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

Actus Primus.  

Scena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent,  
Made glorious Summer by this Son of York:  
And all the clouds that ower'd upon our house  
in the deepest bosom of the Ocean buried;  
Now are our bresses bound with Victorious Wreathes,  
Our brusled arms hung ye for Monuments;  
Our brave Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;  
Our dreadful Marches, to delightful Measures,  
Grin-vis'd the Warr, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:  
And now, in head of mounting Barbed Steeds,  
To fright the Souls of fearfull Adversaries,  
He capers nimibly in a Ladies Chamber,  
To the lascivious pleasing of a Lute.  
But, I am not such'd for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to count an amorous Looking-glasse:  
I, that am Rudely stamp't, and want Loutes Maitsey,  
To hurt before a wootron ambling Nymph:  
I, that am curst of this faire Proporsion,  
Cheered of Feature by dilembling Nature,  
Deform'd, vn-smitten, bafe before my time,  
Into this breathing World, scarce half made vp,  
And that so lamely and unhusbandable,  
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.  
Why this is (in this weake piping time of Peace)  
Have no delight to pase away the time,  
Vulges to see my Shadow in the Sunne,  
And deceipt on mine owne deceipt.  
And therefore since I cannot reape a Loner,  
To entertaine these faire well spreded days,  
I am determined to prove a Villaine.  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days,  
Plots have I made, Inductions dangerous,  
By drunken Prophesyes, libels, and Dreames,  
To let 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 Saint, Faith, and Treachery,  
This day should Clarence closely be mow'd vp:  
About a Prophesye, which fayes that G.  
Of Edward heyre the misthunes shall be,  
Dute thoughts are gone to my soule, here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, and Bradfubury, guarded.  
Brother, good day: What means this arm'd guard  
That waits upon your Grace?  
Cla. His Majesty tending my persons safety.  
Hath appointed this Convent, to carry me to the Tower.  
Rich. Upon what cause?  
Cla. Because my name is Clarence.  
Rich. Alacke my Lord, this fault is none of yours  
He shou'd for that commit your Godfatheres.  
O beleeke, his Maitsey hath some intent,  
That you should be new Christled in the Tower.  
But what's the matter Clarence, say I know?  
Cla. You Richard, when I know: but I protest  
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,  
He hearkens after Prophecyes and Dreames,  
And from the Cross-row pluckes the letter G.  
And fayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,  
His issue disembaried should be.  
And for my name of George begins with G,  
It follows in his thoughts, that I am he.  
Thee (as I learne) and such like toyes he thefe,  
Hath moun'd his Highness to commit me now.  
Rich. Why this is, when men are ruled by Women:  
'Tis not the King, that tendus you to the Tower:  
My Lady Grey his Wife, Clarence his beare,  
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity,  
Was it not she, and that good marke of Wofflip,  
Anchors Wendell, her Brother ther.  
That made him send Lord Hapling to the Tower?  
Rich. Where is this present day he is relieved?  
We are not faine Clarence, we are not faine.  
Cla. By heaven, I think there is no man there:  
But the Queenie Kindred and sight-wailing Heralds,  
That rudge between the King and Whynsf Short;  
Hearde you nor what an humble Sopliant  
Lord Hapling was, for her deliverie?  
Rich. Humbly complaining to her, Delfie,  
Got my Lord Chanllors of his libertie,  
He tell you what, I think it is our way  
If we will keep in favour with the King,  
To be her men, and Wofflip, and the rest.  
The jealous one-worris Wofflip, and her fede,  
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlemens,  
Are mighty Goats in our Monarchy.  
Bra. I feligre your Grace both to pardon me,  
His Majesty hath straitly given in charge,  
That no man shall have private Conference (Of what degree soever) with your Brother.
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Rich. Even so, and please your Worship Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We spake no treason man; we say the King
Is wife and verrous, and his Noble Quene
Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not jealous.
We say, that Shores Wife hath a prerty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a pating pleasing Tongue:
And that the Quenes Kindred are make gentle Folkes.
How say you sir? can you deny all this?

Bras. With this (my Lord) my felie kaeu ought to doo.

Rich. Naught to do with Mistris Shore?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone.

Bras. What one, my Lord?
Rich. Her Husband Knave, wouldst thou betray me?

Bras. I do beseech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbear
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.

Cla. We know thy charge Brakenbury, and will obey.
Rich. We are the Queenes obiects, and must obey.

Brother farewell, I will voto the King,
And whatso e're you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edward's Widow, Sifer,
I will performe it to infranchise you.

Meane time, this deep disgrace in Brotherhood,
Touche me deeper then you can imagine.

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

Cla. I must performe: Farewell.

Rich. Go tredge the path that thou shalt ne're return:
Simple plainse Clarence, I do loue thine 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 delitered Hasting?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.
Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open Aire,
How hath your Lordship brook'd your imprisonment?

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

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your Enemies are his,
And haue preuiled as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity, that the Eagles shoule be mew'd,
Whiles Kittes and Burazzs play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake, and melancholy,
And his Physitians stare him mightie.

Rich. Now by S. John, that Newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an euell Diet long,
And ouer-much confum'd his Royall Person:
Tis very greeuous to be thought upon.

Where is he, in his bed?

Hast. He is.

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

Exit Hastings.

He cannot live I hope, and must not dye,
Till George be pack'd with past-horse vp to Heauen.

Ile into yrge his hatred more to Clarence,
With Lyes well fould with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deep Intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And lease the world for me to busie in.
For then, Ile marry Warwicke yongel daughter,
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readie way to make the Wench amendes,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father;
The which will I', not all so much for love,
As for another feeter close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach vno:
But yet I run before my horse to Market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarse of Henrie the foot with Halberds so guard it,
Lady Anne being the Attourner.

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be shrowded in a Herie;
Whill'f I a while obsequiously lament
Th'vnatimely fall of Verruous Lancaster,
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Attire of the Hoile Lancaster;
Thou bloodie Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost,
To heare the Lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slauughtered Sonne;
Stab'd by the selfe-same hand that made thee wounds.
Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the bloodie Baleme of my poore eyes,
O cursed be the hand that made thee holes:
Curst the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Curst the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull hap betide that hared Wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wish to all the Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.
If euere he haue Childe, Abortion be it,
Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light,
Whoso vyge and vnnatural Aspect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his unhapiness.
If euere he haue Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards Chertyfey with your holy Lode,
Taken from Pauls, to be interred there.
And still as you are weary of this weight,
Reft you, whilsts I lament King Henries Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarse, & set it down,
An. What blakke Magitian contiues vp this Fiend,
To flop deouted charitable deeds?

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

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Gen. My Lord stand back, and let the Coffin pass.
Stand'st thou when I command.
Adunche thy Halberd higher then my brest,
Or by S. Paul Ie strike thee to the Foot.
And spurne vp vpon thee Begger for thy boldness.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alien, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Duell.
Auant thou darefull minister of Hell;
Thou hadst but power over his Mortall body,
His Soleu thou ean't not have: Therefor be gone,
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not to curr.
An. Foule Dicell.
For Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not.
For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:
full'd it with curring cries, and despe exclamations:
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this patternes of thy Bucherens.
Oh Gentlemen, see, see deale. Henrys wounds,
Open their couage'd mouthe, and bleed ascri,fii.
Blinf,blouf, thou loupme of foule Deformite:
For'tis thy preidence that extasises this blood
And Mird Hells empty Veins, where no blood dwells.
Thy Deeds inhumanse and vnnaturall.
Prookes this Deute lovel unnatural.
O God!, which this Blood mad'st, reuenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink't, reuenge his death.
Either Heau'n with Lightenng strike the murm'ter dead:
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quickke,
As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouen'd arme hath buttered.
Rich. Lady, you know the Halles of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Carses.
An. Villaine, thou knowst not law of God nor Man,
Not Beaf so fierce, but knowes some touch of pity.
Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beaf.
An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!
Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry:
Vouchsafe (distaines perfection of a Woman)
Of these Supposed Crimes, to giue me leaue.
By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.
An. Vouchsafe (defias' infection of man)
Of these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue
By circumstance, to curfe thy curfed Selve.
Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient eyefare to excuse my selfe.
An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,
The best my f美媒re can make no excuse curruar
But to hang thy selfe.
Rich. By such diapaire, I should accuse my selfe.
An. And by despizing that thou stand excused,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,
That didst vaworthy slaughter vpon others.
Rich. Say that I flew them not,
An. Then say they were not thai.
Thou can't make no excuse curruar.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
An. Why then he is alius.
Rich. Nay,he is dead, and thai by Edwards hands.
An. In thy soleu threat showd Lly dy,
Queene Margaret law
Thy mundrous Faulchion finishe stein in his blood:
Thy deth, thou coude and dieldish thine by thee.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
An. Why then he is alius.
Rich. Nay,he is dead, and thai by Edwards hands.
An. In thy soleu threat showd Lly dy,
Queen Margaret law
Thy mundrous Faulchion finishe stein in his blood:
Thy deth, thou coude and dieldish thine by thee.
Rich. I did not provok't by her flang't vour tongue,
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Shall'd their Aspect with those children's drops,
The teares eyes which never shed remorsefull teares,
No, when my Father York, and Edward wept,
To heare the pitious moane that Rutland made
When black-fac'd Clifford stooke his sword at him.
Nor when thy warlike father like a Childs,
Told the sad storie of his Fathers death,
And twenty times, made pale he to fob and weep:
That all the flanders by had wet their cheeks,
Looke how the trees beside his death raine.
In that sad time,
My manly eyes did forane an humble teare:
And what these sorrowes could not chence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
I never used to Friend, nor Enemy:
My tongue could never learne sweet smoothing word.
But now thy beauty is prop'd my Fer,
My proud heart fars, and prompts my tongue to speake,
She lookes scornfully at him,
Teach not thy lip such Sorne; for it was made
For kifing, Lady, not for such contemp:
If thy revengefull heart cannot forgive,
Lee here I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true bret,
And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And he by begge the death upon my knee.
He los'd his brest open, she affors as with his sword.
Nay do not pause: For I did kill King Henry,
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay now dispatch: 'twas I that hadb'd thy end,
But 'twas thy Heausely face that set me on,
She fells the Sword.

Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.
An. Arie. Difembeller, though I with thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner.
Rich. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.
An. I have already,
Rich. That was in thy rage;
Speake it againe, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy lone, did kill thy Lone,
Shall for thy lone, kill a faire true Lone,
To both their deaths shall thou be accery.
An. I would I knew thy heart,
Rich. 'Tis figurd in my tongue.
An. I feare me, both are falls.
Rich. Then never Man was true,
An. Well, well, put vp your Sword.
Rich. Say then my Peace is made.
An. This Bolt shou know hereafter.
An. All men I hope live for.
Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.
Rich. Lookie how my Ring incompaft thy Finger,
Even to thy Brest inclofe my poore heart.
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine,
And if thy poore devoted Servant may
But beg one favour a thy gracious hand,
Thus doth confirm his happinesse for euer.
An. What is it?
Rich. That it may please you leaue the sad designes,
To him that hath most cause to be a Mourners,
And presently repyrse to Croisbie House;
Where (after I have solemnly inter'd
At Chersey Monastery this Noble King,
And wet his Graue with my Repentent Tearss)
I will with all expeditious duty see you,
For divers unknowne Reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this Boon.
An. With all my heart, and much it joyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Rich. And therefore go along with me.
An. Had more then you defende?
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have saide farewell already.

Exit now with Amr.

Gent. Towards Chersey, Noble Lord?
Rich. Not to White Friars, there attend my comming

Exit Chere.

Was ever woman in this humour wou'd?
Was ever woman in this humour wonne?
He have her, but I will not keep her long,
What I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Hauing God, her Conscience, and thee bars against me,
And I, no Friends to backe my faire withall,
But the plaine Destrut, and defambling lookes?
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
Hah!
Hath she forgott alreadie that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three moneths since)
Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?
A sweeter, and a fouler Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature:
Young, Valiant, Wise, and (no doub't)height Royal,
The Spacious World cannot againe afford,
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And make her Widdow to a wofull Bed?
On me, whole All not equals Edward Moyzie?
On me, that halts, and am misshapen thus?
My Dukedome, to a Beggarly denier!
I do misake my person all this while:
Upon my life the finder (although I cannot)
My felle to be a maruious proper man.
Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glasse,
And entendute a score or two of Taylors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first Ile turne you Fellow in his Graue,
And then returne lamenting to my Lone,
Shine our faire Sunne, till I have bought a glasse,
That I may see my Shadow as I passe.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Queen Mother, Lord Renter, and Lord Gray.

Rim.Have patience Madam, there's no doubt his Maistly
Will soone recover his scutchion'd health.
Gray. In that you broke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods fake entertain good comfort,
And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes
Qif. If he were dead, what would be done on me?

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If he were dead, what would betide on me? Yes. No other harm, but loss of such a Lord, Que. The loss of such a Lord, includes all harms. Gray. The Heavens have left thee with a goodly Son, To be thy Comforter, when he is gone. Que. Ah! he is young; and his minority Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester, A man that loves not me, nor none of you. Gray. Is it concluded, not concluded yet; But let it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby. Ern. Good time of day unto your Royall Grace. Der. God make your Majesty joyful, as you have bin Que. The Countesse Richmond, good my Lord of Derby, To your good prayer, well fearfully say, Amen. Yet Derby, withstanding thee's wife's, And looses not me, be you good Lord affar'd, I hate not you for your proud arrogance, Der. I do beseech you, either not beleue The scurrilous slanderers of her felicounters: Or if thee be accus'd on true report, Besee with her weakenesse, which I think proceeds From wayward fickness, and no grounded malice. Que. Saw you the King to day my Lord of Derby. Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I, Are come from visiting his Majesty. Que. What likeliesthood of his amendment Lords. Two, Madam good hope, his Grace speaks cheerfully. Que. God grant him health, did you confer with him? Ern. I, Madam, he desires to make attension; Between the Duke of Glouceter, and your Brothers, And between them, and my Lord Chamberlaine, And went to warne them to his Royall presence. Que. Would all were well, but that will never be, I hear our happinesse is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it, Who is it that complains unto the King, That I (forsooth) am femeon, and lose them not? By holy Paul, they loose his Grace but lightly; That full his ears with such diversious Rumors, Because I cannot fatter, and looke faire, Smile in mens faces, smoth, docetious, and coggie, Ducke with French nodr, and Apills currifie, I must be held a ranourous Enemy. Cannot a plain man live, and think no harme, But thus his fimple truth must be abus'd, With filken, fyle, injurifung Jackes? Gray. To whom in all this pretence speaks your Grace? Rich. To thee, that haft not Honesty, or Grace: When haue I initiad thee? When done thee wrong? Or thee, or thee? or any of your faction? A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace (Whom God preferre better then you would wish) Cannot be Quite feas a breathing while, But you must trouble him with lewd complaints. Gray. Brother of Glouceter, you mistake the matter: The King on his owne Royall disposition, (And not profound't by any Sutor elle) Ayming (belike) at your intemperate hatred.

