The Tudor Facsimile Texts

King Richard the Third

[By William Shakespeare]

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXIII
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This reproduction of the first quarto of Shakespeare's play is from a facsimile of the only perfect copy in private hands, which, however, is not at present accessible (see the Introduction to the forthcoming Bibliographical Index to The Tudor Facsimile Texts).

The B.M. copy of the 1597 quarto wants signatures C and D; the Bodley copy is also imperfect. The B.M. 1598 quarto also lacks the title (supplied in facsimile): its copies of other editions—1602, 1612, 1622 and 1634—are complete.

The original facsimile was made (and beautifully done) by the late Mr. Ashbee some forty years ago; fifty copies only were printed, of which nineteen were destroyed. Copies are very scarce indeed.

This, therefore, seemed the most satisfactory way of filling the present gap in first-hand material for a comparative study of some of the so-called "Foundation" plays.

JOHN S. FARMER.
THE TRAGEDY OF
King Richard the third.

Containing,
His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence:
the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes:
his tyrannicall usurpation: with the whole course
of his detested life, and most deserued death.

As it hath beenelately Acted by the
Right honourable the Lord Chamber-
laine his servants.

AT LONDON
Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise,
dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the
Signe of the Angell.
1597.
Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Now is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by this sonne of Yorke:
And all the cloudes that lowrd vpon our house,
In the deepe boosome of the Ocean buried.

Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments,
Our sterne alarmes changd to merry meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull measures.

Grim-visage warre, hath smoothed his wrinkled front,
And now in stead of mounting barbed steedes,
To fright the soules of fearfull aduersaries.

He capers nimply in a Ladies chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a loue.
But that am not shapte for sportive tricke,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glasse,

I that am rudely stampd and want loues majesty,
To frut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I that am curtailed of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, vnfinishd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world scarce halfe made vp,

And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halte by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Have no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne deformity:
And therefore since I cannot prooue a lowr
To entertaine these faire well spoken daies.

A 2

I am
The Tragedy

I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days:
Plots have I laid industrious dangerous,
By drunken Prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other.
And if King Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtile, false, and treacherous:
This day should Clarence closely be mewed up,
About a Prophecy which saith that G.
Of Edwards heires the murthers shall be.
Due thoughts downe to my soule, Enter Clarence with
Here Clarence comes, a gudd of men.
Brother, good dayes, what meanes this armed gard
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His Maiestie tendering my persons safety hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alack my Lord that fault is none of yours,
He shoule for that commit your Godfathers:
Obelike his Maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christened in the Tower.
But what is the matter Clarence may I know?

Clar. Yea Richard when I know; for I protest
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after Prophecies and dreames,
And from the croffe-rowe pluckes the letter G;
And saith a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These as I learne and such like toises as these,
Have moud his highnes to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are rule by women;
'Tis not the King that sends you to the tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence is she,
That tempers him to this extremity,
Was it not she and that good man of worshippe
Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him fend Lord Haftings to the tower,
From whence this present day he is delivered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.

*Clas*. By heaven I think there is no man is secure,
But the Queenes kindred and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistrelle Shore,
Heard ye not what an humble suppliante
Lord Haftings was to her for his deliuery.

*Glouce*. Humbly complaining to her deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men and weare her huery.
The jealous oreworne widdow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

*Bro*. I befeech your Grace both to pardon me:
His Maiesty hath streightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever with his brother.

*Glouce*. Euen so and please your worship Brokenbury,
You may pertain of any thing we say:
We speake no treafon man, we saye the King
Is wife and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well stroke in yeres faire and not jealous,
We say that Shores wife hath a pretty foote,
A cherry lippe, a bonny eie, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentlefolks.
How say you sir can you deny all this?

*Bro*. With this (my Lord) my selfe have nought to do.

*Glouce*. Naught to do with Mistris Shore, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one
Were best he doe it secretly alone.

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

Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury and will obey,
Glo. We are the Queene's abjects and must obey.

Brother farewell, I will unto the King,
And whatsoever you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widow sister,
I will performe it to enfranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well:
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you or lie for you,
Meane time have patience.

Cla. I must perforce; farewell, Exit Clar.
Glo. Go reade the path that thou shalt here returne,
Simple plaine Clarence I doe loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes here the new delivered haftings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gratious Lord:
Glo. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlaine.

Well are you welcome to the open aire,
How hath your Lordship brooke imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall use my Lord to giue them thankes
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shal Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevaid as much on him as you.

Hast. More pitty that the Eagle should be mewed,
While kinehs and buffards prey at liberty.

Glo. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phisitians fear he mightily.

Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is badindeed,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouermuch consumed his royall person.
of Richard the third.

Tis very grievous to be thought upon:
What is he in his bed?
Haft. He is.

Glo. Go you before and I will follow you. Exit Haft.

He cannot lie I hope, and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with post horse vp to heaven.
He in to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well stead with weighty arguments,
And if I fail, not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not an other day to live
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy.
And leave the world for me to busie in,
For then I'll marry Warwicks yongest daughter:
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent.
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and reigns,
When they are gone then must I count my gains. Exit.

Enter Lady Anne with the hearfe of Harry the 6.

Lady An. Set downe set downe your honourable
If honor may be shrowded in a hearfe,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancaster:
Poore kei-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
Thou bloodlesse remnant of that royall bloud.
Be it lawfull that I innocate thy ghost,
To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered sonne,
Stab'd by the selfesame hands that made these holes,
Lo in those windowes that let foureth thy life,
I powre the helplesse balsme of my poore eies,
Curst be the hand that made these fatall holes,
Curst be the heart that had the heart to doe it.
The Tragedy

More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toades,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If ever he haue child abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whose ugly and unnaturall aspeet,
May fright the hopefull mother at the view.
If ever he haue wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Cheiftey with your holy loade,
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you whiles I lament King Henries corse.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Stay, you that beare the corse and set it downe.

La. What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deedes,

Glo. Villaine set downe the corse, or by S.Paule,
Ile make a corse of him that disobeies.

Gent. My Lord, stand backe and let the coffin passe.

Glo. Vnmanerd dog, stand thou when I command,
Advance thy halbert higher than my breaste,
Or by Saint Paul Ile strike thee to my loote,
And spurne vpon thee beggar forthy boldnes.

La. What doe you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortall
And mortall cies cannot endure the diuell.
Auant thou dreadfull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall body,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweete Saints, for Charity be not so curst.

La. Foule Diuells for Gods sake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou haft made the happy earth thy hell:
Fild it with cursing cries and deepe exclaines.
If thou delight to view thy hainous deedes,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
of Richard the third.

Oh gentlemen see, fee dead Henries woundes;  
Open their congeald mouthes and bleede a fresh.  
Blush blush thou lump of foule deformity;  
For tis thy prefence that exhales this bloud,  
From cold and empty veins where no bloud dwellts.  
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,  
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall.  
Oh God which this bloud madeft, reuenge his death,  
Oh earth which this bloud drinkft, reuenge his death:  
Either heauen with lightning strike the murderer dead,  
Or earth gape open wide and eate him quicke.  
As thou doest swallow vp this good Kings bloud,  
Which his hell-gouerd arme hath butchered.  
Glo. Lady you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.  
Lady Villaine thou knowest no law of God nor man.  
No beast so fierce but knowes some touch of pitty.  
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.  
Lady Oh wonderfull when Diuels tell the troth.  
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry  
Voutsafe deuine perfection of a woman,  
Of these supposted euils to give me leaue,  
By circumftance but to acquite my felfe.  
La. Vouchsafe defufrd infection of a man,  
For these known euils but to give me leaue,  
By circumftance to curse thy cursed felfe.  
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue  
Some patient leisur to excuse my felfe,  
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee thou canft make  
No excuse currant but to hang thy felfe.  
Glo. By such despaire I should accuse my felfe.  
La. And by despairing shouldft thou stand excuse me,  
For doing worthy vengeance on thy felfe,  
Which didn’t worthy slaughter upon others,  
Glo. Say that I flw them not.  
La. Why then they are not dead,  
But dead they are, and diuelfh slauh by thee.  
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
The Tragedy

La. Why then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edwards hand.

La. In thy foule throat thou liest, Queene Margaret saw
Thy bloudy fawcione smokying in his bloud.
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her flaundersous tongue,
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltlesse shoulders.

La. Thou waiit provoked by thy bloudy minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought but butcheries,
Didst thou not kill this King. Glo. I grant yea.

La. Doest grant me hedghogge then god grant me too
Thou maist be damnd for that wicked deepe,
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.

La. He is in heauen where thou shalt never come.

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

La. And thou wostit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes one place els if you will heare me name it.


La. I will rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it Madame till I lie with you,

La. I hope so.

Glo. I know so, but gentle Lady Anne,
To leaue this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a flower method.
Is not the causer of the timeles deaths,
Of these Plantagenetis Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner.

La. Thou art the cause and most accurst effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect,
Your beauty which did haunt me in my sleepe.
To undertake the death of all the world
So I might rest one houre in your sweete bosome.

La. If I thought that I tell thee homicide,
These naiies should rend that beauty from my cheekes.

Glo. These dies could never induce sweet beauties wrack.
of Richard the third.

You should not blemish them if I stood by;
As all the world is cheere by the sonne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.

La. Blacke night ouershade thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be revenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell most un unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.
La. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could.
La. Why that was he.
Glo. The selfe same name but one of better nature.
La. Where is he. Shee spitteth at him.
Glo. Heere.
Why doest thou spitte at me.

La. Would it were mortall poison for thy sake.
Glo. Neuer came poison from so sweete a place.
La. Neuer hung poison on a fouler toade.
Out of my sight thou doest infect my eies.
Glo. Thine eies sweete Lady haue infected mine.
La. Would they were basiliskes to strike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death:
Those eies of thine from mine haue drawn salt teares,
Shamed their aspect with strore of childish drops:
I neuer fued to friend nor enemy,
My tongue could neuer learne sweete soothing words:
But now thy beauty is propose to my fee:
My proud heart fues and prompts my tongue to speake.
Teach not thy lips such scorne, for they were made
For kissting Lady not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgyue,
Lo here I lend thee this sharpe pointed sword:

Which
The Tragedy

Which if thou please to hide in this true bottom,
And let the soule forth that adoreth thee:
I laie it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
Nay, doe not pawse, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:
Nay now dispatch twas I that kild King Henry:
But twas thy heauenly face that set me on: Here be letts fall
Take vp the sword againe or take vp me. the sword.

La. Arise dissembler,though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.

glo. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it:

La. I haue already.

glo. Tis that which was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and eu en with the word,
That hand which for thy loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue:
To both their deaths shalt thou be necessary.

La. I would I knew thy heart.

glo. Tis figured in my tongue.

La. I feare me both are false.

glo. Then never was man true,

La. Well, well, put vp your sword.

glo. Say then my peace is made.

La. That shall you know hereafter.

glo. But shall I live in hope.

La. All men I hope liue so.

glo. Voutsafe to weare this ring.

La. To take is not to giue.

glo. Look how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Even to thy breast incloseth my poor heart.
Weare both of them for both of them are thine,
And if thy poore devout suppliant may
But beg one favoure at thy gracios hand,
Thou dost confirm his happinesse for ever.

La. What is it?

glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad designes,
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,

And
of Richard the third.

And presently repair to Crosbie place,
Where after I have solemnly interred
At Chertse monastery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie see you:
For divers unknowne reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boone.

_Ls._ With all my heart, and much it ioies me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Trefill and Barkley go along with me.
_Glo._ Bid me farewell.

_Ls._ Tis more then you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already. _Exit._

_Glo._ Sirs take vp the corse.

_Ser._ Towards Chertse noble Lord.

_Glo._ No to white Friers there attend my comming.

Was euer woman in this humor woed, _Exeunt._ _manet Gl._

Was euer woman in this humor wonne:
He haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What I that kild her husband and his father,
To take her in her hearts extreamest hate:
With curse in her mouth, teares in her eies,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by,
Hauing God, her conscience, and these bars against me:
And I nothing to backe my suite at all,
But the plaine Druell and dilaembling lookes,
And yet to win her all the world to nothing. Hah
Hath she forgot already that braue Prince
Edward, her Lord whom I sometime three months since,
Stabd in my angry mood at Tewxbery,
A sweeter and a louelie gentleman,
Framd in the prodigality of nature:
Young, valiant, wife, and no doubt right royall,
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet debase her eyes on me
That cropt the golden prime of this sweete Prince,
And made her widdow to a wofull bed,
The Tragedy

On me whose all not equals Edwards moiety,
On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus.
My Dukedom to a beggerly denier.
I doe mistake my person all this while.
Vpon my life the finds, although I cannot
My selfe, to be a merueilous proper man.
Ile be at charges for a looking glasse,
And entertaine some score or two of taylers,
To study fashions to adorne my body,
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with some little cost:
But first Ile turne you fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine out faire sunne till I hace bought a glasse,
That I may see my shadow as I passe. Exit.

Enter Queen, Lord Rivers, Gray.

R. Haue patience Madame, there is no doubt his Maiestie
Will soone recover his accustomed health.
Gray In that you brooke it, ill it makes him worse.
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his grace quick and mery words.
Q. If he were dead what would betide of me.
Ry. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Q. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gr. The heauen haue blest you with a goodly sonne.
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Q. Oh he is young, and his minority
Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Gloceften
A man that loues not me nor none of you.
R. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Q. It is determined, not concluded yea.
But to it must be if the King miscarrie. (Enter Buck, Darby
Gr. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.
Buck. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your Maiestie joyfull as you haue been.
Q. The Countesse Richmond good my Lo: of Darby,
To your good prayers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby notwithstanding, shees your wife.

