The Tudor Facsimile Texts

King Richard the Third

[By William Shakespeare]

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

King Richard the Third

[By William Shakespeare]

1597

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ow is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by this sonne of Yorke:
And all the cloudes that lowrd vp on 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 alarms changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull meafures.
Grim-visage warre, hath smoothde his wrinkled front,
And now in steed of mounting barbed steedes,
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries.
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not shapte for sportive trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glasse,
I that am rudely stamped and want loues majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, vnfinisht, sent before my time
Into this breathing world scarce halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Have no delight to passe away the time,
Vsleffe to spie my shadow in the sunne,
And descant on mine owne deiformity:
And therefore since I cannot proue a louer
To entreate these faire well spoken daies.
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days:
Plots have I laid inductive dangerous,
By drunken Prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other.
And if King Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous:
This day should Clarence closely be mewed up,
About a Prophecy which faies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherers Shall be.
Dius thoughts downe to my soule;

Enter Clarence with a gard of men.
Brother, good dayes, what means this armed gard
That waites vpon your grace?

This conduct to convey me to the tower.
Glo. Upon what cause?
Cl. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alack my Lord that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your Godfathers:
Obelike his Maiesty hath some intent
That you shalbe new christened in the Tower.
But what the matter Clarence may I know?
Cl. Yea Richard when I know; for I protest
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harckens after Prophecies and dreams,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G;
And faies a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited 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 toies as these,
Hawe mov'd his highnes to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rule de by women,
'Tis not the King that lends you to the tower.
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis she,
That tempers him to this extremity,
Was it not the and that good man of worshippe
Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him send Lord Haftings to the tower,
From whence this present day he is delivered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.

Cla. By heaven I thinke there is no man is secure,
But the Queens kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistrelle Shore,
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Haftings was to her for his deliverie.

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

Bro. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me:
His Majestie hath strightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree soever with his brother.

Glo. Even so and pleafe your worship Brokenbury,
You may pertake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the King
Is wise and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well stroke in yeres, faire and not jealous,
We say that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lippe, a bonny eie, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queens kindred are made gentlefolks.
How say you sir, can you deny all this?

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

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

Bro. I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withal for-
Your conference with the noble Duke.

A 3
The Tragedy

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

Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoeuer you will imployme in,
Were it to call King Edwards widdow sister,
I will performe it to enfranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well:
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you or lie for you,
Meane time have patience.
Cla. I must perfore; farewell. Exit Clar.
Glo. Go treade the path that thou shalt here returne,
Simple plaine Clarence I doe love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes here the new deliuered hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gratious Lord:
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to the open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?
Hast. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thankes
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shal Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevaileid as much on him as you.
Hast. More pity that the Eagle shoule be mewed,
While keihts and buffards prey at liberty.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Hast. No newes so bad abroad as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phisitians feare him mightily.
Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeede,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouermuch consumed his royall person.

Tis
of Richard the third.

Tis very grievous to be thought upon:
What is he in his bed?
Haft. He is.
Glo. Go you before and I will follow you. Exit Haft.
He cannot live I hope, and must not die,
Till George be packt with post horse vp to heaven.
Ile in to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steeled with weighty arguments,
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not an other day to live
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy:
And leave the world for me to bussell in,
For then Ile marry Warwicks yongest daughter:
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readieft way to make the wench amend,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will, not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent.
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yest I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reignes,
When they are gone then must I count my gains. Exit.

Enter Lady Anne with the hearse of Harry the 6.

Lady An. Set downe set downe your honourable
If honor may be throuded in a hearse,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancastor:
Poore kei-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the house of Lancastor,
Thou bloudlesse remnant of that royall bloud.
Be it lawfull that I invocate thy ghost,
To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered sonne,
Stabd by the selfe-same hands that made these holes,
Lo in those windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helplesse balme of my poore eies,
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes,
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to doe it.
The Tragedy

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

Enter Gloucester.

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

La. What blacke magitian conjures vp this fiend,
To stop deuoted charitable deedes,
Glo. Villaine set downe the corfe, or by S.Paule,
Ile make a corse of him that disobeies.

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

Glo. Vnmanered dog, stand thou when I command,
Advance thy halbert higher than my brest,
Or by Saint Paul Ile strike thee to my loote,
And spurne upon thee begger for thy boldnes.

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

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

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

Oh
of Richard the third.

Oh gentlemen see, see dead Henries woundes,
Open their congeald mouthes and bleed a fresh.
Blush blush thou lump of soule deformity,
For tis thy presence that exhales this bloud,
From cold and empty veins where no bloud dwells.
Thy deed inhumane and unnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most unnaturall.
Oh God which this bloud madest, reuenge his death,
Oh earth which this bloud drinkst, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,
Or earth gape open wide and eate him quicke.
As thou doest swallow vp this good Kings bloud,
Which his hell-gouernd armes hath butchered.

Glo. Lady you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
Lady Villaine thou knowest no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knowes some touch of pitty.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Lady Oh wonderfull when Devils tell the truth.

Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry
Vouchsafe deuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposd evils to give me leave,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.

La. Vouchsafe defend infection of a man,
For these knowne evils but to give me leave,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.

Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.

La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee thou canst make
No excuse currant but to hang thy selfe.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse my selfe.

La. And by despairing shouldst thou stand excuse,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others,

Glo. Say that I slew them not.

La. Why then they are not dead,
But dead they are, and duellish slae by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.
The Tragedy

La. Why then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foulè throat thou liest, Queen Margaret saw
Thy bloody faulechion smoking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her laudnerous tongue,
Which laid their guilt upon my guileless shoulders.
La. Thou waft provoked by thy bloody minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought but butcheries,
Didst thou not kill this King? Glo. I grant yea.
La. Dost grant me hedghogge then god grant me too
Thou maieft be damnèd for that wicked deed,
Oh he was gentle, mild, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place els if you will heare me name it.
La. I will betide the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it Madame till I lie with you,
La. I hope so.
Glo. I know so, but gentle Lady Anne,
To leaue this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a flower methode:
Is not the causer of the timelesse death,
Of these Plantagenets Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner.
La. Thou art the cause and most accurst effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect,
Your beauty which did haunt me in my sleepe:
To undertake the death of all the world
So I might rest one houre in your sweete bosome.
La. If I thought that I tell thee homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheekes.
Glo. These eies could never induce sweet beauties wrack,

You
of Richard the third.

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

La. Blacke night ouershade thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.

La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell most unnaturall,
To be reuengd on him that loueth you.

La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His better doth not breath upon the earth.
Glo. Go to, he liues that loues you better then he could.

La. Why that was hee.
Glo. The selfe same name but one of better nature.
La. Where is he. Shee spitteth at him.
Glo. Heere.

Why doest thou spitte at me.

La. Would it were mortall poison for thy sake.
Glo. Never came poison from so sweete a place.
La. Never hung poison on a fouler toade.

Out of my sight thou dost infect my eies.
Glo. Thine eies sweete Lady have infected mine.
La. Would they were basiliskes to strike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were that I might die at once,

For now they kill me with a living death:
Those eies of thine from mine have drawn sable teares,
Sham'd their aspect with store of childish drops:
I never sued to friend nor Enemy,
My tongue could never learn sweete soothing words:
But now thy beauty is propos'de my bee:
My proud heart sweares and prompts my tongue to speake;
Teach not thy lips such forme, for they were made
For kissing Lady not for such contempt.
If thy reuengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo here I lend thee this sharpe pointe sword:
The Tragedy

Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,
And let the soule forth that adoreth thee:
I have it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.
Nay, do not pause, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:
Nay now dispatch twas I that kild King Henry:
But twas thy heavenly face that set me on: Here (he lets fall
Take vp the sword againe or take vp me. the sword.

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

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

La. I have already.

Glo. Tis that was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and even with the word,
That hand which for thy loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue:

To both their deaths shalt thou be accesor.

La. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.

La. I feare me both are faile.

Glo. Then never was man true.

La. Well, well, put vp your sword.

Glo. Say then my peace is made.

La. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope.

La. All men I hope live so.

Glo. Yourselfe to weare this ring.

La. To take is not to giue.

Glo. Looke how this ring incompaisth thy finger,
Even so thy breast incloseth my poore heart.

Weare both of them for both of them are thine,
And if thy poore devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost conferre his happines for euer.

La. What is it?

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

And
of Richard the third.

And prefently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where after I haue solemnly interred
At Chertific monastery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie see you:
For divers vnknowne reasons, I befeech you
Grant me this boone.