That in your outward action shewes it selfe Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe, Makes him to fend, that he may learne the ground. Rich. I cannot tell, the world is crowne to bad, That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not peesch. Since euerie Jacke became a Gentleman, There's many a gentle person made a Jacke. Que. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother You may discommend, and my friends: (Glouceter) God grant we neuer may have neede of you. Rich. Meane time, God grants that I have neede of you. Our Brother is imprisond by your meanes, My felte digraced, and the Nobilitie Held in contempt, while great Promotions Are daily gien to ennoble thelfe That feare some two days since were worth a Noble. Que. By him that rais'd me to this careful height, From that consented hap which I Joy'd, I never did incende his Maiestie Against the Duke of Clarence, but hauie bin An earnew advocate to plead for him. My Lord you do me shamefull infirme, Falsly to draw me in thes vile suspts. Rich? You may deny that you were not the meane Of my Lord Hasting late imprisondment. Rich. She may my Lord, for Que. She may Lord Rimers, why who knowes not for? She may do more for then denying that: She may helpes you to many faire preferements, And then deny her saying hand therein, And lay those Honors on your high defect. What may the nor, thee may, I marry may fe, Que. What marry may fe? Rich. What matriss may fe? Marrie with a King, A Butcherell, and a handome fripling too, I wis your Grandam had a worier match. Que. My Lord of Glouceter, I have too long borne Your blum vpraiadings, and your bitter scoffes: By heaven, I will acquittance his Maiestie Of these proflate saults that off I haue endu'd, I had rather be a Crounrie seruant made Then a great Queene, with this condition, To be o率 bated, scorn'd, and scorned, or, Small joy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queen Margaret.

Marr. And lefended be that shall, God I beseech him, Thy honor, state, and state, is due to me. Rich. What great you me with telling of the King? I will awouch't in presence of the King: I dare aduenture to be tent to th'Towe. 'tis time to speake, My paines are quite forgot. Margaret. Out Direcly. I do remember them too well: Thou kill'd it my Husband Hermion the Tower, And Edward my poore Son, at Twkesburyne. Rich. Ere you were Queene, I, or your Husband King: I was a packe-horse in his great affaires: A weeder out of his proud Adverstaires, A liberall rewarder of his Friends, To royaliz his blood, I spent mine owne, Margaret. I and much better blood Then his, or thine.
Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband Greg Were factious, for the House of Lancaster;
And Rivers, so were you: was not your Husband,
In Margaret's Battle, at Saint Albans, slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget
What you have been ere this, and what you are:
What shall, what I have been, and what am I.
Q. M. A marthous Villain, and so still thou art.
Rich. Poor Clarence did for sake his Father Warwicks,
I, and fortwith himself (whic Iseu pardono.)
Q. M. Which God reuenge.
Rich. To fight on Edwards parle, for the Crowne,
And for his neede, poore Lord, he is newed vp:
I would to God my heart were Flint, like Edwards,
Or Edwards foult and pitifull, like mine;
I am too childish foolish for this World.
Q. M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leave this World
Thou Cacodemon, therby Kingdon is done.
Rich. My Lord of Glitter, in those buffe days,
Which here you vige, to proue vs Enemies,
We follow'd then out Lord, our Soueraigne King,
So shoule we do, if you should be our King:
Rich. If I shoule be, I had rather be a Pedler:
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
Qu. As little joy (my Lord) as you suppose
You shoule enjoy, were you this Countries King,
As little joy you may suppoze in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queene thereof.
Q. M. A little joy enjoyes the Queene thereof,
For I am happy, and altogether joyfull:
I can no longer hold me patient.
Hear me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In sharing that which you have pull'd from me:
Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subjectes;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels.
Ah gentle Villain, do not turn away, (fight?)
Rich. Foole wrinkled Witch, what mak'st thou in my Lord's presence?
Q. M. But reparation of what thou hast mar'd,
That will I make, before I let thee go.
Rich. Wilt thou not banish'd, on paine of death?
Q. M. I was: but I do find more paine in banishment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.
A Husband and a Sonne shou'd go to me,
And thou a Kingdome: all of you, allegiance:
This Sorrow that I have, the sight is yours,
And All the Pleasures you take, are mine.
Rich. The Curie my Uncle Father layd on thee,
When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,
And withthy flames drew th Rivers from his eyes,
And then to dry the same, gann't the Duke, Cowen,
Sleepe'd in the faceless blood of prettie Rutland:
His Curies then, from bittermesse of Soul,
Desouled against thee, are all saine upon thee:
And God, not having plagi'd thy bloody deed.
Qu. So juft is God, so right the innocent.
Haut. Q. was the soulefull deed to lay that Babe,
And the most mericielle, that ere was heard of,
Rich. Tyrants them selues wept when it was reported,
Dorf. No man but prophenied reuenge for it.
Back. Northernden, then present, wept to see it.
Q. M. What? were you finding all before I came,
And got to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Dor. Did Yorkes dread Curie preusse so much with Heaven,
That Hennis death, my lonely Edwards death,
Their Kingdome loste, my wofull Banishment,
Should all but answer for that peulish Bret?
Can Curfes pierce the Clouds, and enter Heaven?
Then why give way'd all Clouds to my quick Curfes,
Though not by Ware, by Sureft dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.
Edwar thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
For ward our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in his youth, by like untimely violence.
Thy felle a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-lie thy glory, like my wretched felle:
Long may it shoule live, to wale thy Childrens death,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy Riglues, as thou art shal'd in mine.
Long dye thy happie days, before thy death,
And after many length ned bowres of griefe,
Dye neyther Mothers, Wife, nor Englands Queene.
Rivers and Dorset, you were flanders by,
And so waft thou, Lord Hastings, when my Sonne
Was flabb'd with bloody Daggers God, I pray him,
That none off you may live his natural age,
But by some vnlook'd accident cut off.
Rich. Have done thy Charme, & hate wither'd hast Hagg.
Q. M. And leau out my ghost Dog, & that hagg.
If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can with vp thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the trouble of the people Worlds peace.
The Worne of Conscience full begnaw thy Soule,
Thy Friends suspect for Trysteroule while thou li'st it,
And take deep Trysters for thy dearest Friend:
No sleepless crope vp that deadly Eye of thine,
Vnleas it be while some tormenting Streame
Affrights thee with a Hell of ougely Deuils.
Thou eluith mark'd, aboruting roving Hoggte,
Thou that wait feald in thy Natiscie
The flue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell;
Thou flander of thy heasey Mothers Wombre,
Thou loathed life of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Ragge of Honor, thou dextred--
Rich. Margaret.
Q. M. I call thee not.
Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did think,
That thou hadst cal'd all these bitter names.
Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply,
Oh let me make the Period to my Curie.
Rich. Th's done betrayed, and ends in Margaret.
Qu. Thus have you breath'd your Curie against your self.
Q. M. Poor painted Queen, vain florish of my fortune,
Why shew'st thou Sugar on that Botell'd Spider,
Whose deadly Web enarcheth thee about?
Fool, foolo, thouest with that Knife to kill thy felle:
The day will come, that thou shalt with for me,
To help the course of this poysonous Bunch-back Toad.
Haut, Falle Doding Woman, end thy frantick Curie,
Leafe to thy harms, thine mour is our patience.
Q. M. Foole shame upon you, you have all most mine.
Ri. Were you well sen'd, you would be tauchd thy dury.
Q. M. To thrust me well, you all shoule do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subjectes:
O thrust me well, and teach your felates that duty.
Dorf. Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.
Q. M. Peace Master Marquette, you are misappert,
Your fire-new flame of Honor is scarce currant.

O
O that your yong Nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable.
They that stand high, have many baits to flake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to peeces.
Rich. Good comrade Manty, bear it, let us bear it: Marquess concluding.

Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.
Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne so high:
Our airy bedstead in the Cedars top,
And dainties with the wind, and cornes the Sunne.

Dor. And turns the Sun to flake: alas, alas,
Witnesse my Sonne, now in the finde of death,
Whose bright out-shining beams, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darknesse toled vp.
Your airy bedstead in our skies rest:
O God that seeth it, do not suffer it,
As it is wonne with blood, lest be it so.

But. Peace, peace for shame: If not, for Charity.
Mar. Verge neither charity, nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd,
My Charity is courage, Let my flames,
And in that flame, still like my lovers rage.

But. Have done, have done.

Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ie kiss thy hand,
In signe of Leage and amity with thee;
Now faire beall thee, and thy Noble haufe;
Thy Girardsmen are not spotted with our blood.
Nor thou within the compass of my curte.

But. No no one here: for Curties never passe
The line of those that breaketh them in the eye.

Mar. I will not thinkes but they ascended the sky,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dogges:
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rake to the death,
Haufe not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell haue for their markes on him,
And all their Miniatures attend on him.

Rich. What doth the saye, my Lord of Buckingham,
Bot. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Mar. What doth thou sorne me
For my gentle counsell?
And tooth the diuell that I wasnethee from.
O but remember this another day:
When he shall spit thy very heart with sorrow:
And say (proce Margaret) was a Prophgifte:
Lye each of you the faithfull to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods.

Exit.

But. My harte doth hold an end to heare her curses,
Rich. And so doth mine, I muse why she's a libertie.
Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and Trepent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

But. I never did her any to my knowledge.

Rich. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong,
I was too hot, to do somebody good,
That's too cold in thinking of it now.
Mar. As for Clarence, he's well repayed:
He is frank'd up to flattering for his pains.
Good pardon them, that are the causse thereof.

Bot. A venemous, and a Christian-like excution
To pay for them that have done great wrong.

Rich. So do I ever, being well advis'd.

Speaker to himself.

For had I cutt now, I had cutt my selfe.

Enter Catsby.

Catsby. Madam, his Maiesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.

Catsby come, Lords will you go with mee.

But. We wait upon your Grace.

Enter all but Cliffe.

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to bawle,
The secret Mr. cheeset that I see abrooke,
I lay into the greetuous charge of others,
Clarence, who Iindeed have call in darknesse,
I do bewestome to many simple Collies,
Namely to Dorcy, Harfing, Buckingham,
And tell them 'tis the Queen, and her Allie,
That anime the King against the Duke my Brother,
Now they beleue it, and withall whette me
To be reueng'd on Runiers, Dorset, Grey,
But then I figh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for euill;
And thus I cloath my naked Villanice.
With oddle old ends, frame forth of holy Writ,
And frame a Saint, when most I play the deuill.

Enter two nuns histeres.

But. soft, heere come my Executioners,
How now my hardy host refulved Mates,
Are you now going to dispach this thing?

Bot. We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant,
That we may be admitt'd where he is.

But. Well thought upon, I have it heare about me;
When you have done, repaire to Crusby place:
But first be sodaine in the execution,
Withall obdurate, do not heare him plesse.
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you marke him.

Bot. Tutt, tutt, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers, be affraid;
We go to vie our hands, and not our tongues.

Rich. Your eyes drope Mill-stones, when Fooleys eyes
fill Teares:
I like you Lad, about your business straight.
Go, go, dispatch.

But. We will my Noble Lord.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Kent.

Kept. Why looks your Grace so heauily to day.

Clar. O, I have past a miserable night;

So full of fearefull Dreames, of Rightous;
That as I am a Christian, saithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night.
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies:
So full of diatall terror was the time.

Kept. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tell me
Clar. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embak'd to croffe to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Talbot,
Who from my Cabin rempented me to walke,

Vpon the Hatches; There we look'd toward England,

And cited vp a thousand heavy times.

During
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster
That had beaine vs. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the Hachets,
Me thought that Gloster stumbled, and in falling
Strokke me (that thought to flay him) out of bound,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears,
What lights of vygly death within mine eyes,
Me thought I saw a thousand feedfull wreacks;
A thousand men that Fishers gnav'd upon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heaps of Pearle,
Inexhaustible Stones, unvalued Jewels,
All scattered in the bottome of the sea,
So many in dead mens Scullies, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As were in scorne of eyes) reffling Gemmes,
That wou'd the fliny bottome of the deepes,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Keep. Had you such felty fire in the time of death
To gaze upon those scories of the death
Cla. Most certainly I had, and often did I prisse
To yield the Ghost: but still the envious Flood
Stopp'd in my foule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, waf, and wandering stre.
But smote'rd it in within my panting bulke,
Who almost burn'd, to belch it in the sea.
Keep. Awaak, d'you not in this fost Agony?
Cla. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O Lord, began the Tempell to my Soule.
I paff (one thought) the Melancholy Flood,
With that fowre Periy-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetual Night.
The first that thaire did greet my Stranger-foule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who spake slow'd: What fource for Perturbe,
Can this daie Monarchy aford falsie Clarence?
And o he vanish'd: Then came wandering by,
A Shadow like an Angel with bright hayre
Dabbed in blood, and he fizzle'd out slow'd
Clarence is come, falsie fleeting perier'd Clarence,
That flab'd do in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furie, take him unto Torment.
Vith that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.
I Knap. No manuell Lord, though it affrighted you.
I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.
Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things
(That now give evidence against my Soule)
For Edward's sake, and see how he requits mee.
O God! these steep Prayeres cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be satisfied on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O spare my guilty Wife, and my poor children.
Keeper, I pray thee sit by me a while.
My Soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.
Keep. Will my Lord, God give your Grace good reft.