And
of Richard the third.

And loues not me, be you good Lo. aflare
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Dar. I doe beseech you either not beleue
The enuous flawders of her falle accumlers,
Or if she be accusde in true report,
Beat with her weakenes which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.
 Ry. Saw you the King to day, my Lo. of Darby?
Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Came from visiting his Mairesy.
Qu. With likelihood of his amendement Lords?
But. Madame good hope, his Grace speakes cheerfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him.
But. Madame we did: He desires to make atonement
Betwixt the Duke of Glocefter and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord chamberlaine,
And sent to warne them to his royall presence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will never be.
I feare our happines is at the highest. Enter Glocefter.
Glo. They doe me wrong and I will not endure it,
Who are they that complains unto the King,
That I forsooth am sterne and love them not:
By holy Paul they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his cares with such destentious rumors:
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces, I nuothe, decewe and cog,
Ducke with french nods and apish courtesie,
I must be held a rankerous enimy.
Cannot a plaine man live and thynke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abufe,
By siken flie infinuating jacks?
Ry. To whom in all this prescence speakes your Grace?
Glo. To thee that haft nor honesty nor grace,
When haue I injured thee, when done thee wrong?
Or thee or thee or any of your faction:
The plague upon you all. His royall person
(Whom God preferue better then you would will)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while.
The Tragedy

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qy. Brother of Glocester, you mistake the matter.
The King of his owne royall disposition,
And not provokt by any suitre else,
Ayning belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,
Against my kindred, brethren, and my selfe:
Makes him to send that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will and to remoue it.

Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growen so bad
That wrens make pray're where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since ev'ry Lacke became a Gentleman:
Theres many a gentle person made a Lacke.

Qy. Come come, we know your meaning, brother Gl.
You enuy my aduancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue neede of you,

Glo. Meane time God grants that we haue neede of you,
Our brother is imprifoned by your meanes,
My selfe disgract, and the nobility
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions,
Are daily gien to enoble these
That scarce sometwo daies since were worth a noble.

Qy. By him that raisde me to this carefull height;
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incenfe his Maiestie
Against the Duke of Clarence: but haue beene,
An earneft advocate to pleade for him.
My Lord you doe me shamefull injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

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

Ruy. She may my Lord.

Glo. She may Lo: Ruyers, why who knowes not so?
She may doe more Sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts,
What may she not, she may, yea marry may she.
of Richard the third.

By. What mary may she.

Glo. What mary may she, marry with a King?

A batchelor, a handsome stripling too.

Iwis your Grandam had a worser match.

Qu. My Lo. of Glocester, I haue too long borne
Your blunt upbraiding and your bitter scoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiesty
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured:
I had rather be a countrey servant maid.

Then a great Queene with this condition,

To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at:  Enter Qu.

Small joy haue I in being Englands Queene.  Margaret.

Qu. Mar. And lefned be that itnal, God I befeech thee,

Thy honour, state, and scate is due to me.

Glo. What threat you me with telling of the King,

Tell him and [pare not, looke what I haue said,]

I will auouch in presence of the King: I

Tis time to speake, my paines are quite forgot.

Qu. Mar. Out duell I remember them too well,

Thou flewest my husband Henry in the tower,

And Edward my poore sonne at Teuxbrey.

Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband King,

I was a pachhorse in his great affaires,

A weeder out of his proud aduersaries,

A liberall rewarder of his friends:

To royalize his bloud I spilt mine owne.

Qu. Mar. Yea and much better bloud then his or thine.

Glo. In all which time you and your husband Gray,

Were factious for the house of Lancaster:

And Ryuers, so were you, was not your husband.

In Margarets battale at Saint Albones plains:

Let me put in your mindes, if yours forget

What you haue beene ere now, and what you are,

Withall, what I haue been, and what I am.

Qu. Ma. A murtheros villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poore Clarence did forfaie his father Warwicke,

Yea and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)

Qu. Ma. Which God reuenge,
The Tragedy

Glo. To fight on Edwards party for the crowne,
And for his meede poore Lo: he is mewed vppe:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards lost and pittifull like mine,
I am too childish, foolish for this world.

Qy. Ma. He thee to hell for shame and leave the world
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdom is.

By. My Lo: of Gloucester in those busie daies,
Which here you urge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lo: our lawfull King,
So should we you if you should be our King,

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

Qy. As little joy my Lord as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this countries King,
As little may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy being the Queene thereof.

Qy. M. A little joy enioies the Queene thereof,
For I am the and altogether ioyleffe,
I can no longer hold me patient:
Heare me you wrangling Pyrats that fall out,
In shaming that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
Ifnot, that I being Queene you bow like fubjects,
Yet that by you deposide you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine doe not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinckled witch what makst thou in my fight?
Q. Ma. But repetition of what thou haft mard,
That will I make before I let thee go:
A husband and a son thou owtest to me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou diidst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst rivers from his eies,
And then to drie them gaue'st the Duke a clout,
Sypeet in the faultleffe bloud of pretty Rutland:
His
of Richard the third.

His curses then from bitterness of soule
Denounft against thee, are all fallen upon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagde thy bloudy deede.

A Qu. So lust is God to right the innocent.

Haft. Otwas the foulest deede to slaye that babe,
And the most merciflessthat ever was heard of.

Riu. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dorf. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buch. Northumberland then present wept to see it.

Qe. M. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Did Yorkes dread curse prevaile so much with heauen,
That Henrys death my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdoms losse, my wofull banishment,
Could all but answere for that peecuished brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull cloudes to my quicke curses:
Ifnot, by war, by turfer die your King,
As ours by murder to make him a King.
Edward thy sonne which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my sonne which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence,
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Outline thy glory like my wretched selfe:
Long maieft thou live to waile thy childrens losse,
And fee another as I see thee now
Deckt in thy rights, as thou art staid in mine;
Long die thy happy daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened hours of griefes,
Diestheither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene:
Rivers and Dorset you were standers by,
And to waft thou Lo: Haftings when my sonne
Was stabbd with bloudy daggers, god I pray him,
That none of you may liue your natural age,
But by some unlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Have done thy charmethou hatefull withred hag.

Q. M. And leave out the stay dog for thou shalt hear me

C 2 Exce-
The Tragedy

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee:
O let them keep it till thy finnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the trouble of the poore worlds peace:
The worse of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liuest,
And take deep: traitors for thy dearest friends:
No sleepe, close vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnlesse it be whilst some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee with a he'1 of ugly souels.
Thou eluifh marke abortius rooting hog,
Thou that waft leald in thy natiuity.
The slave of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slaunder of thy mothers heavy wombe,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes.
Thou rag of honour, thou detested: &c.

Glo. Margaret.
Qg.M. I call thee not.
Glo. Then I crie thee mercy, for I had thought
That thou hadst cald me all these bitter names.
Qg.M. Why do I did, but lookest for no reply,
O Let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. (selfe,
Qg.M. Thus haue you breathed your curse against your
Qg.M. Poore painted Queene, vase flouris of my for-
Why strewt thou frug on that bottled spider, (tune
Whose deadly web enfinareth thee about?
Foole foole, thou whetst a knife to kill thy (else,
The tyme will come that thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse that poisnous burchbacke toade.
Haft. False boading woman, end thy frantike curse,
Left to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Q.M. Foule shameful vp on you, you haue all pow'd mine,
Rt. Were you well serv'd you would be taught your duty.
Q.M. To serue me well, you all should doe me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my subjects:
of Richard the third.

O serve me well; and teach your subjects that duty.

_Dorf._ Dispute not with her, she is lunatique.

_Q M._ Peace Master Marques you are malapert,
Your fire-new flampe of honour is scarce currant:
O that your young nobility could judge,
What twere to loose it and be miserable:
They that stand high haue many blast to shake them,
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

_Glo._ Good countell mary, learne it learne it Marques.

_Dor._ It toucheth you my Lo: as much as me.

_Glo._ Yea and much more. but I was borne so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.

_QU. M._ And turnes the sun to shade, alas, alas,
Witness my son, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright outhing beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darkenes fouled vp:
Your aiery buildeth in our aeries nest,
O God that seest it, doe not suffer it
As it was wonne with bloud, lost be it so:

_Buck._ Haue done for shame, if not for charity.

_Q. M._ Vrgue neither charity nor shame to me,
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butched,
My charity is outrage; life my shame,
And in my shame, it ill liue my sorrowes rage.

_Buck._ Haue done.

_Q. M._ O Princely Buckingham, I will kisse thy hand
In signe of league and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee and thy Princely house,
Thy garments are not spotted with our bloud,
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

_Buc._ Nor no one here, for curses neuer passe
The lips of those that breath them in the aire.

_Q. M._ Hee not beleue but they ascend the skie,
And there awake gods gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,
The Tragedy

His venome tooth will rackle thee to death,
Haue not to doe with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death and hell, haue set their markes on him,
And all their minifters attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say my Lo: of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I repect my gratious Lord.

Qu. M. What doest thou for mine Lord?

What doth she say my Lo:
Bef, Nothing that I repect my gratious Lord.

Qu. M. What doest thou for mine Lord?

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of Richard the third.

Namely to Hastings, Darby, Buckingham,
And say it is the Queene and her allies,
That stirre the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they beleue me, and withall whet me,
To be revenged on Ryuers, Vaughan, Gray:
But then I fight, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs doe good for euill:
And thus I clothe my naked villany,
With old odde ends stolen out of holy writ,
And seem a Saint when most I play the Diuell:
But sco heere come my executioners. Enter Executioners.
How now my hardy stout resolued mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deede.

   Execu. We are my Lord, and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

   Glo. It was well thought vpon, I have it here about me,
When you haue done repaire to Crosby place;
But sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withall obdurate, doe not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps,
May move your harts to pitty if you marke him.

   Exec. Tush feare not my Lo: we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be assured:
We come to vfe our hands, and not our tongues.

   Cl. Your eies drop milstones when fooles eies drop tears,
I like you lads, about your busines. Exeunt.

Enter Clarence, Brokenbury.

   Brok. Why lookes your grace so heauilly to day?

   Clar. Oh I have past a miserable night,
So full of ugly fights, of gaily dreams,
That as I am a christiau faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though there to buy a world of happy daies,
So full of dainty terror was the time.

   Brok. What was your dreame, Ilong to heare you tell it.

   Clu. Me thoughts I was imbarke for Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabbine tempted me to walke,
The Tragedy

Vpon the hatches thence we lookt toward England,
And cited vp a thousand searefull times,
During the wars of Yorke and Lancaster:
That had befallen us, as we past along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the hatches:
Me thought that Glocefter stumbled and in stumbling,
Stroke me that thought to stay him ouer board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of waters in my eares,
What vgly sights of death within my eies:
Me thought I sawe a thousand searefull wracks,
Ten thousand men, that fishe gnawed vp,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heapes of pearle,
Inestimable stones, vnaued Jewels,
Some lay in dead mens sculls, and in those holes,
Where eies did once inhabite, there were crept
As twere in fcorne of eies reflecting gems,
Which woed the sliny botomme of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.
   Brok. Had you such leisur in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deepe?
   Clar. Methought I had for still the envious floud
Kept in my soule, and would not let it foorth,
   To secke the emptie vaft and wandering aire,
But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
   Brok. Awake you not with this sore agony.
   Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest to my soule,
Who past me thought the melancholy floud,
With that grim ferrman, which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greet my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law renowned Warwicke,
Who cried alowd what scourge for periuery.
Can this darke monarchy afford false Clarence,
And so he vanisht, then came wandring by,
A shadow like an angell in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he squak't out alowd,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periurd Clarence.
That stabd me in the field by Teuxbery:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torment;
With that me thoughts a legion of foule fiends
Enuirod me about, and howled in mine cares
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling, wak't, and for a seafon after
Could not beleue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.

Bro. No maruelle my Lo: though it affrighted you,
I promife you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.

Cla. O Brokenbury I haue done those things,
Which now bearc euidence against my foule
For Edwards sake, and see how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me,
My foule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.

Bro. I will my Lo: God giue your Grace good reft,
Sorrowe breake seafons, and reposing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night,
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toile,
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of restless cares:
So that betwixt their titles and lowe names,
Theres nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murderers enter.

In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?

Exe. I would speake with Clarence, and I came hither
Bro. Yea, are you fo breife.
(Exe. O sir, it is better to be breife then tedious,
Shew him our commission, talke no more. He readeth it.
Bro. I am in this commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I wilbe guitles of the meaning:
Here are the keies, there fits the Duke a sleepe,

D Ile
The Tragedy

Ile to his Maiefty, and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue resigne my charge to you.

Exc. Doe so, it is a point of wisedome.

2 What shall I stab him as he sleepe?

1 No then he will say twas done cowardly
When he wakes.

2 When he wakes, Why foole he shall never wake till the judgement day.

1 Why then he will say, we stabd him sleepeing.

2 The vrging of that word Judgement, hath bred
A kind of remorse in me.

1 What art thou afraid.

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

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

1 Backe to the Duke of Gloceftcr, tell him so.

2 I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humor will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tel xx.

1 How doest thou feel thy selfe now? (in me.

2 Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet with

1 Remember our reward when the deed is done.

2 Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.

1 Where is thy conscience now?

2 In the Duke of Glocefters purs.

1 So when he opens his purs to give vs our reward,

Thy conscience flies out,

2 Let it go, there is few or none will entertaine it,

1 How if it come to thee againe?

2 Ille not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,

It makes a man a coward: A man cannot steale.

