heavy Mother's Womb,  
701: Thou loathed Issue of thy Father's Loins,  
702: Thou Rag of Honor, thou detested-

*Richard*

Margaret.

*Margaret*

Richard.

*Richard*

Ha.

*Margaret*

I call thee not.

*Richard*

I cry thee mercy then: for I did think,  
707: That thou hadst called me all these bitter names.



*Margaret*

Why so I did, but looked for no reply.

709: Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

*Richard*

'Tis done by me and ends in Margaret.

*Elizabeth*

Thus have you breathed your Curse against yourself.

*Margaret*

Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,

713: Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottled Spider,

714: Whose deadly Web ensnareth thee about?

715: Fool, fool, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy self:

716: The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,

717: To help thee curse this poisonous Bunch-backed Toad.

*Hastings*

False boding Woman, end thy frantic Curse,

719: Lest to thy harm, thou move our patience.

*Margaret*

Foul shame upon you, you have all moved mine.

*Dorset*

Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

*Margaret*

Peace Master Marquess, you are malapert,

727: Your fire-new stamp of Honor is scarce currant.

*Richard*

Good counsel marry, learn it, learn it Marquess.

*Dorset*

It touches you my Lord, as much as me.

*Buckingham*

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

*Margaret*

O Princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,

755: Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood:

756: Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

*Buckingham*

Nor no one here: for Curses never pass

758: The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

*Margaret*

761: O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog:

762: Look when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,  
763: His venom tooth will rankle to the death.  
764: Have not to do with him, beware of him,  
765: Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,  
766: And all their Ministers attend on him.

*Richard*

What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham.

*Buckingham*

Nothing that I respect, my gracious Lord.

*Margaret*

What dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?

771: And soothe the devil that I warn thee from.

772: O but remember this another day:

773: When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow:

774: And say (poor Margaret) was a Prophetess:

775: Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

776: And he to yours, and all of you to God's. *Exit.*

*Buckingham*

My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

*Rivers*

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

*Richard*

I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother,

780: She hath had too much wrong, and I repent

781: My part thereof, that I have done to her.

*Elizabeth*

I never did her any to my knowledge.

*Richard*

Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:

786: Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid:

787: He is franked up to fattening for his pains,

788: God pardon them that are the cause thereof.

*Rivers*

A virtuous, and a Christian-like conclusion

790: To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

*Richard*

So do I ever, being well advised. *Speaks to himself.*

For had I curst now, I had curst my self. *Enter Catesby.*

*Catesby*

Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,

796: And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.

*Elizabeth*

Catesby I come, Lords will you go with me.

*Rivers*

We wait upon your Grace.      *Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

*Richard*

801: The secret Mischiefs that I set abroad,

802: I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

810: But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture,

811: Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:

812: And thus I clothe my naked Villainy

813: With odd old ends, stolen forth of holy Writ,

And seem a Saint, when most I play the devil.      *Enter two murderers.*

816: But soft, here come my Executioners,

817: How now my hardy stout resolved Mates.

818: Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

*Murderer 1*

We are my Lord, and come to have the Warrant,

820: That we may be admitted where he is.

*Richard*

Well thought upon, I have it here about me:

822: When you have done, repair to Crosby place;

823: But sirs be sudden in the execution,

824: Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

825: For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps

826: May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

*Murderer 2*

Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,

828: Talkers are no good doers, be assured:

829: We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

*Richard*

832: I like you Lads, about your business straight.

833: Go, go, dispatch.

*Both Murderers*

We will my Noble Lord.

*Exeunt.*

#### **1.4**

*Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.*

*Brakenbury*

Why looks your Grace so heavily today.

*Clarence*

O, I have passed a miserable night,

839: So full of fearful Dreams, of ugly sights,

840: That as I am a Christian faithful man,

841: I would not spend another such a night

842: Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days:

843: So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Brakenbury*

What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tell me.

*Clarence*

Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,

846: And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,

847: And in my company my Brother Gloucester,

848: Who from my Cabin tempted me to walk,

849: Upon the Hatches: There we looked toward England,

853: Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,

854: Me thought that Gloucester stumbled, and in falling

855: Strook me (that thought to stay him) over-board,

856: Into the tumbling billows of the main.

857: O Lord, me thought what pain it was to drown,

858: What dreadful noise of water in mine ears,

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes. *Enter two Murderers.*

*Murderer 1*

Ho, who's here?

*Brakenbury*

What would'st thou Fellow? And how cam'st thou hither?

*Murderer 2*

I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my Legs.

*Brakenbury*

What so brief?

*Murderer 1*

'Tis better (Sir) than to be tedious:

929: Let him see our Commission, and talk no more.

*Brakenbury*

*Reads.* I am in this, commanded to deliver

931: The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.

932: I will not reason what is meant hereby,

933: Because I will be guiltless from the meaning.

934: There lies the Duke asleep, and there the Keys.

935: I'll to the King, and signify to him,

936: That thus I have resigned to you my charge. *Exit.*

*Murderer 1*

You may sir, 'tis a point of wisdom: Fare you well.

*Murderer 2*

What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

*Murderer 1*

No: he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes

*Murderer 2*

Why he shall never wake, until the great Judgment day.

*Murderer 1*

Why then he'll say, we stabbed him sleeping.

*Murderer 2*

The urging of that word Judgment hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

*Murderer 1*

What? Art thou afraid?

*Murderer 2*

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

*Murderer 1*

I thought thou had'st been resolute.

*Murderer 2*

So I am, to let him live.

*Murderer 1*

I'll back to the Duke of Gloucester, and tell him so.

*Murderer 2*

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

*Murderer 1*

How dost thou feel thy self now?

*Murderer 2*

Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

*Murderer 1*

Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

*Murderer 2*

Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

*Murderer 1*

Where's thy conscience now.

*Murderer 2*

O, in the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

*Murderer 1*

When he opens his purse to give us our Reward, thy Conscience flies out.

*Murderer 2*

'Tis no matter, let it go: There's few or none will entertain it.

*Murderer 1*

What if it come again?

*Murderer 2*

I'll not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward: A man cannot steal, but it accuseth him: A man cannot swear, but it Checks him: A man cannot lie with his Neighbor's Wife, but it detects him. It made me once restore a Purse of Gold that (by chance) I found: Every man that means to live well, endeavors to trust to himself, and live without it.

*Murderer 1*

'Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke. I am strong framed, he cannot prevail with me.

*Murderer 2*

Spoke like a tall man that respects thy reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

*Murderer 1*

Take him on the Costard, with the hilts of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmsey-Butt in the next room.

*Murderer 2*

O excellent device; and make a sop of him.

*Murderer 1*

Soft, he wakes.

*Murderer 2*

Strike.

*Murderer 1*

No, we'll reason with him.

*Clarence*

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

*Murderer 2*

You shall have Wine enough my Lord anon.

*Clarence*

In God's name, what art thou?

*Murderer 1*

A man, as you are.

*Clarence*

But not as I am Royal.

*Murderer 1*

Nor you as we are, Loyal.

*Clarence*

How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak?

1002: Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?

1003: Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

*Murderer 2*

To, to, to-

*Clarence*

To murder me?

*Both.*

Aye, aye.

*Clarence*

You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,

1008: And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

1009: Wherein my Friends have I offended you?

*Murderer 1*

Offended us you have not, but the King.

*Clarence*

I shall be reconciled to him again.

*Murderer 2*

Never my Lord, therefore prepare to die.

*Clarence*

Are you drawn forth among a world of men?

1014: To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

1015: Where is the Evidence that doth accuse me?

1020: To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

1021: I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,

1022: That you depart, and lay no hands on me:

1023: The deed you undertake is damnable.

*Murderer 1*

What we will do, we do upon command.

*Murderer 2*

And he that hath commanded is our King.

*Clarence*

Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings

1027: Hath in the Table of his Law commanded

1028: That thou shalt do no murder. Will you then

1029: Spurn at his Edict, and fulfill a Man's?

1030: Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand,

1031: To hurl upon their heads that break his Law.

*Murderer 2*

And that same Vengeance doth he hurl on thee,

1033: For false Forswearing, and for murder too:

1034: Thou did'st receive the Sacrament, to fight  
1035: In quarrel of the House of Lancaster.

*Murderer 1*

And like a Traitor to the name of God,  
1037: Did'st break that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,  
1038: Unrip'st the Bowels of thy Sovereign's Son.

*Murderer 2*

Whom thou was't sworn to cherish and defend.

*Murderer 1*

How canst thou urge God's dreadful Law to us,  
1041: When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

*Clarence*

Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?  
1043: For Edward, for my Brother, for his sake.  
If you do love my Brother, hate not me:  
1058: I am his Brother, and I love him well.  
1059: If you are hired for meed, go back again,  
1060: And I will send you to my Brother Gloucester:  
1061: Who shall reward you better for my life,  
1062: Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

*Murderer 2*

You are deceived. Your Brother Gloucester hates you.

*Clarence*

Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:  
1066: Go you to him from me.

*Murderer 1*

Aye so we will. Come, you deceive yourself.  
1076: 'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

*Murderer 2*

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

*Clarence*

Have you that holy feeling in your souls,  
1084: To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
1085: And are you yet to your own souls so blind,  
1086: That you will war with God, by murd'ring me.  
Relent, and save your souls:

*Murderer 1*

Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

*Clarence*

Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish:  
1098: My Friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:



*Murderer 2*

Look behind you, my Lord.

*Murderer 1*

Take that, and that. If all this will not do, (*Stabs him*)

1104: I'll drown you in the Malmsey-Butt within. *Exit with body.*

*Murderer 2*

A bloody deed, and desperately dispatched:

1106: How fain (like Pilate) would I wash my hands

1107: Of this most grievous murder. *Enter Murderer 1.*

*Murderer 1*

How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st me not? By Heaven the Duke shall know how slack you have been.

*Murderer 2*

I would he knew that I had saved his brother,

1112: Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,

1113: For I repent me that the Duke is slain. *Exit.*

*Murderer 1*

So do not I: go Coward as thou art.

1115: Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,

1116: Till that the Duke give order for his burial:

1117: And when I have my meed, I will away,

1118: For this will out, and then I must not stay. *Exit*

## **Act II**

### **2.1**

*Flourish. Enter the King sick, the Queen, Lord Marquess Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby, and Buckingham.*

*King.*

Why so: now have I done a good days work.

1125: You Peers, continue this united League:

1126: I, every day expect an Embassy

1127: From my Redeemer, to redeem me hence.