Enter Buckingham the Lieutenant.

Bras. Sorrow breaks Sessions, and reposing houses,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:
Princes have but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vufed Imaginations
They often see a world of refilcie Cares:
So that betwixt their Titles, and love Name,
There's nothing differeth, but the outward fame.

Enter two Marchers.

1. Mr. Ho, who's heere?
Bras. What would it thou Fellow? And how canst thou hitter.
2. Mr. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my Legges.
Bras. What so breefs?
1. This is better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him see our Commission, and take no more. Reads
Bras. 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 will be guiledlese from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleep, and there the Keys.
Ile to the King, and guilde me to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.
Exit.
1. You may sir, 'tis a point of wifedom:
Far you well.
2. What, shall we stab him as he sleepe.
1. No; he's fay twas done cowardly, when he wakes
2. Why he'slall never wake, vntill the great judgeme.
No Warrant can defend me.
1. I thought thou had it bin refolute.
2. So I am, to let him live.
3. Ie backe to the Duke of Glouffer, and tell him so.
2. Nay, I pray thee flay a little:
I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.
1. How doth thou feele thy felie now?
2. Some certaine dregges of confciece are yet with-
in mee.
1. Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.
2. Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.
1. Where's thy confciece now?
1. When he opens his purtie to give vs our Reward,
thy Conficie flyes out.
2. This no matter, let it goe: There's few of none will entertaine it.
1. What if it come to thee againe?
2. Do not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward:
A man cannot feele; but it accustome him: A man cannot Sweare, but it Checks him: A man cannot lye with his Neighbours Wife, but it deedes him: 'Tis a blushing shamefaced spirit, that mutinies in a mans bottome: It sfles a man full of obstacles. It made me once refore a Purfe of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of Townes and Cites for a dangerous thing, and evert man that means to live well, endeavours to truifie to himselfe, and line with-out it.

1 This.
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1. 'Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.
2. Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleue him not:
He would inuince with thee but to make thee figh.
1. I am strong fram'd, he cannot presse with me.
2. Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation.
Come, shall we fall to workes?
1. Take him on the Costard, with the blites of thy sword, and then throw him into the Malmesey-Botts in the next roome.
2. O excellent device, and make a stop of him.
3. Soft, he wakes.
4. Strike.
5. Now, we'll reason with him.
Cia. Where art thou Keeper? Give me a cup of wine.
2. You shall have Wine enough my Lord anon.
Cia. In Gods name, what art thou?
1. A man, as you are.
Cia. But not as I am Royall.
2. Nor you as we are, Loyall.
Cia. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1. My voice is now the Kings, my looks mine owne.
Cia. How darkly, and how deadely dost thou speake?
Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
1. To, to, to.
Cia. To murder me?
2. Both, both.
Cia. You fearfully have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot bese the hearts to do it.
Wherein my Friends have I offended you?
1. Offended vs you have not, but the King.
Cia. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.
2. Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.
Cia. Are you drauen forth among a world of men
To flay the innocents? What is my offence?
Where is the Evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawfull Quest have given their Verdict vp
Unto the Browning Judge? Or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of peace Clarence death,
Before the condic by course of Law?
To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodnde,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertak is damnable,
1. What we will do, we will upon command,
2. And he that hath commanded, is our King.
Cia. Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder. Will you then
Spurne at his Edict, and fulfil a Mans?
Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand,
To hurle upon their heads that break his Law.
2. And that fame Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,
For false Forbearing, and for murther too:
Thou didst receave the Sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the House of Lancastre,
1. And like a Traitor to the name of God,
Did't break that vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Whipt the Bowsels of thy Soul against Sorne.
2. Who so thou wast't sworn to cherish and defend.
And that cowardly, and dastardly, and darestly dispose:
When thou hast broke it in such deere degree?
Cia. Alas! for whose fake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my Brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murther me for this:
For in that time, he is as deep as I.
1. If God will be avenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publiquely.
Take not the queller from his powerful arm.
2. He needs no indirect, or lawlefe course,
To cut off shotes that have offended him,
1. Who made these then a bloudy minifter,
When gallant springing braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nourse was strucke dead by thee?
Cia. My Brothers love, the Diuell, and my Rage.
1. Thys Brothers love, out Duty, and thy Fatales,
Prouoke vs hither now, to laughter thee.
Cia. If you do love my Brother, hate not me;
I am his Brother, and I loue him well.
If you are hyt't for need, go backe againe,
And all I send you to my Brother Glouster:
Whose shall reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2. You are deceitfull, Your Brother Glouster hates you.
Cia. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere:
Go you to him from me.
1. I do we.
Cia. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,
Blest his three Sonnes with his victoriou Arme,
He little thought of this diuided Friendship:
Bid Glouster thinken on this, and he will wepe,
1. I Maltonus, as he louthed vs to wepe.
Cia. O do not flender him, for he is kinde,
1. Right, as Snow in Haussel:
Come, you decev'e your selfe,
Tis that that sends vs to destroy you here.
Cia. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with fobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
1. Why to be done, when he declar'd you
From this earthis thralldome, to the joyes of heaven,
2. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord:
Cia. Have you that holy feeling in your foules,
To consuifie me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your owne foules to blinde,
That you will ware with God, by mutching me.
O first consider, they that let you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deeds.
2. What shall we do?
Cia. Relent, and ease your foules.
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such murtherers as your felvses came to you,
Would not intere for life, as you would begge
Were you in my disstre.
1. Relent not: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.
Cia. Not to relent, is beastly, basely, diuellish:
My Friend, I spy some pitty in thy lookes:
O, if thine eye be not a Plater's,
Come thou on my side, and intere for me,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.
2. Lookes behinde you, my Lord.
1. Take that, and that, if all this will not do, Stab him,
Ile drawne you in the Malmesey-But within.
2. A bloody deed, and deeplie dispatcht:
How faire (like Pilate) would I wath my hands
Of this most greuous murtherer.
Enter 1. Murderer
1. How now? what mean'th thou that thou helpt me not?
By Heaven the Duke shall know how slache you have beene.
Enter Ratscliffe, and Glover.

Rich. Good morrow to my Sovereign King & Queen, And Princely Peers, a happy time of day.
King. Happy indeed, as we have spent the days.
Glover, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, fare lost of hate,
Betwixt those dwelling wrong incensed Peers.
Rich. A blest labour my most Sovereign Lord:
Amongst this Princeely beaspe, if any beere
By falle intellegence, or wrong tume.
Hold me a Foe: If I unwillingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this presence, I desist.
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:
Tis death to me to be at enmite:
I hate it, and desire all good mens love,
Fist Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious service.
Of you my Noble Carin Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg’d betwixt vs.
Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset,
That all without defect have found on me:
Of you Lord Woodlall, and Lord Scalers of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen,indeed of all,
I do not know that Englishman aline,
With whom my soule is any toi at oddes,
More then the Infant that is borne to night:
I thank my God for my Humility.

Qu. A holy day full this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all frieles were well compounded,
My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness,
To take our Brother Clarence to your Grace,
Rich. Why Madam, have I offered love for this,
To be so bowed in this boy all presence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead?
Thy you do him injure to sincere your Coarfe.
King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?

Qu. All-seeing hearens, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke to his pale Lord Dorset, as the rest?
Der. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheeks.
King. Is Clarence dead? The Order was receiued.
Rich. But he (pore man) by your first order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did bere:
Some tardie Crippe bare the Countermand,
That came too late to fee him buried.
God grant, that some lefe Noble, and lefe Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Defence not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from Sufplion.

Enter Earle of Darby.

Der. A boone my Sovereaigne for my seruice done.
King. I prethec peace, my soule is full of sorrow.
Der. I will not rife, vnderle thy Highnesse heare me,
King. Then say at once, what is it thou requrest.

Der. The forfeit (Sovereaigne) of my seruants life,
Who fled to day a Rioutous Gentleman,
Lately attendent on the Duke of Norfolk.
King. A boone to doe me thy Brothers death?
And stille that tongue gie pardon to a base,
My Brother kill’d no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
Oh! gentle and wondrous Sinner, do thou help me
Then may I at last rest in the Sonne's eye
For he is our Lord and Saviour, our God.
Our heavenly Father, God the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutchess of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Edu. Good Grandam tell us, is our Father dead?
Dutch. No Boy.

Dagb. Why do weep so oft? And bear your Brest? And cry, O Clarence, my wenchy Sonne.
Boy. Why do you looke on us, and shake your head, and call us Orphans, Wretches, Caste awayes, If our Noble Father were alive?

Dut. My pretty Cofins, you mistake me both,
I do lament the sicknesse of the King,

Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead?

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth lose you wel.

Boy. Grandam we can for our good Vinkle Giotter

Told me, the King prouied to it by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprisone him;
And when your Vinkle told me so, he wept,
And pirted me, God save your life, with this chucker;
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would lose me deereely as a child.

Dut. Ah! that Deceit should stakc such gentle shape,
And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepse vice.
He is my Sonne, I, and therein I flame,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vinkle did diffible Grandam?

Dut. I Boy,

Boy. I cannot thinke it. Harkye, what noise is this?

Enter the Queene with her hart about her ears,
Rivers & Dorset after her.

Qu. Ah! who shall hinder me to weale and wepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
He joyne with blisse & discourse against my Soule,
And to my Selfe, become an enemy.

Dut. What means this Scene of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of Traigle violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
Why sowe not the leaues that want their sap?
If you will live, Lament! as dye, be brieue,
That our fowl-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subiects follow him.

To his newe Kingdom of neere-changing night.

Dut. Ah so much interrest hane in thy sorrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I have bewepe a worthy Husbandes death,
And he'sd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirroors of his Princely tenembance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by maligne death,
And I for comfort, have but one false Glafe,
That greeues me, when I see my blame in him,
Thou art a Widdow: yet thon art a Mother,
And haft the comfort of thy Children left,

Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:
How can we syde you with our Kindred teares?

Dangb. Our fatherlesse dittrefed was left vnaund, Your widdow-dolour, like wise be vnwept.

Qu. Gite me no heles in Lamentation,
I am not harrin to bring forth complaints:
All Springes reduce their currents to mine eyees,
That I being gournd by the wastorie Moone,
May fend forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.

Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord Edward.

Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord Clarence.

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

Boy. What fay had I but Edward, and hee's gone?

Chil. What fay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

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

Qu. Was not I kindly bade to deere a loffe?

Chil. Were neuer Orphans had so deere a loffe.

Dut. Was never Mother had to deere a loffe.

Alas! I am the Mother of these Greeftes,
Their woes are parcel'd, mine in general.
She for an Edward weepes, and doo do 1.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

I for a Clarence weepes, so doth not thee;
These Babes for Clarence weeppe, so do not they. Alias! thout three, on me threefold dedit:
Power all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurse, And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Riche. Comfort deere Mother,God is much displeas'd, The fault was with you, Sibille, will you excuse us?
In common worldly things, tis call'd ungraceful,
With all vnwillingnesse to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus opposite with heavye,
For it requires the Royall debt is lent you.

Riche. Madam, bethink you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your sonne: send straight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort lies.
Drowne desperate sorrow in death Edwards graue,
And plant your loyes in living Edwards Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Davvin, Hau-
fling, and Raffite.

Riche. Sister haue comfort, all of vs haue cause
To weep for the dimishing of our fininge Scare:
But none can help us harms by wapling them:
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I crave your Blessing.

Davvin. God blewe thee, and put meeknes in thy breaste,
Lowe Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

Riche. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers blessing;
I must all that her Grace did lease out me.

Bu. You close-wy-Princes, & hast-forswearing-Prerers,
That bere this hestus mutuell load of Moane,
Now cheere each other, in each others Lowe:
Though we have spent our Hanseyt of this King,
We are to reape the Hanseyt of his Sonne,
The broken rancour of your high-soule hates,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and soyn'd together,
Must gently be pretendt, enlarged, and kept:
Me semeth well, that with some little Traine,
Forthsyrn from Ludlow, the young Prince be set
Hither to London, to be crown'd out King.

Riche. Why with some little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?

Buc. Marrie my Lord,leaff by a multitude,
The new-heald wound of Malice should break out,
Which would be to much the more dangerous,
By how much the efface is greene, and yet vignorn'd.
Where ever Hose bears his commanding Reine,
And may direct his course as pleashe himselfe,
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant.
In my opinion, ought to be preventted.

Riche. I hope the King made peace with all of vs,
And the compact is firmme, and true in me.
Bu. And to me, and to (I think) all,
Yet since it is but greene, it should be put
To no apparant likely-kind of breedly,
Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:
Therefore I fly with Noble Buckingham,
That it is mette to few should fetch the Prince.

Bu. And so say I.

Riche. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be the first shall pote to London.
Madam, and you my Sibille, will you go
To give your censures in this businesse.

Scena Tertia.

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

1. Cit. Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so
falt?

2. Cit. In presmiff you, I scantely know my selfe:
How are the newes abroad?

Bu. Yes, that the King is dead,
Ille news by waylady, seldome comes the better:
I feare, I feare, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed.

Cit. Give you good morrow sir.

Buc. Doth the newes hold of good King Edwards death?

Cit. It is, it is too true, God helpe the white,
Then Matters look to for a troublous world.

Buc. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reign.
We to that Land that's govern'd by a Child.

Buc. In him there is a hope of Government,
Which in his nonage, counsell under him,
And in his full and ripened years, himselfe
No doubt shall then, and till then govern well.

1. So fould the State, when Henry the first
Was crownd in Paris, but as nine months old.

3. Stood the State so? No, no, good friends, God wot
For then this Land was famouly enrich'd
With polite night Courtsey and Grace
Had ventrous Vnkle to protect his Grace.