La. With all my heart, and much it ioies me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Treffill and Barkley go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue said farewell already.
Glo. Sirs take vp the corse.
Ser. Towards Chertific noble Lord.
Glo. No to white Friers there attend my comming.
Was euer woman in this humor wonne, Exeunt. monet Gl.
Was euer woman in this humor wonne:
Ie haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What I that kild her husband and his father,
To take her in her hearts extreamest hate:
With curses in her mouth, teares in her eies,
The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by,
Hauing God, her conscience, and these bars against me:
And I nothing to backe my suite at all,
But the plaine Diuell and dissembling lookes,
And yet to win her all the world to nothing. Hah
Hath she forgot already that braue Prince
Edward, her Lord whom I somethree months since,
Stabed in my angry moude at Tewxbery,
A sweeter and a louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigality of nature:
Young, valiant, wife, and no doubt right royall,
The spacious world cannot againe afford:
And will she yet debase her eyes on me
That cropt the golden prime of this sweete Prince,
And made her widdow to a wofull bed,

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The Tragedy

On me whose all not equals Edwards moiety.
On me that halt, and am unshapen thus.
My Dukedom to a beggerly denier.
I doe mistake my person all this while.
Upon my life she findes, although I cannot.
My selfe to be a meruellous proper man.
Ile be at charges for a looking glasse,
And entertaine some score or two of taylers,
To study fashions to adorn my body.
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe.
I will maintaine it with some little cost.
But first Ile turne you fellow in his grave,
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. Exit.

Enter Queene, Lord Rivers, Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, therer no doubt his Maiest-
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.

Gray In that you brooke it, ill it makes him worse.
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his grace quick and merie words.

Qu. If he were dead what would betide of me.
Ry. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gr. If he hauea haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Qu. Oh he is young, and his minority
Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Gloceften.
A man that loues not me nor none of you.
Ri. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Qu. It is determinde, not concluded yet.
But so it must be if the King miscarry. (Enter Buck, Darby

Gr. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.

Buck. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.

Dar. God make your Maiestie joyfull as you haue been.

Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lo: of Darby,
To your good prayers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby notwithstanding, shee your wife,

And
of Richard the third.

And loues not me, be you good Lo. a forfeiture
I hate not you for her proud arroganse.
Dar. I doe beleeue you either not beleeue
The enious flaunders of her false accusers,
Or if the be accuide in true report,
Beare with her weakenes which I thinke proceedss
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.
Ry. Saw you the King to day, my Lo: of Darby?
Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Came from visitting his Majefty.
Qu. With likelihood of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madame good hope, his Grace speakes cheerfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him.
Buc. Madame we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Glocefter and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord chamberlaine;
And sent to warne them to his royall presence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neverbe.
I feare our happines is at the highest. Enter Glocefter.
Glo. They doe me wrong and I will not endure it,
Who are they that complaines vnto the King,
That I forsooth am sterne and love them not;
By holy Paul they loue his grace but lightly,
That all his cares with such discentious rumors:
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces, smoothe, deceue and cog,
Ducke with french nods and apish courtesie,
I must be held a rankerous enimy.
Cannot a plaine man live and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abuse.
By silken flic insinuating jacker?
Ry. To whom in all this presence speakes your Grace?
Glo. To thee that haft nor honesty nor grace,
When have I injuriu thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee or thee of any of your faction:
A plague upon you all. His royall person
(Whom God preferue better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
The Tragedy

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

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

Glo. I cannot tell, the world is grownen so bad
That wrens make pray, where Eagles dare not search,
Since evrey lacke became a Gentleman:
Theres many a gentle person made a lacke.

Qu. Come come, we know your meaning, brother Gl.
You enuy my advancement and my friends,
God grant we never may haue neede of you,

Glo. Meane time God grants that we haue neede of you,
Our brother is imprisoned by your meanes,
My selfe disgrace, and the nobility
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions,
Are daily giv'n to enable those
That scarce some two daies since were worth a noble.

Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioy'd,
I neuer did incense his Maiesty
Against the Duke of Clarence: but haue beene,
An earnest adovocate to pleade for him.
My Lord you doe me shamefull injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

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

Qu. She may my Lord.

Glo. She may Lo: Ryuers, why who knowes not so?
She may doe more Sir then denying that;
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her aying hand therein,
And lay those honour's on your high deferts,
What may she not, she may, yea marry may she.
What mary may she.
What mary may she, marry with a King;
A batchelor, a handsome stripling too.
Iwis your Grandam had a worser match.
My Lo: of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffes,
By heaven I will acquaint his Maiestie
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured:
I had rather be a countrey servant maid,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at:
Small joy haue I in being Englands Queene.
And lesned be that small, God I beseech thee;
Thy honour, state, and seate is due to me.
Tell him what threat ye me with telling of the King,
I will aouch in presence of the King:
Tis time to speake, my paines are quite forgot.
Out duell I remember them too well,
Thou sweeft my husband Henry in the tower,
And Edward my poore sonne at Teuxbery.
Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband King,
I was a packhorne in his great affaires:
A weeder out of his proud aduersaries,
A liberall rewarde of his friends:
To royalize his bloud I spilt mine owne.
Yea and much better bloud then his or thine.
In all which time you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster:
And Ryuers, so were you, was not your husband
In Margarets battaile at Saint Albones slaine:
Let me put in your mindes, if yours forget
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are,
Withall, what I haue been, and what I am.
A murtherous villaine, and so still thou art.
Poore Clarence did forfake his father Warwicke,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which Iefu pardon.)
Which God reuenge,
The Tragedy

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

Qu. Ma. His thee to hell for shame and leave the world

Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.

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

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

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

Qu. M. A little joy enjoys the Queene thereof.

For I am the and altogether ioyleffe,
I can no longer hold me patient:
Heare me you wrangling Pyrats that fall out,
Inflaring that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that lookes on me?
If not, that I being Queene you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you deposite you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine doe not turne away.

Glo. Foulc wrinckled witch what makst thou in my sight?

Qu. Ma. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make before I let thee go:
A husband and a son thou owest to me,
And thou a kingdome,all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst rivers from his eies,
And then to drie them gau'st the Duke a clout,
Steept in the faultlesse bloud of pretty Rutland:

His
of Richard the third.

His curses then from bitterness of soul
Denounft against thee, are all fallen upon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagde thy bloody deed.

Qu. So lust is God to right the innocent.

Has. Otwas the sourest deed to slaine that babe,
And the most mercifless that ever was heard of.
Riu. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dorf. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buch. Northumberland then present wept to see it.

Qu. M. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile so much with heaven,
That Henrys death my lovely Edwards death,
Their kingdoms lost, my wofull banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why then give way dull cloues to my quicke curses:
If not, by war, by surfeet die your King,
As ours by murder to make him a King,
Edward thy sonne which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my sonne which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like vntimely violence,
Thy selfe a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Outlieue thy glory like my wretched selfe:
Long maiesthou live to waile thy childrens losse,
And see another as I see thee now
Deckt in thy rights, as thou art stald in mine:
Long die thy happy daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houre of griefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queen:
Riuers and Dorset you were standers by,
And so waft thou Lo: Hastings when my sonne
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers, god I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Have done thy charm thou hatefull withred hag.

Q M. And leaue out the slay dog for thou shalt hear me

C 2

Exe...
The Tragedy

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee:
O let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl downe their indignation
On thee the trouble of the poore world's peace:
The wroth of conscience still beginneth soule,
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liest,
And take deep: traitors for thy dearest friends:
No sleepe, close vp that deadly eye of thine,
Wnlese it be whilest some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee with a he' l of gliby ducels.
I houe elisht markt abortiue rooting hog,
That waft seald in thy nativity
The flame of nature, and the sone of hell,
Thou lauder of thy mothers heavie wombe,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes.
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

Glo. Margaret.
Qy. M. I call thee not.
Glo. Then I crie thee mercy, for I had thought
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.
Qy. M. Why so I did, but lookt for no reply,
O Let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. (selfe:)
Qy. Thus haue you breathed your curse against your
Qy. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flourisht of my for-
Why strewst thou sifter on that bottled spider, (rune
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Foule foole, thou whets a knife to kill thy selfe,
The time will come that thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse that poisenous bunchbackt toade.
Hass. False boading woman, end thy frantike curse,
Let to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Q.M. Foule shame vpon you, you have all mow'd mine,
Rl. Were you well serv'd you would be taught your duty.
Q.M. To serve me well, you all should doe me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my subiects:
of Richard the third.

O serve me well, and teach your servants that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatique.

Q. M. Peace Master Marques you are malapert,

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current;

O that your young nobility could judge,

What twere to loose it and be miserable:

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them.

And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel mar's, learn it, learn it Marques.

Dor. It toucheth you my Lord as much as me.

Glo. Yea and much more: but I was borne so high,

Our aery buildeth in the Cedars top,

And dailies with the winde, and scorces the sunne.

Q. M. And turns the sun to shade: alas, alas,

Witness my son, now in the shade of death,

Whose bright outshining beames, thy cloudy wrath

Hath in eternall darknes fouled vp:

Your aery buildeth in our aeries neft,

O God that feest it, do not suffer it:

As it was wonne with bloud, loft be it so.

Buck. Have done for shame, if not for charity.

Q. M. Vnrge neither charity nor shame to me,

Uncharitably with me haue you dealt,

And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered,

My charity is outrage, life my shame,

And in my shame, I'll liue my forrowes rage.

Buck. Have done.

Q. M. O Princely Buckingham, I will kisse thy hand

In signe of league and amity with thee:

Now faire befall thee and thy Princely house,

Thy garments are not spotted with our bloud,

Nor thou within the compasse of my curfe.