1130: Dorset and Rivers, take each other's hand,

1131: Dissemble not your hatred, Swear your love.

*Rivers*

By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate

1133: And with my hand I seal my true heart's Love.

*Hastings*

So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

*King.*

Madam, yourself is not exempt from this:

1142: Nor you Son Dorset, Buckingham nor you;

1143: You have been factious one against the other.

1144: Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand,

1145: And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

*Elizabeth*

There, Hastings, I will never more remember

1147: Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine.

*King.*

Dorset, embrace him: Hastings, love Lord Marquess.

*Dorset*

This interchange of love, I here protest

1151: Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

*Hastings*

And so swear I.

*King.*

Now Princely Buckingham, seal thou this league

1154: With thy embracements to my wife's Allies,

1155: And make me happy in your unity.

*Buckingham*

When ever Buckingham doth turn his hate

1157: Upon your Grace, but with all duteous love,

1158: Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me

1159: With hate in those where I expect most love.

1160: When I have most need to employ a Friend,

1161: And most assured that he is a Friend,

1162: Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,

1163: Be he unto me: This do I beg of heaven,

1164: When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.      *Embrace.*

*King.*

A pleasing Cordial, Princely Buckingham

1167: There wanteth now our Brother Gloucester here,

1168: To make the blessed period of this peace.

*Buckingham*

And in good time. Here comes the Duke.      *Enter Gloucester.*

*Richard*

Good morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen

1173: And Princely Peers, a happy time of day.

*King.*

Happy indeed, as we have spent the day:

1175: Gloucester, we have done deeds of Charity,

1176: Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,

1177: Between these swelling wrong incensed Peers.

*Richard*

A blessed labor my most Sovereign Lord:

1179: Among this Princely heap, if any here

1180: By false intelligence, or wrong surmise

1181: Hold me a Foe: If I unwillingly, or in my rage,

1182: Have ought committed that is hardly born,

1183: To any in this presence, I desire

1184: To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:

1185: 'Tis death to me to be at enmity:

1186: I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

*Elizabeth*

A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:

1200: I would to God all strifes were well compounded.

1201: My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness

1202: To take our Brother Clarence to your Grace.

*Richard*

Why Madam, have I offered love for this?

1204: To be so flouted in this Royal presence?

1205: Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They all start.*

*King.*

Who knows not he is dead? Who knows he is?

*Elizabeth*

All-seeing heaven, what a world is this?

*King.*

Is Clarence dead? The Order was reversed.

*Richard*

But he (poor man) by your first order died,

1215: And that a winged Mercury did bear:

1216: Some tardy Cripple bore the Countermand,

1217: That came too lag to see him buried. *Enter Earl of Derby.*

*Derby*

A boon, my Sovereign, for my service done.

*King.*

I prithee peace, my soul is full of sorrow.

*Derby*

I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

*King.*

Then say at once, what is it thou requests.

*Derby*

The forfeit (Sovereign) of my servant's life,

1228: Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman,  
1229: Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

*King.*

Have I a tongue to doom my Brother's death?

1231: And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

1232: My Brother killed no man, his fault was Thought,

1233: And yet his punishment was bitter death.

1234: Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)

1235: Kneeled at my feet, and bid me be advised?

1236: Who spoke of Brotherhood? Who spoke of love?

1237: Who told me how the poor soul did forsake

1238: The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?

1239: Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,

1240: When Oxford had me down, he rescued me:

1241: And said dear Brother live, and be a King?

1252: You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,

1253: And I (unjustly too) must grant it you.

1254: But for my Brother, not a man would speak,

1255: Nor I (ungracious) speak unto my self

1259: O God! I fear thy justice will take hold

1260: On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.

1261: Come Hastings help me to my Closet.

1262: Ah poor Clarence. *Exeunt some with King and Queen.*

*Richard*

This is the fruits of rashness: Marked you not,

1264: How that the guilty Kindred of the Queen

1265: Looked pale, when they did hear of Clarence death.

1266: O! they did urge it still unto the King,

1267: God will revenge it. Come Lords will you go,

1268: To comfort Edward with our company?

*Buckingham*

We wait upon your Grace. *Exeunt.*

## **2.2**

*Enter the old Duchess of York with the two children of Clarence.*

*Boy*

Good Grandam tell us, is our Father dead?

*Duchess*

No Boy.

*Boy.*

Why do you look on us, and shake your head,

1278: And call us Orphans, Wretches, Castaways,

1279: If that our Noble Father were alive?

*Duchess*

My pretty Cousins, you mistake me both.

1281: I do lament the sickness of the King,

1282: As loath to lose him, not your Father's death:  
1283: It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

*Boy.*

Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:  
1285: The King mine Uncle is too blame for it.  
1286: God will revenge it, whom I will importune  
1287: With earnest prayers, all to that effect.

*Girl.*

And so will I.

*Duchess*

Peace children peace, the King doth love you well.  
1290: Incapable, and shallow Innocents,  
1291: You cannot guess who caused your Father's death.

*Boy.*

Grandam we can: for my good Uncle Gloucester  
1293: Told me, the King provoked to it by the Queen,  
1294: Devised impeachments to imprison him;  
1295: And when my Uncle told me so, he wept,  
1296: And pitied me, and kindly kissed my cheek:  
1297: Bade me rely on him, as on my Father,  
1298: And he would love me dearly as a child.

*Duchess*

Ah! That Deceit should steal such gentle shape,  
1300: And with a virtuous Visor hide deep vice.  
1301: He is my son, aye, and therein my shame.  
1302: Yet from my dugs, he drew not this deceit.

*Boy.*

Think you my Uncle did dissemble Grandam?

*Duchess*

Aye, Boy.

*Boy.*

I cannot think it. Hark, what noise is this?

*Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears. Rivers and Dorset after her.*

*Elizabeth*

Ah! Who shall hinder me to wail and weep?  
1309: To chide my Fortune, and torment my Self.  
1310: I'll join with black despair against my Soul,  
1311: And to my self, become an enemy.

*Duchess*

What means this Scene of rude impatience?

*Elizabeth*

To make an act of Tragic violence.  
1314: Edward my Lord, thy Son, our King is dead.

*Duchess*

1323: I have bewept a worthy Husband's death,  
1324: And lived with looking on his Images:  
1325: But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,  
1326: Are cracked in pieces, by malignant death,  
1327: And I for comfort, have but one false Glass,  
1328: That grieves me when I see my shame in him.  
1329: Thou art a Widow: yet thou art a Mother,  
1330: And hast the comfort of thy Children left.  
1331: But death hath snatched my Husband from mine Arms,  
1332: And plucked two Crutches from my feeble hands,  
1333: Clarence, and Edward.

*Elizabeth*

Was never widow had so dear a loss.

*Children*

Were never Orphans had so dear a loss.

*Duchess*

Was never Mother had so dear a loss.

*Dorset*

Comfort dear Mother, God is much displeased,  
1363: That you take with unthankfulness his doing.

*Rivers.*

Madam, bethink you like a careful Mother  
1370: Of the young Prince your son: send straight for him,  
1371: Let him be Crowned, in him your comfort lives.  
1372: Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,  
1373: And plant your joys in living Edward's Throne.

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

*Richard*

Sister have comfort, all of us have cause  
1377: To wail the dimming of our shining Star:  
1378: But none can help our harms by wailing them.  
1379: Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercy,  
1380: I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,  
1381: I crave your Blessing.

*Duchess*

God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,  
1383: Love Charity, Obedience, and true Duty.

*Richard*

Amen, and make me die a good old man. *(Aside)*  
1385: That is the butt-end of a Mother's blessing;

1386: I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

*Buckingham*

You cloudy-Princes, and heart-sorrowing Peers,  
1388: That bear this heavy mutual load of Moan,  
1389: Now cheer each other, in each other's Love:  
1390: Though we have spent our Harvest of this King,  
1391: We are to reap the Harvest of his Son.  
1395: Me seemth good, that with some little Train,  
1396: Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be set  
1397: Hither to London, to be crowned our King.

*Rivers.*

Why with some little Train, my Lord of Buckingham?

*Buckingham*

Marry my Lord, lest by a multitude,  
1401: The new-healed wound of Malice should break out,  
1402: Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
1403: By how much the estate is green, and yet ungoverned.

*Richard*

I hope the King made peace with all of us,  
1409: And the compact is firm, and true in me.

*Rivers*

And so in me, and so (I think) in all.  
1411: Yet since it is but green, it should be put  
1412: To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
1413: Which haply by much company might be urged:  
1414: Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham,  
1415: That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

*Hastings*

And so say I.

*Richard*

Then be it so, and go we to determine  
1418: Who they shall be that straight shall post to London.  
1419: Madam, and you my Sister, will you go  
1420: To give your censures in this business. *Exeunt.*

*Manet Buckingham, and Richard.*

*Buckingham*

My Lord, who ever journeys to the Prince,  
1423: For God sake let not us two stay at home:  
1424: For by the way, I'll sort occasion,  
1426: To part the Queen's proud Kindred from the Prince.

*Richard*

1429: I, as a child, will go by thy direction,  
1430: Toward London then, for we'll not stay behind. *Exeunt.*

### 2.3

*Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.*

1. *Cit.*

Good morrow Neighbor, whither away so fast?

2. *Cit.*

I promise you, I scarcely know my self: Hear you the news abroad?

1.

Yes, that the King is dead.

2.

1440: I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world. *Enter another Citizen.*

3.

Neighbors, God speed.

1.

Give you good morrow sir.

3.

Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2.

Aye sir, it is too true, God help the while.

3.

Then Masters look to see a troublous world.

1.

No, no, by God's good grace, his Son shall reign.

3.

Woe to that Land that's governed by a Child.

1.

So stood the State, when Henry the sixth  
Was crowned in Paris, but at nine months old.

3.

Stood the State so? No, no, good friends, God wot  
1456: For then this Land was famously enriched  
1457: With politic grave Counsel; then the King  
1458: Had virtuous Uncles to protect his Grace.

1.

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

3.

1464: O full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,  
1465: And the Queen's Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:



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

3.  
When Clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks.

2.  
Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:

3.  
Leave it all to God. Whither away?

2  
Marry we were sent for to the Justices.

3  
And so was I: I'll bear you company.       *Exeunt.*

**2.4**  
*Enter Archbishop, young York, the Queen, and the Duchess.*

*Archbishop*  
Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,  
1489: And at Northampton they do rest tonight:  
1490: Tomorrow, or next day, they will be here.