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

2. Better is it were they all came by his Father:
Or by his Father there were none at all.

1. For emulation, who shall now be seerefest,
Will touch vs all too meere, if God prevent not.
O full of danger is the Duke of Glouster,
And the Queens Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud.
And were they to be rule'd, and not to rule,
This fickle Land, might solese as before.

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

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

1. When great lusse fall, then Winter is at hand:

3. When the Sun sets, who doth not look for night?

1. Vnintely thornes, makes men expect a Death:

3. All may be well; but if God fores it to.

1. Tis more then we defende, or I expect.

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

1. You cannot reason (almost) with a man,
That lookes not heauily, and full of dread.

3. Before the days of Change, fill is it so,
By a divine invisibl, mens minds misfruit.

Ensuyn.

Exeunt.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Pursuing danger: as by proofs we see
The Water swell before a boy's rous storme:
But issue is all to God. Whither away?

Marry we were lent for to the justices,
And do I: I bear you company. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbp., young York, the Queen, and the Duchess.

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

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

Qua. But I hear no more, they say my sonne of York

Ha's almost outstane him in his growth.

Tor. I, Mother, but I would you have it so,

Whys my good Cofin, it is good to grow.

Tor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper,

My Vinkle Evers talk'd how I did grow

More then my Brother. I spake my Vinkie Glouster,

Small Herbes have grace, great Weeds do grow space,

And since, I think you would not grow so fast.

Because forest Flowers are slow, and Weeds make haste.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did obste the same to thee.

He was the wretched thing when he was young,

So long a growing, and so leasurely,

That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Tor. And to no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

Tor. Now by my troth, if I had beene remember'd,

I could have given my Vinkle Greace, a flour,

To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.

Dut. How my yong Yorkse,

I pryshee let me heare it.

Tor. Marry (they say) my Vinkle grew so fast

That he could grow a curtall at two hours old.

Was full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam this would haue bene a bying left.

Dut. I pryshee, my pretty Yorke, who told thee this?

Tor. Grandam, his Nurse.

Dut. His Nurse why she was dead, ere she was borne,

If it were not the, I cannot tell who told me.

Qua. A parous Boy go too, you are too shrew'd.

Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.

Qua. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a Messinger: What News?

Mef. Such news my Lord, as greeues me to report.

Qua. How doth the Prince?

Mef. Well Madam, and in health.

Dut. What is thy News?

Mef. Lord Evers, and Lord Grey,

Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,

Sir Thomas Tang Nevile, Prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Mef. The mighty Dukes, Glouster and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Mef. The summe of all I can, I have disclos'd:

Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,

Is all unknowne to me, my gracious Lord.

Qua. Aye me! I see the rime of my House:

The Tyger now hath hez'd the gentle Hinde,

Inflicting Tyranny begins to lure

Upon the innocent and sweleffe Throne:

Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Misfeasce.

I see (as in a Map) the end of all.

Dut. Accurted, and unquiet wrangling days,

How many of you haste mine eyes beheld?

My Husband left his life, to get the Crowne,

And often up and downe my lonesse were tost

For me to say, and weepe, their gaine and losse,

And being fear'd, and Doe-meticke broyles

Cleane out of blows, themselfes the Conquerors.

Make warre upon themselfes, Brother to Brother,

Blood to blood, selfe against selfe; O pereprofessor

And fanickte outrage, and why dammed spleene,

Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.

Qua. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary,

Mastern, farewell.

Dut. Stay, I will go with you.

Qua. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady go,

And thether beare your Treasure and your Goodes,

For my part, Ile resigne into your Grace

The Seale I keepe, and so be side to me,

As well I render you, and all of yours.

Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Dut. I shall conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester, and Buckingham,

Lord Cardinal, with others.

Bos. Welcome sweete Prince to London,

To your Chamber.

Rich. Welcome deere Cousin, my thoughts Souvereign,

The wearie way hath made you Melancholy.

Prin. No Vinkle, but our crosses on the way,

Haue made it tedious, wearieome, and heaune.

I want more Vinkle here to welcome me.

Rich. Sweet Prince, the vaunted virtue of your yees,

Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds decease:

No more can you distingguish of a man,

Then of his outward fiew, which God he knowes,

Seldome or neuer checkt with the heart.

Those Vinkles which you want were dangerous:

Your Grace attended to their Saggred words,

But looke'd not on the payson of their hearts.

God keype you from them, and from such false Friends,

Prin. God keep me from suche Friends,

But they were gone.

Rich. My Lord, the Mistor of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mistor.

La. Mistor. God bleffe your Grace, with health and happy days.

Prin. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

I thought my Mother, and my Brother York,
Would long ere this, have met us on the way,
Fie, what a Slag is Hastings, that he comes not
to tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweetest
Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?
Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I;
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother York,
Hate not Sanchia: The tender Prince
Would faine have come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and pessif course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Peruse the Queene, to send the Duke of York
Vnto his Princeely Brother presently?
If the desire, Lord Hastings goe with him,
And from his most jealous Army, luck him perfecly.
Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my moste Oratorie
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorkes,
Anon expect him here: but if the be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Priviledge
Of blessed Sancuary; not for this land,
Would I be guesse of so great a sinne.

Buck. You are too fencelike oblied, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditioinal.
Weigh it but with the grossness of this Age,
You breake not Sanchia, in feizing him:
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings haue deceipt the place,
And those who have the wit to clayme the place:
This Prince hath neather clayme it, nor deceipt it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, can not haue it.
Then taking him thence, is not there,
You breake no Priviledge, nor Chatter there?
Off haute I heard of Sanchia men,
But Sanchia children, are'till now.

Card. My Lord, you shall o'te-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you goe with me?
Prince. Good Lords, make all the speeche ha you.
Say, Vincible Gloster, if our Brother come,
Where shall we espoyne, till our Cognition?
Glo. Where think it'll best enter into your Royall selfe?
If I may conspoyne you, some day or two
Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower,
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Dix. Vincible Gloster, build that place, my Lord?
Buck. He did my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since succeeding Ages haue re-edify'd.
Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Succesfully from age to age, he build it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.
Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should line from age to age,
As we're retaile to all posteritie,
Until the general ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say doe never lie long.
Prince. What say you, Vincible?
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Scene Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Door of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord.
Hast. Who knockes?
Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.
Hast. What is’t a Clocke?
Mess. Upon the stroke of twelve.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe these tedious Nights?
Mess. So it appeares, by that I have to say:
First, he commends him to your noble felte.
Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night He dreamt, the Bore had raied off his Helme:
Besides, he says there are two Counsellors kept;
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to sue at either.
Therefore he tends to know your Lordships pleasure,
If you will presently take Heste with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the North,
To shun the danger that his Soule diuines.
Hast. Goe fellow, goe, returne unto thy Lord,
Bid him not faire the seperated Counsell;
His Honor and my felte are at the one,
And at the other, is my good friend Catsby;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth Vs,
Whereof I shall not haste intelligence.
Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance.
And for his Dreams, I wonder he’s so simple,
To trust the mock’ry of vanities flambours.
To flye the Bore, before the Bore parces,
Were to incense the Bore to follow Vs,
And make pursuitt, where he did meane no chace.
Goe, bid thy Matter rise, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall fee the Bore will take Vs kindly.
Mess. He goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit Catsby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.
Hast. Good morrow Catsby, you are early striuing:
What newes, what newest, is this our totrisng State?
Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord;
And I beleue will never stand upright.
Till Richard wear the Garland of the Realme.
Hast. How wear the Garland?
Doest thou meane the Crowne?
Cates. I, my good Lord.
Hast. Ile have this Crown of might cut from my shouldres,
Before Ile fee the Crowne so foule misplace’d:
But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?

Cates. 1.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Cates. I look on my life, and hope to find you forward,
Upon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The Kidnred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.
Haft. Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have beene fill my aduersaries:
But that I give my voice on Richards side,
To barre my Masters Heires in true Decent,
God knows, I will not doe it to the death.
Cates. God keep ye your Lordship in that gracious mind.
Haft. But I shall laugh at this a twelue-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Masters hate,
I live to looke upon their Tragedie.
Well Catesly, ere a fort-night make me older,
Ie send some packing, that yet thinke not on't.
Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepared, and looke not for it.
Haft. O monstruos monstruous! and so falls it out
With Ritters, Vaughan, Grey, and so 'twill doe
With some men else, that thinke themselves as safe
As thou and I, who (as thou know'st?) are deare
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head up above the bridge.
Haft. I know they doe, and I have well defend'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speare man?
Fear ye the Bore, and goe fo unprovided?
Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow Catesly:
You may reafl on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these further Councils.
Haft. My Lord, I hold my life as deare as yours,
And never in my days, I doe profess,
Was it so precious to me as is now:
Thinke you, but that I know out state secure,
I would be forerunnes as I am?
Stan. The Lords at Pomfret, who they rode from London,
Were sound, and suppose'd their flaters were false,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-cast.
This sudden flab of Rancour I mislike:
Pray God (I say) I proue a needlelesse Coward,
What shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Haft. Come, come, come, have with you:
Wot you what, my Lord?
To day the Lords you calze of, are behacled,
Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then fostie that have assunn'd them, weare their Habs.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursevant.

Haft. Go on before, Ie talke with this good fellow.
Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesly.

How now, Sirtha? how goes the World with thee?
I pray The better, that your Lordship please to ask.
Haft. I tell thee man, Iis better with me now,
Then when thou meett me, where now we meett?
Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggeffion of the Queenes Allies,
But now I tell thee (keeps to thy selfe)
This day those Enemies are put to death,

And I am better state then ever I was.

Pur. God hold it, to your Honors good content.
Haft. Gramercie fellow, a there, drinke that for me,
Throw me this Purse.
Pur. I thank your Honors. Exit Pursevan.

Enter a Prieff.

Prieff. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Hon.
Haft. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your last Exercitc:
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.
Prieff. Ile wait upon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What talking with a Prieff, Lord Chamberlaine?
Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Prieff,
Your Honor hath no finnishing work in hand.
Haft. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men ye talk of, came into my minde.
What gote you toward the Tower?
Buc. I do, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.
Haft. Nay like enough, for I day Dinner there.
Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'st it is not.
Come, will you goe?
Haft. Ile wait upon your Lordship.

Scena Tertia.

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

Ritters. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,
To day flayt thou behold a Sir. bieft die,
For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie,
Grey, God blest the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knott you are, of damn'd Blood-tuckers.
Vaughan. Thou live, that shal cry woe for this here-after.
Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Lives is out.
Ritters. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prismion!
Farrall and omineous to Noble Peoples:
Within the gullest Cloasure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was luctc to death:
And for more lander to thy difmal Seat,
Wee give to thee our bloodlesse blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margret Curfe is false upon our Heads,
When thee exclaim'd on Hallings, you, and I,
For flanding by, when Richard faft did her Sonne.
Ritters. Then curs'd fie Richard,
Then curs'd fie Buckingham,
Then curs'd fie Hallings. Oh remember God,
To hearre her prayer for thee, as now for us,
And for my Sifer, and her Princely Sonnes,
Be satisfie'd, deere God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, uinntly must be sppt.
Rat. Make haft, the hour of death is expiate.
Ritters. Come Grey, come Vaughan, let us here embrace.
Farewell, until we meet againe in Heaven.

Exeunt.
Scena Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Lenox, with others, at a Table.

Hast. Now Noble Peers, the cause why we are met, is to determine of the Conclusion: In God's Name spake, when is the Royal day? Buck. Is all things ready for the Royal time? Dark. It is, and wants but nomination. Ely. To morrow then I judge a happy day. Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein? Who is most inward with the Noble Duke? Ely. Your Grace, we think, shou'd soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each others' faces: for our Hearts, He knows no more of mine, then I of yours, or I of, my Lord, then you of mine: Lord Hastings, you and he are necer in love. Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well: But for his purpose in the Coronation, I have not found him, nor do I desire his gracious pleasure any way therein: But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time, And in the Dukes behalf: He give my Voice, Which I presume he'll take in gentle part. Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the Duke himselfe. Rich. My Noble Lords, and Counsels all, good morrow! I have beene long a sleeper: but I trust, My absence doth neglect no great designe, Which by my presence might have beene concluded. Buck. Had you not come upon your own Lord, William. Lord Hastings, had pronounc'd your part; I receiue your Voice, for Crowning of the King. Rich. I bid my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder, His Lordship know me well; and loves me well, My Lord of Ely, when I was left in Halborne, I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there, I doe beseech you, lend for some of them. Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart. Exit Bishop.

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you, Cately hath founded: Hastings in our businesse, And findes the selfe Gentleman so hot, That he will lofe his Head, ere guve content His Masters Child, as worshipfully he teramnes it, Shall loose the Royall of Englands Throne. Buck. Withdraw your felte a while, I'll goe with you. Enter.

Dark. We have not yet for doun our this day of Triumph: To morrow, in my judgmen, is too sudden, For I feele am not well prov'd, As else I would, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster? I have sent for these Strawberries. His Grace looks cheerfully & smoothly this morning.

There's some conceit or other liks him well, When that he bids good morrow with such spirit. I think there's never a man in Christendome Can lesse hide his love, or hate, then he, For by his Face a light shall you know his Heart. Dark. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face? By any likelyhood he knew d'to day? Hast. Mary, that with no man here he is offended: For were he, he had then said it in his Looks.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they decrees, That doe confirme my death with diciplin Plots Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue presied Upon my Body with their Hellish Charmes. Hast. The tender lone I bearer your Grace, my Lord, Makes me most forward, in this Princeely present, To doe thi' Offendars, whofor they be they: I say, my Lord, they haue deterred death. Rich. Then be your eyes the witnesse of their guilt, Look how I am bewitch'd: behold, my noble Arme Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd d'v: And this is Edwards Wife, that monstrous Witch, Conferr'd with that Harlot, Strumpet Shore, That by their Witchcraft thus haue marke me. Hast. If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord. Rich. If thou Protector of this damned Strumpet, Talk to me of my fate: thou art a Tragedy, Off with his Head: now by Saint Paul I weare, I will not dine, untill I see the same. Lenox and Ratcliffe, looke that it be done: Exeunt. The rest that love me, rife, and follow me.