Buc. Nor no one here, for curses neuer passe

The lips of those that breath them in the aire.

Q. M. Ile not beleue but they ascend the skie,

And there awake gods gentle sleeping peace.

O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,

Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,
The Tragedy

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

Glo. What doth the say my Lo: of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect my gratious Lord.
Qu. M. What doest thou scorne me for my gentle coun-
And looth the diuell that I warne thee from:
O but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poore Margaret was a prophetesse:
Liue each of you the subiects of his hate,
And he to your, and all of you to Gods. Exit.

Hdjt. My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses.
Ryu. And so doth mine, I wonder shees at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her by gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Qu., I neuer did her any to my knowledge:
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was too hoat to doe some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence he is well repaid,
He is franckt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the caufe of it.
Ryu. A vertuous and a Christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that haue done scathe to vs.
Glo. So doe I ever being well advisde,
For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.

Catesby. Madam his Maiestie doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you my noble Lo:
Qu. Catesby we come, Lords will you go with vs.
Ry. Madame we will attend your grace. Exeunt man, Ry.
Glo. I doe the wrong, and first began to braule
The secret mischiefes that I set abroach,
I lay vnto the grieuous charge of others:
Clarence whom I indeed haue laid in darkenes,
I doe beweep to many simple guls:

Name-
Namely to Hastings, Darby, Buckingham, and many more. That is the Queen and her allies, to requite the King against the Duke my brother. Now they believe me, and will all believe me. To be avenged on Ryuers, Vaughan, Gray: But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture, Tell them that God bids vs doe good for evil. And thus I clothe my naked villany, With old odde ends stolen out of holy writ, And seem a Saint when most I play the Diuell: But soft here come my executioners. Enter Executioners. How now my hardy stout resolued mates, Are you now going to dispatch this deede. Exec. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant, That we may be admitted where he is. Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it here about me, When you have done repaire to Crosby place; But sirs, be sudden in the execution, Without obdurate, doe not heare him pleade, For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps, May move your harts to pitty if you marke him. Exec. Tuff feare not my Lo: we will not stand to prate, Talkers are no good doers be assured: We come to vfe our hands, and not our tongues. Glo. Your eies drop milstones when fooles eies drop tears, I like you lads, about your busines. Exeunt. Enter Clarence, Brokenbury.

Brok. Why lookes your grace so heauily to day? Clar. Oh I haue past a miserable night, So full of vgly sights, of gasly dreames, 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. Brok. What was your dreame, Ilong to heare you tell it. Clar. Me thoughts I was imbarke for Burgundy, And in my company my brother Glocefter, Who from my cabbine tempted me to walke.
Vpon the hatches thence we lookt toward England,
And cited vp a thousand fearefull times,
During the wars of Yorke and Lancaster:
That had befallen vs, as we past along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the hatches:
Me thought that Glocefter stumbled, and in stumbling,
Stroke me that thought to stay him ouer board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne.
What dreadfull noise of waters in my eares,
What vgly fights of death within my eies:
Me thought I sawe a thousand fearefull wracks,
Ten thousand men, that fishes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heapes of pearle,
Inestimable stones, vnauled Jewels,
Some lay in dead mens souls, and in those holes,
Where eies did once inhabite, there were crept
As twere in scorne of eies reflecting gems,
Which wed the slimy bottome of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Brok: Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe?
Clar. Methought I had, for still the envious loud
Kept in my soule, and would not let it sooth,
To seeke the emptie vast, and wandering aire,
But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brok. Awakt you not with this sore agony.
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest to my soule,
Who past me thought the melancholy loud,
With that grim ferriman, which Poets write of;
Vnto the kingdom of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greet my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law renowned Warricke,
Who cried aloud what scourge for periury.
Can this darke monarchy afoord false Clarence,
And so he vanisht, then came wandring by,
of Richard the third.

A shadow like an angell in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he squakst out alowd,
Clarence is come, falle, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
That stabbd me in the field by Teuxbery:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thoughts a legion of foule fiends
Enuirond me about, and howled in mine eares
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling, wont, and for a season after
Could not beleue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.

Bro. No marueile my Lo: though it affrighted you,
I promife you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O Brokenbury I haue done those things,
Which now beare evidenc against my soule
For Edwards fake, and see how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me,
My soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.

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

The murderers enter.

In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?
Execu. I would speake with Clarence, and I came hither
Bro. Yea, are you fo briefe.

(on my legs.

2 Exe. O sir, it is better to be briefe then tedious,
Shew him our commision, talke no more. He readeth it.

Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reaon what is meant hereby,
Because I wilbe guiltles of the meaning;
Here are the keies, there fits the Duke a sleepe,
The Tragedy

Ile to his Maitesty, and certify his Grace,
That thus I have resigned my charge to you.

Exe. Doe so, it is a point of wisedome.
1 What shall I stab him as he sleepeas?
2 No then he will say twas done cowardly
When he wakes.
1 When he wakes,

Why foole he shall never wake till the judgement day.
1 Why then he will say, we stab him sleeping.
2 The vrging of that word judgement, hath bred
A kind of remorse in me.
1 What art thou afraid.
2 Not to kill him having a warrant for it, but to be dand
For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
1 Backe to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.
2 I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humor will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tel xx.
1 How doest thou feele thy selfe now? (in me.
2 Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet with
1 Remember our reward when the deede is done.
2 Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
1 Where is thy conscience now?
2 In the Duke of Gloucesters purse.
1 So when he opens his purse to giue vs our reward,
Thy conscience flies out,
2 Let it go, there is few or none will entertaine it,
1 How if it come to thee againe?
2 Ie not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing.
It makes a man a coward: A man cannot steale,
But it accuseth him: he cannot sweare, but it checks him:
He cannot lie with his neighbors wife, but it detects
Him. It is a blushing shamefull spirit, that mutinies
In a mans bosome: it fills one full of obstracles,
It made me once restore a purse of gold that I found,
It beggers any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all
Townes and Citties for a dangerous thing, and every
Man that means to liue wel, endeavours to truft to
To himselfe, and to liue without it.

1 Zounds
of Richard the third.

1 Zounds it is even now at my elbow persuading me Not to kill the Duke.
2 Take the duel in thy minde, and beleeve him not, He would insinuate with thee to make thee sigh:
1 Thu, I am strong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with me, I warrant thee.
2 Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation, Come shall we to this gear
1 Take him over the costard with the hils of thy sword, And then we wil chop him in the malmsey But in the next
2 Oh excellent deuice, make a stop of him (roome.
1 Harke he stirs, shall I strike.
2 No, first lets reason with him.
Cla. Where art thou keeper, giue me a cup of wine.
1 You shall haue wine enough my Lo: anon.
Cla. In Gods name what art thou.
2 A man as you are,
Cla. But not as I am, royall.
2 Nor you as we are, loyall.
Cla. Thy voice is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.
2 My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.
Cla. How darkly, and how deadly doest thou speake:
Tell me who are you, wherefore come you hither?
Am. To, to, to.
Cla. To murther me. Am. I.
Cla. You scarcely haue the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to doe it.
Wherein my friends haue I offended you?
1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.
Cla. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.
2 Neuer my Lo: therefore prepare to die.
Cla. Are you called fourth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent: what is my offence.
Where are the evidence that doe accuse me:
What lawfull quest haue given their verdict vp Vnto the frowning Judge, or who pronoune
The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be conviued by course of law?
To threaten me with death, is most unlawful:
I charge you as you hope to have redemption,
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart and lay no hands on me,
The deed ye undertake is damnable.

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

Cl. Errenious Vassalie, the great King of Kings,
Hath in the tables of his law commanded,
That thou shalt doe no murder, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a man?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurle upon their heads that break his law.

2 And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrell of the houses of Lancaster.

1 And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vowe, and with thy treacherous blade,
Vnripst the bowels of thy soueraigne sonne.

2 Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

1 How canst thou urge God's dreadful Law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?

Cl. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deed,
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why firs, he sends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this sinne he is as depe as I:
If God will be reuenged for this deed,
Take not the quarrell from his powerful arme,
He needs no indirect, nor lawlesse course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant springing brave Plantagenet,
That Princely Nounce was stroke dead by thee?

Cl. My brothers loue, the diuell; and my rage.

1 Thy brothers loue, the diuell and thy fault
Have brought vs hither now to murder thee.

Cl. Oh if you loue my brother, hate not me,
of Richard the third.

I am his brother, and I love him well:
If you be hire for need, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

2. You are deceived, your brother Gloucester hates you.

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

Go you to him from me.

Am. I so we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our princely father Yorke,
Blew his three sons with his victorious arm:
And charg'd us from his soul, to love each other,
He little thought of this devided friendship.
Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.

Am. I, milstones as he lessond ye to weep.

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

1. Right as snow in harvest, thou deceiv'st thy selfe,
Tis he hath sent us hither now to slaughter thee.

Cla. It cannot be, for when I parted with him,
He hug'd me in his armes, and swore with oaths,
That he would labour my deliverie.

