The Tragedy of Richard the Third from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630

Condell, Henry, -1627

Droeshout, Martin, 1601

Jaggard, Isaac, -1627

Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632

Jaggard, William, 1569-1623

Smethwicke, John, -1641

Aspley, William, -1640

Bodleian Digital Library Systems and Services

Invida Trans It Solutions PVT. LTD.
Sprint for Shakespeare

Crowdfunding

The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.

First publication edition. 23 April 2014

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7

ESTC, S111228

Greg, III, p. 1109-12

Pforzheimer, 905

STC (2nd ed.), 22273
<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>

Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>


</bibl>

<msDesc>
<msIdentifier>
<country>United Kingdom</country>
<settlement>Oxford</settlement>
<institution>University of Oxford</institution>
<repository>Bodleian Library</repository>
</msIdentifier>

</msDesc>

</msDesc>

<physDesc>
<objectDesc form="codex">
<supportDesc>

<docTitle>
<titlePart>M</titlePart><hi rend="superscript">r</hi> VVILLIAM <lb/>
<titlePart>SHAKESPEARES</titlePart><lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, &amp;
</docTitle>
</objectDesc>

</physDesc>

The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: \( \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1) \) 2. West: \( \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2) \) followed by various counts and mis-signing: a3 mis-signed Aa3; 3gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.
Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the reader". The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droeouchout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.


Head- and tail-pieces; initials. With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p.
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p>
</additions>


<p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p>

<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer</p>

<p>There is no explicit reference in Library Records
to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of "superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.<p></p>

After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)<p></p>

For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
<persName type="form">Mess.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-r3-mur.1">
  <persName type="standard">First Murderer</persName>
  <persName type="form">1. Mur.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Vil.</persName>
  <persName type="form">1</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-r3-cit.2">
  <persName type="standard">Second Citizen</persName>
  <persName type="form">2</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-r3-mes.2">
  <persName type="standard">Second Messenger</persName>
  <persName type="form">2</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mess.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-r3-mur.2">
  <persName type="standard">Second Murderer</persName>
  <persName type="form">2. Mur.</persName>
  <persName type="form">2</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-r3-cit.3">
  <persName type="standard">Third Citizen</persName>
  <persName type="form">3</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-r3-mes.3">
  <persName type="standard">Third Messenger</persName>
  <persName type="form">3</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mess.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-r3-all">
  <persName type="standard">All</persName>
  <persName type="form">All</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-r3-ann">
  <persName type="standard">Lady Anne</persName>
  <persName type="form">An.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Anne.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ghost</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-r3-aby">
  <persName type="standard">Thomas Rotherham, archbishop of
</persName>
York

<persName type="form">Arch.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-blu">
<persName type="standard">Blunt</persName>
<persName type="form">Blunt.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-bot">
<persName type="standard">First and Second Murderers</persName>
<persName type="form">Both.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-boy">
<persName type="standard">Boy</persName>
<persName type="form">Boy.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-bra">
<persName type="standard">Sir Robert Brakenbury</persName>
<persName type="form">Bra.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-buc">
<persName type="standard">Duke of Buckingham</persName>
<persName type="form">Buc.</persName>
<persName type="form">Buck.</persName>
<persName type="form">Ghost</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-ber">
<persName type="standard">Berkeley, a gentleman attending on Lady Anne</persName>
<persName type="form">Bue.</persName>
<persName type="form">Buo.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-bou">
<persName type="standard">Cardinal Bourchier, archbishop of Canterbury</persName>
<persName type="form">Card.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-cat">
<persName type="standard">Sir William Catesby</persName>
<persName type="form">Cat.</persName>
<persName type="form">Cates.</persName>
<persName type="form">Catesb.</persName>
<persName type="form">Catesby.</persName>
<persName type="form">Catesy.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-chi">
<persName type="standard">Children</persName>
<persName type="form">Ch.</persName>
<persName type="form">Chil.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-chr">
Christopher Urswick, a priest
Chri.
Chri.

George Plantagenet (Duke of Clarence)
Cla.
Ghost.
Clar.

Sir William Stanley, called also Earl of Derby
Darb.
Der.
Sta.
Stan.
Stanley.

Margaret Plantagenet, a young daughter of Clarence
Daugh.

Marquis of Dorset, son of Queen Elizabeth
Dor.
Dors.

Duchess of York
Du. Y.
Duch. Yorke.
Duch. Yorks.
Dutch.

King Edward IV (Plantagenet)
Edw.

John Morton, bishop of Ely
Els.
Ely.
<person xml:id="F-r3-gen">
  <persName type="standard">Gentleman</persName>
  <persName type="form">Gen.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Gent.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-gre">
  <persName type="standard">Lord Grey, son of Queen Elizabeth</persName>
  <persName type="form">Gray.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Grey.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-has">
  <persName type="standard">Lord Hastings</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ha.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Hast,</persName>
  <persName type="form">Hast.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Gho.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-her">
  <persName type="standard">Sir Walter Herbert</persName>
  <persName type="form">Her.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-kee">
  <persName type="standard">Keeper</persName>
  <persName type="form">Keep.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-lie">
  <persName type="standard">Lieutenant</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lieu.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-may">
  <persName type="standard">Lord Mayor of London</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lo. Maior.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ma.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mainr.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Maior.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-lds">
  <persName type="standard">Lords</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lor.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-lov">
  <persName type="standard">Lord Lovel</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lou.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Louell.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-r3-qma">
  <persName type="standard">Queen Margaret, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry VI</persName>
</person>


Priest. Priest. Priest.


Princes.

Sir Richard Ratcliff

Ra.

Rat.

Lord (Earl) Rivers, brother to Lady Gray (Queen Elizabeth)

Ri.

Riu

Riuers.

Richard III (Duke of Gloucester), son of Richard Plantagenet, duke of York; was duke of Gloucester before enthronement

Glo.

Richard.

Ritch.

King.

K.

Ric.

Rich.

Rich.,

Richard (Henry VII), Earl of Richmond, later Henry VII

Richm.

Richm.

Rich.

Richmond (Henry VII), Earl of Richmond,

Scrivener

Scr.

Sheriff of Wiltshire

Sher.

Earl of Surrey, son of the Duke of Norfolk

Su.

Sur.

Earl of Surrey, son of the Duke of Norfolk

Scr.
The Tragedy of Richard the Third:

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

Prima.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

Enter Richard Duke of
Gloster, solus.

Ow is the Winter of our
Discontent,

Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:

And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our house:

In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.

Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,

Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;

Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;

Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.

Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled
Front:
To the lasciuous pleasing of a Lute.

But I, that am not shap'd for sportie trickes,

Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glass:

I, that am Rudely stampt, and want loues Maiesty,

To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph:

I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,

Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,

Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time

Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,

And that so lamely and vnfashionable,

That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.

Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)

Haue no delight to passe away the time,

Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,

And descant on mine owne Deformity.

And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,

To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,

I am determined to proue a Villaine,

Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous,

By drunken Prophesies, Libels, and Dreames,

To set my Brother <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> and the

King

In deadly hate, the one against the other:

And if King <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> be as true and

just,

As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous.

This day should <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> closely be mew'd vp:

About a Prophesie, which sayes that G,

Of <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> heyre the murtherer shall be.

Diue thoughts downe to my soule, here <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded.

Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard?

That waite vpon your Grace<hi rend="italic">?</hi>

Cla.<hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi></div>
Because my name is George.

Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:

He should for that commit your Godfathers.

That you should be new Christned in the Tower.

But what's the matter Clarence, may I know?

Yea Richard, when I know: but I protest

As yet I do not: But as I can learne,

He hearkens after Prophesies and Dreames,

And from the Crosse row pluckes the letter G:

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

His issue disinherit'd should be.

And for my name of George begins with G,

It followes in his thought, that I am he.

These (as I learne) and such like toyes as these,

Hath mou'd his Highnesse to commit me now.

Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:

'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,

My Lady Clarence his Wife,

That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.

Was it not shee, and that good man of Worship,

Anthony Woodeulle her Brother there,

That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower?

From whence this present day he is deliuered?

We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.

By heauen, I thinke there is no man secure

But the Queenes Kindred, and night walking Heralds,

That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris Shore.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant Lord Hastings was, for her delivery?

Humbly complaining to her Deitie, Got my Lord Chamberlaine to her libertie. Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way, If we will keepe in fauour with the King, To be her men, and weare her Livery. The iealous ore &#x2011;worne Widdow, and her selfe, Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen, Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.

I beseech your Graces both to pardon me, His Maiesty hath straightly giuen in charge, That no man shall haue priuate Conference (Of what degree soeuer) with your Brother.

Euen so, and please your Worship Brakenbury, You may partake of any thing we say: We speake no Treason man; We say the King Is wise and vertuous, and his Noble Queene Well strooke in yeaers, faire, and not iealous. We say, that Shores Wife hath a pretty Foot, A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing pleasing tongue: And that the Queens Kindred are made gentle Folkes. How say you sir? can you deny all this?

With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nought to do. Naught to do with Mistris Shores Wife hath a pretty Foot,?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doeth naught with her (Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone.

What one, my Lord?

Her Husband Knaue, would'st thou betray me?

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

We know thy charge Brakenbury, and will obey.

We are the Queenes abjects, and must obey. Brother farewell, I will unto the King, and whatsoe're you will imploy me in, Were it to call King Edwards Widdow, Sister,

I will performe it to infranchise you.

Meane time, this deepe disgrace in Brotherhood, Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,

I will deliuer you, or else lye for you:

Meane time, haue patience.

I must perforce: Farewell A stain partially obscures the end of this word.
Go tred the path that thou shalt ne're return:

Simp  

Clarence, I do loue thee so,

That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heauen,

But who comes heere? the new deliuered Hastings?

Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,

With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:

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

For they that were your Enemies, are his,

And haue preuail’d as much on him, as you,

More pitty, that the Eagles should be mew’d,

Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.

What newes abroad?

No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:

The King is sickly, weake, and melancholly,

And his Physitians feare him mightily.
Now

Oh it is bad indeed.

He hath kept an evil diet long,

And over much consumed his royal person:

'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

Where is he, in his bed?

Hast.

He is.

He cannot live, I hope, and must not dye,

Till George be pack'd up to heaven.

Ile in to urge his hatred more to Clarence,

With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;

And if I fail not in my deep intent,

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,

And leave the world for me to bus. in.

For then, Ile marry Warwick's youngest daughter.

What though I kill'd her husband, and her father.

The readiest way to make the wench amends.

Is to become her husband, and her father.

The which will I, not all so much for love,

As for another secret close intent.

By marrying her, which I must reach unto.

But yet I run before my horse to market.

Edward still lives and reigns,

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy.

For then, Ile marry Warwick's youngest daughter.

What though I kill'd her husband, and her father.

The readiest way to make the wench amends.

Is to become her husband, and her father.

The which will I, not all so much for love.

As for another secret close intent.

By marrying her, which I must reach unto.

But yet I run before my horse to market.

Edward still lives and reigns.
Enter the Coarse of Henrie the sixt with Halberds to guard it,

Lady Anne being the Mourner.<br/>

Set downe, set downe your honourable load,<br/>
If Honor may be shrowded in a Herse;<br/>
Whil'st I alas! while obsequiously lament<br/>
Poore key;&#current;&#2011;cold figure of a holy King,<br/>Pale Ashes of the House of Lancaster;<br/>Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood,<br/>Be it lawfull that I invoke thy Ghost,<br/>To heare the Lamentations of poore Anne,<br/>Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtred Sonne,<br/>Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.<br/>Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,<br>O cursed be the hand that made these holes:<br>Cursed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:<br>Cursed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:<br>More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch<br/>That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,<br>Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,<br>Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.<br>If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,<br>Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light,<br>Whose vgly and vnnaturall Aspect<br>May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,<br>And that be Heyre to his vnhappinesse.<br>If euer he haue Wife, let her be made<br>More miserable by the death of him,<br>Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.<br>Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Lode,<br>Taken from Paules, to be interred there.<br>And still as you are weary of this waight,<br>Rest you, whiles I lament King<br>

Anne<br/>

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtred Sonne,<br/>Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.<br/>Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,<br>O cursed be the hand that made these holes:<br>Cursed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:<br>Cursed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:<br>More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch<br/>That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,<br>Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,<br>Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.<br>If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,<br>Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light,<br>Whose vgly and vnnaturall Aspect<br>May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,<br>And that be Heyre to his vnhappinesse.<br>If euer he haue Wife, let her be made<br>More miserable by the death of him,<br>Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.<br>Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Lode,<br>Taken from Paules, to be interred there.<br>And still as you are weary of this waight,<br>Rest you, whiles I lament King<br>

Anne<br/>

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtred Sonne,<br/>Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.<br/>Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,<br>O cursed be the hand that made these holes:<br>Cursed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:<br>Cursed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:<br>More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch<br/>That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,<br>Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,<br>Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.<br>If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,<br>Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light,<br>Whose vgly and vnnaturall Aspect<br>May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,<br>And that be Heyre to his vnhappinesse.<br>If euer he haue Wife, let her be made<br>More miserable by the death of him,<br>Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.<br>Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Lode,<br>Taken from Paules, to be interred there.<br>And still as you are weary of this waight,<br>Rest you, whiles I lament King<br>

Anne<br/>

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtred Sonne,<br/>Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.<br/>Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,<br>O cursed be the hand that made these holes:<br>Cursed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:<br>Cursed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:<br>More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch<br/>That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,<br>Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,<br>Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.<br>If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,<br>Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light,<br>Whose vgly and vnnaturall Aspect<br>May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,<br>And that be Heyre to his vnhappinesse.<br>If ever he haue Wife, let her be made<br>More miserable by the death of him,<br>Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.<br>Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Lode,<br>Taken from Paules, to be interred there.<br>And still as you are weary of this waight,<br>Rest you, whiles I lament King<br>

Anne<br/>

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtred Sonne,<br/>Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.<br/>Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,<br>O cursed be the hand that made these holes:<br>Cursed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:<br>Cursed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:<br>More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch<br/>That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,<br>Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,<br>Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.<br>If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,<br>Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light,<br>Whose vgly and vnnaturall Aspect<br>May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,<br>And that be Heyre to his vnhappinesse.<br>If ever he haue Wife, let her be made<br>More miserable by the death of him,<br>Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.<br>Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Lode,<br>Taken from Paules, to be interred there.<br>And still as you are weary of this waight,<br>Rest you, whiles I lament King<br>

Anne<br/>

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtred Sonne,<br/>Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.<br/>Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,<br>O cursed be the hand that made these holes:<br>Cursed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:<br>Cursed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:<br>More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch<br/>That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,<br>Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,<br>Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.<br>If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,<br>Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light,<br>Whose vgly and vnnaturall Aspect<br>May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,<br>And that be Heyre to his vnhappinesse.<br>If ever he haue Wife, let her be made<br>More miserable by the death of him,<br>Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.<br>Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Lode,<br>Taken from Paules, to be interred there.<br>And still as you are weary of this waight,<br>Rest you, whiles I lament King<br>

Anne<br/>

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtred Sonne,
What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend, To stop deuoted charitable deeds?