Caius. Lowell and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me, For I, too fond, might have prevented this: Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes, And I did storne it, and diffusive to flye: Times three to Lord Thomas of Foul, the Cloth, Hostie did rumble, And flatred, when he lookd' upon the Tower, As loth to bear mee to the slaughter-houfe. O now I need the Prief, that spake to mee: I now repent I told the Purifiers, As tooe triumphing, how mine Enemies To day at Pomedet bloodily were butcher'd, And I my felle secur, in grace and favour, Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy heartie Core Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched Head. Ra. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinne: Make a short Shrift, he longs to fee your Head. Hast. O momentarie grace of mortall men, Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God! Who builds his hope in aye of your good Lookes, Lives like a drunken Sayer, on a Malt, Readie with every nod, to rumble downe, Into the fatal Bowels of the Deepe. Lou. Come, come, dispatch, it's boundlesse to exclame, Hast. O bloody Richard, miserable England, I prophesi the feaserfull it time to thee, That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon, Come, lead me to the Block; bestre him my Head, They smile at me, who shortly shill be dead. Exeunt.
Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, 
without ill-favoured.

Richard. Come, cousin, 
Canst thou quake, and change thy colour, 
Murther thy breath in middle of a word, 
And then again begin, and stop again, 
As if thou were displeas'd, and mad with terror? 
Buck. Tur, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian, 
Speak, and look back, and peace on every side, 
Tremble, and start at wagging of a straw; 
Intending deep and frightful looks 
Are at my service, like enroiled Smiles; 
And both are ready in their Offices, 
At any time to grace my Stratagems, 
But what, is Catesby gone? 
Rich. He is, and fee he brings the Mayor along.

Enter the Mayor, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Mayor.
Rich. Look to the draw-bridge there. 
Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.
Rich. Catesby, o' re-looke the Walls.
Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we haunt hence. 
Rich. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies. 
Buck. God and our innocence defend, and guard vs.

Enter Lovell, and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends. Ratcliffe, and Lovell.
Lovell. Here is the head of that ignoble Traytor, 
The dangerous and undisposed Hastings.
Rich. So desir'd I 'twas the man, that I mustweep: 
I took him for the plainest harmecelde Creature, 
That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian. 
Made him a Booke, wherein my Soule recorded 
The Historic of all her secret thoughts. 
So smooth he dawmb'd his Vice with flow of Virtue, 
That his apparant open Guilt omitted, 
I meaneth his Conversation with Shores Wife, 
He liew'd from all attender of tressells. 
Buck. Well, well, he was the counsell sheltered Traytor 
That never fee'd. 
Would you imaginge, or almost believe, 
Were not, that by great preferation 
We lies to tell it, that the subtil Traytor 
This day had plotted, in the Counsell-Honie, 
To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloster. 
Mayor. Had he done so? 
Rich. What think you we are Turks, or Infidels? Or that we would, against the forme of Law, 
Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death, 
But that the extreme peril of the cafe, 
The Peace of England, and our Persons safety, 
Enforc'd vs to this Execution.

Mayor. Now fare well, he densim'd his death, 
And your good Graces both have well proceeded, 
To warne false Traytors from the like Attempts. 
Buck. I never look'd for better at his hands, 
After once fell in with Miferable Shore, 
Yet had we not determin'd he should dye, 
Vntill your Lordship came to see his end, 
Which was the flowing hailes of these out friends, 
Something against our meanings, have prevented; 
Because, my Lord, I would have had you hear 
The Traytor speake, and timorously confesse 
The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:

That you might well have signifyst'd the same 
Unto the Citizens, who haply may 
Milcontriue vs in him, and wayle his death. 
Mad, But, my good Lord, your Graces words had sense, 
As well as I had seen, and heard him speake: 
And do not doubt, right Noble Princes both, 
But Ie acquaint our dutious Citizens 
With all your inl proceedings in this cafe. 
Rich. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here, 
To avoid the Ceruences of the carping World, 
Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent, 
Yet winastle what you heare we did intende: 
And lo, my good Lord Maior, we bid farewell.

Exit Maior.
The Maior towards Guild-Hall byses him in all pote: 
There, at your meetest vantage of the time, 
Interre the Battalire of Edwards Children: 
Tell them, how Edward put to death a Citizen, 
Onely for paying, he would make his Soune 
Here to the Crowne, meaning indeed his House, 
Which by the Signe thereof, was tarmued lo: 
Moreover, yerge his hatefull Luxurie, 
And beaustall appetite in change of Luft, 
Which threcbh'to vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wives, 
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart, 
With most cruel, justice, ordered to make a prey 
Nay, for a need, thus faire came near my Percon: 
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child 
Of that infatiate Edwards, Noble York, 
My Princely Father, then had Warres in France, 
And by true comptoration of the time, 
Found, that the Illue was not his begot: 
Which well appeared in his Lincements, 
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father: 
Yet touch this sparingly, as I were fare off, 
Becaus, my Lord, you know my Mother hiues. 
Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I le play the Orator, 
As if the Golden Fleece, for which I plead, 
Were for my selve: and so, my Lord, adue. 
Rich. If you thrive well, bring them to Bayards Castle, 
Where you shall finde me well accompani'd 
With many good Feathers, and well-learned Bishops. 
Buck. I goe, and towards three o' clocke 
Lookes for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affords.

Exit Buckingham. 
Rich. Goest Lowell with all speed to Doctor Shaw, 
Goe thou to Fryer Pynke, bid them both 
Meet me within this hour at Bayards Castle. 
Exit. 
Now will I goe to take some prime order, 
To draw the Bres of Clarence out of sight, 
And to giue order, that no manner petition 
Have any time reques'te unto the Princes. 

Enter a Seruicener.

Ser. Here is the Indulgence of the good Lord Hasting, 
Which in a certe Hand, carefillly engross'd o, 
That it may be to day read o, in Poets. 
And marks, how well the sequell hangs together: 
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over. 
For yeare night by Catesby was it sent me, 
The Precedent was full as long a doing, 
And yet within these houre Hastos sign'd it, 
Untainted, yeas and nays, free, at libertie. 
Here's a good World the while. 
Who is so gross, that cannot see this palpable device?
Enter Buckingham at several Doors.

Rich. How now, how now, what say the Citizens? 
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord, 
The Citizens are mum, say not a word. 
Rich. Touch you the Baffardie of Edwards Children? 
Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy, 
And his Contract by Deputie in France, 
Th'enviatory greeneenifie of his desire, 
And his enforcement of the Citie Wives, 
His Tyranrie for Trifles, his owne Baffardie, 
As being got, your Father then in France, 
And his refeniance, being not like the Duke. 
Wiltthall, I did interfe his Lineaments, 
Being the right Idea of your Father, 
Both in your forme, and Nobilitie of Mind: 
Layd open all your Victories in Scotland, 
Your Discipline in Warre, Wilsome in Peace, 
Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie: 
Indeed, leit nothing fitting for your purpose, 
Vntoucht, or flegihedly handled in discouer. 
And when my Oratoio drew toward end, 
I bid them that did lose their Countries good, 
Cry, God save Richard, England Royall King. 
Rich. And did they so? 
Buck. No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word. 
But like dumbes Statues, or breathing Stones, 
Start'd each on other, and looked deadly pale: 
Which when I saw, I reprehended them, 
And ask'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull silence? 
His answere was, the people were not vted 
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder. 
Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe: 
Thus fayth the Duke, shalt hath the Duke iner'd, 
But nothin spoke, in warrant from himselfe. 
When he had done, some followers of mine owne, 
At lower end of the Hall, held vp their Cops, 
And some commaundes cry'd, God save King Richard. 
And thus I tooke the vantage of those few, 
Thanks gentle Citizens, and friends, though I, 
This general applause, and cheerfull floure, 
Argues your wildome, and your love to Richard: 
And even here brake off, and came away. 
Rich. What tongue-leaff Blockes were they? 
Would they not spake? 
Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come? 
Buck. The Maior is here at hand: fustend fome feare, 
Be not you spake with, but by mightie fitts: 
And look ye younger a Prayer-Booke in your hand, 
And Band betweene two Churches, good my Lord, 
For on that groundeill Ie make a holy Devout: 
And be not easie wonne to our requests, 
Play the Maid's part, full answer may, and take it. 
Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them, 
As I can say my prays for my selfe. 
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue. 
Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knockes. 

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here, 
I think the Duke will not be spoke withall.

Enter Casyth.

Buck. Now Casyth, what sayes your Lord to my request? 
Casyth. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord, 
To visit him to morrow, or next day: 
He is within, with two right reverend Fathers, 
Dintinely bent to Meditation, 
And in no Worldly suites would he be mov'd, 
To draw him from his holy Exercise. 
Buck. Returne, good Casyth, to the gracious Duke, 
Tell him, my selfe, the Maior and Aldermen, 
In deep e dignifie, in matter of great moment, 
No lefe importing then our generall good, 
Are come to have some conference with his Grace. 
Casyth. Ile signifie so much unto him straight. 
Exit. 
Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward, 
He is not falling on a lowe Loute-Bed, 
But on his Knees, at Meditation: 
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtians, 
But meditating with two deep Diuines: 
Not sleaping, to engroffe his idle Body, 
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule: 
Happrye were England, would this vertuous Prince 
Take on his Grace the Souverainstie thereof, 
But sure I fear ye shall not winne him to it. 
Maior. Marry God defend his Grace shoulde fav y vac.
Buck. I fear he will: here Casyth comes againe.

Enter Casyth.

Now Casyth, what sayes your Grace his? 
Casyth. He wonders to what end you have assembled 
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him. 
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before: 
He fears, my Lord, you meane no good to him. 
Buck. Sorry I an, my Noble Cousine should 
Suspect me, that I meane no good to him: 
By Heauen, we come to him in perfite love, 
And lo once more returne, and tell his Grace. 
When holy and devout Religious men 
Are at their Beals, how meane ye to draw them thence, 
So Ieas is zealous Contemplation. 

Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Dipsops.

Maior. See where his Grace stands, sweete two Clergie men. 
Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince, 
To stay him from the fall of Vaniotie: 
And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand, 
True Ornaments to know a holy man, 
Famous Plinance, most gracius Prince, 
Sound favourale care to our requests, 
And pardon vs the interruption 
Of thy Devotioen, and right Christian Zeale. 
Rich. My Lord, there needs not such Apologie: 
I doe beforthe your Grace to pardon me, 
Who canst not in the fervent of my God, 
Deferr'd the Viration of my friends: 
But leaving this, what is your Grace pleasure? 
Buck. Even that I hope, which pleaseth God aboute, 
And all good men, of this vn govtur'd Ie, 
Rich. I doe suspect I have done some offence, 
That seemes disgracios in the Citie eye, 
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Buck. You have, my Lord:
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.
RICH. Else wherefore breathe I a Christian land.
Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you resign
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Majestically,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Deare of Birth,
The Lineal Glory of your Royall Hauhe,
To the corruption of a beneficent Stock;
Whiles in the mindless of your fleerish thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countries good,
The Noble Life doth want his proper Limnes:
His Face deface'd with scars of Infamie,
His Royall Stock grant with ignoble Plants,
And almost shoudler'd in the swollowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulness, and deep Oblititation,
Which to receive, we heartly sollicite
Your gracious fesse to take on you the charge,
And Kingly Government of this your Land;
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitutive,
or lowly Factor, for another's gaine;
But as successively, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empery, your own.
For this, forsoood with the Citizens,
You are very Worthy, and fair loving friends,
And by your vehement Inflation
In this just Cause come I to move your Grace.
RICH. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
or bitterly to speake in your reprooof,
Beest fitteth your Degree, or your Condition.
If not to answer, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-y'd Ambition not replying, yeelded
To bear the Golden Yoke of Sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reproue you for this fayt of yours,
So season'd with your faithfull love to me,
Then on the other side, I check'd my friends,
Therefore to speake, and to avoid the fift,
And then in speaking, not to incure the Jilt,
Definitively thus, I answer you,
Your love doth comit my thankfuls, but my defect
Venerable; Shinng your high request.
First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
And that my Path were eu'n to the Crowne,
As the ripe Ancomq, and due of Birth;
Yet so much is my poudrice of spirit,
So mightie, and so manie my defects,
That I would rather hide me from your Greatnesse,
Being a Strake to brooke no mightie Sea;
Then in my Greatnesse copet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory findether;
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I neede to help you, were there none.
The Royall Yee hath left vs Royall Fruits,
Which mellow'd by the healing bowers of time,
Will well become the Sort of Maleitie,
And enkle (dis obd.) es happy by his Rightes;
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Righte and Fortune of his happie Starres,
Which God defend that I should with him from.
RICH. My Lord, this argues Conference in your Grace,
But the respects thereof are nice, and truistle,
All circumstances well considerd.
You say that Edward is your Brothees Sonne,
So say we too, but not by Edward, Wife.

For first, he was contract to Lady Lucie,
Your Mother lives a Wimsele to his Vow;
And afterward by substitutie betroth'd
To Bess, Sitter to the King of France.
These both put off, a poor Pettitioner,
A Care'ss'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beauty-waineing, and distreidt Widow,
Even in the after noone of her bely days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
Sedu'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
To base defecion, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in his unlawful Bed, he got
This Edward, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Sawe that for reverence to some alme,
I gave a priarie Limit to my Tongue.
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall Felte
This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:
If not to bleeve vs and the Land withall,
Yet to despise out your Noble Ancitie
From the corrupcion of abusing times,
Into a Lineall true derivd couste.
Major. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.
RICH. Refute not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd love.
Cato. O make them sofull, grant their lawfull fute.
RICH. Also, why would you heape this Care on me?
I am vsr for State, and Maleitie:
I do believe you take it is unwise,
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.
RICH. If you refuse it, is in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne.
As well we know your tendernesse of heart,
And gentle, kind, commiserate remorke,
Which we have noted in you to your Kinded,
And eugally dedede to all Estates.
Yet know, where you accept our fuit, or no,
Your Brothers Sonne shall never reign our King.
But we will plant some other in the Throne,
To the disgrace and downe-fall of your House;
And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come Citizens, we will entreat no more.
Cato. Call him against, sweet Prince, accept their fuit.
I will depose them, all the Land will rue it.
RICH. Will you encomme me to a world of Care,
Call them higing, I am not made of Sonnes,
But penetrable to your kindre enterprizes,
Albeite against my Confidence and my Soule.