2. Why so he doth, now he delivers thee,
From this world's thrallome, to the joys of heauen,
1. Makes peace with God, for you must die my Lo:

Cla. Haft thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsell me to make my peace with God;
And art thou yet to thy owne soul so blinde;
That thou wilt war with God, by murdering me?
Ah, sir, consider, he that set you on
To doe this deed, will hate you for this deed.

2. What shall we doe?

Cla. Relent and save your souls.

1. Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.

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

I thus, and thus: if this will not serve, He stabs him.
Ile chop thee in the malmsey But, in the next room.
2 A bloody deed and desperately performed,
How faine like Pilate would I wash my hand,
Of this most grievous guilty murder done.
1 Why dost thou not helpe me,
By heauens the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.
2 I would he knew that I had slue his brother.
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. Exit.
1 So doe not I, go coward as thou art:
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his burial:
And when I haue my meede I must away,
For this will oue and here I must not stay. Exeunt.

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Ryuers, Dorset &c.

Kin. So, now I haue done a good daies worke,
You peeres continue this united league,
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my redeemer to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part from heauen,
Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth:
Riuer and Hastings, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.

Riu. By heauen, my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I feale my true hearts loue.
Haft. So thrue I as I truely sweare the like.

Kin. Take heede you daily not before your King,
Least he that is the supreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falsity and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Haft. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.
Riu. And I, as I loue Haftings with my heart.

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

Q. Here Haftings I will neuer more remember
of Richard the third.

Our former hatred so thrive I and mine.

Dor. This enterchange of love, there protest,
Upon my part shall be vnviolable.

Haft. And so sweare I my Lord.

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

Buc. When ever Buckingham doth turne his hate,
On you or yours, but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most love.
When I haue most neede to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me, this doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

Kin. A pleasing cordiall Princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Glocester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace. Enter Glocester.

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

Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King & Queene,
And Princely peers, a happy time of day

Kin. Happy indeede as we haue spent the day:
Brother we haue done deedes of charity:
Made peace of enmity, faire love of hate,
Betwene these swelling wrong infenced peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false Intelligence or wrong furnishe,
Hold me a foe, if I unwittingly or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
Tis death to me to be at enmity
I hate it, and desire all good mens love.
Furst Madam I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchas with my dutious service.
The Tragedy

Of you my noble Cozen Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were logde betwene vs.
Of you Lo: Rivers, and Lord Gray, of you,
That all without desert have frowned on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, gentlemen, indeed of all:
I doe not know that English man alioe,
With whom my soule is any iottte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humility.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all strife were well compounded.
My soueraigne liege I do beseech your Maiesty,
To take our brother Clarence to your Grace.
Glo. Why Madame, haue I offered love for this,
To be thus scorned in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead,
You doe him injury to scorn his corse.

Bry. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?
Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buck. Looke to pale Lo: Doriet as the rest?
Dor. I my good Lord no one in this presence,
But his red couler hath forsooke his cheekes.

Kin. Is Clarence dead, the order was reuerst.
Glo. But he poore soule by your first order died,
And that a wingled Mercury did beare,
Some tardy cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lat to see him buried:
God grant that some lefse noble, and lefse loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blond:
Desire not worse then wretche Clarence did,
And yet go currant from suspition.

Dar. A boone my soueraigne for my service done.
Kin. I pray thee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.
Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highness grant.
Kin. Then speake at once, what is it thou demandst.
Dar. The forfeit soueraigne of my servants life,
Who swaie to day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.

Kin. Haue
of Richard the third.

Klin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brotwers death;
And shall the same giue pardon to a slauke?
My brother flew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruell death.
Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeling at my feete and bad me be aduifde?
Who spake of Brotherhood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore foule did forfaie
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me:
Who told me in the field by Tewsbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me,
And said deare brother, liue and be a King;
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lappe me
Euen in his owne garments, and gaue himselfe
All thin and naked to the numbrcold night;
All this from my remembrance brutifh wrath
Sinfully puckt, and not a man of you
Had| so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carteres, or your waitings vaille
Haue done a drunken laughter, and defaffe
The pretious image of our deare Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon pardon,
And I vnrtfully too, must grant it you:
But for my brother, not a man would speake,
Nor I vngratious speake vnto my selfe,
For him poore foule: The proudest of you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you would once pleaide for hislife:
Oh God I feare thy Iustice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (Exit.
Come Hallings help me to my closet, oh poore Clarence,
Clo. This is the fruit of rashnes: marke you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death?
Oh they did urge it still vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company.

Exeunt.

Enter
Enter Duches of York, with Clarence Children.

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

Dut. No boy.

Boy. Why doe you wring your hands, and beate your And crie, Oh Clarence my unhappy sonne?

Gerl. Why doe you looke on vs and shake your head, And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castawaiies.

If that our noble father be alive?

Dut. My pretty Cofens, you mistake me much.

I doe lament the sicknesse of the King:
As loth to loose him,not your fathers death:
It were lost labour, to wepe for one thats lost.

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

Dut. Peace children, peace, the King doth love you well.

Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guesse who causde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam we can: For my good Vnckle Glocefter
Tould me, the King provoked by the Queene,
Deuisd impeachments to imprison him:
And when he tould me so, he wept,
And hugh me in his arme, and kindly kist my cheke,
And bad me rely on him as in my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

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

Boy. thinke you my Vnckle did dissimble Granam?

Dut. I boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, hark what noize is this. Enter the Que.

Oh who shall hinder me to waile and wepe? Que.
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe;
Ile ioine with blacke despaire against my soule,
And to my selfe become an enemy.

Dut. What means this scene of rude impatience.

Que. To make an act of tragick violence: Ed.
Richard the third.

Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead. Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd? Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone? If you will live, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our swiftwinged soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subject, follow him.
To his new kingdom of perpetuall rest,
Dut. Ah somuch interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liued by looking on his images.
But now two mirrours of his Princely semblance,
Are crackt in pieces by malignant death:
And I for comfort haue but one falle glasse,
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widdow, yet thou art a mother,
And haue the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I
Then, being but moity of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?
Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares.
Gel. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widdowes dolours likewise be vnvept.
Qu. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eies,
That I being gourend by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my eire Lo: Edward.
Ambo Oh for our father, for our deare Lo: Clarence.
Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.
Qu. What stay haue I but Edward, and he is gone?
Am. What stay haue we but Clarence, and he is gone?
Dut. What stayes had I but they, and they are gone?
Qu. Was neuer Widdow, had so deare a losse.
The Tragedy

Ambo. Was never Orphanes had a dearer losse.
Du. Was never mother had a dearer losse:
Alas, I am the mother of these mones,
Their woes are parcelled, mine are general:
She for Edward weepes, and so doe I:
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so doe I:
I for an Edward weep, so doth not they.
Alas, you three on me threefold disire:
Pour all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. Enter Glocest.
Glo. Madame haue comfort, al of vs haue cause, with others,
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harms by wailing them,
Madame my mother, I doe crie you mercy,
I did not see your Grace, humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.
Du. God blesse thee, and put meekenes in thy minde,
Loue, charity, obedience, and true dutie.
Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
Thats the butt end of a mother's blessing:
I maruell why her Grace did leave it out.
Buck. You cloudy Princes, and hart-sorrowing peers
That beare this mutuell heavy lode of moane:
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we have spent our harvest of this King,
We are to reap the harvest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinterd, knit, and joyned together,
Must gently be prefer'd, cherisht and kept,
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.
Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine,
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow:
Madame, and you my mother will you go,
To giue your cenfures in this weighty busines,
Ans. With all our hearts.  

[Signature]  
Buck.
of Richard the third.

**Buck.** My Lord who euer iourneies to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two slay behinde;
For by the way wee fort occasion,
As index to the story we late talkt of,
To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King.

**Glo.** My other selfe, my counsels consistory:
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cozen:
I like a child will go by thy direction;
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde.

*Enter two Citizens.*

1 **Cit.** Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?

2 **Cit.** I promise you, I scarce know myself.

1 **Cit.** Heare you the newes abroad?

2 I, that the King is dead.

1 Bad newes birlady, seldome comes the better,

I feare, I feare, twill growe a troublous world.  

3 **Cit.** Good morrow neighbours.  

*Enter a Citizen.*

Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?

1 It doth.  

3 Then matters looke to see a troublous world.

1 No no, by Gods good grace his sonne shall raigne.

3 Woe to that land thats governd by a childe.

2 In him there is a hope of governement;
That in his nonage counsellvynder him,
And in his full and ripened yeres himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then govern well,

1 So stode the state when Harry the sixt
Was crown'd at Paris, but at ix. moneths old.

3 Stode the state so; no good my friend not so,

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politike grave counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vnckles to protect his Grace.

2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.

3 Better it were they all came by the father,

1 Or by the father there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be neerest:
Will touch vs all too neare, if God proue not,
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Grocestre,
And the Queens kindred hauty and proud,
The Tragedy

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

2 Come come, we feare the worst, all shalbe well,

3 When cloude doth appeare, wise men put on their cloukes:

When great cloudes fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sunne sets, who doth not looke for night:

Vntimely stormes, make men expect a darth:

All may be well: but if God fort it so,

Tis more then we deserve or I expect.

1 Truely the soules of men are full of bread:

Yee cannot almost reason with a man

That looke not heauily, and full of feare.