But it accuseth him: he cannot sweare, but it checks him:
He cannot lie with his neighbors wife, but it detects

Him. It is a blushing shamefast spirit, that mutinies

In a mans bosome: it fills one full of obstacles,

It made me once restore a purs of gold that I found,

It beggers any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all

Townes and Civties for a dangerous thing, and every

Man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to

To himselfe, and to live without it.

1 Zounds
Richard the third.

1. Zounds it is even now at my elbowe persuading me
Not to kill the Duke.
2. Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleue him not,
He would insinuate with thee to make thee figh:
1. Tut. I am strong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.
2. Spoke like a tull fellow that respects his reputation,
Come shall we to this geere.
1. Take him ouer the coftard with the hils of thy sword,
And then we wil chop him in the malmsey But in the next
2. Oh excellent device, make a top of him (room.
1. Harke he firs, shall I strike.
2. No, first let me reason with him.

Cla. Where art thou keeper, giue me a cup of wine.
1. You fhall haue wine enough my Lo: anon.
Cla. In Gods name what art thou.
2. A man as you are,
Cla. But not as I am, royall.
2. Nor you as we are, loyall.
Cla. Thy voice is thunder, but thy lookees are humble.
2. My voice is now the Kings, my lookees mine owne.
Cla. How darkly, and how deadly does thou speake:
Tell me who are you, wherefore come you hither?
Am. To, to, to.
Cla. To mutther me. Am. I.
Cla. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so;
And therefore cannot have the hearts to doe it.
Wherein my friends have offended you?
1. Offended vs you haue not, but the King,
Cla. I shalbe reconcil to him againe.
2. Neuer my Lo: therefore prepare to die.
Cla. Are you calld foorth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent; what is my offence.
Where are the evidence that doe accuse me:
What lawfull quest haue giuen their verdict yp
Vnto the frowning ludge, or who pronounft
The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be convicted by course of law?
To threaten me with death, is most unlawful:
I charge you as you hope to have redemption,
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart and lay no hands on me,
The deed you undertake is damnable.

What we will doe, we doe upon command.
And he that hath commanded, is the King.

Erronious Vassailc, the great King of Kings,
Hath in the tables of his law commanded,
That thou shalt doe no murder, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a man?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.
And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst brake that vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Vnripst the bowels of thy soueraigns sonne.
Whom thou wilt sworne to cherish and defend.
How canst thou urge Gods dreadful Law to vs,
When thou hast brake it in so deare degree?

Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deed,
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why art thou not to murder me for this,
For in this sinne he is as deepe as I:
If God will be revenged for this deed,
Take not the quarrel from his powerfull arme,
He needs no indirect, nor lawlesse course,
To cut off those that have offended him.
Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant springing braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nounce was stroke dead by thee?

My brothers loue, the diuell and my rage.
Thy brothers loue, the diuell and thy fault
Have brought vs hither now to murder thee.
Oh if you loue my brother, hate not me,
of Richard the third.

I am his brother, and I love him well:
If you be hire for meede, go backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother Glocester,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

2 You are deceiued, your brother Glocester hates you.

Cla. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me deare,

Go you to him from me.

Am. I so we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our princely father Yorke,
Blest his three sonsnes with his victorious arme:
And chargd vs from his soule, to loue each other,
He little thought of this deuided friendship.
Bid Glocester thinke of this, and he will wepe.

Am. I, milstone as he left me vs to wepe.

Cla. O doe not flaunder him for he is kind,

1 Right as snow in haruest, thou deceiueft thy selfe,
Tis he hath sent vs hither now to slaughter thee.

Cla. It cannot be, for when I parted with him,
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with soes,
That he would labour my deliuerie.

2 Why so he doth, now he deliueres thee,
From this worlds thrallome, to the ioyes of heauen,

1 Makes peace with God, for you must die my Lo:

Cla. Haltest thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To countell me to make my peace with God;
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so bunde,
That thou wilt war with God, by murdring me?
Ah firs, consider, he that let you on
To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede.

2 What shall we doe?

Cla. Relente and save your soules.

1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.

Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, saugue, diuelsish,
My friend, I spie some pitty in thy lookes:
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?
The Tragedy

I thus, and thus: if this will not serve, He stabs him.
Ile chop thee in the malmsey, but, in the next room.
A bloody deed, and desperately performed,
How faine like Pilate would I wash my hand,
Of this most grievous guilty murder done.

1. Why dost thou not help me,
By heauens the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.
2. I would he knew that I had guerd his brother.
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. Exit.

1. So doe not I, go coward as thou art:
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I have my meede I must away,
For this will out, and here I must not stay. Exeunt.
Enter King, Queen, Hastings, Ryne, Dorset, &c.

Kin. So, now I have done a good daies worke,
You peers continue this united league,
I every day expect an Emballage
From my redeemer to redeem me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part from heauen,
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth:
Rivers and Hastings take each others hand,
Difsemble not your hatred, sweare your loure.

Riu. By heauen, my heart is purgd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seale my true hearts loure.

Hast. So true I as I truly sweare the like.

Kin. Take heed ye dally not before your King.
Leaft he that is the supreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loure.

Riu. And I, as I loure hastings with my heart.

Kin. Madame, your selfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your son Dorset, Buckingham nor you,
You have beene factious one against the other:
Wife, loure Lo: Hastings, let him kisse your hand.
And what you doe, doe it unfainely.

Q. Here Hastings I will never more remember. Our
Our former hatred so through land mine.

Dor. This enterchange of love, I here protest,

Upon my part shall be unviolate.

Hast. And so sweare I my Lord.

Kin. Now princely Buckingham seale thou this league
With thy embraces to my wines allies,
And make me happy in your vnity.

Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate,

On you or yours, but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most love,
When I have most neede to imploy a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,

Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me, this doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.

Kin. A pleasing cordiall Princely Buckingham,

Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Glocester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace, Enter Glocester,

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

Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King & Queene,

And Princely peeres, a happy time of day

Kin. Happy indeede as we have spent the day:
Brother we have done deedes of charity:
Made peace of enimity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong infenced peeres.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most soueraigne liege,

Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false Intelligence or wrong furnishe,
Hold me a foe, if I unwittingly or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
Tis death to me to be at enimity
I hate it, and desire all good mens loue.
First Madam I intrete true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious service.
The Tragedy

Of you my noble Cozen Buckingham;
If ever any grudge were lodge betwene vs.
Of you Lo: Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without desert haue frownnd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, gentlemen, indeed of all:  
I doe not know that English man alive,
With whom my soule is any iottc at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humility.

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

Glo. Why Madame, haue I offered love for this,
To be thus scorned in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead,
You doe him injury to scorn his corse.

Rys. Who knowes not he is dead; who knowes he is?
Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?

Buck. Looke Lo: Dorset as the rest.

Dor. My good Lord: and no one in this presence,
But his red couler hath forsooke his cheekes.

Kin. Is Clarence dead, the order was revsrt.
Glo. But he poore soule by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardy cripple borie the countermaund,
That came too lag to see him buried:
God grant that some lesse noble, and lesse loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in bloud:
Defere not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from suspition.

Enter Darby.

Dar. A boone my soueraigne for my service done.

Kin. I pray thee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.

Dar. I will not rife vnlesse your highnesse grant.

Kin. Then speake at once, what is it thou demandst.

Dar. The forfeit soueraigne of my servaunts life,
Who slew to day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.
of Richard the third.

KIN. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And shall the same giue pardon to a traitor?
My brother flew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel death.
Who took to me for him, who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete and bad me be aduised?
Who spake of Brotherhood, who of love?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me:
Who told me in the field by Teuxbery,
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me,
And said deare brother, liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoste to death, how he did lappe me
Even in his owne garments, and gaued himselfe
All thin and naked to the numbcolde night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully puckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters, or your wyghting vassalles
Hawe done a drunken slaughter, and desaide
The precious image of our deare Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon pardon,
And I vniustly too, must grant it you:
But for my brother, not a man would speake,
Nor I vngratious speake vnto my selfe,
For him poore soule: The proudest of you all
Hawe beene beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God I feare thy Iustice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (Exit.
Come Hasting help me to my closet, oh poore Clarence,
GLO. This is the fruit of rashnes: marke you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death?
Oh they did urge it still vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company.

Enter.
The Tragedy

Enter Dachses of York, with Clarence Children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?

Dut. No boy.

Boy. Why do you wring your hands, and beat your
And crie; Oh Clarence my unhappy sonne?

Gerl. Why do you looke on vs and shake your head,
And call us wretches, Orphanes castaways.
If that our noble father be alive?

Dut. My pretty Cosens, you mistake me much;
I doe lament the sickness of the King:
As loth to loose him, not your fathers death:
It were lost labour, to wepe for one thats lost.

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

Dut. Peace children; peace, the King doth love you wel
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guesse who cause thy fathers death.

Boy. Granam we can: For my good Vnckle Gloster
Tould me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuised impeachments to imprison him:
And when he tould me so, he wept,
And huggd me in his arm, and kindly kist my cheeke,
And bid me rely on him as in my father,
And he would love me deately as his child.

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

Boy. Thinte you my Vnckle did dissemble Granam?

Dut. I boy.

Boy. I cannot thinte it; hark what noiste is this. Enter the

Qu. Oh who shall hinder me to waile and wepe? Quare.
To chide my fortune, and torment my selve?
He joine with blacke despaire against my soule,
And to my selve become an enemy.

Dut. What means this scene of rude impatience.

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence: Ed
of Richard the third.

Edward, my Lord, your son our King is dead,
Why grow the branches, now the root is wither'd?
Why wither not the leaves, the sap being gone?
If you will live, lament: if die, be brief:
That our swift-winged souls may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subject, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liued by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his Princely semblance,
Are crackt in pieces by malignant death:
And I for comfort haue but one false glass,
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widdow, yet thou art a mother,
And haft the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what caufe haue I
Then being but moity of my grief,
To overgo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

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

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distressed was left vnmoand,
Your widdowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine cies,
That I being gouerd by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my eire Lo: Edward.

Ambo. Oh for our father, for our deare Lo: Clarence.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.

Qu. What stay had I but Edward, and he is gone?

Am. What stay had we but Clarence, and he is gone?

Dut. What stayes had I but they, and they are gone?

Quex. Was never Widdow, had so deare a losse.
The Tragedy

Anke. Was never Orphanes had a dearer losse.
Du. Was never mother had a dearer losse:
Alas, I am the mother of these mones,
Their woes are parcel'd, mine are general:
She for Edward weepes, and so doe I:
I for a Clarence wepe, so doth not the:
These babes for Clarence wepe, and so doe I:
I for an Edward wepe, so do not they.
Alas, you three on me threefold distressed,
Poure all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. Enter Gloest.
Gl. Madam haue comfort, al of vs haue cause, with others,
To wail the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harms by wailing them,
Madame my mother, I doe erie you mercy,
Idid not see your Grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blessing.
Du. God bless thee, and put meekenes in thy minde,
Loure, charity, obedience, and true duety.
Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That's the butt end of a mothers blessing:
I maruell why her Grace did leave it out.
Buck. You cloudy Princes, and hart-forrowing peeres
That beare this mutuell heavy lode of moane:
Now cheare each other, in each others love:
Though we haue spent our hartest of this King,
We are to reape the hartest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinterd, knit, and ioynd etogether,
Must gently be prefered, cherishd and kept,
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.
Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine,
Who they shalbe that straight shall post to Ludlow:
Madame, and you my mother will you go,
To giue your censures in this waighty busines,
Aue. With all our hearts. "Eexcute man, Glo. Buck."
of Richard the third.

Buck. My Lord who euer jorneyes to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two stay behinde:
For by the way Ile sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talke of,
To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King.
Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistory:
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cofen:
I like a childe will go by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde.

Enter two Citizens.

1 Cit. Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2 Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.
1 Hears you the newes abroad?
2 I, that the King is dead.
1 Bad newes birstady, seldom comes the better,
I feare, I feare, twill prove a troublous world. Ent. ano-
3 Cit. Good morrow neighbours. ther Cit.

Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?
1 It doth. Then matters looke to bee a troublous world
2 No no, by Gods good grace his sonne shalaigne.
3 Woe to that land that is gournd by a childe.
2 In him there is a hope of gournement,
That in his nonage counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeres himselfe,
No doubt shal then, and till then gourne well,
1 So stooed the state when Harry the fixt
Was crownd at Paris, but at ix. moneths olde.
3 Stooed the state so, no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famouly enrich.
With politike graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vnckles to protect his Grace.
2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest.
Will touche vs all too neare, if God prevent not,
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Gloefter,
And the Queenes kinred hauty and proud,
The Tragedy

And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

2 Come, come, we fear the worst, all shall be well,
3 When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks:

When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night:
Untimely storms, make men expect a dart:
All may be well: but if God fort it so,
Tis more then we desere or I expect.

1 Truely the soules of men are full of bread:
Yee cannot almost reason with a man
That lookes not heauily, and full of feare.

3 Before the times of change still is it so:
By a divine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Enfuing dangers, as by proofe we see.
The waters swell before a boisterous storme:
But leave it all to God: whither away?

2 We are sent for to the Iustice,

3 And so was I, Ile beare you company. Extunt.

Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Quec, young Yorke.

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

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

Que. But I hear no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Hath almost overtane him in his growth.

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

Dut. Why my young Cozen it is good to grove.