Enter Buckingham, and the rest.
Counsell of Buckingham, and fage great men
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bese her burdens, where I will or no,
I must haue patience to endure the Lord;
But if black Scandal, or soule-taught Reproach,
Attend the sequel of your Imposition,
Your metre enforcement shall acquittance me.
From all the impude blets and flaynes thereof,
For God doth know, and you may pustly see.
How farre I am from the desire of this.
Major. God blewe your Grace, we see it, and will say it.
RICH. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Counsell to Buckingham, England wants the King,
All. Amen.
RICH. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd,
RICH. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter the Queen, Anne Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchesses of York, and Margarette Dorset.


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

Qu. As much to you, good Sister; whither away?

Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I guess, Upon the like devotion as your feloves, To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Qu. Kind Sister thankes, wee'le enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes. Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave, How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of York?

Lie. Right well, dear Madame; by your patience, I may not suffer you to visit him, The King hath finely charg'd the contrary.

Qu. The King? who's that?

Lie. I mean, the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title. Hath he let bounds between their love, and me? I am their Mother, who shall bare me from them?

Duch. York. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in love their Mother; Then bring me to their fights, I hear thy blame, And take thy office from thee, on my perill.

Lie. No, Madame, no; I may not leave it to: I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence, And Ile relate your Grace of York's consecrate, And recounte how of this two faire Queene's. Come Madame, you must straight to Wellminster, There to be crowned Richard's Royal Queene.

Qu. Ah, sir, my Lady's accord, That my pent heart may have some scope to bear, Or else I swoone with this dead killing news.

Anne. Delightfull tidings, O vnlensure ful neues.

Durf. Be of good cheere; Mother, how fares your Grace?

Qu. O Dorset, I spake not to me, get thee gone, Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heels, Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt out-stripp Death, goe crost the Seas, And liue with Richmond, from the reach of Hell. Goe yehe, thythe from this slaughter-house, Left thou enteraste the number of the dead, And make me dye the thrall of Margarets Curfe, Nor Moreht, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene, Stanley. Full of wife care, is this your comrade, Madame: Take all the swift advantage of the bowers: You shall have Letters from me to my Sonne, In your behalf, to meet you on the way: Be not take tardily by vniwse delay.

Duch. York. O ill dispersing Wnde of Milerie, O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death, A Cockatrice haft shot hache to the World, Whose vntowardlyr Eye is murtherous, Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent. Anne. And I with all my marriage wealth will sowe, O would to God, that the inclufue Verge Of Golden Metall, that must round my Browe, Were red hot Steele, to seare me to the Braine, Anonyzad let me be with deadly Venome, And dye ere men can say God save the Queene, Qu. Go, goo, poore foule, I enioy not thy glory, To teel my humours, with thy felie no former. Anne. Now why, wherein is my Husband now, Came to me, I followedEmier Curfe, When scarce the blood was well washed from his hands, Which issu'd from my other Angel Husband; And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd: O, when I say I look'd on Richard's Face, This was my Wilt: Be thou (quoth I) accurst, For making me, so young, so old a Widow: And when thou wel'let forrow haunt thy Bed; And be thy Wife, if any be so mad, More miserable, by the Life of thee, Then thou haft made me, by my deare Lords death, Lee, see I can repeat this Curfe againe, Within so small a time, my Womans heart Groosily grew captiue to his honey words, And prou'd the lookest of mine owne Soules Curfe, Which hitherly had held mine eyes from ref. For never yet one howre in his Bed Did I enjoy the golden deaw of sleepes, But with his timorous Dreams was still awak'd, Besides, he hates me for my Father Warrickes, And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Poor heart adieu; I pitie thy complaining. Anne. No more, then with my foule I mourn for yours.


Qu. Go thou to Richmond. & good fortune guide thee, Go thou to Richard, and good Angels tend thee, Go thou to Santicharie, and good thoughts possesse thee, I to my Grane, where peace and reft liue with me. Eightie odder years of sorrow have I seene, And each howers joy wrackt with a wecke of teene.

Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me unto the Tower, Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes, Whom Enue hath immur'd within your Walls, Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones, Rude rag'd Nurfe, old tained Play-fellow, For tender Princes: vie my Babes weel, So foullish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell,
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Scene Secunda.

SOUND a Seruet. Enter Richard in pomp, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lionel.

Rich. Stand all apart, Cousin of Buckingham.
Buck. My gracious Sovereigne.
Rich. Give me thy hand,
SOUND.
Thus high, by thy advice, and thy affittance,
Is King Richard feared?
But shall we wear these Glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we retayce in them?
Buck. Still line they, and for ever let them last.
Rich. Ah Buckingham, now do I play the Touch,
To trie if thou be currant; Gold indeed:
Young Edward lies, think now what I would speake.
Buck. Say on my loving Lord.
Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.
Buck. Why so you see, my thrice-renowned Lord.
Rich. Ha! am I King? 'tis so: but Edward lies.
Buck. True, Noble Prince.
Rich. O bitter conference!
That Edward still should live, and thou Noble Prince,
Cousin, thou wast not to be so dull.
Shall I be plane? I with the Bastards dead,
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'th thou now? I speake suddenly, be briefe.
Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.
Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Jechy kindnese freezes.
Say, hau'e I thy content, that they shall dye?
Buck. Give me some little break, some waffe, dese Lord,
Before I proficently speake in this:
I will resolute you herein presently.
Exit Buck.
Catesby. The King is angry, se he gnaws his Lippe.
Rich. I will converse with Iron-wischt Foolos,
And vurepeich Boyes: none are for me,
That looke into me with confidante eyes,
High-reaching Buckingham growes circumsipe.
Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt unto a clofe exploit of Death?
Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtis spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty Orators,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.
Rich. What is his Name?
Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tyrrel.
Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,
Boy. Exit.
The depe revaluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsiles.
Hath he so long hold out with me, vntill'd,
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanely.

How now, Lord Stanely, what's the newes?
Stanely. Know my loving Lord, the Marquesse Dorset
As I hear, is fled to Richmond,
In the parts where he abides.
Rich. Come hither Catesby, rumor it abroad,
That Anne my Wife is very grievous sicke,
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Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queen Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death;
Here in these Confines silly have I lurk'd,
To watch the wasting of mine enemies.
A direixture, am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the confence
Will prove as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall,
Withdraw them wretched Margaret, who comes heere?

Enter Machiavel and Queen.

Qn. Ah my poore Princes; ah my tender Babes:
My ablowed Flowers, new appearing sweetes:
If yet your gentle foules flye in the Ayre,
And be not fast in doome perpetuall,
Home about me with your aery wings,
And hearre your mothers Lamentation.

Mar. Hower about her, say that right for right
Hath dim'd your infant mome, to Aged night.

Dut. So many miscres have craz'd my voyce,
That my wee-weiard tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

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

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

Qn. When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

Mar. When holy Harry dyed, and my sweet Sonne.

Dut. Dead life, blind fight, poore mortall living ghost,
Woes Scene, Worlds Shame, Graces due, by life usurp,
Breefe abstract and record of tedious dayes,
Relt thy vnit on Englands lawfull earth,
Unlawfullye drunkne with innocent blood,

Qn. Ah that you would' affoone affoord a Graue,
As thou canst yeld a melanchollye state:
Then would I hide my bones,not rest them heere,
Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee?

Mar. If ancient forrow be most reuencent,
Gnite mine the benefit of figurine,
And let my greies frowne on the upper hand
If forrow can admit Society
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
I had a Husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him:

Dut. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou hopp'd to kill him.

Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too,
And Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy wome hath crepe
A Hell-bound that doth hunt vs all to death:
That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:
That foule defacer of Gods handy-worke:
That reignes in gouted eyes of weeping foules:
That excellent, grand Tyrant of the earth.
Thy wome let loose to chafe vs to our grantes,
O vright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this cannall Curre

Prayse
Prays on the issue of his Mothers body,  
And makes her Pue-fellow with others none.  

**Dut.** Oh Harries wife, triumph not in my woes:  
God witness with me, I have wept for chine.  

**Mar.** Beare with me: I am hungre for retenge,  
And now I clow me with beholding it.  
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward,  
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edwards.  
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they  
Match not the high perfection of my loffe,  
Thy Clarence he is dead, that bab'd my Edward,  
And the beholders of this fantrick play,  
Th'deluterate Hesper, Eurus, &c, o God, Gray,  
Vtunomal fmoothe'd in their ducky Grates.  
**Richard** yet lines, Hels blacke Intelligencce,  
Onely refer'd their Factor, to buy foules,  
And lend them thithec: But at hand, at hand  
Infus his pitioons and impriected end.  
Earth gaps, Helle burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,  
To haste him fadonally comey'd from hence:  
Cancell his Bond of life, dere God I pray,  
That I may live and sy, The Dogge is dead.  

**Ely.** O thou did'p prefophe, the time would come,  
That I shoul with for thee to helpe me curfe  
**That boote'd Spider,** that foule bunch-back'd Toad.  
**Mar.** I cal'd thee then,yaine flourish of my fortune:  
I cal'd thee then,empty Shaddow, painted Queen,  
The prefenation of but what I was;  
The burnings of a true difmal Ducat;  
One heazt high, to bee hooded downe belowe:  
A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;  
A dreame of what thou wall, a garish Flagge  
To bee the syme of every dangerous Shot;  
A figne of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;  
A Queenne in it, onely to fill the Scene,  
Where is thy Husband now? Where lie thy Brothers?  
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein doul thou Joy?  
Who ties, and kneels, and fayes, God faue the Queene?  
Where be the boding Peeres that flatterd thece?  
Where be the throning Troopes that followed thee?  
Decline all this, and fee what now thou art.  
For-happy Wife, a moist difstressed Widdow:  
For joyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:  
For one being fiedd too, one that humbly fues:  
For Queene, a very Cystiffe, crow'dd with care:  
For the that fcor'd at me, now fcor'd of me:  
For fhe being of afraid, now fearing one:  
For the commanding all, obey'd of none.  
Thus hath the course of Justice whitt'd about,  
And left thee but a very prey to time,  
Hauing no more but Thought of what thou wall.  
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,  
Thou didn't wash my place, and doth thou not  
Wippe the suff proportion of my Sorrow?  
Now thy proud Necke, heare haie my burthen'd yoke,  
From which, even here I flip my wearied head,  
And leae the burthen of it all, on thee.  
Farwell Yorke wife, and Queene of lad mischance,  
Thce English woers, shall make me finle in France.  

**Qw.** O thou well skill'd in Curtes, thy a while,  
And teach me how to curfe mine enemys.  

**Mar.** Forbear to sleepe the night, and faill the day:  
Compare dead hapinnesse, with living woes:  
Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,  
And he that flew them fowler then he is:  
Bestring thy loffe, makes the bad cauer wors,  

Revoluing this, will teach thee how to Curfe!  
**Qw.** My words are dull, O quicken them with chine.  
**Mar.** Thy woes will make them sharpe,  
And pierce like mine.  

**Exit Margaret.**  
**Dut.** Why should calamity be full of words?  

**Qw.** Windy Atamiues to their Clients Woes,  
Awyng sugarers of intirrable joyes,  
Poore breathing, Orators of miseries,  
Let them haue scope, though what they will impart,  
Helps nothing els, yet doe they ease the harts.  

**Dut.** If to then, be not Tongue·ty digo with me,  
And in the breath of bitter words, let's mother  
My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd.  
*The Trumpet soundes, be copious in exclamations.*  

**Enter King Richard, and his Train.**  
**Rich.** Who intercepts me in my Expedition?  
**Dut.** O she, that might have interceptted thee  
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
From all the flaughters, [Wrench]that thou haft done.  

**Qw.** Had it shou that Forhead with a Golden Crown  
Where'd she be branded, if that right were right?  
The flaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crown,  
And the dyre death of my poor Sonnes, and Brothers.  
Tell me thou Villaine-slaye, where are my Children?  

**Dut.** Thou Toad, thou Toade,  
Where is thy Brother Clarence?  
And little Ned Plantagenet his Sonne?  
**Qw.** Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Gray?  

**Rich.** Where is the kindle Hespere?  
**Rich.** A fourfith Trumpers, strike Alarum Drummes  
Let not the Heavens hearse thes Tell-tale women  
Raile on the Lords Annointed, Strike I say,  
Flourish.  

**Alarmus.**  
Either be patient, and intertreat me fayre,  
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,  
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.  

**Dut.** Art thou my Sonne?  
**Rich.** I, I thank God, my Father, and your felie.  

**Dut.** Then paciently hear me your impatience.  
**Rich.** Madam, I have a touch of your condition,  
That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.  

**Dut.** O let me speake.  
**Rich.** Do then, but fhe not hear,  
**Rich.** I will be mild, and gentle in my words,  
**Rich.** And breache's (good Mother) for I am in Ieft.  
**Dut.** Art thou fhe, my I have thaid for thee  
(Backes)in torment and in agony.  
**Rich.** And came I not at left to comfort you?  