3 Before the times of change still is it so:

By a divin instinct mens minds mistrust

Enfuing dangers, as by proofe we see.

The waters swell before a boisterous storme:

But leave it all to God: whither away?

2 We are sent for to the Justice,

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

Enter Cardinal, Dutches of Yorke, Q. etc. young Yorke.

Car. Last night I heare they lay at Northampton,

At Stonifratford will they be to night,

To morrow or next day, they will be here.

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

Q. But I heare no, they say my fonne of Yorke
Hath almost ouertane him in his growth.

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

Dut. Why my young Cousen it is good to growe.

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

My Vncle Riuers talke how I did grow

More then my brother. I quoth my Vncle Gloucester,

Small herbes haue grace, great weedes grow apace,

And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast:

Because sweete flowers are flow, and weedes make haste.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:

He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,
of Richard the third.

So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if this were a true rule, he should be gracious.

Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.

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

Tor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembr'd,
I could have given my Vnckles grace a flour, mine.

That should have neerer toucht his growth then he did

Dut. How my prety Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.

Tor. Mary they say, my Vnckle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crult at two hours olde:

Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.

Granam this would have heene a biting left.

Dut. I pray thee prety Yorke who tolde thee so.

Tor. Granam his nurse.

Dut. His nurse: why she was dead ere thou wert borne.

Tor. It were not she, I cannot tell who tolde me.

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

Car. Good Madame be not angry with the childe.

Qu. Pitchers haue cares. Enter Dorset.

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

What newes Lo: Marques?

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

Qu. How fares the Prince?

Dor. Well Madame, and in health.

Dut. What is thy newes then?

Dor. Lo: Riuers and Lo: Gray are sent to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Dor. The mighty Dukes, Glocefter and Buckingham.

Car. For what offence.

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

Qu. Ay me I see the downfall of our house,
The tyger now hath ceased the gentle hind:
Insulting tyranny beginnes to set,
Upon the innocent and lawlesse throne:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre,

I see
The Tragedy

I see as in a mappe the ende of all.

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

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

Du. Ile go along with you.

Qu. You haue no cause.

Car. My gratious Lady go,
And thither beare your treaure and your gods,
For my part Ile resigne vnto your Grace
The scale I kepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours:
Come Ile conduct you to the sanctuary.

Exeunt.

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

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your cham-

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

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

Glo. Sweete Prince, the untainted vertue of your yeres,
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldom or never iumpeth with the heart:
Those Vnckles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their sugred words,
But looke not on the poison of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.

Prin.
of Richard the third.

Pri. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.
Glo. My Lo, the Major of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Major.

Lo: M. God blesse your grace with health and happy daies.

Pri. I thank you good my Lo: and thank you all.
I thought my mother, and my brother Yorke,
Would long ere this haue met us on the way:
Fie, what a flag is Hasting, that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come, or no. (Enter I. Haft.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the Sweating Lo: 

Pri. Welcome my Lo: what will our mother come?

Haft. On what occasion, God he knowes not I:
The Queene your mother and your brother Yorke
Haue taken sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine have come with me, to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buc. Fie, what an indirect and pceuifh course
Is this of hers? Lo: Cardinall will your grace
Perfwade the Queene to send the Duke of Yorke
Unto his Princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lo: Hasting go with him,
And from her icalous armes plucke him perforce.

Car. My Lo: of Buckingham, if my weake oratory
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anone expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde enventies, God in heauen forbid
We should infringe the holy priuiledge
Of blessed sanctuary, not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deepe a sinne.

Buck. You are too senseleffe obstinate my Lo:
Too ceremonious and traditionall:
Weigh it but with the grossenes of this age,
You breake not sanctuary in feaszing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To those whose dealings have deserude the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,
And therefore in mine opinion, cannot haue it.

Then
The Tragedy

Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no priuilege nor charter there:
Of haue I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children neuer till now.

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

Hast. I go my Lord.

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

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

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

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

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

Buc. Vpon record my gratious Lo:

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

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

Pri. What say you Vnckle?

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

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

Buc. What my gratious Lord?
of Richard the third.

Prin. And if I live untill I be a man,
Ile winne our auncient right in France againe,
Or die a soouldier as I liude a King.
Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.

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

Tri. Rich. of Yorke how fares our louing brother?

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

Tri. I brother to our grieue as it is yours:

Too late he died that might have kept that tittle,
Which by his death hath lost much maiesty.

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

Yor. I thanke you gentle Vnckle. O my Lo:

You said that idle weedes are fast in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me farre.

Glo. He hath my Lo:

Yor. And therefore is he idle?

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

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

Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,

But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

Yor. I pray you Vnckle giue me this dagger.

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

Tri. A begger brother?

Yor. Of my kind Vnckle that I know will giue,

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

Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cozen.

Yor. A greater gift, O thats the sword to it.

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

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

In weightier things you shall a begger nay.

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

Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heavier.

Glo. What would you have my weapon little Lord?

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


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

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

Tor. You mane to beare me, not to beare with me: Vnckle, my brother mockes both you and me, Beacause that I am little like an Ape; He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharpe prowided with he reasons, To Mickte the storne he gives his Vnckle: He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe, So cunning and fo young is wonderfull.

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

Tor. What will you go vnto the tower my Lo? Prin. My Lo: protector needes will haue it fo, Tor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the tower.

Glo. Why, what should you feare?

Tor. Mary my Vnckle Clarence angry ghost: My Granam tolde me he was murtherd there.

Pri. I feare no Vnckles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Pri. And if they live, I hope I neede not feare: But come my Lo: with a heavy heart Thinking on them, go I vnto the tower.

Exeunt Prin, Tor, Hafl, Dorf, manet, Rich, Buck.

Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this little prating Yorke, Was not incensed by his subtile mother, To taunt and storne you thus opprobriously? Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh tis a perilious boy, Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable, He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.

Buc. Well, let them rest: Come hither Catesby, Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend, As closely to conceale what we impart. Thou knowest our reasons vrged upon the way: What thinkest thou? is it not an easie matter To make William Lo: Hastings of our minde, For the instatement of this noble Duke, In the feate royall of this famous Ile?

Cates.
of Richard the third.

Cates. He for his fathers sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
Buck. What thinkest thou then of Stanley what will he?
Cate. He will doe all in all as Haftings doth.
Buck. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off.
Sound thou Lo: Haftings, how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, if he be willing,
Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we tomorrow hold deuided counfels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employed.

Glo. Commend me to Lo: William, tell him Catesby,
His auncient knot of dangerous aduerfaries
To morrow are Iet bloud at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my friend for joy of this good newes,
Giue Mistrefse Shore, one gentle kisse the more.

Buck. Good Catesby effect this busines soundly.
Cate. My good Lo: both, with all the heede I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we sleepe?
Cate. You shall my Lord.
Glo. At Crosby place there shall you finde vs both.
Buck. Now my Lo: what shall we doe, if we perceive
William Lo: Haftings will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop of his head man, somewhat we will doe,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earldome of Hereford and the mueable,
Whereof the King my brother stood possest.

Buck. Ie claime that promise at your Graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with all willingnes:
Come let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some forme. Exeunt.

Enter a Messenger to Lo: Haftings.
Haft. Who knockes at the dore.

F 3  Haft.
The Tragedy

Hafl. What's a clocke?
Meff. Upon the stroke of foure.
Hafl. Cannot thy Master sleepe these tedious nights?
Meff. So it should seeme by that I haue to say:
First he commends him to your noble Lordship.
Hafl. And then, Meff. And then he sends you word.
He dreamt to night the boare had rafte his helme:
Besides, he faies there are two counsels held,
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to weeke at the other,
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure;
It presentely you will take horse with him,
And with all speede post into the North,
To shun the danger that his soule diuines.
Hafl. Go fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the seperated counsels:
His honour and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my servant Catesby;
Where nothing can proceede that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instance.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond,
To truft the mockery of vnquiet slumbers,
To flie the boare, before the boare pursues vs,
Were to incense the boare to follow vs,
And make pursuite where he did meane no chafe:
Go bid thy Master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the tower,
Where he shall see the boare will vs vs kindely.
Meff. My gratious Lo: Ite tell him what you say. Enter
Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lo: (Cat? Catesby)
Hafl. Good morrow Catesby, you are early stirring,
What newes what newes, in this our tottering state?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeede my Lo:
And I beleue it will neuer stand uprigh,
Till Richard weare the garland of the Realme.
Hafl. Howe? weare the garland? doest thou meane the
Cat. I my good Lord.
(crowne?)
of Richard the third.