*Duchess*  
I long with all my heart to see the Prince:  
1492: I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

*Elizabeth*  
But I hear no, they say my son of York  
1494: Has almost overtane him in his growth.

*York.*  
Aye, Mother, but I would not have it so.

*Duchess*  
Why my good Cousin, it is good to grow.

*York*  
Marry (they say) my Uncle grew so fast,  
1516: That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old.

*Duchess*  
I prithee pretty York, who told thee this?

*York*  
Grandam, his Nurse.

*Duchess*  
His Nurse? Why she was dead, ere thou wast born.

*York*

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

*Elizabeth*

A parlous Boy: go to, you are too shrewd.

*Duchess*

Good Madam, be not angry with the Child.

*Elizabeth*

Pitchers have ears.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Archbishop*

Here comes a Messenger: What News?

*Messenger*

Such news my Lord, as grieves me to report.

*Elizabeth*

How doth the Prince?

*Messenger*

Well Madam, and in health.

*Duchess*

What is thy News?

*Messenger*

Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey,  
1533: Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,  
1534: Sir Thomas Vaughan, Prisoners.

*Duchess*

Who hath committed them?

*Messenger*

The mighty Dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.

*Archbishop*

For what offence?

*Messenger*

The sum of all I can, I have disclosed:  
1539: Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,  
1540: Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lord.

*Elizabeth*

Aye me! I see the ruin of my House:  
1542: The Tiger now hath seized the gentle Hind,  
1545: Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Massacre,  
1546: I see (as in a Map) the end of all.

*Duchess*  
Accursed, and unquiet wrangling days,  
1548: How many of you have mine eyes beheld?

*Elizabeth*  
Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.  
Madam, farewell.

*Duchess*  
Stay, I will go with you.

*Archbishop*  
My gracious Lady go,  
1563: And thither bear your Treasure and your Goods,  
1567: Go, I'll conduct you to the Sanctuary. *Exeunt.*

### **Act III**

#### **3.1**

*Trumpets sound. Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester, and Buckingham, Lord Cardinal, with others.*

*Buckingham*  
Welcome, sweet Prince, to London.

*Richard*  
Welcome, dear Cousin, my thoughts' Sovereign.  
1575: The weary way hath made you Melancholy.

*Prince*  
No, Uncle, but our crosses on the way,  
1577: Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy.  
1578: I want more Uncles here to welcome me.

*Richard*  
Sweet Prince, the untainted virtue of your years  
1580: Hath not yet dived into the World's deceit:  
1584: Those Uncles which you want, were dangerous:  
1585: Your Grace attended to their Sugared words,  
1586: But looked not on the poison of their hearts:  
1587: God keep you from them, and from such false Friends.

*Prince*  
God keep me from false Friends, but they were none.

*Richard*  
My Lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you. *Enter Lord Mayor.*

*Mayor.*

God bless your Grace, with health and happy days.

*Prince*

I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all:

1596: I thought my Mother, and my Brother York,

1597: Would long, ere this, have met us on the way.

1598: Fie, what a Slug is Hastings that he comes not

1599: To tell us, whether they will come, or no. *Enter Lord Hastings.*

*Buckingham*

And in good time, here comes the sweating Lord.

*Prince.*

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

*Hastings*

On what occasion God he knows, not I;

1606: The Queen your Mother, and your Brother York,

1607: Have taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince

1608: Would fain have come with me, to met your Grace,

1609: But by his Mother was perforce withheld.

*Buckingham*

Fie, what an indirect and peevish course

1611: Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace

1612: Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York

1613: Unto his Princely Brother presently?

1614: If she deny, Lord Hastings go with him,

1615: And from her jealous Arms pluck him perforce.

*Cardinal*

My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak Oratory

1617: Can from his Mother win the Duke of York,

1618: Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate

1619: To mild entreaties, God forbid

1620: We should infringe the holy Privilege

1621: Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,

1622: Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

*Buckingham*

You are too senseless obstinate, my Lord,

1624: Too ceremonious, and traditional.

1626: You break not Sanctuary, in seizing him:

1630: This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserved it,

1631: And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.

1634: Oft have I heard of Sanctuary men,

1635: But Sanctuary children, ne're till now.

*Cardinal*

My Lord, you shall ore-rule my mind for once.

1637: Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

*Hastings*

I go, my Lord.

*Exit Cardinal and Hastings.*

*Prince.*

Good Lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

1640: Say, Uncle Gloucester, if our Brother come,

1641: Where shall we sojourn till our Coronation?

*Richard*

1643: If I may counsel you, some day or two

1644: Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower:

*Prince.*

I do not like the Tower, of any place:

1648: Did Julius Caesar build that place, my Lord?

*Buckingham*

He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,

1650: Which since, succeeding Ages have re-edified.

*Prince.*

Is it upon record? Or else reported

1652: Successively from age to age, he built it?

*Buckingham*

Upon record, my gracious Lord.

*Prince.*

But say, my Lord, it were not registered,

1655: Me thinks the truth should live from age to age,

1656: As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,

1657: Even to the general ending day.

*Richard*

*(Aside)* So wise, so young, they say do never live long.

*Prince.*

What say you, Uncle?

*Richard*

I say, without Characters, Fame lives long.

*Prince.*

1668: I'll tell you what, my Cousin Buckingham.

*Buckingham*

What, my gracious Lord?

*Prince.*

And if I live until I be a man,

1671: I'll win our ancient Right in France again,

1672: Or die a Soldier, as I lived a King.

*Richard*

*(Aside)* Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

*Enter young York, Hastings, and Cardinal.*

*Buckingham*

Now in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

*Prince.*

Richard of York, how fares our Noble Brother?

*York.*

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

*Prince.*

Aye, Brother, to our grief.

*Richard*

My Lord, wilt please you pass along?

1721: My self, and my good Cousin Buckingham,

1722: Will to your Mother, to entreat of her

1723: To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

*York.*

What, will you go unto the Tower, my Lord?

*Prince.*

My Lord Protector will have it so.

*York.*

I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

*Richard*

Why, what should you fear?

*York.*

Marry, my Uncle Clarence angry Ghost:

1729: My Grandam told me he was murdered there.

*Prince.*

I fear no Uncles dead.

*Richard*

Nor none that live, I hope.

*Prince.*

And if they live, I hope I need not fear.

1733: But come my Lord: and with a heavy heart,

1734: Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

*A Snenet. Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, and Dorset.*

*Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.*

*Buckingham*

Come hither Catesby,

1744: Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,

1747: What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter,

1748: To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,

1749: For the installment of this Noble Duke

1750: In the Seat Royal of this famous Isle?

*Catesby*

He, for his father's sake, so loves the Prince,

1752: That he will not be won to ought against him.

*Buckingham*

What think'st thou then of Derby? Will not he?

*Catesby*

He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

*Buckingham*

Well then, no more but this:

1757: Go gentle Catesby, and as it were far off,

1758: Sound thou Lord Hastings,

1759: How he doth stand affected to our purpose,

1760: And summon him to morrow to the Tower,

1761: To sit about the Coronation.

1762: If thou dost find him tractable to us,

1763: Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:

1764: If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,

1765: Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,

1766: And give us notice of his inclination:

Good Catesby, go effect this business soundly.

*Catesby*

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

*Richard*

Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

*Catesby*

You shall, my Lord.

*Richard*

At Crosby House, there shall you find us both.     *Exit Catesby.*

*Buckingham*

Now, my Lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

1782: Lord Hastings will not yield to our Complots?

*Richard*

Chop off his Head: Something we will determine:

1785: And look when I am King, claim thou of me

1786: The Earldom of Hereford, and all the movables

1787: Whereof the King, my Brother, was possessed.

*Buckingham*

I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.

*Richard*

And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

1790: Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards

1791: We may digest our complots in some form. *Exeunt.*

### **3.2**

*Enter Lord Hastings, Catesby severally.*

*Catesby*

Many good morrows to my Noble Lord.

*Hastings*

Good morrow Catesby, you are early stirring:

1835: What news, what news, in this our tottering State?

*Catesby*

It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:

1837: And I believe will never stand upright,

1838: Till Richard wear the Garland of the Realm.

*Hastings*

How wear the Garland? Dost thou mean the Crown?

*Catesby*

Aye, my good Lord.

*Hastings*

I'll have this Crown of mine cut from my shoulders,

1843: Before I'll see the Crown so foul misplaced:

1844: But canst thou guess, that he doth aim at it?

*Catesby*

Aye, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,

1846: Upon his party, for the gain thereof:

1847: And thereupon he sends you this good news,

1848: That this same very day your enemies,

1849: The Kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret.

*Hastings*

Indeed I am no mourner for that news,

1851: Because they have been still my adversaries:

1852: But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,

1853: To bar my Master's Heirs in true Descent,

1854: God knows I will not do it, to the death.

*Catesby*

God keep your Lordship in that gracious mind.

'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,



1863: When men are unprepared, and look not for it.

*Hastings*

O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out

1865: With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do

1866: With some men else that think themselves as safe

1867: As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are dear

1868: To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

*Catesby*

The Princes both make high account of you,

(*Aside*) For they account his Head upon the Bridge.

*Hastings*

I know they do, and I have well deserved it.      *Enter Derby.*

*Derby*

My Lord good morrow, good morrow Catesby:

1889: What, shall we toward the Tower? The day is spent.

*Hastings*

Come, come, have with you: Wot you what, my Lord,

1892: To day the Lords you talk of are beheaded.

*Derby*

They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,

1894: Than some that have accused them wear their Hats.

1895: But come, my Lord, let's away.      *Exit Derby and Catesby.*

*Enter Buckingham.*

*Hastings*

1925: What, go you toward the Tower?

*Buckingham*

I do, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:

1927: I shall return before your Lordship, thence.

*Hastings*

Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.

*Buckingham*

(*Aside*) And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.

Come, will you go?

*Hastings*

I'll wait upon your Lordship.      *Exeunt.*

### **3.3**

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

*Rivers.*

Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this,

1936: To day shalt thou behold a Subject die,  
1937: For Truth, for Duty, and for Loyalty.

*Grey.*  
God bless the Prince from all the Pack of you,  
1939: A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers.

*Vaughn*  
You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

*Ratcliffe*  
Dispatch, the limit of your Lives is out.

*Rivers.*  
O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!  
1944: Fatal and ominous to Noble Peers:  
1945: Within the guilty Closure of thy Walls,  
1948: We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

*Grey.*  
Now Margaret's Curse is faln upon our Heads,  
1950: When she exclaimed on Hastings, you, and I,  
1951: For standing by, when Richard stabbed her Son.