**Dut.** No by the holy Rood, thou knowe'tt it well,  
Thou can'tt on earth, to make the earth my Hell.  
A greuous burnelth was thy Birth to me,  
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infantice.  
Thy Schools-dates frightfull, deep rage, wilde, and fharious  
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous  
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtile, flye, and bloody,  
More milde, but yet more harmefull; Kinde in hatred:  
What consomate houre canst thou name,  
That ever graced me with thy company?  
**Rich.** Fair none, but Humphrey Hower,  
**Rich.** Then will ye my Grace  
To Break thes once, forth of my company.  
**Rich.** If I be done disgracious in your eye,  
**Dut.** Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.  
**Rich.** Strike vp the Drumme,  
**Dut.** I prysth me hearc me speake.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Dnt. Hear me a word:

For I shall never speak to thee again.

Rich. So.

Dnt. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods inust ordinance

Err from this warre thou turn'st a Conqueror:

Or I with greee and extreme Age shall perish,

And never more behold thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my moot greenesse Curle,

Which in the day of Battle yere thee more

Then all the compleat Armor that thou wearst.

My Prayers on the aduents paryt fight,

And there the little foules of Edwards Children,

Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,

And promise them Success and Victory:

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:

Shame forrest thy life, and doth thy death attend.

Exit. Qu. Though far more cause yet much leffe spirit to curle

Abides in me, I say Amen to her.

Rich. Stay Madam, I must take a word with you.

Qu. This no more sonnes of the Royall Blood For face to face with my Daughter(Richard) They shall be praying Nunnace not weeping Queens;

And therefore leuell not to hit their lives.

Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,

Vernous and faire, Royal and Gracious?

Qu. And muellt the dye for this? O let her live,

And ble corrupt her Manners, blisse her Beauty,

Lauder my Selfe, as faile to Edwards bed:

Throw out her the vail of Infamy,

So she may liue for caus of bleeding slangeth,

I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.

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

Qu. To fate her life, Ic say she is not so.

Rich. Her life is failel only in her byrth.

Qu. And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.

Rich. Look at their Birth, good Wares were opposte.

Qu. No, to their flats, ill friends were contrary.

Tiel. All unsoyled is the doome of Deflany,

True: when aunoyed grace makes Deflany,

My Babes were defunt to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Rich. You speake as if that I had blame my Cofins?

Qu. Cofins indeed, and by their Vickle coureund,

Of Comfort, Kingdomme Kindred, Freedome, Life,

Whose hand loose catch'd their tender hearts,

Thy head(all indirctly) give direction.

No doubt the mordous Knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whested on thy lone hard heart,

To roul in the Intralies of my Lambs.

But that still vie of grece, makes wilde grece tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my Boyes,

Till that my Naples were anchor'd in thine eyes:

And in 1 such a desperat Bay of death;

Like a poor Baske, of fowles and tacking reis,

Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky boulome.

Rich. Madam, I think in my enterprise

And dangorous successe of bloody warres,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Then every you and yours by me were harm'd.

Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heastes,

To be discoverd, that can do the good.

Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle Lady.

Qu. Vp to some Scaffold, there to tile their heads.

Rich. Vnto the dignify and height of Fortune,

The highe Imperiall Type of this earthes glory.

Qu. Flatter my forrow with report of it:

Tell me, what State, what Dignify, what Honor,

Canst thou demeifie to any childe of mine.

Rich. Even all I haue: Iand my felse and all,

Will I wishall indow a childe of thine:

So in the Lethy of thy angry soule,

Thou drowne the fad remembrance of thofe wronge,

Which thou suppos'st I have done to the.

Qu. Be breefe, leaft that the proccesl of thy kindnesse

Last forrowe telling then thy kindnesse date.

Rich. Then know,

That from my Soule, I love thy Daughter.

Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule.

Rich. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soule

So from thy Soules love disth thou love her Brothers,

And from my hearts love, I do thanke thee for it.

Rich. Be not to hastily to confound my meaning:

I meant that with my Soule I love thy daughter,

And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Qu. Well then, who doth ye mean shall be her King.

Rich. Even he that makes her Queene:

Who elle should see?

Qu. What thou?

Rich. Even for: How thinke you of it?

Qu. How canst thou woo her?

Rich. That I would learn of you,

As one being belt acquainted with her humour.

Qu. And wilt thou learn of me?

Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts: thereon ingrane

Edward and Turke, then haply will the wepe:

Therefore present to her, as sometime Margot

Did to thy Father, steeped in Rutlands blood,

A hand-kerccheue, which fake to her did dreyne

The purple fappe from her sweet Brothers body,

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall,

If this inducement move her not to love,

Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:

Tell her, thou mad'it away her Vickle Clarence,

Her Vickle Kynser, (I and for her sake)

Mad it quicke conveynce with her good Aunt Anne.

Rich. You mocke me Madam, this not the way

To win your daughter.

Qu. There is no other way.

Vindle thou cold it put on some other shape,

And norre is Richard that hath done all this.

Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Qu. Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee

Hauing bought love, with such a bloody spoyle.

Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:

Men shall deale unwisely sometimes,

Which after-soures gives leyture to repent.

If I did take the Kingdom from thy Sonnes,

To make amends, I give it to your daugher?

If I haue killed the issue of your wombe,

To quicken your encrease, I will beget

Mynssue of your blood, upon your Daughter:

A Grandams name is little lesse in lour,

Then is the drafting Title of a Mother:

They are as Children but one steppe below,

Even of your mytall, of your very blood a:

Of all one paine, fate for a night of groaner

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow

Your Children were vexation to your youth,
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The lofe you have, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that lofe, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can,
Dorset your Sonne, that with a fearefull soule
Leads discontented Reppe in Fornaine foyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shal call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity,
The King that calleth your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset Brother:
Againishall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of diftristfull Times,
Repay'd with double Riches of Content,
What we have many goodly dayes to see;
The liquid drops of Teares that you have flue,
Shall come againe, transformd to Orient Pearl
Advantaging their Loure, with intertsef
Often-timess double gaine of happiness,
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her halffull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her ears to heare a Woes Tale,
Put in her tender heart, th' aipiring Flame
Of Golden Souerainety: Acquaint the Princesse
With sweet silent hours of Marriage ioyes,
And when this Arme of mine hath chastified
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retaine my Conquell'd Wonne,
And the halfe folc Victorious, Cofers Cofar.
Qua. What were we beth to say, her Father Brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say, her Vake?
Or he that slew her Brothres, and her Vakles?
Vnder what Title shall I woes thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loure,
Can make seeeme plesing to her tender yeares?
Rich. Inuerre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.
Qua. Which the shall purchase with sill lattin warre.
Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intercepted
That as her hands, which the kings King forbids.
Rich. Say she the shall be a High and Mighty Queene.
Qua. To sake the Title, as her Mother doth.
Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Qua. But how long shall that title euer last?
Rich. Sweetly in force, into her faire lites end.
Qua. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthen it.
Qua. As long as Heli and Richard likes of it.
Rich. Say, i her Soveraigne, and her Subject low.
Qua. But the your Subject clothes, such Soverainety.
Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qua. An honest tale speakest, being plainly told.
Rich. Then plainly to, tell her my loving tale.
Qua. Plane and not honest, is too harsh & stile.
Rich. Ye your reason are too shallow, and to remembre.
Qua. O no, my Reasons are too deep and dead,
Too deep and dead (poore Infants) in their graces;
Harpe on it till, till I hear thine heart breake.
Rich. Harpe not on that firing Madam, that is pall.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Cowrne.
Qua. Prophets, diuines, and the third virgins,
Qua. By nothing, for this is no Oath;
Thy George prophesie, hath left his Lordly Honor,
Thy Garter blumefled, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue,
Thy Cowrne vfurp'd, disgrace his Kingly Glory;
If something thou wouldst sweare to be beleev'd,
Sweare then by something, that thou haft not wrong'd,
Rich. Then by my Selfe.
Qua. Thy Selfe, is false-mifers'd.
Rich. Now by the World,
Qua. Tho full of thy foule wrongs.
Rich. Thy Fathers death,
Qua. Thy life hath it dishonored.
Rich. Why then, by Heauen.
Qua. Heavens wrong is most of all:
If thou diidt fit feare to break an Oath with him,
The vinity the King my husband made,
Thou hadst it not broken, nor my Brothers died.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
Thy Imperiall metall, circling now thy head,
Had gra'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now two tender Bed-fellows for duft,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wommes.
What can't thou sweare by now.
Rich. The time to come.
Qua. That thou haft wronged in the time one paft,
For thou haft made many resses to wath
Hereafter time, for time paft, wrong'd by thee,
The Children line, whose Fathers thou haft slay'd,
Vngoumed youth, to waite with it age:
The Parents line, whose Children thou haft butches'd,
Old barnen Plauns, to waite with it age.
Sware not by time to come, for that thou haft
Misd'ere's dy'd, by times ill-v'd repay'd.
Rich. As I entend to profess, and repare:
So thoute I in my dangerous Affayres
Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:
Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres.
Day, yeelded me not thy light, nor Night, thy seft.
Be opposite all Planets of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts lowe,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous Prince daughter,
In her, confits my Happiness, and shine:
Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee;
Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian foule,
Death, Defolation, Ruine, and Decay:
It cannot be avoied, but by this:
It will not be avoied, but by this,
Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so),
Be the Attorney of my love to her,
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue bene;
Not my deferts, but what I will desiere:
Vrge the Necesitie and fate of times,
And be not penuish found, in great Desigines,
Qua. Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?
Rich. If, if the Diuell tempt you to do good,
Qua. Shall I forgette my felie, to be my felie.
Rich. If your felie remembrance wrong your felie,
Qua. Yet thou didst kill my Children.
Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.
Where in that Neft of Spicery they will breed
Stelles of themselves, to your remembrance.
Qua. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.
Qua. I go, write me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.
Enio Que.
Rich. Attend me thy true love, kiffe, and so farewell,
Relenting Pooele, and flallow changing Woman.
Enter Ratscliff.

Rat. Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Wellerne Coast
Rideth a prulent Navie; to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-heard friends,
Vesam'd, and varietid to beat them backe.
'Tis thought, that richmond is their Admiral?
And there they hull, expecting but the side
Of Buckingham, so welcome them afoore.
Rich. Some light-foot friend post to 5 Duke of Norfolk:
Ratscliffe thy selfe, or Catesby, where is he?

Cat. Here, my good Lord.

Cat. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.
Rich. Catesby come hither, post haste to Salisbury:
When thou com'ft thither, Dauly vmmindfull Villaine,
Why stayst thou here, and go'lt not to the Duke?
Cat. First, mightie Liege, tell me your Highness pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.
Rich. O true, good Catesby, bid him leuie straitly
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cat. I prithee. Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?
Rich. Why, what wouldst thou doe there, before I goe?

Rat. Your Highness told me I should poste before,
Rich. My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan., what news with you? you?

Stan. None, good my Liege, to please you with being,
Norr none to bad, but well may be reported.
Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad;
What needt'ft thou runne so many miles about, When thou mayest tell thy Tale the nearest way? Once more, what news now?

Stan. Richmond is on the Seas, Rich.
Rich. There let him finde, and be the Seas on him, White-luted Rannagrate, what doth he there? Stan. I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guess.
Rich. Well, as you guess.

Stan. Sirr'd ye by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to chyme the Crowne.
Rich. Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword vntwist'd? Is the King dead? the Empire vnpoffit?
What Heite of Tork is there alue, but wee? And who is Englands King, but great Tork Heire? Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?

Stan. Vnlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guess.
Rich. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege, You cannot guess whatsoe the Welshman comes, Thou wilt resolve, and flye to him, I feare. Stan. No, no my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.
Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers? Are they not now vpon the Western Shore, Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?

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

Rich. Cold friends to me; what do they in the North, When they should frustrate their Soueraigne in the West?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King: Pleaseth your Maiestie to give me leave,
He mutter vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please.
Rich. I, thou wouldst be gone, to ioyne with Richmond,
But Ie not truft thee.

Stan. Most mightie Soueraigne,
You have no caufe to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I never was, nor never will be false.
Rich. Go to the, and mutter men, but leave behind You sonne George Stanley: looke your heart be fixm,
Or else his Heads assurance is but fraile.
Stan. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends are well advertised,
Sir Edward Courteney, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many more Confederates are in Armes,

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In Kent my Liege, the Conspirators are in Armes,
And every house more Competitors.
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Armie of great Buckingham.
Rich. Out on ye Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
He strikes him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.
Mess. The newes I have to tell your Maiestie,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham Armie is dispers'd and forsake'd,
And he himselfe wandered away alone,
No man knowes whither.
Rich. I trye the newes:
There is my Purse, to curse that Blowe of thine, Hath any well-advuted friend proclaym'd Reward to him that brings the Traysor in?  

Mess. Such Proclamation had been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Sir Thomas Lord, and Lord Marquess Dorset,
Tis said my Liege, in Yorkshire are in Armes; But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
The Britaine Nawe is dispers'd by Tempell,
Richmond in Dorsetshire fenct out a Boar
Vnto the shire, to aske thine on the Banks,
If they were his Affiants, yea or noe?
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham,
Upon his partie: he mistrusteth them,
Hoy's d'ayle, and made his course againe for Britaine.

Mess. March on, march on, friends we are vp in Armes,
If not to fight with foraine Enemies,
Yet to beat downe these Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best newes: that the Earl of Richmond
Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the flye of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head,
The fear of death holds off my present sade,
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queen hath heartily confessed
He should eipoole Elizabeths his daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?
Chris. At Penbroke, or at Herfford West in Wales.
Der. What men of Name refer to him.
Chris. Sir Walter Hore, a renowned Soldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxfort, redoubtled Penbroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice of Thomas, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their powre,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Der. Well bye thee to thy Lord; I kiss his hand,
My Letter will resolve him of my minde.
Farewell. 

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drums and colours.

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my most loving Friends,
Bruis'd underneth the yoke of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowells of the Land,
Hate we march on without impendiment;
And here receive we from our Father Stanley
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and victorious Boare,
(That spoileth your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like wrath, so makes his trough
In your embowell'd bowomes: This foule Swine
Is now even in the Centry of this Ill,
Ne'to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cherishly on, couragious Friends,
To reap the Harwell of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody tyrall of harpe Warre.