Hast. He haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shoul-
Ere I will see the crowne so soule misplaft:
But canst thou guessse that he doth aime at it.
Cat. Vpon my life my Lo: and hopes to find you forward
Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
The kindred of the Queene must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeede I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they have beeene still mine enemies:
But that I'le giue my voice on Richards side,
To barre my Masters heires in true descant,
God knowes I will not doe it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordship in that gracios minde.
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelwemonth hence:
That they who brought me in my Masters hate,
I lye to looke vpon their tragedy:
I tell thee Catesby. Cat. What my Lord?
Hast. Ere a fortunate make me elder,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gratious Lord,
When men are vnprepare and looke not for it.
Hast. O Monstrous monstrous, and so fals it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray, and so twill doe
With some men els, who thinke them selves as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowest are deare
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Hast. I know they doe, and I haue well devoured it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my Lo: where is your boare- I peare man?
Feare you the boare and go so vnprovided?
Stan. My Lo: good morrow; good morrow Catesby:
You may ieft on: but by the holy roode.
I doe not like these seuerall councells 1.
Hast. My Lo: I should my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe protest.
The Tragedy

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

Stan. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from Lon-
Were iocund, and suppos'd their states was sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soone the day ouercast,
This sodain scab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I proue a needelesse coward:
But come my Lo: shall we to the tower?

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

Stan. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that haue accusde them weare their hats:
But come my Lo: let vs away.

Haft. Go you before, Ile follow presently.

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

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

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

Pur. God hold it to your honors good content.

Haft. Gramercy Haftings hold spend thou that, He gues
Pur. God save your Lordship.

Haft. What Sir Iohn, you are wel met,
I am beholding to you for your last daies exercize:
Come the next Sabaoth and I will content you.

Enter Buckingham.

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

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

Buck.
of Richard the third.

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

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

Ratf. Come bring forth the prisoners,
Ryu. Sir Richard Ratcliffe let me tell thee this:
To day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Gray. God keep the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned bloudsuckers.
Ryu. O Pomfret Pomfret, Oh thou bloudy prison,
Fataf and ominous to noble peers.
Within the guilty closure of thy wals
Richard the second here was hackt to death:
And for more slander to thy dismal soule,
We guie thee vp our guiltlefe blouds to drinke.
Gray. Now Margarets curse is falne vpon our heads:
For standing by, when Richard stabd her fonne.
Ryu. Then curst the Haftings, then curst the Bucking-
Then curst the Richard. Oh remember God, (ham:
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister, and her princely fonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest vnjustly must be spilt.
Rat. Come come dispatch, the limit of your lines is out.
Ryu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leave untill we meete in heauen.

Enter the Lords to Counsell.

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

Who
The Tragedy

Who is most inward with the noble Duke.
Bi. Why you my Lo: me thinks you should soonest know
Buc. Who I my Lo: we know each others faces: (his mind
But for our hats, he knowes no more of mine,
Then loue your: nor I no more of his, then you of mine:
Lo: Haftings you and he are neere in loue.

Haft. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the coronation:
I have not founded him nor he deliuered
His Graces pleasure any way therein:
But you my noble Lo: may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe, Ie giue my voice,
Which I preiuie he will take in Gentle part.

Bijh. Now in good time here cometh the Duke himselfe.
Glo. My noble L. and Cofens all, good morrow, (Ent.Glo.
I have beene long a sleeper, but I hope
My absence doth neglect no great desigues,
Which by my presence might have beene concluded:

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lo:
William L: Haftings had now pronounst your part:
I meane your voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lo: Haftings no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

Haft. I thanke your Grace.

Glo. My Lo: of Elie, Bijh. My Lo:
Glo. When I was last in Holborne:
I saw good Strawberries in your garden there,
I doe beseech you send for some of them.

Bijh. I go my Lord.

Glo. Cofen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath founded Haftings in our buines,
And findeis the teasty Gentlemen so hoat,
As he will loose his head care giue content,
His Masters sonnes as worshipful he termes it,
Shal loose the roiality of Englands thronne.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my Lo: He follow you. Ex Glo.

Dar. We have not yet set downe this day of triumph,
Tomorrow in mine opinion is too sodaine:

For
of Richard the third.

For I my selve am not so well prouided,
As els I would be, were the day prolonged.

By, Where is my L. protector, I haue sent for these strawbe-
Ha. His Grace lookes cheerfully and smooth to day, (ties.
Theres some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I thinke there is never a man in christendome,
That can lesse hide his loue or hate then he;

For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

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

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

Darr. I pray God he be not, I say. Enter Glocestere;

Glo. I pray you all, what doe they deserre,
That doe confpire my death with diuellish plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild,
Upon my body with their hellish charmes?

Haft. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble pretence,
To doome the offencers whatsoeuer they be:
I say my Lo: they haue deserued death.

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

Haft. If they haue done this thing my gratious Lo:
Glo. If, thou protector of this damned Strumpet,
Telft thou me of ifest? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paule,
I will not dye to day I sweare,
Vntill I see the same, some see it done,
The rest that loue me, come and follow me. Exeunt mancet

For I too fond might haue prevented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,

G 2

But
The Tragedy

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

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

Hstf. O momentary state of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of heauen:
Who buildes his hopes in aire of your faire lookes,
Lives like a drunken sayler on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead.  Exeunt.

Enter Duke of Gloucester and Buckingham in armour.

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

Buc. Tur feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian:
Speake, and looke backe, and prye on euery side:
Intending deepe suspition, gaitly lookes
Are at my seruice like inforced smiles,
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my stratagemis,

Enter Maior.

Glo. Here comes the Maior.

Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him.  Lo: Maior.

Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.

Buc. The reason we have sent for you.

Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the wals.
of Richard the Third.

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

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

**Buc.** God and our innocence defend vs. Enter Catesby with Haft.head.

**Cat.** Here is the head of that ignoble traitor, The dangerous and unsuspected Haftings.

**Glo.** So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weep:
I tooke him for the plainest harmless man,
That breathed upon this earth a christian,
Looke ye my Lo: Maior.
Made him my booke, wherein my soule recorded,
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smoothe he daubd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted:
I meane his converfation with Shores wife.
He laid from all attinder of suspect.

**Buck.** Well well, he was the courteft sheltred traitor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleue, wer not by great prefervation
We lue to tell it you? The subtle traitor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Glocefler.

**Maior.** What, had he so?
**Glo.** What thinke you we are Turkes or Insidels,
Or that we would against the forme of lawe,
Procede thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreme perill of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safety
Inforit vs to this execution.

**Ma.** Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good Lords both, haue well proceeded
To warne false traitours from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Miftrefle Shore.

**But.** Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to fee his death,
Which now the longing haftce of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning haue prevented,
The Tragedy

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

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

Glo. And to that end we wilht your Lordfhip here
To avoyde the carping cenfures of the world.

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

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

Buck. Fear not, my Lord, I'll play the Orator,
As if the golden fee for which I pleade
Were for my selfe.

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

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

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

To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to giue notice, that no maner of person
At any tyme haue recourse vnto the Princes. Exit.

Enter a Scrivener with a paper in his hand.

This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a fet hand fairely is engraves,
That it may be this day read ouer in Paules:
And marke how well the sequele hangs together,
Eleuen hours I spent to wryte it ouer,
For yeafternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The president was full as long a doing,
And yet within these five hours lued Lord Hastings,
Vntaynted, vnexamined, free, at liberty:
Here is a good world, the while. Why whoes so grosse
That fees not this palpable deuice?
Yet whoes so blinde but sayes he fees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to naught,
When such bad dealing must be sene in thought. Exit

Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.

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

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

Glo. Toucht you the bastardy of Edwands children?

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

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

Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statuas or breathing stones,
Gazed each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And askt the Maior, what meant this wilfull silence?
His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrged to tell my tale againe:
Thus, faith, the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferred:
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their caps,
And some ten voices cried, God saue King Richard.
Thankes louing Cittizens and friends quoth I,
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisedomes and your loue to Richard:
And so brake off and came away.

Glo. What tonguelesse blockes were they, would they not
Buc. No by my troth my Lo:
Glo. Will not the Maior then, and his brethren come.
Glo. The Maior is here at hand, and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mighty suite:
And looke you get a praier booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen good my Lo:
For on that ground Ie build a holy defcant:
Be not easily wonne to our request:
Play the maides part, say no, but take it.

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

No
No doubt weele bring it to a happie issue.

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

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

_Here comes his seruant: how now Catesby what faies he._

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

_Buck._ Returne good Catesby to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Cittizens,
In deepe deigne and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing then our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

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

_Buck._ A ha my Lord this prince is not an Edward:
_He is not lulling on a lewd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dalying with a brace of Cittizens,
But meditating with two deep Divine,
Not sleeping to ingroffe his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchfull soule.
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on him selfe the fourainty thereon,
But sure I feare we shall never winne him to it.

_Maior._ Marry God forbid his grace should say vs nay.

_Buck._ I feare he will, how now Catesby, _Enter Cates._

What faies your Lord?

_Cates._ My Lo. he wonders to what end, you haue assembled
Such troupes of Cittizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before,
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him,

_Buck._ Sorrie I am my noble Colen should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And so once more returme and tell his grace: _Exit Catesby._

_H_ When
The Tragedy

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

Enter Rich. with two bishops a little.

Major. See where he stands between two clergie men.

Buck. Two props of vertue for a chriitian Prince,
To stale him from the fall of vanitie,
Famous Plantaganet, most gracious prince,
Lend favorable cares to our requet,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeale,

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

Buck. Even that I hope which please God aboue,
And all good men of this ungoverned Ile.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the sight of your eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance,

Buck. You haue my Lord, would it please your grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land?