Villaines set downe the Coarse, or by Saint Ile make a Coarse of him that disobeyes.

My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe.

What do you tremble? are you all affraid? Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall, And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.

Auant thou dreadfull minister of Hell; Thou had'st but power ouer his Mortall body,

And spurne vpon thee Beger for thy boldnesse.

Foule Diuell, For Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not, For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell: Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deepe exclaimes: If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,

Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.

Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead Henries
wounds,

Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh.

Blush, blush, thou lumpe of fowle Deformitie:

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood.

From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.

Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,

Prouokes this Deluge most vnnaturall.

O God! which this Blood mad'st, reuenge his death:

O Earth! which this Blood drink'st, reuenge his death.

Either Heau'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead:

Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,

As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,

Which his Hell
deg'st, reuenge his death:

O Earth! which this Blood drink'st, reuenge his death.

Either Heau'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead:

Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,

As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,

Which his Hell&
2011: gouern'd arme hath butchered.

Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,

Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.

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

No Beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pitty.

But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.

O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!

More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry:

Vouchsafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)

Of these supposed Crimes, to giue me leaue

By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.

Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man)

Of these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue

By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Selfe.

Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue

Some patient leysure to excuse my selfe.

An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,
Thou can'st make no excuse currant,
But to hang thy selfe.

Rich. By such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe.

An. And by dispairing shalt thou stand excused,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,
That did'st vnworthy slaughter vpon others.

Rich. Say that I slew them not.

An. Then say they were not slaine:
But dead they are, and diuellish slaue by thee.

Rich. I did not kill your Husband.

An. Why then he is aliue.

Rich. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hands.

An. In thy foule throat thou Ly'st,
Queene <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> saw,
Thy mur'drous Faulchion smoaking in his blood:
The which, thou once didd'st bend against her brest,
But that thy Brothers beate aside the point.

Rich. I was prouoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt, upon my guiltless Shoulders.

An. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloody minde,

An. That never dream'st on ought but Butcheries:

Rich. Did'st thou not kill this King?

I graunt ye.

Rich. I the better for the King of heauen that hath him.

An. He is in heauen, where thou shalt never come.

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

An. Some dungeon.


Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to send him there:

Rich. For he was fitter for that place then earth.

Rich. And thou vnfit for any place, but hell.

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

Some dungeon.
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<l>Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>So will it Madam, till I lye with you.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<l>I hope so.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>So will it Madam, till I lye with you.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<l>I hope so.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<l>Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>These eyes could not endure your beauties wrack.</l>
<l>You should not blemish it, if I stood by.</l>
<l>As all the world is cheared by the Sunne.</l>
<l>So I by that: It is my day, my life.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-ann">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<l>Blacke night o'er thy day, & death thy life.</l>
</sp>
Curse not thy selfe faire Creature,
Thou art both.

I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.

It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.

It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.

He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.

His better doth not breath vpon the earth.

He liues, that loues thee better then he could.

Name him.

Why that was he.

The selfesame name, but one of better Nature.
Where is he?

Heere:

Spits at him.

Why dost thou spit at me.

Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake.

Would they were Basiliskes, to strike thee dead.

I would they were, that I might dye at once:

Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which neuer shed remorsefull teares:

No, when my Father Yorke, and Edward wept,

To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made

When black\&#x2011;fac'd Clifford shooke his sword at him.

Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,

Told the sad storie of my Fathers death,

Aod twenty times, made pause to sob and weepe:

The Life and Death of Richard the Third.
That all the standers by had wet their cheekes like Trees bedash'd with raine. In that sad time, my manly eyes did scorne an humble teare: And what these sorrowes could not thence exhale, Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping. I neuer sued to Friend, nor Enemy: My Tongue could neuer learne sweet smoothing word. But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee, and prompts my tongue to speake.

She lookes scornfully at him. Teach not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made For kissing Lady, not for such contempt. If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue, loe heere I lend thee this sharpe pointed Sword, which if thou please to hide in this true brest, and let the Soule forth that adoreth thee, I lay it naked to the deadly stroke, and humbly begge the death vpon my knee. He layes his brest open, she offers at with his sword.

Nay do not pause: For I did kill King Henrie, But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me. Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that stabb'd yong Edward, But 'twas thy Heauenly face that set me on. She fals the Sword.

Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.

Arise Dissembler, though I wish thy death, I will not be thy Executioner. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it. I haue already. That was in thy rage:

This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue, Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

I would I knew thy heart.

'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

I feare me, both are false.

Then neuer Man was true.

Well, well, put vp your Sword.

Say then my Peace is made.

That shalt thou know heereafter.

But shall I liue in hope.

All men I hope liue so.

Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.

Looke how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger,

Euen so thy Brest incloseth my poore heart:

Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may

But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirme his happinesse for euer.
What is it?

-- Rich.

That it may please you leave these sad designs,
To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,
And presently repayre to Crosbie House:
Where (after I have solemnly inter'd)
At Chertsey Monast'ry this Noble King,
And wet this Grave with my Repentant Tears
I will with all expedient duty see you,
For divers unknown Reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this Boon.

-- An.

With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Barkley, go along with me.

-- Rich.

Bid me farewell.

-- An.

'Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue saide farewell already.

Exit two with Anne.

-- Gent.

Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord?

-- Rich.

No: to White Friars, there attend my comming

Exit Coarse.

Was euer woman in this humour woo'd?
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extremeest hate,
With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes.
The bleeding witnesse of my hatred by,
Hauing God, her Conscience, and these bars against me,
And I, no Friends to backe my suite withall,
But the plaine Diuell, and dissembling lookes?
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
Hah!
Hath she forgot alreadie that braue Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three monthes since)
Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?
A sweeter, and a louelier Gentleman,
Yong, Valiant, Wise, and (no doubt) right Royal,
The spacious World cannot againe affoord:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That crop't the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed?
On me, whose All not equals Edwards?
On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus?
My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier!
I do mistake my person all this while:
My selfe to be a maru'llous proper man.
Ile be at Charges for a Looking‑glasse,
And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with some little cost.
But first Ile turne yon Fellow in his Graue,
And then returne lamenting to my Loue.
Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my Shadow as I passe.

Scena Tertia.
[Act 1, Scene 3]
Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray.

Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maiesty
Will soone recouer his accustom'd health.
In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse.
Ile be at Charges for a Looking & x2011; glasse,
And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,
To study fashions to adorne my body,
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with some little cost.
But first Ile turne yon Fellow in his Graue,
And then returne lamenting to my Loue.
Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my Shadow as I passe.
Therefore for God's sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes.

Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray. No other harme, but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes.

Gray. The Heauens haue blest you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.

Ah! he is yong; and his minority
Is put vnto the trust of Richard Glouster,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.

Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

It is determin'd, not concluded yet;
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.
Good time of day unto your Royall Grace.

Der. God make your Maiesty ioyful, as you haue bin

Der. To your good prayer, will scarcely say, Amen.

Der. I do beseech you, either not beleue

Der. The enuious slanders of her false Accusers:

Der. Or if she be accus'd on true report,

Der. Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds

Der. From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Saw you the King today my Lord of Derby.

But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,

Are come from visiting his Maiesty.

What likelyhood of his amend ment Lords.

Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.

God grant him health, did you confer with him?
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
    <l>I Madam, he desires to make attonement</l>
    <l>Betweene the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers,</l>
    <l>And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,</l>
    <l>And sent to warne them to his Royall presence.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Would all were well, but that will neuer be,</l>
    <l>I feare our happinesse is at the height.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,</l>
    <l>Who is it that complaines vnto the King,</l>
    <l>(forsooth) am sterne, and loue them not?</l>
    <l>By holy <hi rend="italic">Paul</hi>, they loue his Grace but lightly,</l>
    <l>That fill his eares with such dissentiou Rumors.</l>
    <l>Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,</l>
    <l>Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue, and cogge,</l>
    <l>Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtesie,</l>
    <l>I must be held a rancorous Enemy.</l>
    <l>Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme,</l>
    <l>But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,</l>
    <l>With silken, slye, insinuating Iackes?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-gre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Grey.</speaker>
    <l>To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace;</l>
    <l>When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong?</l>
    <l>Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction</l>
    <l>A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace</l>
    <l>(Whom God preserue better then you would wish)</l>
    <l>Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,</l>
    <l>But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Brother of Glouster, you mistake the matter;</l>
    <l>The King on his owne Royall disposition,</l>
    <l>(And not prouok'd by any Sutor else)</l>

Aiming (belike) at your interiour hatred.

That in your outward action shewes it selfe

Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,

Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground.

I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,

That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch.

Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.

Come, come, we know your meaning Brother

You enuy my aduancement, and my friends:

God grant we neuer may haue neede of you.

By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,

From that contented hap which I inioy'd,

I neuer did incense his Maiestie

Against the Duke of Clarence, but

An earnest adovicate to plead for him.

My Lord you do me shamefull iniurie,

Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

You may deny that you were not the meane

Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

She may my Lord, for
She may Lord Riuers, why who knowes not so?

She may do more sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those Honors on your high desert.
What may she not, she may, I marry may she.

What marry may she?
What marrie may she? Marrie with a King,
A Batcheller, and a handsome stripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.

My Lord of Glouster, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes:
By heauen, I will acquaint his Maiestie
Of those grosse taunts that oft I haue endur'd.
I had rather be a Countrie seruant maide
Then a great Queene, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at,
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queen Margaret.

Out Diuell,
I do remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my Husband <hi rend="italic">Henrie</hi> in the Tower,
And <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.

Ere you were Queene, I, or your Husband King:
I was a packe-horse in his great affaires:
A weeder out of his proud Adueraries,
A liberall rewarder of his Friends,
To royalize his blood, I spent mine ow.<c rend="inverted">
Margaret.
I and much better Blood
Then his, or thine.

In all which time, you and your Husband <hi rend="italic">Grey</hi>
Were factious, for the House of <hi rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>;
And <hi rend="italic">Riuers</hi>, so were you: Was not your Husband,
In <hi rend="italic">Margarets</hi> Battaile, at Saint <hi rend="italic">Albons</hi>, slaine?
Let me put in your mindes, if you forget
What you haue beene ere this, and what you are: Wthall, what I haue beene, and what I am.

In all which time, you and your Husband <hi rend="italic">Queene</hi>,
I, or your Husband King:

A murth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art.
A murth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art.
Poore <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> did forsake his Father <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>,
I, and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)
Q. M. Which God reuenge.

Rich. To fight on Edwards partie, for the Crowne,

And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed vp: I would to God my heart were Flint, like Edwards soft and pittifull, like mine;

I am too childish foolish for this World.

High thee to Hell for shame, & leave this World Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.

My Lord of Gloster: in those busie dayes, Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies, We follow’d then our Lord, our Soueraigne King, So should we you, if you should be our King.

If I should be I had rather be a Pedler:

As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose You should enioy, were you this Countries King, As little ioy you may suppose in me, That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.

A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof, For I am shee, and altogether ioylesse: I can no longer hold me patient. Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out, In sharing that which you haue pill'd from me: Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me? If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebells.
Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away.

Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

But repetiti<lb>on of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe.

Wert thou not banished, on paine of death?
I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegeance:
This Sorrow that I haue,
And all the Pleasures you are mine.
The Curse my le Father layd on thee,
When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy scornes drew'st Riuers from his eyes,
And then to dry the, gau'st the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the fault e blood of prettie Rutland:
His Curses then, from bitternes of Soule,
Denoue'd against thee, are all falne vpon thee:
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

So iust is God, to right the innocent.
O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,
And the most mercilesse, that ere was heard of.

Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported.

No man but prophecied reuenge for it.

Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,

Their Kingdomes losse, my wofull Banishment,

Should all but answer for that peeuish Brat?

Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen?

Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curses.

As ours by Murther, to make him a King.

Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,

For Edward our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,

Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence.

Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene.

Out liue thy glory, like my wretched selfe:

Long may'st thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death.

And see another, as I see thee now.

Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine.

Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death.

And after many length'ned howres of griefe.

Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.

Riuers and Dorset, you were standers by,

And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,

when my Sonne

Was stab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,

That none of you may liu his naturall age,
But by some vnlook'd accident cut off.

Haue done thy Charme, y<sup>c</sup> u hateful wither'd Hagge.

And leaue out thee? stay Dog, for y<sup>c</sup> shalt heare me.

If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in store,

Exc<sup>eeding</sup> those that I can wish vpon thee,

O let them keepe it, till thy sinnes be ripe.

And then hurle downe their indignation

On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace.

The Worne of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule.

Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liu'st.

And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends:

No sleepe close vp that deadly Eye of thine,

Vnlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame

Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills.

Thou eluish mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge,

Thou that wast seal'd in thy Natiuitie

The slaue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:

Thou slander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe,

Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes,

Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested

Margaret.

I call thee not.

I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,

That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.

Qu. Thus haue you breath'd your Curse against your self.

Q. M. Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,
Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whose deadly Web ensnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy selfe:
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch Toade.

Hast. False boding Woman, end thy frantick Curse,
Least to thy harme, thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.

Ri. Were you wel seru'd, you would be taught your duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.