*Rivers.*  
Then cursed she Richard, then cursed she Buckingham,  
1954: Then cursed she Hastings. Oh remember God,  
1955: To hear her prayer for them, as now for us:  
1956: And for my Sister, and her Princely Sons,  
1957: Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,  
1958: Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

*Ratcliffe*  
Make Haste, the hour of death is expiate.

*Rivers.*  
Come Grey, come Vaughan, let us here embrace.  
1961: Farewell, until we met again in Heaven.      *Exeunt.*

**3.4**  
*Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Lovell, with others.*

*Hastings*  
Now Noble Peers, the cause why we are met,  
1968: Is to determine of the Coronation:  
1969: In God's Name speak, when is the Royal day?

*Buckingham*  
Is all things ready for the Royal time?

*Derby.*  
It is, and wants but nomination.

*Ely.*

Tomorrow then I judge a happy day.

*Buckingham*

Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?

1974: Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?

*Ely.*

Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

*Buckingham*

We know each other's Faces: for our Hearts,

1978: He knows no more of mine, then I of yours,

1979: Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:

1980: Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

*Hastings*

I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well:

1982: But for his purpose in the Coronation,

1983: I have not sounded him, nor he delivered

1984: His gracious pleasure any way therein:

1985: But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,

1986: And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my Voice,

1987: Which I presume he'll take in gentle part. *Enter Gloucester.*

*Ely.*

In happy time, here comes the Duke himself.

*Richard*

My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow:

1991: I have been long asleep: but I trust,

1992: My absence doth neglect no great design,

1993: Which by my presence might have been concluded.

*Buckingham*

Had you not come upon your queue my Lord,

1995: William, Lord Hastings, had pronounced your part;

1996: I mean your Voice, for Crowning of the King.

*Richard*

Than my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder,

1998: His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

1999: My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,

2000: I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,

2001: I do beseech you, send for some of them.

*Ely.*

Marry and will, my Lord, with all my heart. *Exit Bishop.*

*Richard*

Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

2005: Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,

2006: And finds the testy Gentleman so hot,  
2007: That he will lose his Head, ere give consent

*Buckingham*

Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Bishop of Ely.*

*Ely.*

Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloucester?

2018: I have sent for these Strawberries.

*Hastings.*

His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning,

2020: There's some conceit or other likes him well,

2021: When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.

2022: I think there's never a man in Christendom

2023: Can lesser hide his love, or hate, then he,

2024: For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.

*Derby.*

What of his Heart perceive you in his Face

2026: By any livelihood he showed to day?

*Hastings*

Marry, that with no man here he is offended:

For were he, he had shown it in his Looks.

*Enter Richard, and Buckingham.*

*Richard*

I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,

2031: That do conspire my death with devilish Plots

2032: Of damned Witchcraft, and that have prevailed

2033: Upon my Body with their Hellish Charms.

*Hastings*

The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,

2035: Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence,

2036: To doom th' Offenders, whosoe're they be:

2037: I say, my Lord, they have deserved death.

*Richard*

Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.

2039: Look how I am bewitched: behold, mine Arm

2040: Is like a blasted Sapling, withered up:

2041: And this is Edward's Wife, that monstrous Witch,

2042: Consorted with that Harlot, Strumpet Shore,

2043: That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Hastings*

If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord-

*Richard*

If? Thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,  
2046: Talk'st thou to me of Ifs: thou art a Traitor,  
2047: Off with his Head; now by Saint Paul I swear,  
2048: I will not dine, until I see the same.  
2049: Lovell and Ratcliffe, look that it be done:  
2050: The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.      *Exeunt.*

*Manet Lovell and Ratcliffe with the Lord Hastings.*

*Hastings*

Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,  
2065: Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy Curse  
2066: Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched Head.

*Ratcliffe.*

Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner:  
2068: Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.

*Hastings*

O bloody Richard: miserable England,  
2077: I prophesy the fearfullest time to thee,  
2078: That ever wretched Age hath looked upon.  
2079: Come, lead me to the Block, bear him my Head,  
2080: They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.      *Exeunt.*

### **3.5**

*Enter Richard, and Buckingham in rotten Armor, marvelous ill-favored.*

*Richard.*

Come Cousin,  
2085: Canst thou quake, and change thy color,  
2086: Murder thy breath in middle of a word,  
2087: And then again begin, and stop again,  
2088: As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror?

*Buckingham*

Tut, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,  
2096: But what, is Catesby gone?

*Richard*

He is, and see he brings the Mayor along.

*Enter the Mayor and Catesby.*

*Buckingham*

Lord Mayor. Hark, a Drum.

*Enter Lovell and Ratcliffe with Hastings Head.*

*Lovell.*

Here is the Head of that ignoble Traitor,  
2109: The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

*Richard*

So dear I loved the man that I must weep:

*Buckingham*

2121: Would you imagine, or almost believe,

2123: We live to tell it, that the subtle Traitor

2124: This day had plotted, in the Counsel-House,

2125: To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloucester.

*Mayor.*

Now fair befall you, he deserved his death,

2134: And your good Graces both have well proceeded,

2135: To warn false Traitors from the like Attempts.

*Buckingham*

2138: Yet had we not determined he should die,

2139: Until your Lordship came to see his end,

2145: That you might well have signified the same

2146: Unto the Citizens, who haply may

2147: Misconster us in him, and wail his death.

*Mayor.*

But, my good Lord, your Graces words shall serve,

2149: As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:

2150: And do not doubt, right Noble Princes both,

2151: But I'll acquaint our duteous Citizens

2152: With all your just proceedings in this case.

*Richard*

And to that end we wished your Lordship here,

2154: T' avoid the Censures of the carping World.

*Buckingham*

Which since you come too late of our intent,

2156: Yet witness what you hear we did intend:

2157: And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell. *Exit Mayor.*

*Richard*

Go after, after, Cousin Buckingham.

2162: Infer the Bastardy of Edward's Children:

2167: Moreover, urge his hateful Luxury,

2168: And bestial appetite in change of Lust,

2169: Which stretched unto their Servants, Daughters, Wives,

2172: Nay, for a need, thus far come near my Person:

2173: Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child

2174: Of that insatiate Edward; Noble York,

2175: My Princely Father, then had Wars in France,

2176: And by true computation of the time,

2177: Found, that the Issue was not his begot:

2178: Which well appeared in his Lineaments,

2179: Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:

2180: Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,

2181: Because, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.

*Buckingham*

Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the Orator.

*Richard*

If you thrive well, bring them to Bayard's Castle,

2186: Where you shall find me well accompanied

2187: With reverend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops.

*Buckingham*

I go, and towards three or four a Clock

2189: Look for the News that the Guild-Hall affords.

*Exit Buckingham.*

*Richard*

2194: Now will I go to take some privy order,

2195: To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,

2196: And to give order, that no manner person

2197: Have any time recourse unto the Princes.

*Exeunt.*

### **ACT BREAK???**

### **3.6**

*Enter Richard and Buckingham at several Doors.*

*Richard*

How now, how now, what say the Citizens?

*Buckingham*

Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,

2216: The Citizens are mum, say not a word.

*Richard*

Touched you the Bastardy of Edward's Children?

*Buckingham*

I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy,

2219: And his Contract by Deputy in France,

2220: Th' insatiate greediness of his desire,

2221: And his enforcement of the City Wives,

2222: His Tyranny for Trifles, his own Bastardy,

2223: As being got, your Father then in France,

2224: And his resemblance being not like the Duke.

2225: Withal, I did infer your Lineaments,

2226: Being the right Idea of your Father,

2227: Both in your form, and Nobleness of Mind:

2228: Laid open all your Victories in Scotland,

2229: Your Discipline in War, Wisdom in Peace,

2230: Your Bounty, Virtue, fair Humility:

2233: And when my Oratory drew toward end,

2234: I bid them that did love their Country's good,

2235: Cry, God save Richard, England's Royal King.

*Richard*  
And did they so?

*Buckingham*  
No, so God help me, they spake not a word,

*Richard*  
What tongue-less Blocks were they.  
2257: Will not the Mayor then, and his Brethren, come?

*Buckingham*  
The Mayor is here at hand: intend some fear,  
2259: Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:  
2260: And look you get a Prayer-Book in your hand,  
2261: And stand between two Church-men, good my Lord,  
2262: For on that ground I'll make a holy Descant:  
2263: And be not easily won to our requests,  
2264: Play the Maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

*Richard*  
I go: and if you plead as well for them,  
2266: As I can say nay to thee for my self,  
2267: No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

*Buckingham*  
Go, go up to the Leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

*Enter the Mayor and Citizens.*

2270: Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,  
2271: I think the Duke will not be spoke withal. *Enter Catesby.*  
Now Catesby, what says your Lord to my request?

*Catesby.*  
He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,  
2276: To visit him to morrow, or next day:  
2277: He is within, with two right reverend Fathers,  
2278: Divinely bent to Meditation,  
2279: And in no Worldly suits would he be moved,  
2280: To draw him from his holy Exercise.

*Buckingham*  
Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke,  
2282: Tell him, my self, the Mayor and Aldermen,  
2285: Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

*Catesby*  
I'll signify so much unto him straight. *Exit.*

*Buckingham*  
Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward,



2288: He is not lulling on a lewd Love-Bed,  
2289: But on his Knees, at Meditation:  
2294: Happy were England, would this virtuous Prince  
2295: Take on his Grace the Sovereignty thereof.  
2296: But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.

*Mayor.*

Marry God defend his Grace should say us nay.

*Buckingham*

I fear he will: here Catesby comes again. *Enter Catesby.*

2301: Now Catesby, what says his Grace?

*Catesby.*

He wonders to what end you have assembled

2303: Such troops of Citizens, to come to him,

2304: His Grace not being warned thereof before:

2305: He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.

*Buckingham*

Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should

2307: Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:

2308: By Heaven, we come to him in perfit love,

2309: And so once more return, and tell his Grace. *Catesby exits.*

2310: When holy and devout Religious men

2311: Are at their Beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,

So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

*Enter Richard aloft between two Bishops.*

*Mayor.*

See where his Grace stands, tween two Clergy men.

*Buckingham*

Two Props of Virtue, for a Christian Prince,

2317: To stay him from the fall of Vanity:

2318: And see a Book of Prayer in his hand,

2320: Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,

2321: Lend favorable ear to our requests,

2322: And pardon us the interruption

2323: Of thy Devotion, and right Christian Zeal.