Tor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My Vnkle Rivers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Vnkle Glocesta,
Small herbes haue grace, great weedes grow space,
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast:
Because sweete flowers are flow, and weedes make haste.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young.
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if this were a true rule, he should be gracious.

Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.

Dum. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.

Yor. Now by my truth if I had beene remembred,
I could have giv'n my Vneckles grace a flout, mine.
That should have neerer toucht his growth then he did

Dum. How my pretty Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.

Yor. Mary they say, my Vnckle grew so faft,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.

Granam this would haue heene a biting iest.

Dum. I pray thee pretty Yorke who tolde thee so.

Yor. Granam his nurse.

Dum. His nurse, why she was dead ere thou wert borne.

Yor. If she were not thicke, I cannot tell who tolde me.

QH. A perilous boy, go to, you are too shrewde.

Car. Good Madame be not angry with the childe.

QH. Pitchers haue cares. Enter Dorset.

Car. Here comes your sonne, Lo: M. Dorset.

What newes Lo: Marques?

Dor. Such newes my Lo: as grieues me to vnfold.

QH. How fares the Prince?

Dor. Well Madame, and in health.

Dum. What is thy newes then?

Dor. Lo: Rivers and Lo: Gray are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Dum. Who hath committed them?

Dor. The mighty Dukes, Glocester and Buckingham.

Car. For what offence.

Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclose:
Why, or for what, these nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me my gratious Lady.

QH. Ay me I see the downfall of our house,
The tyger now hath ceazed the gentile hinde:
Insulting tyranny beginnes to set,
Upon the innocent and lawlesse throne:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre,
The Tragedy

I see as in a mappe the ende of all.

Du. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost:
For me to joy and weep their gaine and losse,
And being leasted and domestike broiles,
Cleane overblowne themselues, the conquerours
Make warre vpon themselues, bloud against bloud,
Selfe against selfe, O preposterous
And frantike outrage, ende thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.

Qu. Come come my boy, we will to sanctuary:

Dut. Ile go along with you.

Qu. You have no cause.

Car. My gratious Lady go,
And thither beare your treasure and your goods,
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace
The seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours:

Come Ile conduct you to the sanctuary.

Exeunt.

The Trumpets sound. Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Glo-cester, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c. (ber.

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your cham-

Glo. Welcome deare Cosen my thoughts soueraigne,
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prin. No Vnckle, but our croffes on the way
Haue made it tedious, wearesome, and heavy:
I want more Vnckles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeares,
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguishe of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome he other iumpeth with the heart:
Those Vnckles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their fruged words,
But lookt not on the poifon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.

Prin.
of Richard the third.

Pri. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none,
Glo. My Lo, the Mair of London comes to greete you.
     Enter Lord Major.
Lo:Major. God bleffe your grace with health and happy daies.
     Pri. I thanke you good my Lo: and thanke you all:
     I thought my mother, and my brother Yorke,
     Would long ere this have met vs on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Haftings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come, or no.  (Enter 1. Haft.
     Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating Lo:
Pri. Welcome my Lo: what will our mother come?
     Haft. On what occasion, God he knowes not I:
     The Queene your mother and your brother Yorke
     Have taken sanctuary: The tender Prince
     Would faine have come with me, to meete your Grace,
     But by his mother was perforce withheld.
     Buck. Fie, what an indirect and penuish course
     Is this of hers? Lo: Cardinall will your grace
     Perswade the Queene to sendt the Duke of Yorke
     Vnto his Princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lo: Haftings go with him,
And from her jealous armes plucke him perforce.
     Car. My Lo: of Buckingham, if my weake oratory
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anone expect him here: but if he be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God in heauen forbid
We should infringe the holy prouilege
Of blessed sanctuary, not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deepe a sinne.
     Buck. You are too senseleffe obstinate my Lo:
To too ceremonious and traditionall:
Weigh it but with the grossenes of this age,
You breake not sanctuary in seazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To those whose dealings have deferred the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deferred it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then
The Tragedy

Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You brake no privilege nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children never till now.

Car. My Lo: you shall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on Lo: Hastings will you go with me?
Hast. I go my Lord.

Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy hast you may:
Say Vnckle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seemes best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may counsell you, some day or two,
Your highnes shall repose you at the tower:
Then where you please, and shalbe thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prin. I doe not like the towner of any place:
Did Iulius Cæsar build that place my Lord?

Buc. He did, my gratious Lo: begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.

Prin. Is it vpon record, or els reported
Successiuely from age to age he built it?

Buc. Vpon record my gratious Lo:

Pri. But say my Lo: it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As were retailde to all posterity,
Euen to the generall all-ending day.

Glo. So, wifc, so young, they say doe neuer liue long.

Pri. What say you Vnckle?

Glo. I say without characters fame liues long:
Thus like the formall vice iniquity,
I morallize two meanings in one word,

Pri. That Iulius Cæsar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valure liue:
Death makes no conquest of this conquerour,
For now he liues in fame though not in life:
He tell you what my Cofen Buckingham.

Buc. What my gratious Lord?
Prin. And if I live untill I be a man,
Ile winne our auncient right in France againe,
Or die a souldier as I liue a King.

Glo. Short summers lightly haue a forward spring.

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinal.

Bac. Now in good time here comes the Duke of Yorke.

Pri. Rich. of Yorke how fares our loving brother?

Yor. Well my dread Lo: so must I call you now.

Pri. I brother to our grieues as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majestie.

Glo. How fares our Cofen noble Lo: of Yorke?

Yor. I thanke you gentle Vnckle. O my Lo:
You said that idle weedes are fast in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrowen me farre.

Glo. He hath my Lo:

Yor. And therefore is he idle?

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

Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.

Glo. He may command me as myouveraigne,
But you have power in me as in a kineman.

Yor. I pray you Vnckle give me this dagger:

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

Tri. A begger brother?

Yor. Of my kind Vnckle that I know will give,
And being but a toy, which is no griefe to give.

Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile give my Cofen.

Yor. A greater gift, O that's the sword to it.

Glo. I gentle Cofen, were it light, enough.

Yor. O then I see you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youe lay a begger nay.

Glo. It is too heavy for your Grace to weare.

Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.

Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord?

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


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

Vnckle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
The Tragedy

Tor. You mean't to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my brother mocks both you and me,
Because that I am little like an Ape.
He thinkes that you shoulde beare me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharpe provid'd with the reasons,
To mitigate the scorne he giveth his Vnckle:
He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe,
So cunning and so young is wonderfull.

glo. My Lo: wilt please you passe along,
My selfe and my good Coozen Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreate of her,
To meete you at the tower, and welcome you.

Tor. What will you go vnto the tower my Lo?

Prin. My Lo: protector needes will haue it so.

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

glo. Why, what should you feare?

Tor. Mary my Vnckle Clarence angry ghost:

My Granam tolde me he was murdred there.

Pri. I feare no Vnckles dead.

glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.

Pri. And if they liue, I hope I neede not feare:

But come my Lo: with a heavy heart

Thinking on them, go I vnto the tower.


Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this little prating Yorke,
Was not incend'd by his subtile mother,
To taunt and sorne you thus opprobriously?

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

Buc. Well, let them rest: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art sorne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart.
Thou knowest our reasons verye upon the way:
What thinkest thou? is it not an easie matter
To make William Lo: hastings of our minds;
For the installment of this noble Duke,
In the sate royall of this famous isle?

Cates.
Cates. He for his fathers sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
Buck. What thinkest thou then of Stanley what will he?
Cats. He will doe all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
Sound thou Lo: Hastings, how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, if he be willing,
Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, sicie, colde, vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold deuided counsels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employed.
Glo. Commend me to Lo: William, tell him Catesby,
His aunctient knot of dangerous adueraries
To morrow are let bloud at Pomfret Castell,
And bid my friend for joy of this good newes,
Giue Mistress Shore, one gentle kille the more.
Buck. Good Catesby effect this busines soundly.
Cats. My good Lo: both, with all the heede I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we sleepe?
Cats. You shall my Lord.
Glo. At Crosby place there shall you finde vs both.
Buck. Now my Lo: what shall we doe, if we perceiue
William Lo: Hastings will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop of his head man, somewhat we will doe.
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford and the moveables,
Whereof the King my brother stood possess.
Buck. Ile claime that promis at your Graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with all willingnes:
Come let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some forme. Exeunt,

Enter a Messenger to Lo: Hastings.
Hast. Who knockes at the dore.

“RICHARD THE THIRD.”

Hast. Who knockes at the dore.
Haft. What's a clock?
Mes. Upon the stroke of four.
Haft. Cannot thy Master sleep these tedious nights?
Mes. So it should seeme by that I have to say:

First he commends him to your noble Lordship.

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

He dreamt to night the bear had raffed his helle:
Besides, he saies there are two counsels held,
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rewe at the other,
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure;

If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speede post into the North,
To shun the danger that his soule diuines.

Haft. Go fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the seperated counfels:
His honour and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other is my servaunt Catesby;
Where nothing can proceede that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond,
To trust the mockery of vnquiet slumbers,
To fle the boare before the boare pursues vs
Were to incite the boare to follow vs,
And make pursuite where he did meane no chafe:
Go bid thy Master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the tower,
Where he shall see the boare will vfe vs kindely.

Mes. My gratious Lo: Ile tell him what you say. Enter
Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lo: (Catesy:

Haft. Good morrow Catesby, you are early stirring,
What newes what newes in this our tottering state?

Cat. It is a reeling world indeede my Lo:
And I beleue it will never stand upright,
Till Richard weare the garland of the Realme.

Haft. Howe? weare the garland? doest thou meane the
Cat. I my good Lord. (crowne?

Haft.
of Richard the third.

Haft. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shou-der. 
Ere I will see the crowne so soule misplaste. But canst thou guesse that he doth aime at it.
Cat. Upon my life my Lo: and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene must die at Pomfret.
Haft. Indeede I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they have beene still mine enemies:
But that Ie giue my voice on Richards side,
To barre my Masters heires in true descent,
God knowes I will not doe it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordship in that gratious minde.
Haft. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence.
That they who brought me in my Masters hate,
I live to looke vpon their tragedy:
I tell thee Catesby. Cat. What my Lord?
Haft. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile send some packing, that yet think not on it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gratious Lord,
When men are vnprepard and looke not for it.
Haft. O monstrous monstrous, and so fals it out
With Riuer, Vaughan, Gray, and so twill doe
With some men els, who thinke themselves as safe
As thou art, and I, who as thou knowest are deare
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haft. I know they doe, and I haue well deswued it.
Enter Lord Stanley.

What my Lo: where is your boare-speare man?
Fear you the boare and go so vnprovided?
Stan. My Lo: good morrow; good morrow Catesby:
You may goe on: but by the holy roode.
I doe not like these feueral counsels I.
Haft. My Lo: I shoulde my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe protest.

Was
The Tragedy

Was it more precious to me then it is now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am? (don,

Stan. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from Lon-
Were iocund, and suppose their states was sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soon the day overcast,
This sodaine scab of rancour I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I proue a needeleffe coward:
But come my  lo: shall we to the tower?

Hast. I go: but stay, heare you not the newes,
This day those men you talkt of, are beheaded.

Stan. They for their truth might better weare their heads;
Then some that haue accuse them weare their hats:
But come my  lo: let vs away.  Enter  Haftin.

Haft. Go you before, Ile follow presently.  (a Pursuant.

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

Pur. The better that it please your  lo: to ask.

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

Pur. God hold it to your honors good content.

Haft. Gramercy  Haftings hold  spend thou that,  He gives
Pur. God save your Lordship.  (him his purse.

Haft. What Sir John, you are wel met,  (Enter a priest.
I am beholding to you for your last dyes exercise:
Come the next sabbath and I will content you.  He rides-

Enter Buckingham.  (pers in his care.

Buc. How now  lo: Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pomfret they doe need the priest  (priest,
Your honour hath no shriving worke in hand.

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

Buc.
of Richard the third.

Buck. I doe, but long I shall not stay,
I shall return before your Lordship thence.
Haft. Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. And supper too, although thou knowest it not:
Come shall we go along? Exeunt.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with the Lo: Rivers,
Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.
Ratl. Come bring forth the prisoners.
Ryu. Sir Richard Ratliffe let me tell thee this:
Today shalt thou behold a subjects die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Gray. God keep the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned bloudfuckers.
Ryu. O Pomfret Pomfret. Oh thou bloudy prison,
Fataall and ominous to noble peeres.
Within the guilty closure of thy wals
Richard the seconde here was hackt to death:
And for more slaughter to thy dissall soule,
We give thee vp our guiltie blouds to drinke.
Gray. Now Margarets curse is faine upon our heads:
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.
Ryu. Then curse the Haftings, then curse the Buckings.
Then curse the Richard. Oh remember God,
To heare her praiers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister, and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied dear God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.
Rat. Come come dispatch, the limit of your lines is out.
Ryu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leave untill we meete in heauen. Exeunt.

Enter the Lords to Councell.

Haft. My Lords at once the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation:
In Gods name say, when is this royall day?
Buc. Are all things sitting for that royall time?
Dar. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ryu. To morrow then I guess a happy time.
Buc. Who knowes the Lo: protectors mind herein?