Oxf. Entry mass Confiscation is a thousand men,
To fight agains't this guilty Homicide.
Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for feare,
Which in his deereft neede will slye from him.
Richm. All for our vantaze, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is swift, and flyes with 5 shallows wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Exit Oxford.

Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolk, Ratcliffe, and the Earl of Surrey.

Rieb. Here pitch our Tenr, even here in Bosworth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why soke you so fast?
Swr. My heart is ten tanner lighter then my looks.

Rich. My Lord of Norfolk.
Nor. Here most gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolk, we must haue knockes:
Hs, mutt we not?
Nor. We must both give and take my louing Lord.
Rich. Vp with my Tenr, here weill I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well alls one for that,
Who hath deferred the number of the Trattors?
Nor. Six of learen thousand is their vreyall power.
Rich. Why our Battellie trubles that account:
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they upon the aduerse Faction want.
Vp with the Tenr: Ceme Noble Gentlemen,
Let vs surrey the vantage of the ground,
Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's
The Life and death of Richard the Third.

Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buate day.

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Ox- 
ford, and Dafey.

Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Gives token of a goodly day tomorrow,
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my Standard:
Give me some Inke and Paper in my Tent:
He draw the Forme and Modell of our Battale,
Limit each Librar to his several Charge,
And part in suft proportion our small Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir William Brandon,
And your Sir Walter Herbert lay with me:
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his Regiment;
Good Captaine Blunt, bear my goodnight to him,
And by the second hour in the Morning,
Before the Earl to see me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do I know:
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Vnlefe I have mixte his Colours much,
(Which well I am affur'd I have not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least
South, from the mighty Power of the King.
Richm. If without peril it be possible.
Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speake with him
And give him from me, this most needfull Note.
BLunt. Upon my life, my Lord, I undertake it,
And so God give you quies rest to night.
Richm. Good night good Captaine Blunt.
Come Gentlemen,
Let vs comfort upon to morrowes Battale:
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.
They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratscliffe, Norfolk, & Catesby.

Rich. What's a Clocke?
Cat. It's a Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.
King. I will not upp to night.
Give me some Inke and Paper.
What is my Beaster easier than it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readynesse.
Rich. Good Norfolkse, by thee to thy charge,
Wee careful Watch, choose trysty Centinels,
Nor. I go my Lord.
Rich. Sir with the Lake to morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.


Rich. Send out a Puruitante at Armes
To Stanley's Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, leathe his Sonne George fall
Into the blindes Canoe of eternal night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Give me a Watch,
While I whare the Field to morrow:
Look that my Staus be found, & not tooe heame.
Rats. My Lord.
Rich. Sallt the melancholy Lord Northumberland?
Rats. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himselfe,
Much about Cock-hat time, from Troope to Troope
Went through the Army, chearing up the Southerne.
King. So, I am satisfied: Give me a Bowle of Wine,
I have not that Aclarity of Spirit,
Not cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue.
Set it downe, is Inke and Paper ready?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Rich. Bid my Guard watch, Leave me.
Ratscliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent
And helpe to arm me. Leave me I say.
Exit Ratscliffe.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Throne.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy Perfom, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?
Der. I by Atorney, bleffe thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for Richards good:
So much for that. The silent hours stesse on,
And flake darkness breaks within the East.
In brefe, for lo the seacon bids vs be,
Prepare thy Battall early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement.
Of bloody stroakes, and mortall daring Warre:
I, as I may, that which I would. I cannot,
With beft aduantage will decerne that issue,
And ayde thee in this double full shocke of Armes,
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Leall being feene, thy Brother, tender George
Be execut'd in his Father's fight.
Farewell the Syllabe, and the leaffull time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Love,
And ample entenchange of Sweet Discouer.
Which so long fondred Friends should wole upon:
God give vs leisure for these rites of Love.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.
Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
Be fruite with troubled noife, to take a Nap,
Let leadersumber peize me downe to to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.

Enter. Monet Richmond.

O thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe,
Lookke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their heads thy brusing iron of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heavy fall,
Th' enervings Helmetes of our Adversaries;
Make vs thy minions of Chastitement,
That we may praie thee in thy victorie:
To thee I commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eues:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me all.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to
Henry the Sixt.

Gh to Ri. Let me be heavy on thy soule to morrow:
Think how thou shalt in my prime of youth
At Tonkesbury: Dipsaire therefore, and dye.
Choff to Richm. Be chearfull Richmond,
For the wronged Seale.
O butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King Henrie illuse Richmond comforts thee.
Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixt.
Choff. When I was mortall, thy Annointed body
By thee was puncht full of foules;
Think on the Tower, and me: Dipsaire, and dye,
Harry the fixt, bids thee dippaire, and dye.
To Richm. Vermeous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry that prophesied thou shouldst not be King,
Douch comfort thee in sleepe: Live, and flourish.

Enter
The Life and death of Richard the Third.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Glosh. Let me fit heavy in thy foule to morrow.
I that was wash'd to death with Fullsome Wine:
Pourre Clarence by the goulfe, and bring to death:
To morrow in the battell thinkle on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.

To Richm. Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster
The wronged heares of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Lune and Flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me fit heavy in thy foule to morrow,
Rivers,that dy'd at Powstere: dispaire and dye,

Gra. Thinkle on Gray, and let thy foule dispaire.

Vaug. Thinkle on Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy Lance, dispaire, and dye.

All to Richm. Awake,

And think on our wrongs in Richards Bohome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Gre. Bloody and guilty, guilty awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy days.

Thinkle on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye.

Hast. to Rich. Quiet untroubled soule,
Awake, awake:

Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.
Enter te Ghosts of the twelve Princes.

Glosh. Dreame on thy Countess
Smothered in the Tower:

Let vs be laid within thy bofore Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death.
Thy Nephews foule bids thee dispaire and dye.

Glosh to Richm. Sleepe Richmond,

Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Joy.
Good Angels guard thee from the Boaress annoy,
Lune, and beget a happy race of Kings.

Edwards unhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourishe.

Enter the Ghost of Anne his Wife.

Glosh to Rich. Richard, thy Wife,
That wretched Anne thy Wife,
That neuer slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fylles thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battale, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.

Glosh to Richm. Thou quiet soul,
Sleep thou a quiet sleepe:

Dreame of Succesfull, and Happy Victory,
Thy Adversaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Glosh to Rich. The field was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The laft was I that feld thy Tyranry,
O, in the Battale thinke on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse.

Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire; dispairing yeild thy breath.

Glosh to Richm. I dyed for hope
Fre I could lend thee Ayde;

But cleare thy heart, and be thou not dissayde,
God, and godly Angels fight on Richmondes side,
And Rich and fall in height of all his pride.

Richard flairs out of his dreame.

Rich. Give me another Horfe, bind vp my Wounds: 
High mercy feau. Sof, I did but dreame.
O coward Conscience! how doft thou affhirt me?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull deeps stand on my trembling feeth.

What do I fear my Selle? There's none eell by,
Richard loves Richard, that is, I am I.

Is there a Murthterer here? No; Yet, I am:
Then flye, What from my Selle? Great reaon: why?
Left I Renouce. What? my Selfe upon my Selfe?
Alacke, I loose my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Selfe, have done unto my Selfe?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selle,
For hatefull Deeds commited by my Selfe.

I am a Villaine: yet 1 Lye, I am not,
Foole, of thy Selle speake well: Foole, do not flatter.

My Conscience hath a thousand feuerall Tongues,
And every Tongue brings in a feuerall Tale,
And effic T tale condemns me for a Villaine.

Pierrius, in the highIt Degree,
Murther, steme muther, in the dryrt degree,
All feuerall finnes, all vs in each degree,
Throng all to th Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty,
I shal dispaire, there is no Creature loves me;
And I'll die, no foule shall pitie me.

Nay, wherefore foolish they Since that I my Selfe,
Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.

Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murthred Came to my Tent, and every one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Rattcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

Kyn. Who's there?

Rat. Rattcliffe my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock

Hath twice done salutation to the Morn,
Your Friends are vp, and buckler on their Armour.

Kyn. O Rattcliffe. I fear.me.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of Shadows.

Kyn. By the Apollo Pow', shadowes to night

Have foke more terror to the foule of Richard,
Then can the subsistance of ten thousand Souldiers

Armed in prooue, and led by shallow Richmond.

This not yet nere day. Come go wth me,

Vnder our Tents Ile play the tale-dropper,

To heare if any means to shrinke from me,

Exeunt Richard & Rattcliffe.

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.

Richm. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,

That you have seen a tardy flogged here?

Lords. How I敢 you slept my Lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe,

And fairest looking Dreames,

That ever entred in a doower head,

Hve I since your departure had my Lords.

Me thought their Soules, whose bodies rich murthred,

Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:

I promisg you my Heart is very loyall,
In the remembrance of to faire a dreame.

How fast into the morning is it Lords?

Lor. Upon the stroke of twelve.

Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and give direction.

His Oration to his Souldiers.

More then I have said, loving Countrymen,
The lyeure and enforcement of the time

Forbidden to dwell vpon: yet remember this,

God
The Life and death of Richard the Third.

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high rent'd Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces,
(Richard except) those whom we fight against,
Had rather have vs win, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a forsworn Vile,
Our rais'd din blood, and ones in blood establishment;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him:
A base foule Stone, made precious by the Boyle
Of Englands Charity, where he is falsely set:
One that hath ever beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods Enemies,
God will in justice ward you as his Soldiers,
If you do forsake to put a Tyrant downe,
You Steepe in peace, the Tyrant being slain:
If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Faþ shall pay your paines the lyre.
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wifes shall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do free your children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quites it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all these things,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranom of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpse on the earths cold face.
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
The leaf of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound Drums and Trumpets boldly, and cheerfully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratchiff, and Cately.

K. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was never trained vp in Armes.
King. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?
Rat. He said, and said, the better for our purpoze.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there.

Clocks Strike.

Give me a Kalender: Who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. 'N t I my Lord.
King. Then he disdained to shine: for by the Booke
He should have bran't the East an houre ago,
A blacke day will it be to somebody. Rate.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be scene to day,
The sky doth frowne, and lowre upon our Army.
I would these dewy teares were from the ground.
Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the selle-same Heaven
That frowne on me, looks evilly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my Lord; the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, buttle, buttle. Caparison my horse.
Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battell shall be ordred.
My Foreward shall be drawn in length,
Confistling equality of Horse and Foot.
Our Arches shall be placed in the midlle,
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horfe.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the maine Battell, whose pufuance on either side
Shall be well-winged with our cheereful Horfe.
This, and Saint George to boote.
What think you thou Norfolk.
Nor. A good direction warlike Somerset.
This found on Tom Tents this Morning,
Lackey of Norfolk, he tell us well,
For Dicky by master is bought and sold.
King. A thing deuised by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, every man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreams affright our soules.
For Conscience is a word that Cowards we,
Desist if at first to keepe the strong in swe.
Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
March on, joyne bralyly, let vs not pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.
What shal I stay more then I have inorder?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A fort of Vagabonds, Rakeys, and Run-aways,
A cunne of Britaines, and base Lackey Peazans,
Whom their ore-loyed Country comits forth.
To desperacte Adventurers, and affor'd Deformation.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnite,
You havin Lands, and blest with bussicous wines,
They would retraime the one, distane the other,
And who doth leadem, but a pature Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cost,
A Mickle Jop, one that newre in his life
Felt so much cold, as other in those in Snow;
Let's whipe those Faglars o'the Sears again,
Laff hence these over-wearing Raggers of France.
These famish'd Beggars, weary of their liues,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meane (poore Rate) had hang'd themselfes,
I swe be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these boldf Blanch Britaines, whom our Fathers
Have in their owne Land beaten, bobbl'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of flame.
Shall these enjoy our Landes lyfe with our Wives?
Raffin our daughters?

Drums affare.

Heare, I hear their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head,
Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken flues,

Enter a Messenger.

What saith Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Mef. My Lord, he doth decay to come.
King. Off with his fante George head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Matsh.
After the baraille, let George Stanley dye.
King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our Standards, let upon our Poet,
Our Ancient word of Courage, fire &c George.
Inflame vs with the picture of Fancy Dragon:
Upon them, Victory flies on our helpe.

Alarums, excursions. Enter Cately.

Cat. Refuge my Lord of Norfolk,
Refuge, Refuge,
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
During an oppoite to every danger:
His horse is flame, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Refuge faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarums. 2

Enter
Enter Richard.
Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.
Cater. Withdraw my Lord, Ile help you to a Horse
Rich. Slave, I have let my life upon a calf,
And I will fland the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there be five Richmonds in the field,
Five have I flame to day, in head of him.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Alas, enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard

Retreat, and flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the
Crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes
Be prais’d Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.
Der. Courageous Richmond,
Well haft thou acquit thee: Lo,
Here these long vypred Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Hase I pluck’d off, to grace thy Browes withall,
Weare it, and make much off.

Richm. Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all.
Buttell me, is yong George Stanley living?
Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicesters Towne,
Whither (if you please) we may withdraw ye.

Richm. What men of name are flame on either side?

Der. John Duke of Norfolke, Walter Lord Ferris,
Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Birth,
Proclame a pardon to the Soldiers Flet,
That in submission will return to ye,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vnit the White Rose, and the Red.
Smile Henric upon this faire Conjunction,
That long have brownd upon their Enemy:
What Traitor heares me, and fayres not Amen?
England hath long beene mad, and feard her selfe;
The Brother blindly shet the Brothers blood;
The Father, rashly slauished his owne Sonnes
The Sonne compell’d, beene Butcher to the Sire;
All this divind Yorke and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dise Dismas.
Now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true Succeeders of each Royall House,
By Gods faire ordinance, coniynge together:
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)
Enter the time to come, with Smooth-faced Peace,
With infling Plenty, and faire Properserous daies,
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody daies againe,
And make poor England wepe in Streams of Blood:
Let them not lye to taffe this Lands increase,
That would with Treason wound this faire Lands peace.
Now Guilt wounds are stopp’d, Peace lives aane;
That the may long live here, God say, Amen.

FINIS.