*Richard*

My Lord, there needs no such Apology:

2325: I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,

2326: Who earnest in the service of my God,

2327: Deferred the visitation of my friends.

2328: But leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?

*Buckingham*

Even that (I hope) which pleaseth God above,

2330: And all good men, of this ungoverned Isle.

*Richard*

I do suspect I have done some offence,  
2332: That seems disgracious in the City's eye,  
2333: And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

*Buckingham*

You have, my Lord:  
2335: Would it might please your Grace,  
2336: On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

*Richard*

Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.

*Buckingham*

Know then, it is your fault that you resign  
2339: The Supreme Seat, the Throne Majestical,  
2340: The Sceptered Office of your Ancestors,  
2343: To the corruption of a blemished Stock;  
2351: Which to recure, we heartily solicit  
2352: Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
2358: For this, consorted with the Citizens,  
2359: Your very Worshipful and loving friends,  
2360: And by their vehement instigation,  
2361: In this just Cause come I to move your Grace.

*Richard*

2375: Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert  
2376: Unmeritable, shuns your high request.  
2388: The Royal Tree hath left us Royal Fruit,  
2389: Which mellowed by the stealing hours of time,  
2390: Will well become the Seat of Majesty,  
2391: And make (no doubt) us happy by his Reign.  
2392: On him I lay that, you would lay on me,  
2393: The Right and Fortune of his happy Stars,  
2394: Which God defend that I should wring from him.

*Buckingham*

2398: You say, that Edward is your Brother's Son,  
2399: So say we too, but not by Edward's Wife:  
2400: For first was he contract to Lady Lucy.  
2401: Your Mother lives a Witness to his Vow;  
2402: And afterward by substitute betrothed  
2403: To Bona, Sister to the King of France.  
2404: These both put off, a poor Petitioner,  
2406: A Beauty-waning, and distressed Widow,  
2407: Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
2408: Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye.  
2411: By her, in his unlawful Bed, he got  
2412: This Edward, whom our Manners call the Prince.  
2416: Then good, my Lord, take to your Royal self  
2417: This proffered benefit of Dignity:  
2418: If not to bless us and the Land withal,  
2419: Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestry

2420: From the corruption of abusing times,  
2421: Unto a Lineal true derived course.

*Mayor.*

Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.

*Buckingham*

Refuse not, mighty Lord, this proffered love.

*Catesby.*

O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

*Richard*

Alas, why would you heap this Care on me?

2426: I am unfit for State, and Majesty:

2427: I do beseech you take it not amiss,

2428: I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

*Buckingham*

2435: Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no,

2436: Your Brother's Son shall never reign our King,

2437: But we will plant some other in the Throne,

2438: To the disgrace and down-fall of your House:

2439: And in this resolution here we leave you.

2440: Come Citizens, we will entreat no more.

*Exeunt.*

*Catesby.*

Call him again, sweet Prince, accept their suit:

2442: If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.

*Richard*

Will you enforce me to a world of Cares?

2444: Call them again. I am not made of Stones,

2445: But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

Albeit against my Conscience and my Soul.

*Enter Buckingham and the rest.*

2448: Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,

2449: Since you will buckle fortune on my back,

2450: To bear her burthen, where I will or no.

2451: I must have patience to endure the Load:

*Mayor.*

God bless your Grace,

*Buckingham*

Then I salute you with this Royal Title,

2462: Long live King Richard, England's worthy King.

*All.*

Amen.

*Buckingham*

To morrow may it please you to be Crowned.

*Richard*

Even when you please, for you will have it so.

*Buckingham*

To morrow then we will attend your Grace,  
2467: And so most joyfully we take our leave.

*Richard*

Come, let us to our holy Work again.  
2469: Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends.     *Exeunt.*

## **Act IV**

### **4.1**

*Enter the Queen, Anne Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of York, and Marquess Dorset.*

*Duchess*

2478: Daughter, well met.

*Anne.*

God give your Graces both, a happy  
And a joyful time of day.

*Elizabeth*

As much to you, good Sister: whither away?

*Anne.*

No farther then the Tower, and as I guess,  
2483: Upon the like devotion as your selves,  
2484: To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

*Elizabeth*

Kind Sister thanks, we'll enter all together:     *Enter the Lieutenant.*  
2487: And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.  
2488: Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,  
2489: How doth the Prince, and my young Son of York?

*Brakenbury*

Right well, dear Madam: by your patience,  
2491: I may not suffer you to visit them,  
2492: The King hath strictly charged the contrary.

*Elizabeth*

The King? Who's that?

*Brakenbury*

I mean, the Lord Protector.

*Elizabeth*

The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.

2496: Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?

2497: I am their Mother, who shall bar me from them?

*Duchess.*

I am their Father's Mother. I will see them.

*Anne.*

Their Aunt I am in law, in love their Mother:

2501: Then bring me to their sights. I'll bear thy blame,

2502: And take thy Office from thee, on my peril.

*Brakenbury*

No, Madam, no; I may not leave it so:

2504: I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me. *Exit Lieutenant.*

*Enter Derby.*

*Derby.*

Let me but meet you Ladies one hour hence,

2508: And I'll salute your Grace of York as Mother,

2509: And reverend looker on of two fair Queens.

2510: Come Madam, you must straight to Westminster,

2511: There to be crowned Richard's Royal Queen.

*Elizabeth*

Ah, cut my Lace asunder,

2513: That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

2514: Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

*Anne.*

Despightful tidings, O unpleasing news.

*Dorset*

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

*Elizabeth*

O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,

2519: Death and Destruction dogs thee at thy heels,

2520: Thy Mother's Name is ominous to Children.

2521: If thou wilt out-strip Death, go cross the Seas,

2522: And live with Richmond, from the reach of Hell.

2523: Go hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,

2524: Lest thou increase the number of the dead,

2525: And make me die the thrall of Margaret's Curse,

2526: Nor Mother, Wife, nor England's counted Queen.

*Derby.*

Full of wise care, is this your counsel, Madam:

2528: Take all the swift advantage of the hours:  
2529: You shall have Letters from me to my Son,  
2530: In your behalf, to meet you on the way:  
2531: Be not tane tardy by unwise delay.

*Duchess*

O ill dispersing Wind of Misery.  
2533: O my accursed Womb, the Bed of Death:  
2534: A Cockatrice hast thou hatched to the World,  
2535: Whose unavoiided Eye is murderous.

*Derby.*

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

*Anne.*

And I with all unwillingness will go.  
2538: O would to God that the inclusive Verge  
2539: Of Golden Metal, that must round my Brow,  
2540: Were red hot Steel, to sear me to the Brains.  
2541: Anointed let me be with deadly Venom,  
2542: And die ere men can say, God save the Queen.

*Elizabeth*

Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory,

*Anne.*

2550: O, when I say I looked on Richard's Face,  
2551: This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accursed,  
2553: And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;  
2557: Lo, ere I can repeat this Curse again,  
2558: Within so small a time, my Woman's heart  
2559: Grossly grew captive to his honey words,  
2560: And proved the subject of mine own Soul's Curse.  
2565: Besides, he hates me for my Father Warwick,  
2566: And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.

*Elizabeth*

Poor heart adieu, I pity thy complaining.

*Anne.*

No more, than with my soul I mourn for yours.

*Duchess*

Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee.  
2574: Go thou to Richard, and good Angels tend thee.  
2575: Go thou to Sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee.  
2576: I to my Grave, where peace and rest lie with me.

*Elizabeth*

Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.  
2580: Pity, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,  
2581: Whom Envy hath immur'd within your Walls,  
2582: Rough Cradle for such little pretty ones,

2583: Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,  
2584: For tender Princes: use my Babies well;  
2585: So foolish Sorrows bids your Stones farewell.   *Exeunt.*

#### **4.2**

*Sennet. Enter Richard in pomp, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lovell.*

*Richard*  
Cousin of Buckingham.

*Buckingham*  
My gracious Sovereign.

*Richard*  
Give me thy hand.   *Sound.*  
2593: Thus high, by thy advice, and thy assistance,  
2594: Is King Richard seated:  
2595: But shall we wear these Glories for a day?  
2596: Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

*Buckingham*  
Still live they, and forever let them last.

*Richard*  
Ah Buckingham, now do I play the Touch,  
2599: To try if thou be currant Gold indeed:  
2600: Young Edward lives, think now what I would speak.

*Buckingham*  
Say on my loving Lord.

*Richard*  
Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

*Buckingham*  
Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.

*Richard*  
Ha? Am I King? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.

*Buckingham*  
True, Noble Prince.

*Richard*  
2608: Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.  
2609: Shall I be plain? I wish the Bastards dead,  
2610: And I would have it suddenly performed.  
2611: What say'st thou now? Speak suddenly, be brief.

*Buckingham*  
Your Grace may do your pleasure.

*Richard*

Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindness freezes:  
2614: Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

*Buckingham*

Give me some little breath, some pause, dear Lord,

2616: Before I positively speak in this:

2617: I will resolve you herein presently.     *Exit Buckingham.*

*Catesby.*

The King is angry, see he gnaws his Lip.

*Richard*

2622: High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

2623: Boy.

*Page.*

My Lord.

*Richard*

Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold

2626: Will tempt unto a close exploit of Death?

*Page.*

I know a discontented Gentleman,

2628: Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:

2629: Gold were as good as twenty Orators,

2630: And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

*Richard*

What is his Name?

*Page.*

His Name, my Lord, is Tyrrel.

*Richard*

I partly know the man: go call him hither, Boy.     *Exit.*

2635: The deep revolving witty Buckingham,

2636: No more shall be the neighbor to my counsels.

2637: Hath he so long held out with me, untired,

2638: And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.     *Enter Derby.*

2640: How now, Lord Derby, what's the news?

*Derby.*

Know my loving Lord, the Marquess Dorset

2642: As I hear, is fled to Richmond.

*Richard*

Come hither Catesby, rumor it abroad,

2645: That Anne my Wife is very grievous sick,

2646: I will take order for her keeping close.

2650: Look how thou dream'st: I say again, give out,

2651: That Anne, my Queen, is sick, and like to die.

2652: About it, for it stands me much upon



2653: To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.  
2654: I must be married to my Brother's Daughter,  
2655: Or else my Kingdom stands on brittle Glass:  
2656: Murder her Brothers, and then marry her,  
2657: Uncertain way of gain. But I am in  
2658: So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin. *Enter Tyrrel.*  
2661: Is thy Name Tyrrel?