Who
The Tragedy

Who is most inward with the noble Duke.
Bi. Why you my Lo: me thinks you shou'd soonest know
Buc. Who I my Lo? we know each other's faces: (his mind
But for our harts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours; nor I no more of this, then you of mine:
Lo: Hastings you and he are neere in loue.
Hast. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well;
But for his purpose in the coronation:
I have not scouted him not he deliuered
His Grace's pleasure any way therein:
But you my noble Lo: may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe, I leue my voice,
Which I presume he will take in Gentle part.
Bish. Now in good time here comes the Duke himself.
Glo. My noble L. and Cozens all, good morrow, (Ent.Glo.
I have bee ne' long a sleeper, but I hope
My absence doth neglect no great designes,
Which by my presence might have been concluded:
Buc. Had not you come vpon your kee my Lo:
William L: Hastings had now pronounced your part:
I meane your voice for crowning of the King.
Glo. Than my Lo: Hastings no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.
Hast. I thanke your Grace.
Glo. My Lo: of Elie, Bish. My Lo:
Glo. When I was last in Holborne:
I saw good strawberries in your garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them.
Bish. I go my Lord.
Glo. Cofen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our busines,
And finds the teasty Gentleman so hoat,
As he will loose his head eare giue content,
His Masters sonne, as worshipful he termeis it,
Shal I loose the royalty of Englands throne.
Buc. Withdraw you hence my Lo: Ile follow you. Ex Glo.
Dar. We have not yet set downe this day of triumph,
To morrow in mine opinion is too sodaine: For
of Richard the third.

For I my selfe am not so well provided,       Enter B.
As els I would be, were the day prolonged.    of Ely.

By, Where is my L. protector, I haue sent for these strawbe-

Ha. His Grace lookes cheerfully and smooth to day, (ries.
There some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I thinke there is never a man in christendome,
That can leele hide his loue or hate then he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he shewed to day?

Haft. Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would have shewn it in his lookes.

Dar. I pray God he be not, I say.       Enter Glocefter.

Glo. I pray you all, what doe they deserve,
That doe conspire my death with devilish plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue practised.
Upon my body with their hellish charmes?

Glo. Then be your eies the witnesse of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.
This is that Edwards wife, that monstrous witch,
Confircted with that harlot Strumpet Shore.
That by their witchcraft, thus haue marked me.

I Haft. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lo:

Glo. If, thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Tellst thou me of it?est thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paule,
I will not die to day I sweare,
Vntil I see the same, some see it done,
The rest that love me, come and follow me.       Exeunt manus.

Ha. Woe wo for England, not a whit for me:       Cat with Ha.
For I too fond might have prevented this.
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,

G 2

But
The Tragedy

But I disdain'd it, and did scarce to flie,
Three times to day, my footecloth horse did stumble,
And startled when he lookt upon the tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughterhouse.
Oh now I want the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I tolde the Pursuants.
As twere triumphing at mine enemies:
How they at Pomfret bloudily were butcher'd,
And I my selfe secure in grace and favour:
Oh Margaret Margaret: now thy heavy curse,
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched head,

Cat. Dispatch my Lo: the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Bust. One momentary state of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of heaven:
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire lookes,
Lives like a drunken sayler on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble downe
Into the fatal bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blockes, beare him my head,
They smite at me that shortly shall be dead. Extunt.

Enter Duke of Gloucester and Buckingham in armour.

Glo. Come Cofen, canst thou quake and change thy co-
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then beginne againe, and stop againe,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror.

Buc. Tut feare not me.

I can counterfaite the deepe Tragedian:
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side:
Intending deepe suspition, gaily lookes
Are at my service like enforced smiles,
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my stratagemes.

Enter Maior.

Glo. Here comes the Maior.

Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lo: Maior,
Glo. Look to the drawbridge there.

Buc. The reason we haue sent for you.
Glo. Catesby overlooke the wals.

Back.
of Richard the third.

**Buck.** Harke, I heare a drumme.

**Glo.** Lookke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.

**Buc.** God and our innocence defend vs. Enter Catesby

**Glo.** O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby. with Haftie head.

**Cat.** Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,

The daungerous and unsuspected Hastings.

**Glo.** So deare I lou'd the man, that I must wepe:

I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a chriſtian,
Looke ye my Lo: Maior.
Made him my booke, wherein my soule recorded,
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smoothe he daubd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparent open guilt omitted:
I meane his conuerſation with Shores wife.
He laid from all attainer of suspect.

**Buck.** Well well, he was the couerſt shielded traitor

That euermiſt, would you haue imagined,
Or almoſt beleue, vnto great prefervation
We lue to tell it you? The subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the counfell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloceſter.

**Maior.** What, had he so?

**Glo.** What thinke you we are Turkes or Insidels,
Or that we would againſt the forme of lawe,
Proceede thus rashely to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perill of the caſe,
The peace of England, and our perſons safety
Inforſt vs to this execution.

**Mai.** Now faire befall you, he defuered his death,
And you my good Lords both, haue well proceeded
To warne faſte traitours from the like attempts:
I never looke for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Miftrefſe Shore.

**Dut.** Yet had not we determined he ſhould die,
Vntill your Lordſhip came to fee his death,
Which now the longing haſte of theſe our friends,
Somewhat againſt our meaning haue preuented,

G 3
The Tragedy

Because, my Lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speake, andtimerously confesse
The mater, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well have signified the same
Vnto the Citizens, who happily may
Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.

Mrs. But my good Lord, your graces word shall serue
As well as I had seene or heard him speake,
And doubt you not, right noble Princes both,
But Ie acquaint your dutious citizens,
With all your lust proceedings in this cause.

Glo. And to that end we wilsht your Lordship here
To awoyde the carping cenfures of the world.

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

Glo. After,after, cousin Buckingham, Exit Major.
The Major towards Guildhall hies him in all post,
There at your meestt advantage of the time,
Inferre the bastardy of Edwards children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Hire to the Crowne, meaning (indeede) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was termed so.
Moreover, vrge his hatefulfull luxurie,
And bestall appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched to theyr seruants, daughter, wives,
Euen whi: his luftfull eye, or fauge heart
Without controll liftet to make his prey:
Nay for a neede thus farre, come neere my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with childe
Of that vnfatiate Edward; noble Yorke
My princely father then had warres in Fraunce,
And by iust computation of the tyme
Found, that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this sparingly as it were farre off;
Because you know, my Lord, my mother liues.

Buc.
of Richard the third.

Buck. Fear not, my Lord, I play the Orator,
As if the golden she for which I please
Were for my selfe.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynards castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers and well learned Bishops.

Buc. About three or foure a clocke look to heare
What news Guildhall affordeth, and so my Lord farewell.

Glo. Now will I in to take some priuy order. Exit Buc.

To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to give notice, that no maner of person
At any tymse have recourse unto the Princes. Exit.

Enter a Scrivener with a paper in his hand.

This is the indiciement of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a fet hand fairely is engrossed,
That it may be this day read ouer in Pauls;
And marke how well the sequele hangs together,
Eleven houres I spent to wyre it ouer,
For yeftynight by Catesby was it brought me,
The president was full as long as doing,
And yet within these fiue hours I spent Lord Hastings,
Untaynted, unexamined, free, at liberty;
Here is a good world, the while. Why whose so grosse
That see not this palpable deuice?
Yet whose so blinde but fayes he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to naught,
When such bad dealeing must be fene in thought. Exit.

Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord, what say the Citizens?

Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mumme, and speake not a word.

Glo. Touch you the bastardy of Edwards children?

Buck. I did, wyth the infratate greedynesse of his desires,
His tyrannye for trifles, his owne bastardy,
As byng got, your father then in Fraunce:
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Beyng the right Idea of your father,
Both in your forme and noblenesse of minde,
The Tragedy

Laid open all your victories in Scotland:
Your discipline in warre, wisedome in peace:
Your bounty, vertue, faire humility:
Indeede left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouched, or slightely handled in discourse:
And when mine oratory grew to an ende.
I bid them that did love their countries good,
Crie, God saue Richard, Englands royall King,

Glo. A and did they so?

Buc. No so God helpe me,

But like dumbe statues or breathing stones,
Gazed each on other and looke deadly pale: 
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And askt the Maior, what meant this wilfull silence?
His anfwere was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus, faith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferred:
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the Hall, hurled vp their caps,
And some ten voices cried, God saue King Richard.
Thankes louing Cittizens and friends quoth I,
This general applause and louing houre,
Argues your wisedomes and your loue to Richard:
And so brake off and came away,

Glo. What tongue, these blockes were they, would they not

Buc. No by my troth my Lo: (speak?)

Glo. Will not the Maior then, and his brethren come.

Glo. The Maior is here at hand, and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mighty suite:
And looke you get a praier booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen good my Lo: 
For on that ground Ie build a holy descant:
Be not easily wonne to our request:
Play the maides part, say no, but take it.

Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade aswell for them,
As I can say nay to thee, for my selfe:

No
No doubt weele bring it to a happie issue.

_Buck_. You shal see what I can do, get you vp to the leads. _Exit._

Now my L. Maior, I dance attendance heare,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall. _Enter Catesby._

Here comes his seruant: how now Catesby what saies he.

_Cates_. My Lord, he doth intreat your grace
to visit him to morrow or next daie,
He is within with two right reverend fathers,
Diunely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly suite would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

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

_Cates_. Ile tell him what you say my Lord. _Exit._

_Buck_. A ha my Lord this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a lewd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dalying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull soule.
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himselfe the soueraintie thereon,
But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.

_Maior_. Marry God forbid his grace should say vs nay.

_Buck_. I feare he will, how now Catesby. _Enter Catesby._

What faies your Lord?

_Cates_. My Lo. he wonders to what end, you haue assembled
Such troupe of Citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warmd thereof before,
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.

_Buck_. Sorrie I am my noble Cozen shold
Suspect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect love to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace: _Exit Catesby._
The Tragedy

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

Enter Rich. with two bishops a lafT.

'\textbf{Maior.} See where he stands between two clerks of men.

'\textbf{Buck.} These props of vertue for a Christian Prince,
To stake him from the fall of vanity,
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favorable cares to our request,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

'\textbf{Glo.} My Lord, there needs no such apologie,
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends,
But leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

'\textbf{Buck.} Even that I hope which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungoverned Isle.

'\textbf{Glo.} I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgravious in the Cities eies,
And that you come to reprove my ignorance,

'\textbf{Buck.} You have my Lord, would it please your grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.

'\textbf{Glo.} Else wherefore breath in a Christian land?

'\textbf{Buck.} Then know it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
The lineall glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemishfull flocke:
Whilst in the mildnesse of your sleepe thoughts,
Which here we wakenn to our countries good,
This noble Isle doth want her proper limbes,
Her face deface with scars of infamie,
And almost shou'dred in the swallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulness and darke oblivion,
Which to secure we heartily solicit,
Your gracious selfe to take upon you the foueraintie thereof,
Not as Protector, stroward substitute,

Or
of Richard the third.

Or lowlie factor for anothers gaine;  
But as successufulie from blood to blood,
Your right of birth,your Emperie,your owne:
For this conforted with the Citizens
Your verie worshipfull and louing friends,
And by their vehement interlocution,
In this just suit come I to moue your grace.

Glo. I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterlie to speake in your reprooche,
Best fiteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deserveth my thanks, but my defect
Vnmeritabile shunes your high request,
Firft if all obftacles were cut awaie,
And that my path were euon to the crown,
As my ripe reuenuw and dew by birth,
Yet so much is my pouerty of spirit,
So mightie and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnes,
Beeing a Barke to brooke no mightie sea,
Then in my greatnes cour to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glorie smotherd:
But God be thanked there's no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The roiall tree hath left vs roiall fruit,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seat of maiestie,
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I laie what you would laie on me:
The right and fortune of his happie flas,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buck. My lord,this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered:
You faile that Edward is your brothers sonne,
So faile we to, but not by Edwards wife,
For first he was contract to lady Lucy,
Your mother liues a witnesse to that vowe,
And afterward by substitute betrothed

H.8 To
The Tragedy

To Benfetterto the king of Fraynce,
These both put by a poore petitioner
A care-craz'd mother of a many children,
A beauty-waving and distrefled widow,
Euen in the afternoone of her best dais
Made prize and purchase of his lutfull eye,
Seduc t' the pitch and height of al his thoughts,
To base declension and loath'd bigamie,
By her in his ynal full bed he got.
This Edward whom our manner terme the prince,
More bitterlie could I expostulate,
Saue that for reverence to some stiue
I giue a sparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord,take to your royall selfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie:
If not to ble(3evs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall flocke,
From the corruption of abusing time,
Vnto a lineall true derived course.

Mauor. Do good my Lord your Citizens entreat you.
Cates. O make them ioifull grant their lawful suite.
Glo. Alas, why would you heape these cares on me,
I am vnfit for state and dignitie,
I do beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buck. If you refue it as in loue and zeale,
Loath to depose the chuld yourbrothers sonne,
As well we know your tendemes of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which wee haue noted in you to your kin,
And egallie indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you accept our suite or no,
Your brothers sonne shall yeue reigne our king,
But we will plant some other in the throane,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come Citizens, zounds he intreat no more.
Glo. O do not sweare my Lord of Buckingham.

Catesby
of Richard the third.

Catif. Call them again, my lord, and accept their suit.

Addr. Do, good my lord, least all the land do rew it.

Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care:

Well, call them again, I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind intreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soule.
Coosin of Buckingham, and you false graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To bear her burthen whether I will or no,
I must have patience to indure the lode,
But if blacke scandale or soule-fact reproch
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquaintance mee
From all the impure blots and stains thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof:

Mayor. God bless your grace, we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly title:
Long live Richard, Englands royall king.

Mayor. Amen.

Buck. To morrow will it please you to be crown'd.

Glo. Euen when you will, since you will have it so.

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your grace.

Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske again:
Farewel good coosine, farewel gentle friends.