Buck. Then know it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne maiestical,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
The lineall glorie of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemisht flocke:
Whilfit in the midnesse of your sleepe thoughts,
Which here we waken to our countries good,
This noble Ile doth want her proper limbes,
Her face deface with fears of infamie,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulness and darke oblivion,
Which we recure we hartily solicit,
Your gracious selfe to take on you the foueraingtie thereof,
Not as Protector Steward Substitue,

Or
Or lowlie factor for another's gaine;
But as successuuelie from bloud to bloud,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this consoled with the Citizens
Your verie worshipfull and loving friends,
And by their vehement insigation,
In this just faithe come I to move your grace.

Glo. I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofs,
Beft fitten my degree or your condition;
Your loue defuere my thanks, but my defect
Vnmeritablę shunes your high request,
First if all obftacles were cut awaye,
And that my path were euene to the crown,
As my ripe reueneu and dew by birth,
Yet so much is my pouerty of spirit,
So mightie and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnes,
Beeing a Barketo brooke no mightie sea,
Then in my greatnes couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glorie smotherd;
But God be thanked there's no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The roiall tree hath left vs roiall fruit,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seat of maiefie,
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I laie what you would laie on me:
The right and fortune of his happie flas,
Which God defend that I shoulde wring from him.

Busk. My lord, this argues conience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and truiall,
All circumstancces well considered;
You faie that Edward is your brothers sonne,
So faie we to, but not by Edwards wife,
For first he was contract to lady Lucy,
Your mother liues a wittesse to that vowe,
And afterward by substiteute betrothed
The Tragedy

To Ben, sister to the king of France,
These both put by a poor petitioner
A care-crazed mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoone of her best daisies
Made prize and purchase of his lustfull eye,
Seduc't the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To base declension and loathed bigamie,
By her in his unlawful bed he got.
This Edward whom our maner terme the prince,
More bitterlie could I expostulate,
Save that for reverence to some saine
I give a sparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall selfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie:
If not to bless vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
From the corruption of abusing time,
Vnto a lineall true derived course.

Maur. Do good my Lord your Citizens entreat you.
Cuef. O make them ioisfull grant their lawful suite.
Glo. Alas, why would you heape these cares on me,
I am vnfit for state and dignitie,
I do beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buck. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
Loath to depose the child your brothers sonne,
As well we know your tendernes of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which wee haue noted in you to your kin,
And egallie indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you accept our suite or no,
Your brothers sonne shall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come Citizens, zounds ile intreat no more.

Glo. O do not sweare my Lord of Buckingham.

Catesby
of Richard the third.

Cates. Call them againe, my lord, and accept their sute.

Ano. Doe, good my lord, least all the land doe rew it.

Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care:
Well, call them againe, I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind intreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soule.
Coisin of Buckingham, and you sage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare her burthen whether I will or no,
I must have patience to indure the lode,
But if blacke scandale or soule-fact reproch
Attend the sequell of your imposicion,
Your meere enforcement half acquittance mee
From all the impure blotts and staines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof:

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

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

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

M.yor. Amen.

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

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

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your grace.

Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:

Farewell good coofine, farwel gentle friends.

Enter Que., mother, Duche of York, Marques Dorset, at one doore, Duche of Gloucester at another doore.

Duch. Who meetts vs heere, my neece Plantagenet?

Qu. Sister well met, whether awaie so faile?

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

Qu. Kind sister thanks, weele enterall togither,

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

Lieu. Wel Madam, and in health, but by your leaue,
I may not suffer you to visite him,
The King hath straightlie charged the contrarie.

Qn. The King? whie, whole that?
Lieu. I crie you mercie, I meane the Lord protector.
Qn. The Lord protect him from that Kinglie title:
Hath he set boundes betwixt their loue and me:
I am their mother, who should kepe me from them?
Ducb. yor. I am their Fathers, Mother, I will see them.

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

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

Enter L. Stanitce.

Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And Ile salute your grace of Yorke, as Mother:
And reuerente looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you must go with me to Westminister,
There to be crowned, Richards royall Queene.

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

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

Qu. O Dorset speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy Mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outstrip death, go crosse the seas,
And liue with Richmond, from the teach of hell,
Go hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter house,
Leaft thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curfue,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time,
You shali haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not tane tardie, by vnwise delaie:

Duch. yor. O ill dispersing winde of miserie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,

A. Coca.
of Richard the third.

A Cocatrice haft thou hatch to the world,
Whose vnauoided eye is murtherous.

Stras. Come Madam, I in all haft was sent,
Duch. And I in all vnwillinges will go,
I would to God the inclusion verge,
Of golden mettall that must round my browe,
We red hotte steele to seare me to the braine,
Anointed let me be with deadlie poyson,
And die, ere men can say, God save the Queene.

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

Duch. glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as I followed Henries course,
When scarfe the bloud was well wafted from his handes,
Which ifued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint, which then, I weeping followed,
O, when I say, I look on Richatds face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurt,
For making me so young, so olde a widow,
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be so madde,
As miserable by the death of thee,
As thou haft made me by my deare Lordes death,
Loe, care I can repeate this curfe againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans hart,
Groflelie grewe captiue to his honie wordes,
And proued the subiecte of my owne soules curfe,
Which ever since hath kept my eyes from sleepe,
For never yet, one houre in his bed,
Hauie I enjoyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But hauie bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will no doubt, shortlie be rid of me.

Qu. Alas poore foule, I pittie thy complaints,
Duch. glo. No more then from my soule I mourne for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.
Duch. glo. Adew poore foule, thou takft thy leave of it.
Dn. yor. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee.

Goe
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels garde thee,
Go thou to Sanctuary, good thoughts possesthe thee,
I to my grave where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie odd yeares of sorrow have I seen,
And each houre joy wrackt with a weeke of these.

The Tragedie

Go thou to Richard, and good Angels garde thee,
Go thou to Sanctuary, good thoughts possesthe thee,
I to my grave where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie odd yeares of sorrow have I seen,
And each houre joy wrackt with a weeke of these.

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

King Stand al apart. Cousin of Buckingham,
Give me thy hand; I have been on the throne,
Thus high by thy advice,
And thy assistance is king Richard seated.
But shall we wear these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them.

Buc. Stil live they, and for ever may they last.
King Ri. O Buckingham, now do I plaie the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Young Edward liues: thinke now what I would say.
Buc. Saie on my gracious soueraigne.
King Whie Buckingham, I saie I would be king.
Buc. Whie so you are my thirce renowned liege.
King Ha: am I king? tis so, but Edward liues.
Buc. True noble prince.

King O bitter consequence,
That Edward till should liue true noble prince.
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dule:
Shall I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would have it suddenlie perform'd,
What saist thou? speake suddenlie, be briefe.

Buc. Your grace may doe your pleasure.

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

Buc. Give me some breath, some little pause my lord,
Before I positiuie speake herein :
I will resolve your grace immediatlie.

Cates. The king is angrie, see, he bites the lip.
King I wil converfe with iron witted fooles
And vnrespective boies, none are for me
That looke into me with considerate eyes:

Boy,
of Richard the third.

Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumspet.

Boy. My Lord.

King. Knowst thou not any whom corrupting gold Would tempt into a close exploit of death.

Boy. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman, Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie mind,

Gould were as good as twentie Orators,

And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name.

Boy. His name my Lord is Tirrell.

King. Go call him hither presentlie,
The deepe raving witty Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntride
And fops he nowe for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes vvith you?

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

King. Catesby. Cat. My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close;
Enquire me out some meane born gentleman,
Whom I will marrie straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamft: I say againe give out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
About it, for it stands me much vpon
To stop all hopes whose growth may damadge me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marrie her,
Vncertaine vwaie of gaine, but I am in
So far in bloud that finne will plucke on sin,
T ear falling pittie dwels not in this eie.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrell?

Tyr. James Tirrell and your most obedient subject.

I King.
The Tragedy

King Art thou indeed?
Tir. Prue me my gracious soueraigne,
King Darft thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two enemies.
King Why there haft it two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleepe disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel I meane those bastards in the tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone ile rid you from the feare of them.
King Thou shalt meeke sweet musike. Come hither Tirrel,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare, he whisperes in his eare.
Tis no more but soe, saie is it done,
And I will loue thee and prefer thee too.
Tir. Tis done my gracious lord.
King Shal we heare from thee Tirrel ere we sleepe? Enter Buck.
Tir. Ye shall my lord,
Buck. My lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demand that you did found me in.
King Well, let that passe, Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck I heare that newes my lord.
King Stanley he is your wifes sonnes, Well looke to it.
Buck. My lord, I claime your gift, my dew by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawned,
The Earledome of Herford and the moveables,
The which you promised I should possesse.
King Stanley looke to your wife, if she conuay
Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.
Buck. What saies your highnes to my just demand.
King As I remember, Henrie the fixt
Did prophesie that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy:
A king perhaps, perhaps. Buck, My lord.
King How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Hauetold me I being by, that I should kill him.
Buck. My lord, your promise for the Earledome.
King Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curtfeie showed me the Castle,

And
of Richard the third.

And called it Rugemount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord.