*Tyrrel*  
James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

*Richard*  
Art thou indeed?

*Tyrrel*  
Prove me, my gracious Lord.

*Richard*  
Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

*Tyrrel*  
Please you:  
2667: But I had rather kill two enemies.

*Richard*  
Why then thou hast it: two deep enemies,  
2669: Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,  
2670: Are they that I would have the deal upon:  
2671: Tyrrel, I mean those Bastards in the Tower.

*Tyrrel*  
Let me have open means to come to them,  
2673: And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

*Richard*  
Thou sing'st sweet Music: Hark, come hither Tyrrel,  
2676: Go by this token: rise, and lend thine Ear. *Whispers.*  
2677: There is no more but so: say it is done,  
2678: And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

*Tyrrel*  
I will dispatch it straight. *Exit.*

*Enter Buckingham.*

*Buckingham*  
My Lord, I have considered in my mind,  
2682: The late request that you did sound me in.

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

*Buckingham*

I hear the news, my Lord.

*Richard*

Derby, he is your Wife's Son: well, look unto it.

*Buckingham*

My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,  
2688: For which your Honor and your Faith is pawned,  
2689: Th' Earldom of Hereford, and the movables,  
2690: Which you have promised I shall possess.

*Richard*

Derby, look to your Wife: if she convey  
2692: Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

*Buckingham*

What says your Highness to my just request?

*Richard*

I do remember me, Henry the Sixth  
2695: Did prophesy, that Richmond should be King,  
2696: When Richmond was a little peevish Boy.  
2697: A King perhaps.

*Buckingham*

May it please you to resolve me in my suit.

*Richard*

Thou troublest me, I am not in the vain.       *Exit.*

*Buckingham*

And is it thus? Repays he my deep service  
2701: With such contempt? Made I him King for this?  
2702: O let me think on Hastings, and be gone  
2703: To Brecknock, while my fearful Head is on.       *Exit.*

### **4.3**

*Enter Tyrrel.*

*Tyrrel*

The tyrannous and bloody Act is done,  
2706: The most arch deed of piteous massacre  
2707: That ever yet this Land was guilty of:       *Enter Richard.*  
2728: And here he comes. All health my Sovereign Lord.

*Richard*

Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy News?

*Tyrrel*

If to have done the thing you gave in charge,  
2731: Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
2732: For it is done.

*Richard*  
But did'st thou see them dead.

*Tyrrel*  
I did my Lord.

*Richard*  
And buried gentle Tyrrel.

*Tyrrel*  
The Chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,  
2737: But where (to say the truth) I do not know.

*Richard*  
Come to me Tyrrel soon, and after Supper,  
2739: When thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
2740: Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,  
2741: And be inheritor of thy desire.  
2742: Farewell till then.

*Tyrrel*  
I humbly take my leave.

*Richard*  
2746: The Sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,  
2747: And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.  
2748: Now for I know the Britain Richmond aims  
2749: At young Elizabeth my brother's daughter,  
2750: And by that knot looks proudly on the Crown,  
2751: To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.     *Enter Ratcliffe.*

*Ratcliffe*  
My Lord.

*Richard*  
Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

*Ratcliffe*  
Bad news my Lord, Morton is fled to Richmond,  
2757: And Buckingham backed with the hardy Welshmen  
2758: Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

*Richard*  
Morton with Richmond troubles me more near,  
2760: Than Buckingham and his rash levied Strength.  
2766: Go muster men: My counsel is my Shield,  
We must be brief, when Traitors brave the Field.     *Exeunt.*

**4.4**  
*Enter old Queen Margaret.*

*Margaret*  
So now prosperity begins to mellow,

2772: And drop into the rotten mouth of death:  
2773: Here in these Confines slyly have I lurked,  
2774: To watch the waning of mine enemies.  
2775: A dire induction am I witness to,  
2776: And will to France, hoping the consequence  
2777: Will prove as bitter, black, and Tragical.  
2778: Withdraw the wretched Margaret, who comes here?

*Enter Duchess and Queen.*

*Elizabeth*

Ah my poor Princes! Ah my tender Babes:  
Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle Lambs,  
2794: And throw them in the entrails of the Wolf?  
2795: When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

*Margaret*

When holy Harry died, and my sweet Son.

*Duchess*

2799: Brief abstract and record of tedious days,  
2800: Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,  
2801: Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

*Elizabeth*

2805: Ah who hath any cause to mourn but we?

*Margaret*

If ancient sorrow be most reverent,  
2807: Give mine the benefit of seniority,  
2808: And let my griefs frown on the upper hand  
2809: If sorrow can admit Society.  
2810: I had an Edward, till a Richard killed him:  
2811: I had a Husband, till a Richard killed him:  
2812: Thou had'st an Edward, till a Richard killed him:  
2813: Thou had'st a Richard, till a Richard killed him.

*Duchess*

I had a Richard too, and thou did'st kill him;  
2815: I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

*Margaret*

Thou had'st a Clarence too, and Richard killed him.  
2818: From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept  
2819: A Hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:

*Duchess*

Oh Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes:  
2831: God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

*Margaret*

Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,  
2833: And now I cloy me with beholding it.

2834: Thy Edward he is dead, that killed my Edward,  
2835: The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:  
2838: Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabbed my Edward,  
2839: And the beholders of this frantic play,  
2840: Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,  
2841: Untimely smothered in their dusky Graves.  
2842: Richard yet lives, Hell's black Intelligencer,  
2848: Cancel his bond of life, dear God I pray,  
2849: That I may live and say, the Dog is dead.

*Elizabeth*

O thou did'st prophesy, the time would come,  
2851: That I should wish for thee to help me curse  
2852: That bottled Spider, that foul bunch-backed Toad.

*Margaret*

2854: I called thee then, poor Shadow, painted Queen,  
2862: A Queen in jest, only to fill the Scene.  
2863: Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?  
2864: Where be thy two Sons? Wherein dost thou Joy?  
2865: Who sues, and kneels, and says, God save the Queen?  
2876: Thus hath the course of Justice whirled about,  
2877: And left thee but a very prey to time,  
2882: Now thy proud Neck, bears half my burthened yoke,  
2883: From which, even here I slip my wearied head,  
2884: And leave the burthen of it all, on thee.  
2885: Farwell York's wife, and Queen of sad mischance,  
2886: These English woes, shall make me smile in France.

*Elizabeth*

O thou well skilled in Curses, stay awhile,  
2888: And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

*Margaret*

Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day:  
2890: Compare dead happiness, with living woe:  
2891: Think that thy Babes were sweeter than they were,  
2892: And he that slew them fouler than he is:  
2893: Bett'ring thy loss, makes the bad causer worse,  
2894: Revolving this, will teach thee how to Curse.

*Elizabeth*

My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

*Margaret*

Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. *Exit Margaret.*

*Duchess*

Why should calamity be full of words?

*Elizabeth*

2902: Let them have scope, though what they will impart,  
2903: Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

*Duchess*

If so then be not Tongue-tied: go with me,  
2905: And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother  
2906: My damned Son that thy two sweet Sons smothered.  
2907: The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclams.

*Enter King Richard and his Train.*

*Richard*

Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

*Duchess*

O she, that might have intercepted thee  
2911: By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
2912: From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou hast done.

*Elizabeth*

2917: Tell me thou Villain-slave, where are my Children?

*Duchess*

Thou Toad, thou Toad, where is thy Brother Clarence?

*Elizabeth*

Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

*Duchess*

Where is kind Hastings?

*Richard*

A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drums:  
2924: Let not the Heavens hear these Tell-tale women  
2925: Rail on the Lord's Anointed. Strike I say. *Flourish. Alarums.*  
2927: Either be patient, and entreat me fair,  
2928: Or with the clamorous report of War,  
2929: Thus will I drown your exclamations.

*Duchess*

Art thou my Son?

*Richard*

Aye, I thank God, my Father, and your self.

*Duchess*

Then patiently hear my impatience.

*Richard*

Madam, I have a touch of your condition,  
2934: That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

*Duchess*

O let me speak.

*Richard*

Do then, but I'll not hear.

*Duchess*

I will be mild, and gentle in my words.

*Richard*

And brief (good Mother) for I am in haste.

*Duchess*

Art thou so hasty? I have stayed for thee

2940: (God knows) in torment and in agony.

*Richard*

And came I not at last to comfort you?

*Duchess*

No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,

2943: Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my Hell.

2944: A grievous burthen was thy Birth to me,

2945: Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancy.

2946: Thy School-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious,

2947: Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:

2948: Thy Age confirmed, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

2949: More mild, but yet more harmful; Kind in hatred:

2950: What comfortable hour canst thou name,

2951: That ever graced me with thy company?

*Richard*

2955: If I be so disgracious in your eye,

2956: Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.

2957: Strike up the Drum.

*Duchess*

Hear me a word:

2961: For I shall never speak to thee again.

*Richard*

So.

*Duchess*

Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance

2964: Ere from this war thou turn a Conqueror:

2965: Or I with grief and extreme Age shall perish,

2966: And never more behold thy face again.

2967: Therefore take with thee my most grievous Curse,

2968: Which in the day of Battle tire thee more

2969: Than all the complete Armor that thou wear'st.

2970: My Prayers on the adverse party fight,

2971: And there the little souls of Edward's Children,

2972: Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,

2973: And promise them Success and Victory:

2974: Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:

2975: Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

*Elizabeth*

Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse

2977: Abides in me, I say Amen to her.

*Richard*

Stay Madam, I must talk a word with you.

*Elizabeth*

I have no more sons of the Royal Blood

2980: For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (Richard)

2981: They shall be praying Nuns, not weeping Queens:

2982: And therefore level not to hit their lives.

*Richard*

You have a daughter called Elizabeth,

2984: Virtuous and Fair, Royal and Gracious?

*Elizabeth*

And must she die for this? O let her live,

2986: And I'll corrupt her Manners, stain her Beauty,

2987: Slander my Self, as false to Edward's bed:

*Richard*

Wrong not her Birth, she is a Royal Princess.

*Elizabeth*

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

*Richard*

Her life is safest only in her birth.

*Elizabeth*

And only in that safety, died her Brothers.

*Richard*

Lo at their Birth, good stars were opposite.

*Elizabeth*

No, to their lives, ill friends were contrary.

*Richard*

You speak as if that I had slain my Cousins?