Q. M. Peace Master Marquesse, you are malapert,
Your fire new stampe of Honor is scarce currant.

O

The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

O that your yong Nobility could iudge

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable.

They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,

And if they fall, they dash themselues to pceces.

Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it Mar;

It touches you my Lord, as much as me.

I, and much more: but I was borne so high:

Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,

And dallies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne.

And turnes the Sun to shade: alas, alas,

Whose bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy wrath

Hath in eternall darknesse folded vp.

Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Nest:

O God that seest it, do not suffer it,

As it is wonne with blood, lost be it so.

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

Vrge neither charity, nor shame to me:

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,

And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.

My Charity is outrage, Life my shame,

And in that shame, still liue my sorrowes rage.
<speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker><l>Haue done, haue done.</l></sp><sp who="#F-r3-buc">
 <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker><l>Nor no one heere: for Curses neuer passe</l><sp who="#F-r3-qma">
  <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker><l>Nor one heere: for Curses neuer passe</l><l>The lips of those that breath them in the ayre.</l></sp></sp><sp who="#F-r3-qma">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker><l>I will not thinke but they ascend the sky,</l><l>And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.</l><l>O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge;</l><l>Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,</l><l>His venom tooth will rankle to the death.</l><l>Haue not to do with him, beware of him,</l><l>Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him,</l><l>And all their Ministers attend on him.</l></sp></sp></sp><sp who="#F-r3-bch">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker><l>What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham.</l></sp></sp><sp who="#F-r3-buc">
 <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker><l>Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.</l></sp></sp><sp who="#F-r3-qma">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker><l>What dost thou scorne me</l><l>For my gentle counsell?</l><l>O but remember this another day:</l><l>When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow:</l><l>And say (poore <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>) was a Prophetesse:</l><l>Liue each of you the subiects to his hate,</l><l>And he to yours, and all of you to Gods.</l></sp><stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage><sp who="#F-r3-buc">
 <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses.

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

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

I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repayed:
He is frank'd vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them, that are the cause thereof.

A vertuous, and a Christian-like conclusion
To pray for them that haue done scath to vs.

He is well aduis'd.

Enter Catesby.

Madam, his Maiesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.
Catesby I come, Lords will you go with mee.
<sp who="#F-r3-riv">
  <speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
  <l>We wait vpon your Grace.</l>
</sp>

Gloster.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle.</l>
  <l>The secret Mischeifes that I set abroach,</l>
  <l>I lay vnto the greeuous charge of others.</l>
  <l>Clarence</hi>, who I indeede haue cast in
darknesse,</l>
  <l>I do beweepe to many simple Gulles,</l>
  <l>Namely to Derby, Hastings,</l>
  <l>That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother,</l>
  <l>Now they beleue it, and withall whet me</l>
  <l>To be reueng'd on <hi rend="italic">Riuers, Dorset,</hi></l>
</sp>

Buckingham.</hi>.
<hi rend="italic">
  <l>And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,</l>
  <l>That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother,</l>
  <l>Now they beleue it, and withall whet me</l>
  <l>To be reueng'd on <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, who I indeede haue cast in
darknesse,</l>
  <l>I do beweepe to many simple Gulles,</l>
  <l>Namely to <hi rend="italic">Derby, Hastings,</hi></l>
</hi>

Grey</hi>.</l>
<hi rend="italic">
  <l>But then I sigh, and with a peece of Scripture,</l>
  <l>Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:</l>
  <l>And thus I cloath my naked Villanie</l>
  <l>With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ,</l>
  <l>And see me a Saint, when most I play the deuill.</l>
</hi>

Enter two
murtherers.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">
  <l>But soft, heere come my Executioners,</l>
  <l>How now my hardy stout resolued Mates,</l>
  <l>Are you now going to dispatch this thing?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vil.</speaker>
  <l>We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant,</l>
  <l>That we may be admitted where he is.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ric.</speaker>
  <l>Well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me:</l>
  <l>When you haue done, repayre to <hi rend="italic">Crosby</hi> place;</l>
  <l>But sirs be sodaine in the execution,</l>
  <l>Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;</l>
  <l>For <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> is well spoken, and
perhappes</l>
  <l>May moue your hearts to pity, if you marke him.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vil.</speaker>
</sp>
Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate.
Talkers are no good dooers, be assur'd:
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Rich.
Your eyes drop Mill-stones, when Fooles eyes fall Teares:
I like you Lads, about your businesse straight.
Go, go, dispatch.

Vil.
We will my Noble Lord.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Why lookes your Grace so heavily to day.
0, I haue past a miserable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly sights,
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies:
So full of dismall terror was the time.

What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me

0 Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to crosse to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Glouster,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,
And cited vp a thousand heauy times,

The Life and Death of Richard the
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster. That had befalne vs. As we pac'd along. Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches, Me thought that Glouster stumbled, and in falling strooke me (that thought to stay him) over board.

Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne.
What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares.
What sights of vgly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes.
A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd vpon.
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle.
Inestimable Stones, vnvalewed Jewels.
All scattred in the bottome of the Sea.
Some lay in dead mens Sculles, and in the holes.
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept.
(As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes.
That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe.
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by.

Had you such leysure in the time of death to gaze vpon these secrets of the deepe?

Me thought I had, and often did I striue to yeeld the Ghost: but still the enuious Flood stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth to find the empty, vast, and wand'ring ayre: But smother'd it within my panting bulke.
Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea.

Awak'd you not in this sore Agony?

No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempest to my Soule. I past (me thought) the Melancholly Flood.
Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth. To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring ayre: But smother'd it within my panting bulke.
Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea.
Was my great Father Warwicke, renowned

Who spake aloud: What scourge for Periurie,

Can this dark Monarchy afford false Clarence?

And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,

A Shadow like an Angel, with bright hayre,

Dabbel'd in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud

Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periur'd,

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:

Seize on him Furies, take him unto Torment.

With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends

uiron'd me, and howled in mine ears

such hideous cries, that with the very Noise,

I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,

Could not believe, but that I was in Hell,

Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.

No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,

I am afraid (me thinkes) to hear you tell it.

Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things

(That now giue evidence against my Soule)

For Edwards sake, and see how he requits mee.

O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appease thee,

But thou wilt be aueng'd on my misdeeds,

Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:

O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children.

Keeper, I pray thee sit by me a while,

My Soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.

I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Sorrow breakes Seasons, and reposing hours,

Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon tide night:
Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnfelt Imaginations
They often feele a world of restlesse Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murtherers.

1. Mur. Ho, who's heere?
Bra. What would'st thou Fellow? And how camm'st thou hither.

1. Mur. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hi\&#x00AD;
Bra. What so breefe?
1. Mur. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him see our Commission, and talke no more.

Reads
Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer
The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant heereby,
Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.
Ile to the King, and signifie to him,
That thus I haue resign'd to you my charge.

Exit.

1. Mur. You may sir, 'tis a point of wisedome:
Far you well.

What, shall we stab him as he sleepes.

No: hee'l say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

Why he shall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudge­­ment day.

Why then hee'l say, we stab'd him sleeping.

The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a kinde of remorse in me.

What? art thou affraid?

Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,

But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which No Warrant can defend me.

I thought thou had'st bin resolute.

Ile backe to the Duke of Glouster, and tell him so.

Nay, I prythee stay a little:

I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.

1 How dost thou feel thy selfe now?

Some certaine drugges of conscience are yet with mee.

Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

Where's thy conscience now.

O, in the Duke of Glosters purse.

When hee opens his purse to give us our Reward, thy conscience flies out.

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

What if it come to thee againe?

Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward: A man cannot steal, but it accuseth him: A man cannot swear, but it checks him: A man cannot lie with his neighbours wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans bosome: It fills a man full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any
man that keepes it: It is turn'd out of Townes and
ties for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to
liue well, endeuers to trust to himselfe, and liue
out it.</p>"Tis euen now at my elbow, perswading me not to
kill the
Duke.
I am strong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.
He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.
I am strong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.
Come, shall we fall to worke?
I am strong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.
Take him on the Costard, with the hiltes of thy
Sword, and then throw him into the
Malmesey-Butte in
the next roome.</p>"O excellent deuice; and make a sop of him.
Soft, he wakes.</p>
No, wee'l reason with him.

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

You shall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.

In Gods name, what art thou?

A man, as you are.

But not as I am Royall.

Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.

My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

To murther me?
<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1 #F-r3-mur.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">Both.</sp> I, I. <sp></sp>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
  <speaker rend="italic"> Cla. </speaker>
  <l>You scarsely haue the hearts to tell me so.</l>
  <l>And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.</l>
  <l>Wherein my Friends haue I offended you</l>
  <c rend="italic">?</c>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1</sp> Offended vs you haue not, but the King. <sp></sp>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</sp> I shall be reconcil'd to him againe. <sp></sp>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2</sp> Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye. <sp></sp>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</sp> Are you drawne forth among a world of men</l>
  <l>What is my offence</l>
  <c rend="italic">?</c></l>
  <l>Where is the Euidence that doth accuse me?</l>
  <l>What lawfull Quest haue giuen their Verdict vp</l>
  <l>Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd</l>
  <l>The bitter Sentence of poore <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> death,</l>
  <l>Before I be conviict by course of Law?</l>
  <l>To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull.</l>
  <l>I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse,</l>
  <l>That you depart, and lay no hands on me:</l>
  <l>The deed you vndertake is damnable.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-mur.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1</sp> What we will do, we do vpon command. <sp></sp>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-mur.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2</sp> And he that hath commanded, is our King. <sp></sp>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-geo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</sp>
Erroneous Vassal, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded
That thou shalt do no murther. Will you then
Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans?
Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that breake his Law.

And that same Vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false Forswearing, and for murther too:
Thou did'st receive the Sacrament, to fight
In quarrell of the House of Lancaster.

And like a Traitor to the name of God,
Did'st break that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Vnrip'st the Bowels of thy Sou'raigns Sonne.

Whom thou was't sworn to cherish and defend.
For Edward, for my Brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murther me for this:
For in that sinne, he is as deepe as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publiquely,
Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme,
He needs no indirect, or lawlesse course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.

Who made thee then a blody minister,
When gallant springing braue Plantagenet
That Princely Novice was strucke dead by thee?
Cla. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.

Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults, Prouoke vs hither now, to slaughter thee.

If you do loue my Brother, hate not me: I am his Brother, and I loue him well. If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe, and I will send you so my Brother Glouster: Who shall reward you better for my life, Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

You are deceiu'd, Your Brother Glouster hates you.

Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere: Go you to him from me.

I so we will.

Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke, Blest his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme, He little thought of this diuided Friendship: Bid Glouster thinke on this, and he will weep.

I Milstones, as he lessoned vs to weep.

O do not slander him, for he is kinde.
Right, as Snow in Haruest:

Come, you deceive your selfe,

"Tis he that sends vs to destroy you heere.

It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,

And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sob's,

That he would labour my deliuer.

Why so he doth, when he deliuers you

From this earths thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen.

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

Haue you that holy feeling in your soules,

to councaile me to make my peace with God,

And are you yet to your owne soules so blinde,

That you will warre with God, by mur'd'ring me.

To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.

Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuelling:

My Friend, I spy some pitty in thy lookes:

O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.

Looke behinde you, my Lord.

Take that, and that, if all this will not do,

Ile drowne you in the Malmesey within.

I would he knew that I had sau'd his brother,
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine.

Of this most greeuous murther.

So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well, Ile go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke giue order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede, I will away,
For this will out, and then I must not stay.
Exit

Prima.

[Act 2, Scene 1]

Flourish.

Enter the King sicke, the Queene, Lord Marquesse

Dorset, Riuers, Hastings, Catesby,

Buckingham, Wooduill.

King.

Why so: now haue I done a good daies work.

You Peeres, continue this vnited League:

I, euery day expect an Embassage

From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.

And more to peace my soule shall part to heauen.

Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth.

Dorset and Riuers, take each others hand,

Dissemble not your hatred, Sweare your loue.

Riu.

By heauen, my soule is purg'd from grudging hate

And with my hand I seale my true hearts Loue.

Hast.

So thriue I, as I truly sweare the like.

King.

Take heed you dally not before your King,

Lest he that is the supreme King of Kings

Confound your hidden falshood, and award

Either of you to be the others end.

Hast.

So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.

Ri.

And I, as I loue Hastings with my heart.
nor you;

You haue bene factious one against the other.

Wife, loue Lord Dorset, Buckingham;

You haue bene factious one against the other.

Wife, loue Lord Hastings, let him kisse your hand,

And what you do, do it vnfeignedly.

There Hastings, I will neuer more remember.

Our former hatred, so thriue I, and mine.

This interchange of loue, I heere protest Vpon my part, shall be inuiolable.

And so sweare I.

And so sweare I.

Now Princely Buckingham, seale y\u superscript u this league With thy embracements to my wiues Allies, And make me happy in your vnity.

When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue,

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most loue,

When I haue most need to imploy a Friend,

And most assured that he is a Friend,

Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,

Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heauen,

When I am cold in loue, to you, or yours.
Embrace

King.<br>A pleasing Cordiall, Princely

Is this thy Vow, vnto my sickely heart:<br>There wanteth now our Brother Gloster heere,<br>To make the blessed period of this peace.

And in good time,<br>Heere comes Sir <hi rend="italic">Richard Ratcliffe</hi>, and the Duke.

Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen<br>And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day.

A blessed labour my most Soueraigne Lord:<br>Among this Princely heape, if any heere<br>By false intelligence, or wrong surmise<br>Hold me a Foe: If I vnwillingly, or in my rage,<br>Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,<br>To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:<br>'Tis death to me to be at enmitie:<br>I hate it, and desire all good mens loue,<br>First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,<br>Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.<br>Of you my Noble Cosin Buckingham,<br>If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.<br>Of you and you, Lord <hi rend="italic">Riuers</hi> and of<br>Dorset</hi>,

That all without desert have frowned on me:

Of you Lord Wooduill, and Lord Scales of you,

Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.