Enter Quee. mother, Duchesse of Torke, Marques Dorset, at one doore, Duchesse of Gloucester at another doore.

Duch. Who meets vs heere, my nenee Plantagenet?

Que. Sister well met, whether awake so sate?

Duch. No farther then the Tower, and as I gesse
Upon the like devotion as your selues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.

Que. Kind sister thanks, weele enter at togeth, Enter
And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.

M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?

Lieu. Wel Madam, and in health, but by your leaue,
The Tragedie

I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straightly charged the contrary.

Qu. The King? who, whose that?
Lieu. I crie you mercie, I mean the Lord protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kinglie title:
Hath he set boundes betwixt their loue and me;
I am their mother, who should keep me from them?

Du. I am their Father, Mother, I will see them.

Duch. glo. Their aunt I am in law, in loue their mother;
Then feare not thou, Ile bare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

Lieu. I doe beseech your grace all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it. Enter L.Staines.

Stam. Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And Ile salute your grace of Yorke, as Mother:
And reverente looker on, of two faire Queenes.

Come Madam, you must go with me to Westminster,
There to be crowned, Richards roiall Queene.

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

Dor. Madam, haue comfort, how fares your grace?

Qu. O Dorset speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heele,
Thy Mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt oustrip death, go crosse the feas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell,
Go hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter houfe,
Least thou increa the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Stam. Full of wise care is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swift advantage of the time,
You shall haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not late tardie, by vnwise delaye:

Duch.从业者. O ill dispersing winde of mists,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,

A. Coca.
of Richard the third.

A Cocatrice hast thou hatch to the world,
Whole vnauoided eye is murtherous.

Stew. Come Madam, I in all haft was sent.

Duch. And I in all vnwillingnes will go,
I would to God that the inclusue verge,
Of golden mettall that must round my browe,
were red hoste steale to seare me to the braine,
Anointed let me be with deadlie poyson,
And die, ere men can say, God saue the Queene.

Qu. Alas poore foule, I enuiue not thy glorie,
To feede my humor, with thy fellie no harme.

Duch. glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as I followed Henries course,
When scarce the bloud was well waft from his handes,
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint, which then, I weeping followed,
O, when I say, I lookt on Richatds face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurt,
For making me so young, so olde a widow,
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be so madde,
As miferable by the death of thee,
As thou hast made me by my deare Lordes death,
Loe, eare I can reapeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans hart,
Groflelie grewe captiue to his homie wordes,
And proud the subiecte of my owne soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept my eyes from sleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enjoyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will no doubt, shottife be rid of me.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I pittie thy complaints.

Duch. glo. No more then from my soule I mourne for yours.

Dar. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glorie.

Duch. glo. Adew poore soule, thou takst thy leave of it.

Dn. yor. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee.

Goe
The Tragedie

Go thou to Richard, and good Angels garde thee,
Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie odde yeares of sorrow haue I seene,
And each howres joy wrackt with a weke of teene.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crown'd, Buckingham, Catesby with other Nobles.

King. Stand al apart. Cousin of Buckingham,
Give me thy hand: Here he ascendeth the throne.

Thus high by thy aduice
And thy assistence is king Richard seated:
But shal we weare these honours for a day?
Or shal they last, and we rejoyce in them.

Buc. Still liue they, and for euer may they laft.

King Ri. O Buckingham, now do I plaie the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:

Young Edward liues; thinke now what I would say.

Buc. Saie on my gracious soueraigne.

King. Whie Buckingham, I saie I would be king.

Buc. Whie so you are my thrice renowned liege.

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

Buc. True noble prince.

King. O bitter conquence,
That Edward stil should liue true noble prince.

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dul:
Shall I be plaie? I wili the baftards dead,
And I would have it suddenlie performde,

Buc. Your grace may doe your pleasure.

King. Tut,tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freezeth,
Saie, haue I thy consent that they shal die?

Buc. Give me some breath, some little pause my lord,

Before I positivlie speake herein:
I wil resolve your grace immediatlie.

Cates. The king is angrie, see, he bites the lip.

King. I wil conuersie with iron witted foole.

And vnrepeate these boies, none are for me
That looke into me with considerate eies:

Boy.
Boy, high reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy. My Lord.

King. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt ye to a close exploit of death.

Boy. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind,
Gould were as good as twenty Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name.

Boy. His name my Lord is Tirrell.

King. Go call him hither presently.
The deep revolving wiltie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntrude
And stops he nowe for breath? Enter Darby.

How now, what needes witt you?

Darby. My Lord, I heare the Marques Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in these partes beyond the seas where he
abides.

King. Catesby. Cat. My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne gentleman,
Whom I will marrie straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Locke how thou dreamst: I say againe give out
That Anne my wife is sick and like to die,
About it, for it stands me much ypon
To stop all hopes whose growth may damadger me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marrile her,
Uncertaine vvaie of gaine, but I am in
So far in bloud thatinne vvil slucke on fin,
Tear falling pittie dwels not in this eie. Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrell?

Tyr. James Tirrell and your most obedient subiect.

I King.
The Tragedy

**King** Art thou indeed?

**Tir.** Prrove me my gracious soueraigne,

**King** Dar'st thou recolle to kill a friend of mine?

**Tir.** My Lord, but I had rather kill two enemies.

**King** Why there thou hast it two deepe enemies,

Foesto my self, and my sweet sleapers disturbs,

Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:

**Tirrel** I meane those bastards in the tower.

**Tir.** Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And soone ile rid you from the feare of them.

**King** Thou singest sweet musick. Come hither Tirrel,

Go by that token, nie and lend thine eare, be wispers in his eare.

*Tis no more but so faire is it done,

And I will loue thee and prefer thee too.

**Tir.** Tis done my gracious lord.

**King** Shal we heare from thee Tirrel ere we sleep? Enter Buck.

**Tir.** Ye shall my lord,

**Buck.** My lord, I haue considered in my mind,

The late demand that you did found me in.

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

**Buck.** I heare that newes my lord.

**King Stanley** he is your wifes sonnes. Weth looke to it.

**Buck.** My lord, I claime your gift, my dew by promise,

For which your honor and your faith is paward,

The Earle dome of Herford and the moveables,

The which you promisid I should possesse.

**King Stanley** looke to your wife, if she conuay

Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.

**Buck.** What faies your highnes to my iust demand.

**King** As I remember, Henrie the sixt

Did prophesie that Richmond shoule be king,

When Richmond was a little pervers houy:

A king perhaps, perhaps... 

**Buck.** My lord,

**King** How chance the prophet could not at that time,

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

**Buck.** My lord, your promis for the Earle dome.

**King Richmond, when I was at Exeter,

The Maior in curtesy showd me the Castle,
And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

_Buck._ My lord.
_King._ What's a clocke?
_Buck._ I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

_King._ Well, but what's a clocke?
_Buck._ Upon the stroke of ten.
_King._ Well, let it strike.
_Buck._ While let it strike?
_King._ Because that like a lacke thou keepest the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giving vaine to day.

_Buck._ While then resolve me whether you wil or no?
_King._ Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vain.  _Exit._
_Buck._ Is it euen so, rewardst he my true service
With such deep contempt, made I him king for this?
O let me thinke on Hastings and be gone
To Brecnock while my featefull head is on.

_Exit._

_Tyr._ The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,
The most arch act of pitteous massacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forrest whom I did suborne,
To do this ruthles peece of butcherie,
Although they were fleete villains, bloudie dogs,
Melting with tendernes and kind compassion,
Wresting two children in their deaths sad stories:
Lo thus quoth Dighton laie those tender babys,
Thus thus quoth Forrest girdling on another,
Within their innocent alabaster armes,
Their lips were foure red Roses on a falke,
Which in their summer beautie kist each other,
A booke of praiers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forrest almost changed my mind,
But o the Diuell their the villaine stoppt,
Whilst Dighton thus told on we smothered

_I, 2_
The Tragedy

The most replenished sweet workes of nature,
That from the prime creation ever he framed,
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speake and so I left them both,
To bring this tindings to the bloudie king. Enter K. Richard.

And here he comes, all haile my foueraigne leige.

K. But didnst thou see them dead?
Tyr. I did my Lord.

K. And buried gentle Tyrrell?
Tyr. The Chaplaine of the tower hath buried them,
But how or in what place I do not know.

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

Farewel til soone.
The fonde of Clarence haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meanelie haue I matcht in mariage,
The fones of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bloome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world godnight,
Now for I know the Britaine Richmond aimes
At young Elizabeth, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly or the crowne,
To her I go a jollye thriuing woor, Enter Castasy.

Cat. My Lord.

K. Good newes or bad that thou comst in so blunter?

Cat. Bad newes my lord, Ely is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardie Welchmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his rash leuied armie:
Come I have heard that fearful commenting,
Is leaden fenuitour to dull delaie,
Delaie leads impotent and snaile-pact beggerie,
Then fierie expedition be my wing.
of Richard the third.

Joues Mercurie and Herald for a king:
Come muster men, my counteine is my shield,
We must be briefe when traitors braue the field.

Enter Queen Margaret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of Death:
Here in these confines little have I lurk'd,
To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, blacke and tragical.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here?

Enter the Que and the Dutchess of York.

Qn. Ah my young princes, ah my tender babes!
My unblowne flowers, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the ayre
And be not fixt in doome perpetual,
Houre about me with your aerie winges,
And heare your mothers lamentation.

Qn. Mar. Houre about her, saie that right for right,
Hath dim'd your infant morn, to aged night.

Ques. Wilt thou, O God, sike from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the innaires of the Wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holie Harry died, and my sweet sonne.

Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortal living ghost,
Woes seeane, worlds shame, graues due by life vifpt,
Reft thy vnrest on Englands lawful earth,
Valawfullie made drunke with innocents bloud.

Qn. O that thou wouldst aswel afford a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholie seate,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here:
O who hath anie caule to mourne but I!

Duch. So manie miseries haue crazd my voice
That my woe-wearied toog is mute and dumbe.
Edward Plantagenet, whie art thou dead?

Qn. Mar. Ifancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Give mine the benefite of signorie,
The Tragedie

And let my woes frowne on the upper hand,
If sorrow can admittt socictie,
Tell our woe againe by weaving mine,
I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him;
I had a Richard, till a Ricard kild him;
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kild him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kild him.

Duck. I had a Richard to, and thou didst kill him:
I had a Rutland to, thou hopst to kill him.

Qu. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence to, and Richard kild him:
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hel-bound that doeth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worrie lambs, and lap their gentle clouds,
That foule defacer of Gods handie worke,
Thy wombe let loose, to chase vs to our graves,
O v upright, just, and true disposing God,
How doe I thanke thee, that this carnal cure,
Praises on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pucfellow with others mone.

Duck. O, Harries wifes triumph not in my woes,
God witnes with me, I haue wept for thine.

Qu. Mar. Beare with me, I am hungrie for revenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it,
Thy Edward, he is dead, that stabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quite my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse,
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragike plaie,
The adulterate Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimelie smotherd in their duskie graves,
Richard yet liues, hel blacke intelligencer,
Onely referued their factor to buie foules,
And send them thereto, but at hand at handes,
enfues his piteous, and unpitied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiendes roare, saintes praeie,
To haue him suddenely conuicted away.

Canell
of Richard the third.

Canceill his bond of life, deare God I pray,
That I may lye to say, the dog is dead.

Qu. O thou didst prophesie the time would come,
That I should with for thee to helpe me curkle,
That botteld spider, that soule bunch- back to ade.

Qu. Mar. I called thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
I called thee then, poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what was,
The flattering Index of a firefull pageant,
One heaued a high, to be hurld downe belowe,
A mother onelie, mockt with two sweete babes,
A dreame of which thou went a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous shot,
A Queene in ieast onelie to fill the sceane,
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children, wherein does thou joye?
Who sues to thee, and cries God save the Queene?
Where be the bended peeces that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troopes that followed thee?
To decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happie wife, a most distrested widow,
For joyfull Mother, one that wailles the name,
For Queene, a verie caitie crownd with care,
For one being fued to, one that humblie sues,
For one commaundling all, obeyed of none,
For one that fcomd at me, now fcomd of me,
Thus hath the course of justice whe'elde about,
And leue thee but, a verie praie to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didst viurpe my place, and doest thou not,
Viurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow,
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, even here, I flippie my wearie necke,
And leue the burthen of it all on thee:
Fareweel Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, will make me smilie in France.
The Tragedie

Qu. O thou well skil'd in curses, stale a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Qu. Mar. Forbear to sleepe the nights, and fast the daies,
Compare dead happiness with living woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fainer then they were,
And he that slew them fouler then he is,
Bettting thy lisse makes the bad causer worse,
Revoluing this, will teach thee how to curse.
Qu. My words are dul, O quicken them with thine,
Qu. Mar. Thy woes will make them shafar, & pierce like mine.
Du. Why should calamity be full of words? Exit Mar.
Qu. Windie attunies to your Gent woes,
A erie succeeds of interfate iobes,
Poore breathing Orators of miseties,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart,
Helpe not at al, yet do they ease the hart.
Duch. I fo, then be not toong-tide, go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sweet sons smotherd,
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaines.

Enter K. Richard marching with Drummes and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Duch. A she, that might haue intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.
Qu. Hidst thou that forehead with a golden crowne
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers;
Tel me thou villainflaue, where are my children?
Duch. Thou tede, thou tede, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his sonne?
Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray?
King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I faie. The trumpets
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of war:
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

_Du._ Art thou my son?

_King._ I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe,

_Du._ Then patiently here my impatience.