*Elizabeth*

Cousins indeed, and by their Uncle cozened,

3003: Of Comfort, Kingdom, Kindred, Freedom, Life,

3010: My tongue should to thy ears not name my Boys,

3011: Till that my Nails were anchored in thine eyes:

*Richard*

Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise



3016: And dangerous success of bloody wars,  
3017: As I intend more good to you and yours,  
3018: Than ever you and yours by me were harmed.

*Elizabeth*

What good is covered with the face of heaven,  
3020: To be discovered, that can do me good.

*Richard*

Th' advancement of your children, gentle Lady.

*Elizabeth*

Up to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.

*Richard*

Unto the dignity and height of Fortune.

*Elizabeth*

Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness  
3034: Last longer telling than thy kindness date.

*Richard*

Then know that from my Soul, I love thy Daughter.

*Elizabeth*

My daughter's Mother thinks it with her soul.

*Richard*

What do you think?

*Elizabeth*

That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul  
3040: So from thy Soul's love didst thou love her Brothers,  
3041: And from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

*Richard*

Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:  
3043: I mean that with my Soul I love thy daughter,  
3044: And do intend to make her Queen of England.

*Elizabeth*

Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her King?

*Richard*

Even he that makes her Queen: Who else should be?

*Elizabeth*

What, thou?

*Richard*

Even so: How think you of it?

*Elizabeth*

How canst thou woo her?

*Richard*

That I would learn of you,  
3052: As one being best acquainted with her humor.

*Elizabeth*

And wilt thou learn of me?

*Richard*

Madam, with all my heart.

*Elizabeth*

Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers.  
3056: A pair of bleeding hearts: thereon engrave  
3057: Edward and York, then haply will she weep:

*Richard*

You mock me Madam, this not the way  
3069: To win your daughter.

*Elizabeth*

There is no other way,  
3071: Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,  
3072: And not be Richard, that hath done all this.

*Richard*

Say that I did all this for love of her.

*Elizabeth*

Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee  
3075: Having bought love, with such a bloody spoil.

*Richard*

Look what is done, cannot be now amended:  
3077: Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
3078: Which after-hours gives leisure to repent.  
3079: If I did take the Kingdom from your Sons,  
3080: To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter:  
3081: If I have killed the issue of your womb,  
3082: To quicken your increase, I will beget  
3083: Mine issue of your blood, upon your Daughter:  
3110: Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go.  
3111: Make bold her bashful years, with your experience.  
3112: Prepare her ears to hear a Wooer's Tale.

*Elizabeth*

What were I best to say, her Father's Brother  
3123: Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Uncle?  
3124: Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Uncles?  
3125: Under what Title shall I woo for thee,  
3126: That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Love,  
3127: Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

*Richard*

Infer fair England's peace by this Alliance.

*Elizabeth*

Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

*Richard*

Say I will love her everlastingly.

*Elizabeth*

But how long shall that title ever last?

*Richard*

As long as Heaven and Nature lengthens it.

*Elizabeth*

As long as Hell and Richard likes of it.

*Richard*

Your Reasons are too shallow, and too quick.

*Elizabeth*

O no, my Reasons are too deep and dead,  
3148: Too deep and dead (poor Infants) in their graves,

*Richard*

Harp not on that string Madam, that is past.

*Elizabeth*

3149: Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

*Richard*

3151: Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crown-

*Elizabeth*

Profaned, dishonored, and the third usurped.

*Richard*

Then by my Self.

*Elizabeth*

Thy Self is self-misused.

*Richard*

Now by the World.

*Elizabeth*

'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

*Richard*

My Father's death.

*Elizabeth*

Thy life hath it dishonored.

*Richard*

Why then, by Heaven.

*Elizabeth*

Heaven's wrong is most of all:

3177: What can'st thou swear by now.

*Richard*

The time to come.

*Elizabeth*

That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:

3182: The Children live, whose Fathers thou hast slaughtered,

3184: The Parents live, whose Children thou hast butchered,

*Richard*

3197: In her, consists my Happiness, and thine:

3198: Without her, follows to my self, and thee;

3199: Her self, the Land, and many a Christian soul,

3200: Death, Desolation, Ruin, and Decay:

3201: It cannot be avoided, but by this:

3202: It will not be avoided, but by this.

3203: Therefore dear Mother (I must call you so)

3204: Be the Attorney of my love to her:

3205: Plead what I will be, not what I have been;

3206: Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:

3207: Urge the Necessity and state of times,

3208: And be not peevish found, in great Designs.

*Elizabeth*

Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?

*Richard*

Aye, if the Devil tempt you to do good.

*Elizabeth*

Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

*Richard*

And be a happy Mother by the deed.

*Elizabeth*

I go, write to me very shortly,

3220: And you shall understand from me her mind.      *Exit Queen.*

*Richard*

Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.

3222: Relenting Fool, and shallow-changing Woman.      *Enter Ratcliffe.*

3223: How now, what news?

*Ratcliffe*

Most mighty Sovereign, on the Western Coast

3226: Rideth a puissant Navy: to our Shores

3229: 'Tis thought, that Richmond is their Admiral:

3230: And there they hull, expecting but the aide

3231: Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

*Richard*

Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:

3233: Ratcliffe thy self, or Catesby, where is he?

*Catesby*

Here, my good Lord.

*Richard*

Catesby, fly to the Duke.

*Catesby*

I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

*Richard*

Ratcliffe come hither, post to Salisbury:

3238: When thou com'st thither- Dull unmindful Villain,

3239: Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

*Catesby*

First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure,

3241: What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

*Richard*

O true, good Catesby, bid him levy straight

3243: The greatest strength and power that he can make,

3244: And meet me suddenly at Salisbury. *Exit Catesby.*

*Ratcliffe*

What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

*Richard*

Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?

*Ratcliffe*

Your Highness told me I should post before.

*Richard*

My mind is changed: *Enter Lord Derby*

3253: Derby, what news with you?

*Derby*

None, good my Liege, to please you with thy hearing,

3255: Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

*Richard*

Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:

3259: Once more, what news?

*Derby*

Richmond is on the Seas.

*Richard*

There let him sink, and be the Seas on him,  
3262: White-livered Runagate, what doth he there?

*Derby*

I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by guess.

*Richard*

Well, as you guess.

*Derby*

Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,  
3266: He makes for England, here to claim the Crown.

*Richard*

Is the Chair empty? Is the Sword unswayed?  
3268: Is the King dead? The Empire unpossessed?  
3271: Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?

*Derby*

Unless for that, my Liege, I cannot guess.

*Richard*

Unless for that he comes to be your Liege,  
3274: You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.  
3275: Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

*Derby*

No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.

*Richard*

Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?  
3278: Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?  
3279: Are they not now upon the Western Shore,  
3280: Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Ships?

*Derby*

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

*Richard*

Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,  
3284: When they should serve their Sovereign in the West?

*Derby*

3286: Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,  
3287: I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,  
3288: Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.

*Richard*

Aye, thou would'st be gone, to join with Richmond:

3290: But I'll not trust thee.

*Derby*

Most mighty Sovereign,

3292: You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful,

3293: I never was, nor never will be false.

*Richard*

Go then, and muster men: but leave behind

3295: Your Son George Derby: look your heart be firm,

3296: Or else his Head's assurance is but frail.

*Derby*

So deal with him, as I prove true to you.           *Exit Derby.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messenger 1*

In Kent, my Liege, the Guilford's are in Arms,

3307: And every hour more Competitors

3308: Flock to the Rebels, and their power grows strong.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Messenger 2*

My Lord, the Army of great Buckingham-

*Richard*

Out on ye, Owls, nothing but Songs of Death.   *He striketh him.*

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

*Messenger 2*

The news I have to tell your Majesty,

3315: Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,

3316: Buckingham's Army is dispersed and scattered,

3317: And he himself wandered away alone,

3318: No man knows whither.

*Richard*

I cry thee mercy:

3320: There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.

3321: Hath any well-advised friend proclaimed

3322: Reward to him that brings the Traitor in?

*Messenger 2*

Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

*Richard*

March on, march on, since we are up in Arms,

3336: If not to fight with foreign Enemies,

3337: Yet to beat down these Rebels here at home.   *Enter Catesby.*

*Catesby*

My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,  
3340: That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond  
3341: Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,  
3342: Is colder News, but yet they must be told.

*Richard*

Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,  
3344: A Royal battle might be won and lost:  
3345: Some one take order Buckingham be brought  
3346: To Salisbury, the rest march on with me. *Flourish. Exeunt*

#### **4.5**

*Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.*

*Derby.*

Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,  
3350: That in the sty of the most deadly Boar,  
3351: My Son George Derby is franked up in hold:  
3352: If I revolt, off goes young George's head,  
3353: The fear of that holds off my present aide.  
3354: So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.  
3355: Withal say, that the Queen hath heartily consented  
3356: He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.  
3357: But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?

*Christopher.*

At Penbroke, or at Hereford West in Wales.

*Derby.*

Well hie thee to thy Lord: I kiss his hand,  
3369: Farewell. *Exeunt*

### **Act V**

#### **5.1**

*Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.*

*Buckingham*

Will not Richard let me speak with him?

*Brakenbury*

No my good Lord, therefore be patient.

*Buckingham*

3382: This is All-souls day (Fellow) is it not?

*Brakenbury*

It is, my lord.



*Buckingham*

Why then All-soul's day, is my body's doomsday

3397: Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck:

3400: Come lead me Officers to the block of shame,

3401: Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

*Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.*

**5.2**

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others with drum and colors.*

*Richmond*

Fellows in Arms, and my most loving Friends

3407: Bruised underneath the yoke of Tyranny,

3408: Thus far into the bowels of the Land,

3409: Have we marched on without impediment;

3412: The wretched, bloody, and usurping Boar,

3413: (That spoiled your Summer Fields, and fruitful Vines)

3414: Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough

3415: In your emboweled bosoms: This foul Swine

3416: Is now even thither, but one day's march.

3419: In God's name cheerly on, courageous Friends,

3420: To reap the Harvest of perpetual peace,

3428: True Hope is swift, and flies with Swallow's wings,

Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures kings. *Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Richard in Arms with Norfolk and Ratcliffe.*

*Richard*

Here pitch our Tent, even here in Bosworth field.

3442: But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.

3443: Who hath descried the number of the Traitors?

*Norfolk*

Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

*Richard*

Why our Battalion trebles that account:

3446: Besides, the king's name is a Tower of strength,

3447: Which they upon the adverse Faction want.

3449: Let us survey the vantage of the ground.

3451: Let's lack no Discipline, make no delay,

3452: For Lords, to morrow is a busy day. *Exeunt*

*Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.*

*Richmond*

The weary Sun, hath made a Golden set,

3456: And by the bright Tract of his fiery Car,

3457: Gives token of a goodly day to morrow.