I do not know that Englishman alive,

With whom my soul is any iot at oddes,

More then the Infant that is borne to night:

I thank my God for my Humility.

A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:

I would to God all strifes were well compounded.

My Soueraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse to take our Brother Clarence to your Grace.

Why Madam, have I offered love for this,

To be so flowted in this Royall presence?

Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead?

You do him iniurie to scorne his coarse.

All-seeing heaven, what a world is this?

Looke I so pale Lord Dorset, as the rest?

I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,

But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.

Is Clarence dead? The Order was reuerst.
But he (poore man) by your first order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare:
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to see him buried.
God grant, that some lesse Noble, and lesse Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserue not worse then wretched

Enter Earle of Derby.

A boone my Soueraigne for my seruice done.

I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.

I will not rise, vn lesse your Highnes heare me.

Then say at once, what is it thou requests.

The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my seruants life,
Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.

Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
And shall that tongue giue pardon to a slaue?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd?

Who (in my wrath) did,
And yet go currant from Suspition.

I will not rise, vn lesse your Highnes heare me.
Then say at once, what is it thou requests.
The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my seruants life,
Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.

And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd?
Who spoke of Brotherhood? who spoke of loue?

Who told me how the poore soule did forsake The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?

Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,

When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me:

And said deare Brother liue, and be a King?

Who told me, when we both lay in the Field, When Oxfor
did do, he rescued me:

And said deare Brother liue, and be a King?

Who told me, when we both lay in the Field, Frozen (almost) to death, how he did lap me

Euen in his Garments, and did giue himselfe (All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?

Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my minde.

But when your Carters, or your wayting Vassalls

Haue done a drunken Slaugh<e rend="inverted">t</e>, and defac'd

The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,

And I (unjustly too) must grant it you.

But for my Brother, not a man would speake,

Nor I (ungracious) speake unto my selfe

For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all,

Haue bin beholding to him in his life:

Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.

O God! I feare thy iustice will take hold

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

But for my Brother, not a man would speake,

Nor I (ungracious) speake unto my selfe

For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all,

Haue bin beholding to him in his life:

Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.

O God! I feare thy iustice will take hold

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

Closset.

Ah poore <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>.

This is the fruits of rashnes: Markt you not,

How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene

Look'd pale, when they did heare of <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> death.

O! they did urge it still vnto the King.

God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,

To comfort <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> with our company.

We wait vpon your Grace.

We wait vpon your Grace.

exeunt.
Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutchesse of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.

This speech is conventionally attributed to Boy.

Edw. Good Grandam tell us, is our Father dead?

Dutch. No Boy.

Daugh. Why do we weep so oft? And beat your breast? And cry, O Clarence, my unhappy Sonne.

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

Daugh. And so will I.

Dutch. Peace children peace, the King doth love you wel. Incapable, and shallow Innocents, You cannot guess who caus'd your Father's death.
Grandam we can: for my good Vnkle Gloster,

Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,

Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him;

And when my Vnckle told me so, he wept,

And pittied me, and kindly kist my cheeke:

Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,

And he would loue me deerely as a childe.

Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle shape,

And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice.

He is my sonne, I, and therein my shame,

Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.

I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noise is this?

Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears,

Riuers & Dorset after her.

Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?

To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.

Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my Soule,

And to my selfe, become an enemie.

What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?

To make an act of Tragicke violence.

Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.

Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, Lament: if dye, be briefe,
That our swift winged souls may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subjects follow him,
To his new kingdom of never-changing night.

Ah so much interest have in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I have bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liued with looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, have but one false glass,
That grieues me, when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow: yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left,
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble hands,
Thine being but a moiety of my moane,
To overspread thy woes, and drowne thy cries.

Our fatherlesse distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow'd dolour, likewise be unwept.

Ah for our father, for our deere lord Edward.
Ah for our father, for our deere lord Clarence.
Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.

Qu. What stay had I but Edward, and hee's gone?

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

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

Qu. Was neuer widdow had so deere a losse.

Chil. Were neuer Orphans had so deere a losse.

Dut. Was neuer Mother had so deere a losse.

Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes, Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I.

I for a Clarence weepes, so doth not shee:

These Babes for Clarence weep, so do not they.

Alas! you three, on me threefold distrest:

Power all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurse,

And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Dor. 
Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd,
That you take with vnthankfulnesse his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull,
With dull vnwillingnesse to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus opposite with heauen,
For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.

Riuers.

Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your sonne: send straight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues.
Drowne desperate sorrow in dead
And plant your ioyes in liuing

Enter Richard,

Sister haue comfort, all of vs haue cause
To waile the dimming of our shining Starre:
But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie,
I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I craue your Blessing.

God blesse thee, and put meeknes in thy breast,
Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the buttend of a Mothers blessing;
I maruell that her Grace did leaue it out.

You clowdy Princes, hart-sorowing Peeres,
That beare this heauie mutuall loade of Moane,
Now cheere each other, in each others Loue:
Though we haue spent our Haruest of this King,
We are to reape the Haruest of his Sonne.
The broken rancour of your high swolne hates,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and joyn'd together,
Must gently be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that with some little Traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be set
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Why with some little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?
Marrie my Lord, least by a multitude,
The new'‑heal'd wound of Malice should breake out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is greene, and yet ungouern'd.
Where euery Horse beares his commanding Reine,
And may direct his course as please himselfe,
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,
In my opinion, ought to be preuented.

I hope the King made peace with all of vs,
And the compact is firme, and true in me.

And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all.
Yet since it is but greene, it should be put
To no apparant likely'‑hood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:
Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meete so few should fetch the Prince.

And so say I.

Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that strait shall poste to London.
Madam, and you my Sister, will you go
to giue your censures in this businesse.

Exeunt.
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Manet Buckingham, and Richard.</stage>

Buckingham, and Richard.

<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord, who euer iournies to the Prince,</l>
  <l>For God sake let not vs two stay at home:</l>
  <l>For by the way, Ile sort occasion,</l>
  <l>As Index to the story we late talk'd of,</l>
  <l>To part the Queense proud Kindred from the Prince.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <l>My other selfe, my Counsailes Consistory,</l>
  <l>My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Cosin,</l>
  <l>I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,</l>
  <l>Toward London then, for wee'l not stay behinde.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>

<div type="scene" n="3">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at
    <lb>the other.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-r3-cit.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Cit.</speaker>
    <l>Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so</l>
    <lb>fast?</lb>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-cit.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Cit.</speaker>
    <l>I promise you, I scarsely know my selfe:</l>
    <l>Heare you the newes abroad?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-cit.1">
    <speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>
    <l>Yes, that the King is dead.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-r3-cit.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2.</speaker>
    <l>Ill newes byrlady, seldome comes the better:</l>
    <l>I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter another Citizen.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-r3-cit.3">
    <speaker rend="italic">3.</speaker>
    <l>Neighbours, God speed.</l>
  </sp>
</div>
1. Give you good morrow sir.

2. I sir, it is too true, God helpe the while.

3. Then Masters looke to see a troublous world.

1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.

3. Woe to that Land that's gouern'd by a Childe.

2. In him there is a hope of Gouernment, Which in his nonage, counsell vnder him, And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.

1. So stood the State, when Henry the sext Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.

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

3. Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot For then this Land was famously enrich'd With politike graue Counsell; then the King Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.
Better it were they all came by his Father:<l>Or by his Father there were none at all:</l>
For emulation, who shall now be neerest,<l>Will touch vs all too neer, if God preuent not.</l>
O full of danger is the Duke of Glouster,<l>And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:</l>
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,<l>This sickly Land, might solace as before.</l>

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

When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their clokes;
When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand;
When the Sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes, makes men expect a Dearth:
All may be well; but if God sort it so,
'Tis more then we deserue, or I expect.

Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:
You cannot reason (almost) with a man,
That lookes not heavily, and full of dread.

Before the dayes of Change, still is it so,
By a diuine instinct, mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Pursuing danger: as by proofe we see
The Water swell before a boyst'rous storme:
But leaue it all to God. Whither away?

Marry we were sent for to the Iustices.

And so was I: Ile beare you company.
Exeunt.

Enter Archbishop, yong Yorke, the Queene, and the Dutchesse.

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 heere.

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

Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke Ha's almost ouertane him in his growth.

Yorke. I Mother, but I would not haue it so.

Dut. Why my good Cosin, it is good to grow.

Yorke. Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper, My Vnkle Riuers talk'd how I did grow More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Glouster, Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace. And since, me thinkes I would not grow so fast, Because sweet Flowres are slow, and Weeds make hast.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold In him that did obiect the same to thee. He was the wretched'st thing when he was yong, So long a growing, and so leysurely, That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
  <l>And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
  <l>Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred,
    To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>How my yong Yorke,
    I prythee let me heare it.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
  <l>Marry (they say) my Vnkle grew so fast,
    That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,
    'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
    Grandam, this would haue beene a byting lest.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
  <l>Grandam, his Nursse.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>His Nurse? why she was dead, ere ye <c rend="superscript">u</c> wast borne.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yor.</speaker>
  <l>If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>A parlous Boy: go too, you are too shrew'd.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.</l>
</sp>
Qu. Pitchers have ears.

Enter Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a Messenger: What news?

Mes. Such news my Lord, as grieues me to report,

Dut. What is thy news?

Mes. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret, and with them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, Prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The Mighty Dukes, Glouster and Buckingham.
The summe of all I can, I haue disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lord.

Aye me! I see the ruine of my House:
The Tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hinde,
In surrtning Tiranny beginnes to Iutt
Upon the innocent and awellesse Throne:
Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Massacre,
I see (as in a Map) the end of all.

Accursed, and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My Husband lost his life, to get the Crowne,
And often up and downe my sonnes were tost
For me to ioy, and weepe, their gaine and losse.

And being seated, and Domestick broyles
CLEANE ouer&\#x2011;blowne, themselues the Conquerors,
Make warre vpon themselues, Brother to Brother;
Blood to blood, selfe against selfe: O prepostorous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.

Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farwell.

Stay, I will go with you.

You haue no cause.

My gracious Lady go,
And thether beare your Treasure and your Goodes,
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace
The Seale I kepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.
The Trumpets sound.

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

"Welcome sweete Prince to London, To your Chamber."

"Welcome deere Cosin, my thoughts Soueraign The wearie way hath made you Melancholy."

"No Vnkle, but our crosses on the way, Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie. I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me."

"Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeers Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deceit: No more can you distinguish of a man, Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes, Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart. Those Vnkles which you want, were dangerous: Your Grace attended to their Sugred words, But look'd not on the poyson of their hearts: God keepe you from them, and from such false Friends."

"God keepe me from false Friends, But they were none."

"My lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you."
Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. Maior.

God blesse your Grace, with health and happie dayes.

Prin.

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

The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

I thought my Mother, and my Brother Yorke, Would long, ere this, haue met vs on the way. Fie, what a Slug is Hastings, that he comes not To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

And in good time, heere comes the sweating 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 Yorke, Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace, But by his Mother was perforce with Hastings goe with
him,

And from her jealous Armes pluck him perforce.

My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.

You are too sencelesse obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuarie, in seizing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those, whose dealings haue desaru'd the place,
This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor desaru'd it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children, ne're till now.

My Lord, you shall o're‑rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, will you goe with me?

I goe, my Lord.

Exit Cardinall and Hastings.

Good Lords, make all the speedie hast you may.
Say, Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Glocester</hi>, if our Brother come,

Where shall we soiourne, till our Coronation?
<l>Where it think'st best vnto your Royall selfe.</l>
<l>If I may counsaile you, some day or two</l>
<l>Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower;</l>
<l>Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit</l>
<l>For your best health, and recreation.</l>

<sp who="#F-r3-prn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
  <l>I doe not like the Tower, of any place;</l>
  <l>Did <hi rend="italic">Iulius Caesar</hi> build that place, my Lord?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
  <l>He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,</l>
  <l>Which since, succeeding Ages haue re&x2011;edify'd.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-prn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
  <l>Is it vpon record? or else reported successiuely from age to age, he built it?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker>
  <l>Vpon record, my gracious Lord.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-prn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
  <l>But say, my Lord, it were not registred,</l>
  <l>Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,</l>
  <l>As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie,</l>
  <l>Euen to the generall ending day.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
  <l>So wise, so young, they say doe neuer liue long.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-prn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
  <l>What say you, Vnckle?</l>
</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker>
  <l>I say, without Characters, Fame liues long.</l>
  <l>Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,</l>
  <l>I morallize two meanings in one word.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-prn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
</sp>
That Iulius Caesar was a famous man,

With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,

His Wit set downe, to make his Valour liue:

Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,

For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life.

Ile tell you what, my Cousin Buckingham.

What, my gracious Lord?

And if I liue vntill I be a man,

Ile win our ancient Right in France againe,

Or dye a Souldier, as I liu'd a King.

Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring.

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, and Cardinall.

Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

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

Ile, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:

Too late he dy'd, that might haue kept that Title,

Which by his death hath lost much Maiestie.

How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke?
I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord, You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth: The Prince, my Brother, hath outgrowne me farre.

He hath, my Lord.

And therefore is he idle? Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so.

Then he is more beholding to you, then I.

He may command me as my Soueraigne, But you haue power in me, as in a Kinsman.

I pray you, Vnckle, giue me this Dagger.

My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart.

A Begger, Brother? with all my heart.

Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue, And being but a Toy, which is no griefe to giue.

A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cousin.
<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.</sp>

I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.</sp>

O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'll say a Beggar nay.</sp>

It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.</sp>

I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.</sp>

What, would you haue my Weapon, little Lord?</sp>

I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you call me.</sp>

My Lord of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.</sp>

You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.
<speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker><br/>
With what a sharpe provided wit he reasons:<br/>
To mitigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle,<br/>
He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:<br/>
So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.<br/>
</sp><br/>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker><br/>
  My Lord, wilt please you passe along?<br/>
</sp><br/>
Buckingham<hi rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>,<br/>
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her<br/>
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.<br/>
</sp><br/>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The Life and Death of Richard the Third.</fw><br/>
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker><br/>
  What, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?<br/>
</sp><br/>
<sp who="#F-r3-prn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker><br/>
  I feare no Vnckles dead.<br/>
</sp><br/>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker><br/>
  Why, what should you feare?<br/>
</sp><br/>
<sp who="#F-r3-yor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker><br/>
  I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.<br/>
</sp><br/>
<sp who="#F-r3-prn">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker><br/>
  I fere no Vnckles dead.<br/>
</sp><br/>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Glo.</speaker><br/>
  Nor none that liue, I hope.<br/>
</sp><br/>
Ghost:<br/>
My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.<br/>
</sp><br/>
<speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>

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

But come my Lord: and with a heauie heart,

Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

A Senet. Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Dorset.

Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buck.

Was not incensed by his subtile Mother,

To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,

Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:

He is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.

Well, let them rest: Come hither Catesby,

Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceale what we impart:

Thou know'st our reasons vrg'd vpon the way.

To make William Lord Hastings of our minde,

For the installment of this Noble Duke

In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?

Hee will doe all in all as Hastings doth.

not hee?

Hee will doe all in all as Hastings doth.
Well then, no more but this:

Goe gentle Catesby, and as it were farre off.

Sound thou Lord Hastings,

How he doth stand affected to our purpose,

And summon him to morrow to the Tower,

To sit about the Coronation.

If thou do'st finde him tractable to vs,

Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, yeie, cold, vnwilling,

Be thou so too, and so breake off the talke,

And giue vs notice of his inclination:

For we to morrow hold diuided Councels,

Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employ'd.

Commend me to Lord William:
tell him Catesby,

His ancient Knot of dangerous Aduersaries

To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,

And bid my Lord, for ioy of this good newes,

Giue Mistresse Shore one gentle Kisse the more.

Shall we heare from you, Catesby, ere we sleepe?

You shall, my Lord.

At House, there shall you find vs both.
Exit Catesby.

Now, my Lord, What shall we do, if we perceive Lord Hastings will not yield to our Complots?

Chop off his Head: Something we will determine: And looke when I am King, claim thee of me The Earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables Whereof the King, my Brother, was possessd.

I will claim that promise at your Graces hand.

And looke to have it yielded with all kindnesse. Come, let us suppe betimes, that afterwards we may digest our complots in some forme.

Exeunt.

Enter a Messenger to the Door of Hastings.

My Lord, my Lord.

Who knockes? One from the Lord Stanley.

My Lord, my Lord.

Who knockes? One from the Lord Stanley.
What is't a Clocke?

Vpon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe these tedious Nights?

Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night he dreamt, the Bore had rased off his Helme: Besides, he sayes there are two Councels kept; And that may be determin'd at the one, Which may make you and him to rue at th'other. Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure, If you will presently take Horse with him, And with all speed post with him toward the North, To shun the danger that his Soule diuines.

Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord, Bid him not feare the seperated Counsell: His Honor and my selfe are at the one, And at the other, is my good friend Catesby: Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs, Whereof I shall not haue intelligence: Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance, And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's so simple, To trust the mock'ry of vnquiet slumbers, To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues, Were to incense the Bore to follow vs, And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase.
Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Bore will use us kindly.

Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

Enter Catesby.

It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
And I believe will never stand upright,
Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

I, my good Lord.

Ile haue this Crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I see the Crowne so foule mis-placed:
But canst thou guess, that he doth ayme at it?

The Life and Death of Richard the Third.
Cates.  
I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,  
Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof:  
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,  
That this same very day your enemies,  
The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.

Hast.  
Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,  
Because they haue beene still my adversaries:  
But, that Ile giue my voice on Richards side,  
To barre my Masters Heires in true Descent,  
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.

God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out  
With Riuers, 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  
With some packing, that yet thinke not on't.

'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,  
When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it.

O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out  
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  
With some packing, that yet thinke not on't.

'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,  
When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it.
Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore's speare man?

Feare you the Bore, and goe so vnprovided?

My Lord good morrow, good morrow. You may ieast on, but by the holy Rood,

I doe not like these seuerall Councels, I.

My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours, And neuer in my dayes, I doe protest,

Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now: Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,

I would be so triumphant as I am?

The Lords at Pomfret, whē they rode from London, Were iocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,

And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:

But yet you see, how soone the Day o're cast.

This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:

Pray God (I say) I proue a needlesse Coward.

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

Come, come, haue with you:

Wot you what, my Lord,

To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded.

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

Then some that haue accus'd them, weare their Hats.

But come, my Lord, let's away.

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

Enter a Pursuiuant.
<speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
<l>Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.</stage>
<l>How now, Sirra? how goes the World with thee?</l>

<sp who="#F-r3-pur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Purs.</speaker>
  <l>The better, that your Lordship please to ask.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-has">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
  <l>I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,</l>
  <l>Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:</l>
  <l>Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,</l>
  <l>By the suggestion of the Queen's Allies.</l>
  <l>But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>This day those Enemies are put to death,</l>
  <l>And I in better state then ere I was.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-has">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
  <l>Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Throwes him his Purse.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-pur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Purs.</speaker>
  <l>I thanke your Honor.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Pursuant.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Priest.</stage>
<sp who="#F-r3-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Priest.</speaker>
  <l>Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Ho</l>
  <lb>nor.</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-has">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
  <l>I thanke thee, good Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, with all my heart.</l>
</sp>

<l>I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:</l>
<l>Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.</l>
<sp who="#F-r3-pri">
  <speaker rend="italic">Priest.</speaker>
  <l>Ile wait vpon your Lordship.</l>
</sp>

Buckingham.<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
</stage>

<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
  <l>What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?</l>
  <l>Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest,</l>
  <l>Your Honor hath no shriuing worke in hand.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-has">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
  <l>Good faith, and when I met this holy man,</l>
  <l>The men you talke of, came into my minde.</l>
  <l>What, goe you toward the Tower?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
  <l>I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:</l>
  <l>I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-has">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
  <l>Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Buc.</speaker>
  <l>And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.</l>
  <l>Come, will you goe?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-has">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
  <l>Ile wait vpon your Lordship.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

<div type="scene" n="3">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying</stage>
  <lb>the Nobles to death at Pomfret.</lb>
  <sp who="#F-r3-riv">
    <speaker rend="italic">Riuers.</speaker>
    <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Richard Ratcliffe</hi>, let me tell thee this,</l>
    <l>To day shalt thou behold a Subiect die,</l>
    <l>For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.</l>
  </sp>
</div>
Grey.

God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,

A Knot you are, of damned Blood suckers.

Vaugh.

You liue, that shall cry woe for this heere after.

Rat.

Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out.

Riuers.

O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!

Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:

Within the guiltie Closure of thy Walls,

Richard the Second here was hackt to death:

Now Margarets Curse is falne vpon our Heads,

When shee exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,

For standing by, when Richard stab'd her Sonne.

Then curs'd shee Buckingham,

Then curs'd shee Hasting.

To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:

And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes,

Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, vniustly must be spilt.

Make haste, the houre of death is expiate.

Remember God.
Riuers. Come Grey, come Vaughan, let vs here embrace.

Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.

Exeunt.

Scena Fourth.

[Act 3, Scene 4]

Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolke, Ratcliffe, Louell, with others, at a Table.

Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met, Is to determine of the Coronation: In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day?

Is all things ready for the Royall time?

It is, and wants but nomination.

Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his minde.

We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:
Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, you and he are neere in
loue.

Lord

Hastings, you and he are neere in loue.

I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation,
I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuer'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice,
Which I presume hee'le take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe.
My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow:
I haue beeone long a sleeper: but I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great designe,
Which by my presence might haue beene concluded.

Had you not come vpon your Q my Lord,
I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.
Then my Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, no man might
be bolder,

His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborne,
I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I doe beseech you, send for some of them.

Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker> <br>
Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. <br>
<hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi> hath sounded <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi> in our businesse, <br>
And findes the testie Gentleman so hot, <br>
That he will lose his Head, ere give consent <br>
His Masters Child, as worshipfully he tearmes it, <br>
Shall lose the Royaltie of Englands Throne. <br>
</sp> <br>
<sp who="#F-r3-buc">
<speaker rend="italic">Buck.</speaker> 
Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you. <br>
</sp> <br>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage> <br>
<sp who="#F-r3-sta">
<speaker rend="italic">Darb.</speaker> 
We haue not yet set downe this day of Triumph: <br>
To morrow, in my judgement, is too sudden, <br>
For I my selfe am not so well prouided, <br>
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd. <br>
</sp> <br>
<sp who="#F-r3-ely">
<speaker rend="italic">Ely.</speaker> 
Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster? <br>
I haue sent for these Strawberries. <br>
</sp> <br>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
<speaker rend="italic">Ha.</speaker> 
His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morning, <br> <cb n="2"/> 
There's some conceit or other likes him well, <br>
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit, <br>
I think there's neuer a man in Christendome <br>
Can lesser hide his loue, or hate, then hee, <br>
For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart. <br>
</sp> <br>
<sp who="#F-r3-sta">
<speaker rend="italic">Darb.</speaker> 
What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face, <br>
By any liuelyhoo he shew'd to day? <br>
</sp> <br>
<sp who="#F-r3-has">
<speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker> 
Mary, that with no man here he is offended: <br>
For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes. <br>
</sp> <br>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard, and Buckingham.</stage>
I pray you all, tell me what they deserue,
That doe conspire my death with diuellish Plots,
Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue preuail'd
Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.

The tender loue I beare your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward, in thi
this Princely presence,
To doome th'Offendors, whosoe're they be:
I say, my Lord, they haue deserued death.

Then be your eyes the witnesse of their euill.
Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd vp:
And this is Edwards Wife, that
monstrous Witch,

If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord.
If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of Ifs: thou art a Traytor,
Off with his Head; now by Saint
sweare,
I will not dine, vntill I see the same.

Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame, the Bore did
rowse our Helmes,
And I did scorne it, and disdaine to flye:

Three times to day my Foot and Cloth Horse did stumble,

And started, when he look'd vpon the Tower,

As loth to beare me to the slaughter house.

O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:

As too triumphing, how mine Enemies

to day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I my selfe secure, in grace and fauour.

Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy heauie Curse

Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched Head.

Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner:

Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.

O momentarie grace of mortall men,

Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!

Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,

Liues like a drunken Sayler on a Mast,

Readie with euery Nod to tumble downe,

Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.

O bloody Richard: miserable England,

I prophecie the fearefull'st time to thee,

That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon.

Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,

They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt. 

The Life and Death of Richard the Third.
Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour,

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Hearke, a Drumme.

Catesby, o're looke the Walls.
Lord Maior, the reason we haue sent.

Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.

God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.

Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Be patient, they are friends: Ratcliffe, and Louell.

Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor, Hastings.

So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:

I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse Creature,

That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Christian.

Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded

The Historie of all her secret thoughts.

So smooth he dawb'd his Vice with shew of Vertue,

That his apparant open Guilt omitted,

I meane, his Conuersation with Shores Wife,

He liu'd from all attainder of suspects.

Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred Traytor

That euer liu'd.

Would you imagine, or almost beleue,

Wert not, that by great preseruation

We liue to tell it, that the subtill Traytor

This day had plotted, in the Councell-House,

To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloster.

Had he done so?
Rich.

What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?

Or that we would, against the forme of Law,

Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death,

But that the extreme perill of the case,

The Peace of England, and our Persons safetie,

Enforc'd vs to this Execution.

Maior.

Now faire befall you, he deseru'd his death,

And your good Graces both haue well proceeded,

To warne false Traytors from the like Attempts.

Buck.

I neuer look'd for better at his hands,

After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore:

Yet had we not determin'd he should dye,

Vntil your Lordship came to see his end,

Which now the louing haste of these our friends,

Something against our meanings, haue preuented;

Because, my Lord, I would haue had you heard

The Traytor speake, and timorously confesse

The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:

That you might well haue signify'd the same

Vnto the Citizens, who haply may

Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.

Ma.

But, my good Lord, your Graces words shal serue,

As well as I had seene, and heard him speake:

And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,

But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens

With all your iust proceedings in this case.

And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,

T'auoid the Censures of the carping World.

Which since you come too late of our intent,

Yet witnesse what you heare we did intend:

And so, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.
Exit Maior.

Rich.

Goe after, after, Cousin Buckingham.

The Maior towards Guild Hall hyes him in all poste:

There, at your meetest vantage of the time:

Inferre the Bastardie of Edwards:

Tell them, how Edward put to death a Citizen,

Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne

Which, by the Signe thereof, was teared so.

Moreouer, urge his hatefull Luxurie,

And beastiall appetite in change of Lust,

Which stretcht vnto their Servants, Daughters, Wives,

Euen where his raging eye, or sausage heart,

Without controul, lusted to make a prey.

Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person:

Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child

Of that insatiate Edward; Noble Yorke,

My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,

And by true computation of the time,

Found, that the Issue was not his begot,

Which well appeared in his Lineaments,

Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:

Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere farre off,

Because, my Lord, you know my Mother liues.

Buck.

Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,

As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,

Were for my selfe: and so, my Lord, adue.

Buck.

If you thriue wel, bring them to Baynards Castle,

Where you shall finde me well accompanied

With reuerend Fathers, and well learned Bishops.

Buck.

I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke

Looke for the Newes that the Guild Hall
affords.</sp>

Buckingham.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">

Rich.</sp>

Goe <hi rend="italic">Louell</hi> with all speed to Doctor Shaw</hi>,</sp>

Goe thou to Fryer <hi rend="italic">Peuker</hi>, bid them both</sp>

Meet me within this houre at Baynards Castle.</sp>

Now will I goe to take some priuie order,</sp>

To draw the Brats of <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> out of sight,</sp>

And to giue order, that no manner person</sp>

Haue any time recourse vnto the Princes.</sp>

Enter a Scriuener.</stage>

Here is the Indictment of the good Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, Which in a set Hand fairely is engross'd,

That it may be to day read o're in <hi rend="italic">Paules</hi>.

And marke how well the sequell hangs together:

Eleuen houres I haue spent to write it ouer,

For yester-night by <hi rend="italic">Catesby</hi> was it sent me,

The Precedent was full as long a doing,

And yet within these fiue houres <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi> liu'd,

Vntainted, vnexamind, free, at libertie.