_King._ Madam I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproue.

_Du._ I will be mild and gentle in my speach.

_King._ And briefe good mother for I am in hyst.

_Du._ Art thou solasie I have said for thee,
God knowes in anguile, paine and agonie,

_King._ And came I not at last to comfort you?

_Du._ No by the holy roode thou knowft it well,
Thou canft on earth to make the earth my hell,
A greuous burthen was thy beth to me,
Teche and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoele-dais frightful, desparte, wild, and furios.
Thy prime of manhood, dastin, bold and ventourus,
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtile, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canft thou name
That ever grac't me in thy companie?

_King._ Faith none but Humphrey houre that cal'd your grace
To breakefast once forth of my companie,
If I be fo disgracius in your fight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

_Du._ O heare me speake for I shall never see thee more.

_King._ Come, come, you art too bitter.

_Du._ Either thou wilt die by Gods just ordinance,
Eearc from this war thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with grieue and extreme age shall perish,
And neuer looke upon thy face againe,
Therefore take with thee my most heare curse,
Which in the daie of battaile thee more
Then all the compleat armor that thou weare,
My praiers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the little soules of Edwards children,
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promisfe them suucessfull and victorie,
The Tragedy

Bloudie thou art, bloudie wilt be thy end,
Shame serve thy life, and doth thy death attend. 

\textit{Qu.} Though far more caus'd, yet much lette spirit to curse
Abides in me, I saie Amen to all. 

\textit{King,} Staie Maddam, I must speake a word with you. 

\textit{Qu.} Thave no more sonnes of the royall bloud, 

For thee to murther for my daughters Richard, 

They halfe praying nunes not weeping Queenes, 

And therefore leuell not to hit their liues. 

\textit{King,} You haue a daughter cal'd Elizabeth, 

Vertuous and faire, roial and gracious. 

\textit{Qu.} And must the die for this? O let her liue! 

And ile corrupt her maners, stain her beautie, 

Slander my selfe as false to Edwards bed 

Throw ouer her the vale of infamie, 

So she may liue vnscarc'd from bleeding slaughter, 

I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter. 

\textit{King,} Wrong not her birth, she is of roiall bloud. 

\textit{Qu.} To saie her life, ile saie she is not so. 

\textit{King.} Her life is onlie safetie in her birth. 

\textit{Qu.} And onlie in that safetie died her brothers. 

\textit{King.} Lo at their births good fars were opposite, 

\textit{Qu.} No to their liues bad friends were contrarie, 

\textit{King.} All vnauoided is the doome of destinie, 

\textit{Qu.} True when avoide grace makes destinie, 

My babes were destinde to a fairer death, 

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life. 

\textit{King.} Madam, so thrive I in my dangerous attempt of hostile 

As I intend more good to you and yours, 

Then euery you or yours were by me wrong'd. 

\textit{Qu.} What good is couerd with the face of heauen, 

To be discouerd that can do me good, 

\textit{King.} The aduancement of your children mightie Ladie. 

\textit{Qu.} Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads, 

\textit{King.} No to the dignitie and height of honor, 

\textit{The high imperial tipe of this earthe glorie,} 

\textit{Qu.} Flatter my sorrowes with report of it, 

Tell me what estate, what dignitie, what honor?
Canst thou demisile to anie child of mine.

King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angrie soule,
Thou drown the fadd remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou suppos'dst I have done to thee.

Qu. Be briefle, leasst that the procese of thy kindnes,
Last longer telling then thy kindnes doe.

King. Then know that from my soule I love thy daughter.

Qu. My daughters mother thinkest it with her soule.

King. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soules soue didst thou love her brothers,
And from my harts love I do thanke thee for it.

King. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my soule I love thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England,

Qu. Sake then, who dost thou meane shal be her king?

King. Euen he that makes her Queen, who should be else?

Qu. What thou:

King. Even I, what thinke you of it Maddame?

Qu. How canst thou wooe her?

King. That would I learne of you,
As one that are best acquainted with her humor.

Qu. And wilt thou learn of me?

King. Madam with al my hart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her brothers,
A paire of bleeding harts thereon ingrave,
Edward and Yorke, then happenlie she wil wepe,
Therefore present to her as sometimes Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercher steeped in Rutland's bloud,
And bid her drie her weeping eies therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a storie of thy noble acts,
Tel her thou madst awaie her Vnkle Clarence,
Her Vnkle Riuers, yea, and for her sake
Madst quicke conueience with her good Aunt Anne,

King. Come, come, you mocke me, this is not the waie.
The Tragedy

To win your daughter.

Qu. There is no other waie
Vulst thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

King Infer faire England's peace by this alliance.
Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war,
King Say that the king which may command intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the kings king forbids.
King Say she shall be a high and mightie Queene,
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.

King Say I will loue her everlastinge.
Qu. But how long shall that title ever last,
King Sweetlie enforce vnto her fairelynes end,
Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?
King So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

King Say I her soueraigne am her subiect loue.
Qu. But shee your subiect loaths such soueraintie.

King Be eloquent in my behalfe to her,
Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainlie told.

King Then in plaine termes tell her my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honest is to harsh a stile,

King Madame your reasons are too shallow & too quicke
Qu. O no my reasons are to depe and dead.
Too depe and dead poore infants in their grave,

King Harpe not one that string Madam that is past.
Qu. Harpe on it still shall I till hartstrings breake.

King Now by my George, my Garter and my crown.
Qu. Prophane, dishonored, and the third usurped.

King Ifswere by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath.

The George prophane hath lost his holie honor,
The Garter blemisht pownd his knightlie vettue,
The crown usurpt disgraft his kingly dignitie,
If something thou wilt swere to be beleue,
Swere then by something that thou haft not wroght.

King Now by the world.
Qu. Tis ful of thy soule wrongs.

King My
of Richard the third.

King. My Fathers death.
Qu. Thy life hath that dishonord.
King. Then by my selfe.
Qu. Thy selfe thy selfe mislusest.
King. While, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is most of all,
If thou hadst feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnite the king my brother made,
Had not bene broken, nor my brother blaine.
If thou hadst feard to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettall circling now thy brow,
Had graft the tender temples of my childe,
And both the princes had bene breathing here,
Which now, two tender plate fellowes for dust,
Thy broken faith, hath made a praire for wormes.

King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haft wrongd in time orepast,
For I my selfe, haue manie teares to wals,
Hereafter time, for time, by the past wrongd,
The children liue, whose parents thou haft slaughterd,
Vngouerd youth, to waile it in their age,
The parents liue, whose children thou haft butcherd,
Olde withered plantes, to waile it with their age,
Sware not by time to come, for that thou haft,
Mised,are vscd, by time mised orepast.

King. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrie I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound,
Daye yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite, all planets of good lucke,
To my proceedings, if with pure heartes loue,
Immaculate deuotion, holie thoughtes,
I tender not thy beauteous princelie daughter,
In her conflittes my happines and shine,
Without her followes to this land and me,
To thee her selfe, and manie a Christian soule,
Sad defolation,ruine, and decaie,
It cannot be auided but by this,
The Tragedie

It will not be avoided but this:
Therefore good mother (I must call you so,)
Be the attourney of my loue to her.
Please what I will be, not what I have bene,
Not by desertes, but what I will deservne,
Vnge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not piuious, fond in great desigines.

Qu. Shall I be tempte of the diuell thus.
King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to doe good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.
King. I, if your selfes remembrance, wrong your selfe.
Qu. But thou di desta kill my children.
King. But in your daughters wombe, I buryed them,
Where in that nest of spicerie they shall breed,
Selfes of themselves, to your recompence.

Qu. Shall I go winne my daughter to thy will.
King. And be a happie mother by the deed,
Qu. I go, write to me verie thorougly.
King. Beare her my true loues kiss, fare well.

Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. Enter Rat.

Rat. My gracious Soueraigne on the westeme coast,
Rideth a pufiant Nauie. To the shore,
Throng manie doubtfull howde harted friendes,
Vnarm'd, and unresolud to beate them backe;
Tis thought that Richmond is their admirall,
And there they hull, expeeting but the aide,
Of Buckingham, to welcome them a shore.

King. Some light footed friend, post to the Duke of Norff.
Rat. Like thy selfe, or Castelbie, where is hee?

Cat. Heremye Lord,
King. Flie to the Duke, post thou to Salisbury,
When thou comst there, dullest mindfull villaine,
While standst thou still? and goest not to the Duke.

Cat. First mightie Soueraigne, let me know your minde,
What, from your grace, I shall deliver them.

King. O, true good Castelbie, bid him leue straight,
The greatest stength and power he can make,
And meete me presentlie at Salisbury,
of Richard the third.

Rat. What is it your highnes pleasure, I shall do at Salisbury.

King. Where? what wouldst thou doe there before I goe? (ty.

Rat. Your highnes told me I should post before.

King. My mind is changd sir, my minde is changd.

How now, what newes with you?

Enter Darbie.

Dar. None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing.

King. Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

Dar. Hriday, a riddle, neither good nor bad.
Why doest thou runne so many mile about,
When thou maist tell thy tale a neerer way.
Once more, what newes?

Dar. Richmond is on the Seas.

King. There let him sink, and be the seas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doeth he there?

Dar. I know not mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse.

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

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

King. Is the chaire emptie? is the sword unswayed?
Is the king dead? the Empire unsold?
What heire of Yorke is there alive but we?
And who is Englands King, but great Yorke's heire? 
Then tell me, what doeth he upon the seas?

Dar. Vnleffe for that my liege, I cannot guesse,

King. Vnleffe for that, he comes to be your liege.

You cannot guesse, wherefore the Welshman comes,
Thou wilt revolt, and flye to him I feare.

Dar. No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.

King Where is thy power then? to beare him backe,
Where are thy tennants? and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the Westernne shore?
Safe conducing, the rebels from their ships.

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

King. Cold friends to Richard, what doe they in the North?
When they should serue, their Soueraigne in the West.

Dar. They have not bin commaundet, mightie soueraigne.

Please it your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
The Tragedie

Ile muster vp my friends and meete your grace,
Where, and what time, your Maiestie shall please.

King. I will not trust youSir.

Dar. Most mightie Soueraigne,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will befalse.

King. Well, go muster men, but heare you, leaue behinde,
Your sonne George Stanlie, looke your faith be firme,
Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.

Dar. So deale with him, as I proove true to you.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Devonsire,
As I bye friends am well aduertised,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exceter, his brother there,
With manie mo confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Liege, in Kent the Guilfordes are in armes,
And everie houre more competitors,
Flocke to their side, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the amie of the Duke of Buckingham.

He striketh him.

King. Out on you owles, nothing but songs of death.
Take that vnill thou bring me better newes.

Mes. Your grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is that by sudden flood, and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckinghams armie is dispersd and scattered,
And he himself fled, no man knowes whether,

King. O I crie you mercie, I did mistake,
Ratchfist reward him, for the blow I gave him,
Hath any well aduised friend given out,
Rewarde for him that brings in Buckingham.

Mes. Such proclamation hath bene made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir Thomas Louel, and Lord Marques Dorset,
Tis said my liege, are vp in armes,
Yet this good comfort bring to your grace,
The Britaine nauie is dispers'd, Richmond in Dorshire
Sent out a boate to ask them on the shore,
If they were his assistants yea, or no:
Who answered him, they came from Buckingham,
Upon his partie, he mistrusting them,
Hast'ly fale, and made away for Britaine.

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

Enter Catesbie.

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

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

Enter Darbie, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,
My sonne George Stanlie isFranckt vp in hold,
If I revolt, off goes young Georges head,
The feare of that, with holdes my present aide,
But tell me, where is princelie Richmond now?

Chrift. At Pembroke, or at Harford-west in Wales.

Dar. What men of name resort to him.

S. Chrift. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned souldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanlie,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew,
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they doe bend their course,
If by the way, they be not fought withall.

Dar. Returme vnto thy Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartlie consented,
He shall espoufe Elizabeth her daughter,
Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speake with him.

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buck. Haftings, and Edwards children, Rivers, Gray, Holie king Henrie, and thy faire sonne Edward, Vaughan, and all that have miscarried,
By underhand corrupted, soule injustice,
If that your moodie discontented soules,
Doe through the cloudes, behold this present hour,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction.
This is Alfooles day fellowes, is it not?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Buck. Whie then Alfooles day, is my bodies dornesday:
This is the day, that in king Edwards time,
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found,
Falfe to his children, or his wiuues allies;
This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall,
By the falfe faith, of him I trusted most:
This, this Alfooles day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the detemind respit of my wrongs:
That high al-fcer, that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doeth he force the swordes of wicked men,
To turne their owne pointes, on their Maiters bofome:
Now Margarets curse, is fallen vpon my head,
When he quorh she,shall split thy hart with sorrow.
Remember, Margaret was a Prophete, she,
Come sits, convey me to the blocke of hame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the dew of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most loving friendes,
Bruised vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Have we marcht on without impediment,
And here receive we, from our Father Stanlie,
of Richard the third.

Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,
That spoil'd your former fieldes, and fruitfull vines,
Swils your warme bloud like wash, and makes his trough,
In your inboweld bolesmes, this foule swine,
Lies now euen in the center of this isle,
Neare to the towne of Leycester as we learne:
From Tamworth thether, is but one dayes march,
In Gods name cheerlie on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace,
By this one bloudie trial of sharpe warre.

1 L. Every man conscience is a thousand swordes,
To fight against that bloudie homicide.
2 L. I doubt not but his friends will flye to vs,
3 L. He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with Swallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Enter King Richard, Norfolk, Ratchiffe,
Catesbie with others.