3470: Where is Lord Stanley quartered, do you know?

*Blunt.*

3473: His Regiment lies half a Mile at least

3474: South, from the mighty Power of the Richard.

*Richmond*

If without peril it be possible,

3476: Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him

3477: And give him from me, this most needful Note.

*Blunt.*

Upon my life, my Lord, I'll undertake it,

3479: And so God give you quiet rest to night.

*Richmond*

Good night good Captain Blunt: Come Gentlemen,

3482: Let us consult upon to morrow's Business;

Into my Tent, the Dew is raw and cold. *They withdraw into the Tent.*

*Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolk, and Catesby.*

*Richard*

What is't a Clock?

*Catesby*

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

*Richard.*

I will not sup to night,

3489: Give me some Ink and Paper:

3490: What, is my Beaver easier than it was?

3491: And all my Armor laid into my Tent?

*Catesby*

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

*Richard*

Ratcliffe.

*Ratcliffe*

My Lord.

*Richard*

Send out a Pursuivant at Arms

3501: To Derby's Regiment: bid him bring his power

3502: Before Sun-rising, lest his Son George fall

3503: Into the blind Cave of eternal night.

3504: Fill me a Bowl of Wine: Give me a Watch,

3505: Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:

3506: Look that my Staves be sound, and not too heavy.

3513: I have not that Alacrity of Spirit,

3514: Nor cheer of Mind that I was wont to have.

3515: Set it down. Is Ink and Paper ready?

*Ratcliffe*  
It is my Lord.

*Richard*  
Bid my Guard watch. Leave me.  
3518: Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent  
3519: And help to arm me. Leave me I say. *Exit Ratcliffe.*

*Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.*

*Derby*  
Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helm.

*Richmond*  
All comfort that the dark night can afford,  
3523: Be to thy Person, Noble Father in Law.

*Derby*  
The silent hours steal on,  
3528: And flaky darkness breaks within the East.  
3529: In brief, for so the season bids us be,  
3530: Prepare thy Battle early in the Morning,  
3536: But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
3537: Lest being seen, thy Brother, tender George  
3538: Be executed in his Father's sight.  
3544: Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.

*Richmond*  
Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment: *Exeunt. Manet Richmond.*  
3551: O thou, whose Captain I account my self,  
3552: Look on my Forces with a gracious eye:  
3553: Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,  
3554: That they may crush down with a heavy fall,  
3555: Th' usurping Helmets of our Adversaries:  
3556: Make us thy ministers of Chastisement,  
3557: That we may praise thee in thy victory:  
3558: To thee I do commend my watchful soul. *Sleeps.*

*Enter the Ghost of Clarence.*

*Ghost.*  
(*To Richard*) Let me sit heavy in thy soul to morrow.  
3580: I that was washed to death with Fulsome Wine:  
3581: Poor Clarence by thy guile betrayed to death:  
3582: To morrow in the battle think on me,  
3583: And fall thy edgeless Sword, despair and die.  
(*To Richmond*) Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster  
3585: The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee,  
3586: Good Angels guard thy battle, Live and Flourish.

*Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.*

*Rivers*

*(To Richard)* Let me sit heavy in thy soul to morrow,  
3589: Rivers, that died at Pomfret: despair, and die.

*Grey.*

Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair.

*Vaughn*

Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear

3592: Let fall thy Lance, despair and die.

*All*

*(To Richmond)* Awake,

3594: And think our wrongs in Richard's Bosom,

3595: Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

*Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.*

*Hastings*

*(To Richard)* Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,

3598: And in a bloody Battle end thy days.

3599: Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die.

*(To Richmond)* Quiet untroubled soul, Awake, awake:

3602: Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

*Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.*

*Princes.*

*(To Richard)* Dream on thy Cousins Smothered in the Tower:

3606: Let us be laid within thy bosom Richard,

3607: And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death,

3608: Thy Nephew's soul bids thee despair and die.

*(To Richmond)* Sleep Richmond, Sleep in Peace, and wake in Joy,

3611: Good Angels guard thee from the Boar's annoy,

3612: Live, and beget a happy race of Richards,

3613: Edward's unhappy Sons, do bid thee flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.*

*Anne*

Richard, thy Wife, that wretched Anne thy Wife,

3617: That never slept a quiet hour with thee,

3618: Now fills thy sleep with perturbations,

3619: To morrow in the Battle, think on me,

3620: And fall thy edgeless Sword, despair and die:

*(To Richmond)* Thou quiet soul, Sleep thou a quiet sleep:

3623: Dream of Success, and Happy Victory,

3624: Thy Adversary's Wife doth pray for thee.

*Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.*

*Buckingham*

*(To Richard)* The first was I that helped thee to the Crown:

3628: That last was I that felt thy Tyranny.

3629: O, in the Battle think on Buckingham,  
3630: And die in terror of thy guiltiness.  
3631: Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death,  
3632: Fainting despair; despairing yield thy breath.  
(*To Richmond*) I died for hope ere I could lend thee Aide;  
3635: But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismayed:  
3636: God, and good Angels fight on Richmond's side,  
3637: And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

*Richard starts out of his dream.*

*Richard*

Give me another Horse, bind up my Wounds:  
3640: Have mercy Jesu. Soft, I did but dream.  
3641: O coward Conscience? How dost thou afflict me?  
3643: Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
3655: My Conscience hath a thousand several Tongues,  
3656: And every Tongue brings in a several Tale,  
3657: And every Tale condemns me for a Villain;  
3662: I shall despair, there is no Creature loves me;  
3663: And if I die, no soul shall pity me.  
3664: Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Self,  
3665: Find in my Self, no pity to my Self.  
3666: Me thought, the Souls of all that I had murdered  
3667: Came to my Tent, and every one did threat  
3668: To morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard. *Enter Ratcliffe.*

*Ratcliffe*

My Lord.

*Richard.*

Who's there?

*Ratcliffe*

Ratcliffe, my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock  
3673: Hath twice done salutation to the Morn,  
3674: Your Friends are up, and buckle on their Armor.

*Richard.*

O Ratcliffe, I fear, I fear.

*Ratcliffe*

Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of Shadows.

*Richard.*

By the Apostle Paul, shadows to night  
3678: Have strook more terror to the soul of Richard,  
3679: Than can the substance of ten thousand Soldiers  
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

*Exeunt Richard and Ratcliffe.*

*Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.*

*Lords*

Good morrow Richmond.

*Richmond*

Cry mercy Lords, and watchful Gentlemen,  
3689: That you have tane a tardy sluggard here?

*Lords.*

How have you slept my Lord?

*Richmond*

The sweetest sleep,  
3692: And fairest boding Dreams,  
3693: That ever entered in a drowsy head,  
3694: Have I since your departure had, my Lords.  
3695: Me thought their Souls, whose bodies Richard murdered,  
3696: Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:  
3697: I promise you my Heart is very jocund,  
3698: In the remembrance of so fair a dream,  
3699: How far into the Morning is it Lords?

*Lord.*

Upon the stroke of four.

*Richmond*

Why then 'tis time to Arm, and give direction.

*His Oration to his Soldiers.*

3706: God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,  
3709: (Richard except) those whom we fight against,  
3710: Had rather have us win, than him they follow.  
3711: For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,  
3712: A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:  
3718: One that hath ever been God's Enemy.  
3719: Then if you fight against God's Enemy,  
3720: God will in justice ward you as his Soldiers.  
3721: If you do swear to put a Tyrant down,  
3722: You sleep in peace, the Tyrant being slain:  
3729: Then in the name of God and all these rights,  
3730: Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.  
3735: Sound Drums and Trumpets boldly, and cheerfully,  
3736: God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victory.

*Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.*

*Richard*

Ratcliffe.

*Ratcliffe*

My Lord.

*Richard.*

The Sun will not be seen to day,

3751: The sky doth frown, and lower upon our Army.

3752: I would these dewy tears were from the ground.

3753: Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me

3754: More than to Richmond? For the self-same Heaven

3755: That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him. *Enter Norfolk.*

*Norfolk*

Arm, arm, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.

*Richard.*

Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.

3759: Call up Lord Derby, bid him bring his power.

3760: I will lead forth my Soldiers to the plain,

3761: And thus my Battle shall be ordered.

3777: Go Gentlemen, every man to his Charge,

3778: Let not our babbling Dreams affright our souls:

3779: For Conscience is a word that Cowards use,

3780: Devised at first to keep the strong in awe,

3781: Our strong arms be our Conscience, Swords our Law.

3782: March on, join bravely, let us too't pell mell,

3783: If not to heaven, then hand in hand to Hell. *Enter a Messenger.*

3814: What says Lord Derby, will he bring his power?

*Messenger.*

My Lord, he doth deny to come.

*Richard.*

Off with his son George's head.

*Norfolk*

My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh:

3818: After the battle, let George Stanley die.

*Richard.*

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.

3820: Advance our Standards, set upon our Foes.

*Alarum, excursions. Enter Catesby*

*Catesby*

3826: Rescue, Rescue:

3827: The King enacts more wonders than a man,

3828: Daring an opposite to every danger:

3829: His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights. *Alarums.*

*Enter Richard.*

*Richard*

A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

*Catesby*

Withdraw my Lord, I'll help you to a Horse.

*Richard*

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,

3837: And I will stand the hazard of the Die:

3838: I think there be six Richmonds in the field,

3839: Five have I slain to day, instead of him.

3840: A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

*Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight. Richard is slain.*

*Retreat and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords.*

*Richmond*

God, and your Arms be praised Victorious Friends;

3847: The day is ours, the bloody Dog is dead.

*Derby*

Courageous Richmond,

3849: Well hast thou acquit thee: Lo,

3850: Here these long usurped Royalties,

3851: From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,

3852: Have I plucked off, to grace thy Brows withal.

3853: Wear it, and make much of it.

*Richmond*

Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all.

3855: But tell me, is young George Stanley living?

*Derby*

He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Town,

3857: Whither (if you please) we may withdraw us.

*Richmond*

3862: Proclaim a pardon to the Soldiers fled,

3863: That in submission will return to us,

3864: And then as we have tane the Sacrament,

3865: We will unite the White Rose, and the Red.

3868: What Traitor hears me, and says not Amen?

3869: England hath long been mad, and scarred her self;

3886: Now Civil wounds are stopped, Peace lives again;

3887: That she may long live here, God say, Amen. *Exeunt*

FINIS.