Here's a good World the while,

Who is so grosse, that cannot see this palpable deuice?

Yet</fw>

Yet who so bold, but sayes he sees it not?

Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,

When such ill dealing must be seene in thought.</sp>

Exit.</stage>
Enter Richard and Buckingham at seurall Doores.

Richard

How now, how now, what say the Citizens?

Buckingham

Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, say not a word.

Richard

Toucht you the Bastardie of Edwards Children?

Buckingham

I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy, And his Contract by Deputie in France,
Th'vnsatiate greedinesse of his desire,
And his enforcement of the Citie Wues,
His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Bastardie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your Father,
Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde,
Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,
Your Discipline in Warre, Wisdome in Peace,
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,
Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse,
And when my Oratorie drew toward end,
I bid them that did loue their Countries good,
Cry, God saue Richard, Englands Royall King.

Richard

And did they so?

Buckingham

No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word.
But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull silence?
His answer was, the people were not vsed to be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe:
Thus sayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd, but nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe.
When he had done, some followers of mine owne, at lower end of the Hall, hurl'd vp their Caps,
And some tenne voyces cry'd, God saue King Richard:
And thus I tooke the vantage of those few.
Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I, this generall applause, and chearefull showt,
Argues your wisdome, and your loue to Richard:
And euen here brake off, and came away.

What tongue lesse Blockes were they, would they not speake?
Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?
The Maior is here at hand: intend some feare,
Be not you spoke with, but by mightie suit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand, for on that ground Ile make a holy Descant:
And be not easily wonne to our requests, play the Maids part, still answer nay, and take it.
I goe: and if you plead as well for them, as I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happie issue.
Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knockes.
Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall.
Enter Catesby.

Buck.

Now Catesby, what sayes your Lord to my request?

Buck.

Returne, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke,

Tell him, my selfe, the Maior and Aldermen,

In deepe designes, in matter of great moment,

No lesse importing then our generall good,

Are come to haue some conference with his Grace.

Ile signifie so much vnto him straight.

Exit.

Buck.

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

He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed,

But on his Knees, at Meditation:

Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,

But meditating with two deepe Diuines:

Not sleeping, to engrosse his idle Body,

But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule,

Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince

Take on his Grace the Soueraignty thereof.

But sure I feare we shall not winne him to it.

Edward.

Marry God defend his Grace should say vs nay.
I feare he will: here Catesby comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now Catesby, what sayes his Grace?

He wonders to what end you haue assembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.

Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should suspect me, that I meane no good to him:
By Heauen, we come to him in perfit loue,
And so once more returne, and tell his Grace.

Exit.

When holy and deuout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Bishops.

See where his Grace stands, tweene two Clergie men.

Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,
Lend fauourable eare to our requests,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy Deuotion, and right Christian Zeale.

My Lord, there needs no such Apologie:
I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleasure?

Euen that (I hope which pleaseth God above,
And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile.

I doe suspect I haue done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

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

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

I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleasure?

Who = "#F-r3-buc"
Buck.:
I doe suspect I haue done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You
You haue, my Lord:
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.

Know then, it is your fault, that you resigne
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maiesticall,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall House,
To the corrup
Whereas it is your fault, that you resigne
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maiesticall,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall House,
To the corruption of a blemisht Stock;
Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countries good,
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:
Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countries good,
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:
His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,
His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulnessse, and deepe Obliusion.
Which to recure, we heartily solici
Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge
And Kingly Gouernment of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine;
But as successiuely, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empyrie, your owne.
For this, consorted with the Citizens,
Your very Worshipfull and louing friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this iust Cause come I to moue your Grace.

I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
If not to answer, you might haply thinke,
Tongue ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraigntie,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprooue you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithfull loue to me,
Then on the other side I check'd my friends.
Therefore to speake, and to avoide the first,
And then in speaking, not to incurre the last,
Defintiuiely thus I answer you.
Your loue deserues my thankes, but my desert
Vnmeritable, shunnes your high request.
First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
And that my Path were euen to the Crowne,
As the ripe Reuenue, and due of Birth:
Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,
So mightie, and so manie my defects,
That I would rathe hide me from my Greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea;
Then in my Greatnesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you, were there need:
The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the stealing howres of time,
Will well become the Seat of Maiestie,
And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,
But the respects thereof are nice, and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your Brother's Sonne,
So say we too, but not by Edwards
For first was he contract to Lady Lucie,
Your Mother liues a Witnesse to his Vow;
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, Sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poore Petitioner,
A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beautie-waining, and distressed Widow,
Euen in the after-noone of her best dayes,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in his unlawfull Bed, he got
This Edward, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some aliue,
I giue a sparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe
This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:
If not to blesse vs and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestrie
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a Lineall true deriued course.

Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.
Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue.
O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit.
Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?
I am vnfit for State, and Maiestie:
I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

If you refuse it, as in loue and zeale,

Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne,

As well we know your tendermesse of heart,

And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorse,

Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred,

And egally indeede to all Estates:

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

Your Brothers Sonne shall neuer reigne 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 leaue you.

Come Citizens, we will entreat no more.

Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their suit:

If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.

Will you enforce me to a world of Cares.

Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,

But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,

Albeit against my Conscience and my Soule.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage graue men,

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,

To beare her burthen, where I will or no.

I must haue patience to endure the Load:

But if black Scandall, or foule fac'd Reproach,

Attend the sequell of your Imposition,

Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me From all the impure blots and staynes thereof;

For God doth know, and you may partly see,

How farre I am from the desire of this.

God blesse your Grace, wee see it, and will say it.

In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Then I salute you with this Royall Title, Long liue King Richard, Englands worthie King.

To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.

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

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

Come, let us to our holy Worke againe. Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends.

Exeunt.
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?

Now, for my Life, shee's wandring to the Tower,

On pure hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince.

Daughter, well met.

God giue your Graces both, a happie

And a ioyfull time of day.

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 leaue,

How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of Yorke?

Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them,

The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

The King? who's that?

I meane, the Lord Protector.

The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.

Hath he set bounds betweene their loue, and me?

I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?
Duch. Yorke.

I am their Fathers Mother, I will see them.

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

Then bring me to their sights, Ile beare thy blame,

And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,

And Ile salute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,

And reuerend looker on of two faire Queenes,

Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster,

There to be crowned Richards Royall Queene.

Ah, cut my Lace asunder,

That my pent heart may haue some scope to beat,

Or else I swoone with this dead killing newes.

Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes.

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

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

Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heele s,

Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt outstrip Death, goe crosse the Seas, and liue with Richmond, from the reach of Hell.

Goe hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter; Lest thou encrease the number of the dead,

And make me dye the thrall of Margarets Curse,

Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Full of wise care, is this your counsaile, Madame:

You shall haue Letters from me to my Sonne,

Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwise delay.

O ill dispersing Winde of Miserie,

O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death:

A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World,

Whose vnauoided Eye is murtherous.

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

And I with all vnwillingnesse will goe.

O would to God, that the inclusiue Verge

Of Golden Mettall, that must round my Brow,

Were red hot Steele, to seare me to the Braines,

Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,

And dye ere men can say, God saue the Queene.

Goe, goe, poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,

To feed my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

And I with all vnwillingnesse will goe.

O would to God, that the inclusiue Verge

Of Golden Mettall, that must round my Brow,

Were red hot Steele, to seare me to the Braines,

Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,

And dye ere men can say, God saue the Queene.

Goe, goe, poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,

To feed my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

When he that is my Husband now,

Came to me, as I follow'd Henries
Corse,<n>When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,<n>Which issued from my other Angell Husband,<n>And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:<n>O, when I say I look'd on Richards Face,<n>This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,<n>For making me, so young, so old a Widow:<n>And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,<n>More miserable, by the Life of thee,<n>Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death,<n>Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,<n>Within so small a time, my Womans heart<br>Grossely grew captiue to his honey words,<n>And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curse,<n>Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:<n>For neuer yet one howre in his Bed<br>Did I enioy the golden deaw of sleepe,<n>Besides, he hates me for my Father Warwicke,<n>No more, then with my soule I mourne for yours.<n>Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leaue of it.<n>Go thou to Richmond, good fortune guide thee,<n>Go thou to <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, and good
Face,<n>This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,<n>For making me, so young, so old a Widow:<n>And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed,<n>And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,<n>More miserable, by the Life of thee,<n>Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death,<n>Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,<n>Within so small a time, my Womans heart<br>Grossely grew captiue to his honey words,<n>And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curse,<n>Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:<n>For neuer yet one howre in his Bed<br>Did I enioy the golden deaw of sleepe,<n>Besides, he hates me for my Father Warwicke,<n>And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.<n>Qu.<n>Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining.<n>Anne.<n>Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.<n>Anne.<n>Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leaue of it.<n>Du. Y.<n>Go thou to <hi rend="italic">Richmond</hi>, <amp; good fortune guide thee,<n>Go thou to <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, and good
Angels tend thee,<n>Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my Graue, where peace and rest lye with mee.

Eightie odde yeeres of sorrow haue I seene,
And each howres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

Qu.
Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom Enuie hath immur’d within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones,
Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: vse my Babies well;
So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.

Exeunt.

The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Scena Secunda.
[Act 4, Scene 2]

Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Louel.

Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Still liue they, and for euer let them last.

Richard in pomp, Buc&amp;#x00AD;

kingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Louel.

Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

My gracious Soueraigne.

Giue me thy hand.

Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy assistance,
Is King Richard seated:
But shall we weare these Glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them?

Still liue they, and for euer let them last.
Rich.:

Ah Buckingham, now doe I play the Touch,

To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:

Young Edward liues, thinke now what I would speake.

Say on my louing Lord.

Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.


Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:

Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?

O bitter consequence!

That Edward still should liu true Noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plaine? I wish the Bastards dead.

And I would haue it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe.

Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:

Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?
Buc.  

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

Before I positively speake in this:

I will resolute you herein presently.

Exit

Buck.

Catesby.

The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.

Rich.

I will conuerse with Iron-witted Fooles,

And vnrespectiue Boyes: none are for me,

That looke into me with considerate eyes,

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy.

Rich.

Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold

Will tempt unto a close exploit of Death?

Page.

I know a discontented Gentleman,

Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit:

Gold were as good as twentie Orators,

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

Page.

His Name, my Lord, is Tirrell.

Rich. 

I partly know the man: goe call him hither,

Boy.

Exit.

The deepe reuoluing wittie
Buckingham,

No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes.

Hath he so long held out with me, vntyr'd,

And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newes?

Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse Dorset, As I heare, is fled to Richmond, In the parts where he abides.

Come hither Catesby, rumor it abroad, That Anne my Wife is very grieuous sicke,

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence Daughter:

The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.

Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, giue out, That Anne, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.

About it, for it stands me much vpon

To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me.

I must be married to my Brothers Daughter;

Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse;

Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in

So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,

Teare falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Is thy Name Tyrrel?
Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

Rich. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you: But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies,

Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower.

Thou sing'st sweet Musique;

Hearke, come hither

Tyrrel, Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare,

Whispers. There is no more but so: say it is done,

And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.

I will dispatch it straight.

Exit.

Enter Buckingham.

My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde,

The late request that you did sound me in.
Rich.

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

Buck.

I heare the newes, my Lord.

Rich.

Stanley, hee is your Wiues Sonne: well, looke vnto it.

Buck.

My Lord, I cayme the gift, my due by promise,

For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,

Th'Earldome of Hertford, and the moueables,

Which you haue promised I shall possesse.

Rich.

Stanley looke to your Wife: if she conuey Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck.

What sayes your Highnesse to my iust request?

I doe remember me, Henry the Sixt

Did prophecie, that Richmond should be King.

When Richmond was a little peeuish Boy.

A King perhaps.
Thou troublest me, I am not in the vain.

Exit.

Buck.

And is it thus? repayes he my deepe seruice?

O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone.

To Brecnock, while my fearefull Head is on.

Exit.

Enter Tyrrel.

The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
The most arch deed of pittious massacre

That euer yet this Land was guilty of:

Dighton and Forrest, who I did suborne

To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,

Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges,

Melted with tendernesse, and milde compassion,

Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.

O thus (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle Babes;

Thus, thus (quoth Forrest) girdling one another

Within their Alablaster innocent Armes:

Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,

And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.

A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,

Which one (quoth Forrest) almost chang'd my minde:

But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine stopt:

When Dighton thus told on, we smothered

The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,

That from the prime Creation ere she framed.

Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,

They could not speake, and so I left them both.
To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

Enter

Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord.

Enter Richard.

Kinde Tirrell, am I happy in thy Newes.

If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge,

Beget your happinesse, be happy then,

For it is done.

But did'st thou see them dead.

I did my Lord.

And buried gentle Tirrell.

The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,

But where (to say the truth) I do not know.

Come to me Tirrel soone, and after Supper,

When thou shalt tell the processe of their death.

Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,

And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till then.

I humbly take my leaue.

The Sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage,

The Sonnes of Edward Abrahams' bosome,

And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.

Now for I know the Britaine Richmond ayres

At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,

And by that knot looks proudly on the Crowne,

To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Good or bad newes, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Bad news my Lord, Mourton is fled to Richmond,

And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welshmen

Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

Come, I have learn'd, that fearfull comme

Is leaden servant to dull delay.

Delay leads impotent and Snail-paced

Then fierie expedition be my wing,

Ioues Mercury, and Herald for a King:

Go muster men: My counsaile is my Sheeld,

We must be briefe, when Traitors braue the field.