King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in Bosworth field,
Whie, how now Catesbie, whie lookest thou so bad.
Catesbie, My hart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
King. Norfolk, come hether.
Norfolk, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?
Norle. We must both shue, and take, my gracious Lord.
King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lie to night,
But where to morrow, well, all is one for that:
Who hath discried the number of the foe.
Norle. Six or seven thousand is their greatest number.
King. Whie our battalion trebles that account,
Besides, the Kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the aduerse partie want,
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs survey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lest want no discipline, make no delate,
The Tragedy

For Lordes, to morrow is a busie day.

Enter Richmond with the Lordes, &c.

Rich. The wearie sonne hath made a golden fete,
And by the bright trake of his fierie Care,
Gives signall of a goodlie day to morrow,
Where is Sir William Brandon, he shall beare my stander,
The Earle of Pembroke keepe his regiment,
Good capitaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest;
Where is Lord Stanlie quarterd, doest thou know,
Blunt. Unlesse I have mistane his coulers much,
Which well I am affur'd, I have not done,
His regiment, lies halfe a mile at least,
South from the mightie power of the king.
Rich. If without perill it be possible,
Good capitaine Blunt beare my good night to him,
And give him from me, this most neede full scrowle.
Blunt. Upon my life my Lord, I le undertake it,
Rich. Farewell good Blunt.

Gie me some inke, and paper, in my tent,
I le drawe the forme, and modle of our battel,
Limit each leader to his feueral charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength,
Come, let vs consult upon to morrowes busines,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.

Enter King Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe Catesbys, &c.

King. What is a clocke.
Cat. It is fixe of clocke, full supper time,
King. I will not sup to night, giue me some inke and paper,
What? is my beuer easer then it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cat. It is my Liege, and all thinges are in readines.
King. Good Norffolke, tie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trullie centinell.
Norff. I goe my Lord.
of Richard the third.

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norffolke.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesby.

Rat. My lord.

King. Send out a Pursuant at armes

To Stanleys regiment, bid him bring his power

Before sun rising, leaft his sonne George fall

Into the blind caue of eternall night.

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

Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,

Looke that my flaues be found and not too heauy Ratiffe.

R. t. My lord.

King. Sawft thou the melancholie Lo Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himselfe,

Much about cockshut time, from troupe to troupe

Went through the army cheering vp the soldiours.

King. So I am satisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,

I haue not that alacritie of spirit

Nor cheere of mind that I was wont to haue:

Set it down. Is inke and paper ready?

Rat. It is my lord.

King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me.

Ratiffe about the mid of night come to my tent

And helpe to aume me: leaue me I say.

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Darby. Fortune and victorie set on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,

Be to thy person noble father in law,

Tell me how faires our loving mother?

Dar. I by attourney bleffe thee from thy mother,

Who praiseth continuallly for Richmonds good,

So much for that the silent hours steale on,

And flakie darkeneffe breakes within the caft,

In briefe, for so the seacon bids vs be:

Prepare thy battell earelie in the morning,

And put thy fortune to the arbitrement,

Of bloudie strokes and mortal staring war,

I as I may, that which I would, I cannot,

L. 3 With

Exit Ratiffe.
The Tragedie

With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aide thee in this doubfull shocke of armes,
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers fight.
Farewel, the leisure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long fundticd friends should dwell upon,
God give vs leisure for these rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and speed well.

Rich. Good lords conduce him to his regiment;
Ile strive with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Least leaden slumber peile me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victorie,
Once more good night kind Lords and gentlemen,
O thou whole Captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eie;
Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heauie fall,
The vurping helmets of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Eare let all the windowes of mine eies,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still!

Enter the ghost of young Prince Edward, some
Harry the sixt to Ri.

Ghost to Ri. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow.
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,
At Tewkesbury, dispaire therefore and die.

To Rich. Be cheerful Richmond for the wronged soules
Of butchered princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries issue Richmond comfort thee.

Enter the ghost of Henry the sixt.

Ghost to Ri. When I was mortall my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of deadlie holes,
Thinke on the tower and me dispaire and die.
of Richard the third.

Harrie the fixt bids thee dispaire and die.

To Rich. Vertuous and holic be thou conqueror.
Harrie that prophised thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe live and florish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me set heauie in thy soule to morrow,
I that was wash't to death with fulsome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betraied to death:
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeles sword, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Thou ofspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good angels guard thy battaile live and florish.

Enter the ghosts of Rivers, Gray, Vaughan.

King. Let me set heauie in thy soule to morrow,
Rivers that died at Pomfret, dispaire and die.
Gray. Thine vpon Graie, and let thy soule dispaire.
Vaugh. Thine vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie fear,
Let fall thy lance, dispaire and die.

All to Ri. Awake and thinke our wrongs in Richards boosome,
Wel conquer him, awake and win the daie.

Enter the ghosts of the two yong Princes.

Ghost to Ri. Dreeam on thy Coofens smothered in the tower,
Let vs be lead within thy boosome Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruine, shame, and death.
Thy Nephews soules bid thee dispaire and die.

To Rich. Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace and wake in joy,
Good angels guard thee from the bores annoy,
Liu and beget a happie race of kings,
Edwards unhappie sonnes do bid thee florish.

Enter the ghost of Hastings.

Ghost. Bloudie and guiltie, guiltiie awake,
And in a bloudie battaile end thy daies,
Thinke on lord Hastings, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

Enter the ghost of Lady Anne his wife.

Richard thy wife, that wretched Ann thy wife,
The Tragedie

That never slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now sile thy sleepe with preturbations,
To morrow in the battaille thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeles sword despair and die.

To Rich. Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happie victorie,
Thy adversaries wife doth praise for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.
The first was I that helpt thee to the crown,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O in the battaille thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy giltnesse,
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Paining, despair, despairing yeeld thy breath,

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

Richard starteth vp out of a dreame.

King Ri. Give me another horse, bind vp my wounds,
Have mercy Jesu: soft, I did but dreame,
O Coward conscience, how dost thou afflicke me?
The lights burne blew, it is now dead midnight,
Cold fearefull drops fall on my trembling feith,
What do I feare? my selfe theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is I and I,
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flicke, what from my selfe? great reason why?
Least I revenge. What my selfe upon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for anie good
That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe;

O no, alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hateful deeds committed by my selfe,
I am a villain, yet I lie I am not,
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand fiewall tongues,
And euery tongue bringes in a feuerall tale,
And euery tale condemns me for a villain,
of Richard the third.

Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,
Murder, same murder, in the direst degree,
All severall sins, all wide in each degree,
Throngs to the barre, crying all guilty, guilty.
If all dispaire, there is no creature loves me,
And if I die, no soule will pity me:
And wherefore should they, since that I my selfe,
Finde in my selfe, no pitie to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I had murthred,
Came to my tent, and everyone did threat,
To morrows vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zoundes, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I, the earlie village cocke,
Hath twice done salutation to the morn,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.
King. O Ratcliffe, I have dreamed a fearfull dreame,
What thinkst thou, will our friendes prove all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe, I fear, I fear.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.
King. By the Apostles Paul, shadowes to night,
Have stroke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the substance often thousand soldiers,
Armed in proofe, and led by shallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neere day, come, go with me,
Under our tents Ile plaie the ease dropper,
To see if any meanes to shrinke from me.

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lo. Good morrow Richmond.
Rich. Crie mercie Lordes, and watchfull gentlemen,
That you have tane a tardie fluggage here.
Lo. How have you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Have I since your depature had my Lordes,

Me
The Tragedy

Methought their soules, whose bodies Richard murtherd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie,
I promise you, my soule is verie sore
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lordes?

Lo. Upon the stroke of foure.

Rich. While, then tis time to arme, and give direction.

His oration to his soouldiers.

More then I haue said, louing countrymen,
The leasing and enforcement of the time,
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The praiers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard, except those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truelie gentlemen,
A bloudie tirant, and a homicide.
One raiied in bloud, and one in bloud established,
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slauthered those, that were the meanes to helpe him.
A base soule stone, made precious by the foile,
Of Englands chaire, where he is falsely set,
One that hath euer bene God's enemie.
Then if you fight against God's enemie,
God will in iustice, ward you as his soouldiers,
If you doe sweate to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the tyrant being flaine,
If you doe fight against your countries foes,
Your countries fat, shal pay your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wives,
Your wives shal welcome home the conquerors.
If you doe free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all these rightes,
Aduaunce your standards, drawe your willing swordes,
For me, the ranke one of my bold attempt,
Shal be this could corps on the earths cold face:

But
of Richard the third.

But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you, shall share his part thereof.
Sound drummes and trumpets boldlie, and cheerfullie,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond.
Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in armes.
King. He said the truth, and what said Surrey then.
Rat. He smiled and said, the better for our purpose,
King. He was in the right, and so in deede it is:
Tell the clocke there.

The clocke striketh.

Give me a calender, who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not my Lord.

King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke,
He should haue braud the East an hower age,
A blacke day will it be to some bodie Rat.
Rat. My Lord.

King. The Sunne will nor be scene to day,
The skie doeth frowne, and lowre vpon our armie,
I would these dewie teares were from the ground.
Not shine to day: whie, what is that to me?
More then to Richmond, for the selfe-fame heauen,
That frownes on me, lookes sadlie vpon him.

Enter Northfolke.

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

King. Come, buttle, buttle, caparison my horse,
Call vp Lord Standlie, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth, my soldiers to the plaine,
And thus my bataille shall be ordered.
My forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting euellie of horse and foote,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
John, Duke of Northfolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
shall haue the leading of this foote and horfe,
They thus directed, we will follow,
In the mate battle, whose puissance on either side,
shall be well winged with our chieuest horfe:
This, and Saint George to bootes what thinkst thou Northfolke?

M. 2. A good
The Tragedy

Nor. A good direction warlike foueraigne, be swornsh him a paper.

This found I on my tent this morning.

Loke of Norfolk he not so bold,

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

King A thing deuiled by the enemie.

Go gentlemen every man vnto his charge,

Let not our babling dreams affright our soules:

Conscience is but a word that cowards vie,

Deuid at first to keepe the strong in awe,

Our strong armes be our conscience swords, our law.

March on, joine brauclie, let vs to it pell mell,

If not to heauen then hand in hand to hell.

His Oration to his army.

What shall I saie more then I have inferd?

Remember whom you are to cope withall,

A sort of vagabonds, rascals and runaways,

A scum of Britains and base lacky peasons,

Whom their orecloted country vomits forth,

To desperate adventures and affird destruction,

You sleeping safe they bring to you vnrest,

You having lands and blest with beauteous wives,

They would restraine the one, distaine the other,

And who doth lead them but a paitrey fellow?

Long kept in Britaine at our mothers cost,

A milkelpt, one that neuer in his life

Felt so much colde as over shooes in snow:

Lets whip these stragglers ote the seas again,

Lash hence these overweening rags of France,

These famish beggers weare of their lues,

Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,

For want of means poor rats had hangd themselues,

If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,

And not these bastard Britains whom our fathers

Haue in their own land beaten bobd and thumpes,

And in record left them the heires of shame.

Shall these enjoy our lands, lie with our wiuues?

Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,

Fight gentlemen of England, fight bold yeomen,
of Richard the third.

Draw archers draw your arrows to the head,
Spury your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken shaftes,
What faies lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

M's My lord, he doth deny to come,
King Off with his sone George's head.

Nor My lord, the enemie is past the marsh,
After the battle let George Stanley die.

King A thousand harts are great within my boseme,
Advance our standards, set upon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire saint George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Upon them victorie sits on our helmes.

Exeunt.

Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesby.

Cates. Recue my lord of Northolke, recue, recue,
The king enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euerie danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Recue faire lord, or else the daie is lost,

Enter Richard.

King A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.
Cates. Withdraw my lord, ile helpe you to a horse.

King Slaue I haue fet my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die,
I thinke there be foure Richards in the field,
Five haue I slaine to daie in stead of him,
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richards slaine
then retract being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby, bearing the
crownes, with other Lords.

Ri. God and your armes be prais'd victorious frends,
The daie is ours, the bloudie dog is dead,

Dar. Courageous Richmond, we haft thou acquit thee,
Loo here this long vfurped royaltie,
From the dead temples of this bloudie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

But
The Tragedie

Rich. Great God of heauen saie Amen to all,
But tell me, is yong George Stanley living.
Der. He is my lord, and safe in Leicester towne,
Whether if it please you we may now withdraw vs.
Rich. What men of name are slaine on either side?
John Duke of Norfolk, Water Lord Ferris, sir
Robert Brookebury, sir William Brandon.

Rich. Inter their bodies as become their births,
Proclaine a pardon to the soldiers sied,
That in submission will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the sacrament,
We will vnitie the white robe and the red,
Smile heauen vpon this faire conjuncion,
That long haue frownd vpon their enmitie,
What traitor heares me, and failest not Amen?
England hath long been madde and scard herselfe,
The brother blindlie sied the brothers bloud,
The father rashlie slaughterd his owne sonne,
The sonne compeld ben butcher to the fire,
All this deuided York and Lancaster,
Deuided in their dire deuision.
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true suceeders of each royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance conioine together,
And let their heires (God if thys will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faste peace,
With smiling plenty and faire prosperous daies,
Abate the edge of traitors gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloudy daies againe,
And make poore England wepe in streams of bloud,
Let them not liue to tast this lands increase,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace,
Now cluel woundes are stopd, peace liues againe,
That she may long liue heare, God saie Amen.

FINIS.