Enter old Queene
Margaret.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r3-qma"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>

<line>So now prosperity begins to mellow.</line>

<line>And drop into the rotten mouth of death:</line>

<line>Heere in these Confines slily haue I lurkt.</line>

<line>To watch the waining of mine enemies.</line>

<line>A dire induction, am I winnesse to.</line>

<line>And will to France, hoping the consequence</line>

<line>Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall.</line>

<line>Withdraw thee wretched Margaret,</line>

<sp who="#F-r3-qma"/>

who comes heere?/line>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Dutchesse and Queene.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r3-duc"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>

<line>So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce,</line>

<line>That my woe&lt;hi rend="italic">Edward Plantagenet&lt;/hi&gt;,&lt;hi rend="italic">Edward</hi&gt; for &lt;hi rend="italic">Edward&lt;/hi&gt;,&lt;hi rend="italic">Edward&lt;/hi&gt;, payes a dying debt.</line>

<sp who="#F-r3-qel"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<line>Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes:</line>

<line>My vnblowed Flowres, new appearing sweets:</line>

<line>If yet your gentle soules flye in the Ayre,&lt;/line>

<line>And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,&lt;/line>

<line>Houer about me with your ayery wings,&lt;/line>

<line>And heare your mothers Lamentation.&lt;/line>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-qma"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>

<line>Houer about her, say that right for right</line>

<line>Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night.</line>

<sp who="#F-r3-qma"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>

<line>Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs,</line>

<line>And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe&lt;c

<sp rend="italic">?</sp></line>

<line>When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?</line>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>When holy <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> dyed, and my sweet Sonne.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>Dead life, blind sight, poore mortall liuing ghost,</l>
  <l>Woes Scene. Worlds shame, Graues due, by life vsurpt,</l>
  <l>Breefe abstract and record of tedious dayes,</l>
  <l>Rest thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,</l>
  <l>Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>Ah that thou would'st assoone affoord a Graue,</l>
  <l>As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seate:</l>
  <l>Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere,</l>
  <l>Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,</l>
  <l>Giue mine the benefit of signeurie,</l>
  <l>And let my greefes frowne on the vupper hand</l>
  <l>If sorrow can admit Society.</l>
  <l>I had an <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, till a <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> kill'd him:</l>
  <l>I had a Husband, till a <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> kill'd him:</l>
  <l>Thou had'st an <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, till a <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> kill'd him:</l>
  <l>Thou had'st a <hi rend="italic">Rutland</hi>, thou hop'st to kill him:</l>
  <l>Thou had'ast an <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, till a <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> kill'd him:</l>
  <l>Thou had'ast a <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, till a <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> kill'd him;</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-duc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dut.</speaker>
  <l>I had a <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> too, and thou did'st kill him;</l>
  <l>I had a <hi rend="italic">Rutland</hi> too, thou hop'st to kill him.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-qma">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>Thou had'ast a <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, And <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> kill'd him.</l>
  <l>From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept</l>
  <l>A Hell&lt;#x2011;</l>
  <l>That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,</l>
  <l>To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:</l>
</sp>
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:

That reignes in gaulted eyes of weeping soules:

That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,

Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to our graues.

O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,

How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre

Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body,

And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone.

Oh Harries wife, triumph not in my woes:

God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thine.

Beare with me: I am hungry for reuenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward:

The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:

Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they

Matcht not the high perfection of my losse:

Thy Clarence he is dead, that stab'd my Edward:

And the beholders of this franticke play,

Ih'adulterate Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,

Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graues.

Yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer,

Onely reseru'd their Factor, to buy soules,

And send them thither: But at hand, at hand

Insues his pittious and unpittied end.

Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,

To haue him sodainly conuey'd from hence:

Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,

That I may liue and say, The Dogge is dead.

O thou did'st prophesie, the time would come,
That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch\&back'd

Toad.</p>

Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune:
I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was:
The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant:
One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below:
A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;
A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge:
To be the ayme of every dangerous Shot:
A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble:
A Queene in ieast, onely to fill the Scene:
Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein dost thou Ioy?

Who sues, and kneeles, and sayes, God saue the Queene?

Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow:
For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:
For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:
For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
For she being feared of all, now fearing one:
For she commanding all, obey'd of none:
Thus hath the course of Justice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more but Thought of what thou wast.
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my Sorrow?
Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,
From which, euen heere I slip my weared head,
And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee.
Farwell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, shall make me smile in France.

Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day:
Compare dead happinesse, with liuing woe:
Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bett'ring thy losse, makes the bad causer worse,

Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curse.

My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Thy woes will make them sharpe,
And pierce like mine.

Why should calamity be full of words?
Windy Atturnies to their Clients Woes,
Ayery succeeders of intestine ioyes,
Poore breathing Orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they will impart,
Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.

If so then, be not Tongue‑ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother
My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd.
The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclamies.

Who intercepts me in my Expedition?
O she, that might haue intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her
From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou hast done.
Qu.

Hid'st thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne
Where't should be branded, if that right were right?
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,
And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
Tell me thou Villaine slaue, where are my Children?

Dut.

Thou Toad, thou Toade,
Where is thy Brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet his Sonne?

Dut.

Where is kinde Hastings?

Rich.

A flourish Trumpe, strike Alarum Drummes:
Let not the Heauens heare these Tell women Raile on the Lords Annointed. Strike I say.
Either be patient, and intreat me fayre,
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut.

Art thou my Sonne?

Rich.

I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe.

Dut.

The n patiently heare my impatience.

Rich.

I, I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe.

Dut.

Then patiently heare my impatience.

Rich.
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

Madam, I haue a touch of your condition,
That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dut.<speaker rend="italic">O let me speake.</speaker>

Do then, but Ile not heare.

Dut.

I will be milde, and gentle in my words.

Art thou so hasty? I haue staid for thee
(God knowes) in torment and in agony.

No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.
A greeuous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Thy School-daes frightfull, desp'rate, wilde, and furious,

Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, slye, and bloody,
More milde, but yet more harmfull; Kinde in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That euer grac'd me with thy company?

Faith none, but
Hower

That call'd your Grace
To Breakefast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.

Strike vp the Drumme.

I prythee heare me speake.

You speake too bitterly.

Heare me a word:

For I shall neuer speake to thee againe.

So.

Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iust ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:
Or I with greefe and extreame Age shall perish,
And neuer more behold thy face againe.

Therefore take with thee my most greeuous Curse,
Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more
Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.
My Prayers on the aduerse party fight,
And there the little soules of Edwards Children,
Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promise them Successe and Victory:
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend.

Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to her.
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker> 
<br>Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.</br> 

<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <br>I haue no more sonnes of the Royall Blood.</br>
  <br>For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (Richard)<br>
  <br>They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes:<br>
  <br>And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.</br>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <br>You haue a daughter call'd Elizabeth,<br>
  <br>Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?</br>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <br>To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.<br>
  <br>I will confesse she was not Edwards' daughter.<br>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <br>Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princesse.<br>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <br>To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.<br>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <br>Her life is safest onely in her byrth.<br>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <br>And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.<br>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  <br>Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposite.<br>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.

All vnauoyded is the doome of Destiny.

True: when auoyded grace makes Destiny.

My Babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

You speake as if that I had slaine my Cosins?

Cosins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,

Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,

Whose hand soeuer lanch'd their tender hearts,

Thy head (all indirectly) gaue direction.

No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone—hard heart,

To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.

But that still vse of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,

My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,

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

And I in such a desp'rate Bay of death,

Like a poore Barke, of sailes and tackling reft,

Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky bosome.

Madam, so thriue I in my enterprize

And dangerous successe of bloody warres,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

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

What good is couer'd with the face of heauen,

To be discouered, that can do me good.

Th'aduancement of your children, gentle Lady
Vp to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.<n>

Rich.</n>

Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,<n>

The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.<n>

Rich.</n>

Flatter my sorrow with report of it:<n>

Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,<n>

Canst thou demise to any childe of mine.<n>

Rich.</n>

Euen all I haue; I, and my selfe and all,<n>

Will I withall indow a childe of thine:<n>

So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,<n>

Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs,<n>

Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.<n>

Rich.</n>

Be breefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse

Last longer telling then thy kindness date.<n>

Rich.</n>

Then know,<n>

That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.<n>

Rich.</n>

My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule.<n>

Rich.</n>

What do you thinke?<n>

Qu.</n>

That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule<n>

So from thy Soules loue didst thou loue her Brothers,<n>

And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.<n>

Rich.</n>

Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:<n>

I meane that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queene of England.

Well then, who dost you mean being King.

Euen he that makes her Queene: Who else should be?

What, thou?

That I would learn of you, As one being best acquainted with her humour.

And wilt thou learn of me?

Madam, with all my heart.

Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers, A pair of bleeding hearts: thereon ingrace Edward and Yorke, then haply will she weep:

Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret.

Did to thy Father, steept in Rutlands blood, A handkercheef, which say to her did dreyne The purple sappe from her sweet Brothers body, And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
If this inducement moue her not to loue,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:
Tell her, thou mad'st away her Vnckle Clarence
Her Vnckle Clarence, I (and for her sake)
Mad'st quicke conueyance with her good Aunt Anne.
You mocke me Madam, this not the way
To win your daughter.
There is no other way,
Vnlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard, that hath done all this.
Say that I did all this for loue of her.
Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee
Hauing bought loue, with such a bloody spoyle.
Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men shall deale vnaduisedly sometimes,
Which after hours giues leysure to repent.
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
To make amends, Ile giue it to your daughter:
If I haue kill'd the issue of your wombe,
To quicken your encrease, I will beget:
Mine yssue of your blood, vpon your Daughter:
A Grandams name is little lesse in loue,
Then is the doting Title of a Mother:
They are as Children but one steppe below,
Euen of your mettall, of your very blood:
Of all one paine, saue for a night of groanes
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your Children were vexation to your youth,
A Grandams name is little lesse in loue,
Then is the doting Title of a Mother:
They are as Children but one steppe below,
Third.<fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,</l>
<l>The losse you haue, is but a Sonne being King,</l>
<l>And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene,</l>
<l>I cannot make you what amends I would,</l>
<l>Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.</l>
<l><hi rend="italic">Dorset</hi> your Sonne, that with a fearfull soule</l>
<l>Leads discontented steppes in Forraine soyle,</l>
<l>This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home</l>
<l>The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,</l>
<l>Familiarly shall call thy <hi rend="italic">Dorset</hi>, Brother:</l>
<l>Againe shall you be Mother to a King:</l>
<l>And all the Ruines of distressefull Times,</l>
<l>Repayr'd with double Riches of Content.</l>
<l>What? we haue many goodly dayes to see:</l>
<l>The liquid drops of Teares that you haue shed,</l>
<l>Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,</l>
<l>Advantaging their Loue, with interest</l>
<l>Of ten &#x2011; times double gaine of happinesse.</l>
<l>Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,</l>
<l>Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,</l>
<l>Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.</l>
<l>Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame</l>
<l>Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princesse</l>
<l>With the sweet silent houres of Marri age ioyes:</l>
<l>And when this Arme of mine hath chastised</l>
<l>Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,</l>
<l>And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:</l>
<l>To whom I will retaile my Conquest wonne,</l>
<l>And she shalbe sole Victoresse, <hi rend="italic">Cæsar Cæsar</hi></l>
</sp>
</sp>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
<bracker rend="italic">Qu.</bracker>
<l>What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother</l>
<l>Would be her Lord</l>
<l>Or shall I say her Vnkle?</l>
</sp>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
<bracker rend="italic">Rich.</bracker>
</sp>
Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.

Which she shall purchase with stil lasting warre.

Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.

That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.

Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.

To vaille the Title, as her Mother doth.

But how long sball that title euer last?

As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.

As loong as Hell and Richard likes of it.

Say, I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.
But she your subiect, lothes such soueraignty.

Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.

Your reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.

Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.

Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurpt.

I sweare.

By nothing, for this is no Oath:

Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor;

Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;
Thy Crowne vsurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:

If something thou would'st sweare to be beleu'd,

Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.

Then by my Selfe.

Thy Selfe, is selfe &x2011; misvs'd.

Now by the World.

Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,

Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.

What can'st thou sweare by now.

The time to come.
Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time past:
For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
Heereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The Children liue, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
The Parents liue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill vs'd repast.

Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent:
Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:
Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres:
Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest.
Be opposite all Planets of good lucke:
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,
Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter,
In her, consists my Happinesse, and thine;
Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,
Death, Desolation, Ruine, and Decay:
It cannot be auoyded, but by this:
It will not be auoyded, but by this.
Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)
Be the Attourney of my loue to her:
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the Necessity and state of times,
And be not peeuish found, in great Designes.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?
I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good.
Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker><br>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.<br>
</sp><br>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
Yet thou didst kil my Children.<br>
</sp><br>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
But in your daughters wombe I bury them.<br>
Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed<br>
Selues of themselues, to your recomforture.<br>
</sp><br>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
Shall I go win my daughter to thy will<br>
</sp><br>
<sp who="#F-r3-qel">
I go, write to me very shortly,<br>
And you shal vnderstand from me her mind.<br>
</sp><br>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Q.</stage><br>
<sp who="#F-r3-rch">
Beare her my true loues kisse, and so farewell.<br>
Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.<br>
</sp><br>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">How</fw><br>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0555-0.jpg" n="199"/>
<fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Life and Death of Richard the Third.</fw><br>
<cb n="1"/>
How now, what newes?<br>
</sp><br>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ratcliffe.</stage><br>
<sp who="#F-r3-rat">
Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast<br>Rideth a puissant Nauie: to our Shores<br>Throng many doubtfull hollow- hearted friends,<br>Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beat them backe.<br>'Tis thought, that Richmond is their
Admirall:

And there they hull, expecting but the aide of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

Norfolk:

Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk: Ratcliffe thy selfe, or Catesby, where is hee?

Catesby, flye to the Duke.

Come hither, poste to Salisbury: Dull vnmindfull Villaine, Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

I goe.

Exit.

Ratcliffe thy selfe, or Catesby, where is hee?

Here, my good Lord.

I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

O true, good Catesby, bid him leuie straight The greatest strength and power that he can make, And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?

Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I goe?

Your Highnesse told me I should poste before.

Enter Lord Stanley.

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

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:

What need'st thou runne so many miles about,

When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neerest way?

Once more, what newes?

I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse.

Well, as you guesse.

Richmond is on the Seas.

There let him sinke, and be the Seas on him,

White-liuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there?

I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse.

Richmond is on the Seas.

Well, as you guesse.
<speaker rend="italic">Stan.</speaker>

Stir'd vp by <hi rend="italic">Dorset, Buckingham</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Morton</hi>, He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.

<speak who="#F-r3-rch">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
  Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword vnsway'd?
  Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossest?
  What Heire of <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> is there aliue, but wee?
</speak>

And who is Englands King, but great <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>?

Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas?

<speak who="#F-r3-sta">
  <speaker rend="italic">Stan.</speaker>
  Vnlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.
</speak>

Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege, You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes.

Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare.

<speak who="#F-r3-sta">
  <speaker rend="italic">Stan.</speaker>
  No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.
</speak>

Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,

Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?

Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore,

Safe & conducting the Rebels from their Shippes.

<speak who="#F-r3-sta">
  <speaker rend="italic">Stan.</speaker>
  No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
</speak>

Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore,

Safe & conducting the Rebels from their Shippes.
<speaker rend="italic">Stan.</speaker>

They haue not been commanded, mighty King:

Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue me leaue,

Ile muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace,

Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please.

---

They haue not been commanded, mighty King:

Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue me leaue,

Ile muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace,

Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please.

---

Ile not trust thee.

your heart be firme,

Or else his Heads assurance is but fraile.

---

Enter a Messenger.

In Kent, my Liege, the <hi rend="italic">Guilfords</hi> are in Armes,

And euery houre more Competitors Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.
Enter another Messenger.<br/>

Mess.<br/>

My Lord, the Armie of great Buckingham.<br/>

Mess.<br/>

Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death.<br/>

He striketh him.<br/>

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.<br/>

The newes I haue to tell your Maiestie, is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters, Buckinghams Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd.<br/>

And he himselfe wandred away alone, No man knowes whither.<br/>

I cry thee mercie: There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.<br/>

Hath any well advised friend proclaym'd Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?<br/>

Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.<br/>

Sir Thomas Louell, and Lord Dorset.<br/>

Tis said, my Liege, in Yorkshire are in Armes: But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse, The Britaine Nauie is dispers'd by Tempest.<br/>

Richmond in Dorsetshire sent out a Boat unto the shore, to aske those on the Banks, If they were his Assistants, yea, or no? Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham.
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoys'd sayle, and made his course againe for Brittaine.

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

Enter Catesby.
My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best newes: that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told.

Away towards Salsbury, while we reason here,
A Royall batteil might be wonne and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salsbury, the rest march on with me.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.
Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stye of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold:
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, holds off my present ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth hir daughter.

But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?

At Penbroke, or at Hertford West in Wales.

What men of Name resort to him.

Sir Walter Herbert, Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley, Sir James Blunt, Sir Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant Crew, 

And towards London do they bend their power, If by the way they be not fought withall.

Buckingham, with Halberds, led to Execution.

Will not King Richard let me speake with him?
Buc.

Hastings, and Edwards children, Gray & Riuers

Holy King, and thy faire Sonne Edward, Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried

By vnderhand corrupted foule injustice, If that your moody disconcented soules, Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction. This is All-soules day (Fellow) is it not?

It is.

Why then All-soules day, is my bodies doomsday. This is the day, which in King time

I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found False to his Children, and his Wiues Allies. This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall

By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted. This, this All-soules day to my fearfull Soule, Is the determin'd respit of my wrongs:

Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head, And giuen in earnest, what I begg'd in iest. Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men

To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes. Thus Margaret's curse falles heauy on my necke:

When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow, Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse:

Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame, Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.
Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others with drum and colours. Enter Richmond,

Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Frends<br/>
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of Tyranny,

Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,<br/>
Haue we marcht on without impediment;<br/>
And heere receiue we from our Father<br/>
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:<br/>
The wretched, bloody and vsurping Boare,<br/>
(That spoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)<br/>
Swilles your warm blood like wash, makes his trough<br/>
In your embowel'd bosomes: This foule Swine<br/>
Is now euen in the Centry of this Isle,<br/>
Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne:<br/>
In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends,<br/>
By this one bloody tryall off sharpe Warre.<br/>
Every mans Conscience is a thousand men,<br/>
To fight against this guilty Homicide.<br/>
I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.<br/>
He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,<br/>
Which in his deerest neede will flye from him.<br/>
All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,<br/>
True Hope is swift, and flyes with Swallowes wings,<br/>
Kings it makes Gods, and meander creatures Kings.<br/>

Exeunt Omnes.
Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolke, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Bosworth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?

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

Rich. My Lord of Norfolke.

Nor. Heere most gracious Liege.

Rich. Norfolke, we must haue knockes: Ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both giue and take my louing Lord.

Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the Traitors?

Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their vtmost power.

Rich. Why our Battalia trebbles that account:
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse Faction want.
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some Men of sound direction:
Let's
Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay, For Lords, to morrow is a busie day.

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Ox ford, and Dorset.

The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set, And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre, Giues token of a goodly day to morrow. Sir William Brandon, you shall beare my Standard: 

Sir Walter Herbert stay with me: 

The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment; Good Captaine Blunt, beare my goodnight to him, And by the second houre in the Morning, Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent: Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me: Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Vnlesse I haue mistane his Colours much, (Which well I am assur'd I haue not done) His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least South, from the mighty Power of the King.
Blunt.

Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it,
And so God giue you quiet rest to night.

Good night good Captaine

Blunt:

Good night good Captaine:

Come Gentlemen,

Let vs consult vpon to morrowes Businesse;

Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.

They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke, & Catesby.

What is't a Clocke?

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

I will not sup to night,

Giue me some Inke and Paper:

What, is my Beauer easier then it was?

And all my Armour laid into my Tent?

And it is my Liege: and all things are in readinesse.

Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

Exit

Rich. Send out a Pursuivant at Armes To Sir John Stanley's Regiment: bid him bring his power Before Sun rising, least his Sonne fall.

Rich. Saw'st the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himselfe, Much about Cockshut time, from Troope to Troope Went through the Army, chearing vp the Soldiers.

King. So, I am satisfied: Give me a Bowle of Wine, I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit, Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue. Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?
It is my Lord.

Bid my Guard watch. Leaue me.

Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my Tent.

And helpe to arme me. Leaue me I say.

Exit Ratclif.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.

Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?

I by Attourney, blesse thee from thy Mother, Who prayes continually for Richmonds good:

So much for that. The silent houres steale on,

And flakie darkenesse breaks within the East.

In breefe, for so the season bids vs be,

Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,

And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement

Of bloody stroakes, and mortall staring Warre:

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

With best aduantage will deceiue the time,

And ayde thee in this doubtfull shocke of Armes.

But on thy side I may not be too forward,

Least being seene, thy Brother, tender George

Be executed in his Fathers sight.

Farewell: the leysure, and the fearfull time

Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,

And ample enterchange of sweet Discourse,

Which so long sundred Friends should dwell vpon:

God giue vs leysure for these rites of Loue.

Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.

Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
Ile striue with troubled noise, to take a Nap,
Lest leaden slumber peize me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.

Exeunt.

Manet Richmond.

O thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heauy fall,
Th'vsurping Helmets of our Adversaries:
Make vs thy ministers of Chasticement,
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still.

Sleeps.

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

Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow:
Thinke how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth
At Teukesbury: Dispaire therefore, and dye.
Be chearefull Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> issue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixt.

When I was mortall, my Annointed body
By thee was punched full of holes;
Thinke on the Tower, and me: Dispaire, and dye,
King <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> the sixt, bids thee dispaire,
and dye.

To Richm.

Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> that prophesied thou should'st
be King,

Doth comfort thee in sleepe: Liue, and flourish.

Enter

The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

<!sp n="1"/>

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost.

Let me sit heauy in thy soule to morrow.

I that was wash'd to death with Fulsome Wine:

Poore Clarence by thy guile betray'd to death:

To morrow in the battell thinke on me,

And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.

To Richm.

Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster

The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,

Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riu

Let me sit heauy in thy soule to morrow,

Riuers, that dy'de at Pomfret: dispaire, and dye.

Grey.

Thinke vpon Grey, and let thy soule dispaire.

Grey

Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guilty feare

Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.

All

to Richm.

Awake,

And thinke our wrongs in Richards

Bosome,

Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.
Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Enter the Ghost of the two young Princes.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.
Thou quiet soule,
Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe:
Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Aduersaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The last was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battaile think on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltiness.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire; dispairing yeeld thy breath.

I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not dismayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> fall in height of all his pride.

Richard starts out of his dreame.

The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none else by,
O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
Great reason: why?
Lest I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe?
Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Selfe, haue done vnto my Selfe?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.
I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not.
My Conscience hath a thousand seuerall Tongues,
And euery Tongue brings in a seuerall Tale,
Periurie, in the high'st Degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrst degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vs'd in each degree,
I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loues me;
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me.
Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Selfe,
Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.
Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Who's there?

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

King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night Haue stroke more terror to the soule of
Richard,

Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers Armed in profe, and led by shallow

'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me, Under our Tents Ile play the Ease&\#x2011;dropper,

To heare if any meane to thanke from me.

Exeunt Richard & Ratliffe,

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting

Good morrow Richmond.

Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen, That you haue tane a tardie sluggard heere

How haue you slept my Lord?

The sweetest sleepe, And fairest boading Dreames, That euer entred in a drowsie head, Haue I since your departure had my Lords. Me thought their Soules, whose bodies

Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.

Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:

I promise you my Heart is very iocond,

In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,

How farre into the Morning is it Lords?

Vpon the stroke of foure.

Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.

His Oration
to his Souldiers.</stage>

More then I haue said, louing Countrymen,
The leysure and inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this.

God

The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces,
(t hose whom we fight against,)

Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloudy Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him:
A base foule Stone, made precious by the soyle of Englands Chaire, where he is falsely set:
One that hath euer beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
God will in iustice ward you as his Soldiers.
If you do sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine:
If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the hyre.
If you do fight in safegard of your wiuies,
Your wiuies shall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Aduance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.

God, and Saint George, Richmond,
and Victory.
</sp>

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.</stage>
Rat.
That he was never trained vp in Armes.

King.
He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Rat.
He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

King.
He was in the right, and so indeed it is.

Tell the clocke there.

Giue me a Kalender: Who saw the Sunne to day?

My Lord.

My Lord.

Then he disdaines to shine: for by the Booke
He should haue brau'd the East an houre ago,
A blacke day will it be to somebody.

Ratcliffe.

My Lord.

Nor.

More then to Richmond? For the selfe Heauen

That frownes on me, lookes sadly vpon him.

That he was never trained vp in Armes.

Tell the clocke there.

Giue me a Kalender: Who saw the Sunne to day?

Nor.

Enter

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

Come, bustle, bustle. 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.

Our Archers shall be placed in the mid'st;

Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,

Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horse.

They thus directed, we will fllose.

In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our cheefest Horse:

This, and Saint George to boote.

What think'st thou Norfolke.

A good direction warlike Soueraigne,

This found I on my Tent this Morning.

Iockey of Norfolke, be not so bold,

For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold.

A thing deuised by the Enemy.

Go Gentlemen, euery man to his Charge,

Let not our babling Dreames affright our soules:

For Conscience is a word that Cowards vse,

Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.

March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too't pell mell,

If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.

What shall I say more then I haue inferr'd?

Remember whom you are to cope withall,

A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Runawayes.

A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants,

To desperate Adventures, and assur'd Destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:

You hauing Lands, and blest with beauteous wiues,

They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cost,
A Milke-sop, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold, as ouer shooes in Snow:
Let's whip these straglers o're the Seas againe,
Lash hence these ouer-weening Ragges of France,
These famish'd Beggers, weary of their liues,
For want of meanes (poore Rats) shad hang'd themselues.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Britaines, whom our Fathers
Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enjoy our Lands? Lye with our Wifes?
Rauish our daughters?

Drum afarre off

Hearke, I heare 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 staues.

Enter a Messenger.

What sayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

My Lord, he doth deny to come.

My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh:
After the battaile, let George Stanley dye.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Aduance our Standards, set vpon our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire Saint,
George

Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons:

Vpon them, Victorie sits on our helpes.

excursions. Enter Catesby.

Rescue my Lord of Norfolke,
Rescue, Rescue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarums.

Enter Richard.

A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.
Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horse
Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.
Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard

<lb>
is slaine.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Retreat, and Flourish.</stage>

Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the

<lb>Crowne, with diuers other Lords.</stage>

<sp who="#F-r3-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Richm.</speaker>

<l>God, and your Armes</l>

<l>Be prais'd Victorious Friends;</l>

<l>The day is ours, the blody Dogge is dead.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-sta">

<speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>

<l>Couragious Richmond,</l>

<l>Well hast thou acquit thee: Loe,</l>

<l>Heere these long usurped Royalties,</l>

<l>From the dead Temples of this blody Wretch,</l>

<l>Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.</l>

<l>Weare it, and make much of it.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Richm.</speaker>

<l>Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all.</l>

<l>But tell me, is yong <hi rend="italic">George Stanley</hi> liuing?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-sta">

<speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>

<l>He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,</l>

<l>Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Richm.</speaker>

<l>What men of name are slaine on either side?</l>

</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-r3-sta">

<speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>

<l>He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,</l>

<l>Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Richm.</speaker>

<l>What men of name are slaine on either side?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-sta">

<speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>

<l>He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,</l>

<l>Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Richm.</speaker>

<l>What men of name are slaine on either side?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-sta">

<speaker rend="italic">Der.</speaker>

<l>He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,</l>

<l>Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-r3-ric">

<speaker rend="italic">Richm.</speaker>

<l>Interre their Bodies, as become their Birth,</l>

<l>Proclaime a pardon to the Soldierns fled,</l>

<l>That in submission will retorne to vs,</l>

<l>And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,</l>

<l>We will vnite the White Rose, and the Red.</l>

</sp>
Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction, That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity: What Traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?

England hath long beene mad, and scarr'd her selfe; The Brother blindely shed the Brothers blood; The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonne; The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire; All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster, Diuided, in their dire Diuision. O now, let Richmond and Elizabeth, The true Succeeders of each Royall House, By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together: And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so) Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-faced Peace, With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes. Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord, That would reduce these bloudy dayes againe, And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood; Let them not liue to taste this Lands increase, That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace. Now Ciuill wounds are stopp'd, Peace liues agen; That she may long liue heere, God say, Amen.

Exeunt

FINIS.