King. I, what's a clock? 

Buck. It is thus bold to put your grace in mind

Of what you promised me.

King. Well, but what's a clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

King. Well, let it strike.

Buck. While it strikes?

King. Because that like a lacke thou keepest the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the gifting vain to day.

Buck. Whie then resolve me whether you wil or no?

King. Tut, tut, thou troubled me, I am not in the vain. Exit.

Buck. Is it even so, rewardst he my true service
With such deep contempt, made I him king for this?

O let me thinke on Hastings and be gone
To Brecon while my fearfull head is on.

Exit.

Enter Sir Francis Tyrrell.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,
The most arch act of pitteous massacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and Forrest whom I did suborne.
To do this rufhles peace of butcherie,
Although they were flefht villains, bloudie dogs,
Melting with tendernes and kind compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Lo thus quoth Dighton laic those tender babes,
Thus thus quoth Forrest girdling on another,
Within their innocent alabaster armes,
Their lips were soure red Roses on a stalke,
Which in their summer beautie kift each other,
A booke of prayers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth Forrest almost changed my mind,
But the Diuell their the villaine stopp,
Whilst Dighton thus told on we smothered

L2
The Tragedy

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

And here he comes, all haile my soueraigne leige.

Kings. Kind Tyrrell am I happie in thy newes.

Tyr. If to have done the thing you glue in charge,
Beget your happinesse, be happie then
For it is done my Lord.

King. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did my Lord.

King. And buried gentle Tyrrell?

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

Tyr. Come to me Tyrrel soone at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the processfe of their death,
Meanet ime but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire. Exits Tyrrel.

Farewel til soone.

The sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meanelie haue I matcht in mariadge,
The sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bolome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world godnight,

Now for I know the Britaine Richmond aimes
At young Elizabeth, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly or the crowne,
To her I go a jollie thriuing woer, Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Lord.

King. Good newes or bad that thou comst in so bluntly?

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

King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his rash leuied armie:
Come I have heard that feareful commenting,
Is leaden (enuitour to dull delaie,
Delaie leads impotent and snailie-pact beggerie,
Then fierie expedition be my wing.

Ioues
of Richard the third.

Ioues Mercuric and Herald for a king:

Come muste men, my counfaile is my shield,
We must be briefe when traitors braue the field. Exeunt.

Enter Queene Margaret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperitie begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of Death:
Here in these confines filie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:
A dire inducation am I witnessse to,
And wil to Fraunce, hoping the consequence
Wil prooue as bitter, blacke and tragical.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here?

Enter the Qu. and the Duchesse of Yorks.

Qu. Ah my young princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing sweetes,
Ifyet your gentle soules flie in the ayre
And be not fixt in doorme perpetual,
Houre about me with your aerie winges,
And heare your mothers lamentation.

Qu. Mar. Houer about her, faie that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.

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

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

Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Reft thy vnreft on Englands lawful earth,
Vnlawfullie made drunke with innocents bloud.

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

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

Qu. Mar. T'ancient sorrow be most reuenter,
Give mine the benefite of signorie,
The Tragedie

And let my woes frowne on the upper hand,
If sorrow can admitte societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine,
I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him:
I had a Richard, till a Ricard kild him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kild him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kild him.

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

Qu. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence to, and Richard kild him:
From forth the kennel of thy wombe hath crept,
A hel-hound that doeth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worrie lambs, and lap their gentle bloods,
That soule defacer of Gods handie worke,
Thy wombe let loose, to chafe vs to our graves,
O vpright, just, and true disposing God,
How doe I thanke thee, that this carnal curre,
Praies on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her puefellow with others mone.

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

Qu. Mar. Beare with me, I am hungrie for reuenge,
And now I cloe me with beholding it,
Thy Edward, he is dead, that kild my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quitte my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse,
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
The adulterate Haftings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimelie smothred in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reuered their factor to buie foules,
And send them thether, but at hand at handes,
ensues his piteous, and unpitted end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiendes roare, saintes praise,
To have him suddenly conuiced away.
of Richard the third.

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

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

Qu. Mar. I cald thee then, vaine flouirth of my fortune,
I cald thee then, poore shadow, painted Queene,
The prezentation of; but what I was,
The flattering Index of a direfull pageant,
One heaved a high, to be hurld done downe belowe,
A mother onlie, mockt with two sweete babes,
A dreame of which thou wert a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of euerie dangerous shot,
A Queene in ieast onlie to fill the sceane,
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children, wherein doest thou joye?
Who fues to thee, and cries 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 happie wife, a most distrested widow,
For joyfull Mother, one that wailes the name,
For Queene, a verie caitie crownd with care,
For one being sued to, one that humble fues,
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none,
For one that scorned at me, now scorned of me,
Thus hath the course of iustice wheeld about,
And lett thee but, a verie praiie to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didst vstrepe my place, and doest thou not,
Vstrepe the iust proportion of my sorow,
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, even here, I slippe my wearie necke,
And leade the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, will make me smile in France.
The Tragedie

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

Qu. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days,
Compare dead happiness with living woe,
Think that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fouler then he is,
Bettering thy loss makes the bad cause worse,
Revolving this, will teach thee how to curse.

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

Duc. Why should calamity be full of words? Exit Mar.

Qu. Windie attentions to your Client woes,
Aerie succeders of intestine ioies,
Poore breathing Orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart,
Help not at all, yet do they ease the hart.

Duch. If so, then be not toooong-tide, go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned Sonne, which thy two sweet Sons smother'd,
I heare his drum, be copious in exclamies.

Enter K. Richard Marching with Drummes
and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?

Duch. A she, that might haue intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou haft done.

Qu. Hide'st thou that forehead with a golden crowne
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slayth of the Prince that owed that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villain flaque, where are my children?

Duch. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his sonne?

Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Reeves, Vaughan, Gray?

King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed, Strike I saie. The trumpets
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
of Richard the third.

Or with the clamorous report of war:
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dy. Art thou my son?

King. I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe,

Dy. Then patiently here my impatience,

King. Madam I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reprooche.

Dy. I will be mild and gentle in my speach.

King. And briefe good mother for I am in haft.

Dy. Art thou so hastie I haue ftaid for thee,

God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie,

King. And came I not at laft to comfort you?

Dy. No by the holic roode thou knowft it well,

Thou camft on earth to make the earth my hell,

A greuous burthen was thy berth to me,

Tecie and waiward was thy infancie,

Thy schoele-daiies frightful, desperate, wild, and furious.

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous,

Thy age confirmed, proud, subtile, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name

That euer gracie me in thy companie?

King. Faith none but Humphrey boure, that cal'd your grace
To breake fast once forth of my companie,
If I be so disgracius in your fight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace,

Dy. O heare me speake for I shal neuer see thee more,

King. Come, come, you art too bitter.

Dy. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,

Eare from this war thou turne a conqueror,

Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,

And never looke vpon thy face againe,

Therefore take with thee my most heauy curse,

Which in the daie of battle tire thee more

Then all the compleat armor that thou wearest,

My praiers on the aduerse partie fight,

And there the little foules of Edwards children,

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promife them successe and victorie,
The Tragedy

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

Qu. Though far more cauice, yet much lefse spirit to curse

Abides in me, I faie Amen to all.

King. Stacie Maddam, I muft speake a word with you.

Qu. I haue no more ionnes of the royall bloud,

For thee to murther for my daughters Richard,
They halbe praying nunnes not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.

King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,

Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.

Qu. And muft she die for this? O let her liue!

And ifle corrupt her maners, staine her beautie,
Slander my selfe as false to Edwards bed
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So she may liue vnscard from bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.

King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall bloud,

Qu. To saue her life, ile faie she is not so.

King. Her life is onlie safest in hir birth,

Qu. And onlie in that safetie died her brothers.

King. Lo at their births good flars were oppolite,

Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrarie.

King. All vnavoided is the doome of deftinie,

Qu. True when avoide grace makes deftinie,

My babes were deflinde to a fairer death,
If grace had blet thee with a fairet life.

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

As I intende more good to you and yours,
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.

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

To be discouerd that can do me good,

King. The advancement of your children mightie Ladie.

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

King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,

The high imperial tipe of this earthes glorie.

Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what flate, what dignitie, what honor?
Canst thou demise to ane child of mine.

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

Qu. Be briefe,least that the processe of thy kindnes,
Laft longer telling then thy kindnes doe.

King. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter,
Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.

King. What do you thinke?

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

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

Qu. Saie then,who dost thou meane shall be her king?

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

Qu. What thou.

King I euen I,what thinke you of it Maddame?

Qu. How canst thou wooe her?

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

Qu. And wilt thou learn of me?

King Madam with al my hart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers,
A paire of bleeding harts thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke,then happelie she wil weepe,
Therefore present to her as sometimes Margaret
Did to thy father,a handkercher reept in Rutlands bloud,
And bid her dry her weeping eies therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a storie of thy noble acts,
Tel her thou madst a waie her Vncle Clarence,
Her Vncle Riuers, yea, and for her sake
Madst quicke conuenience with her good Aunt Anne,

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

To win your daughter.

Qu. There is no other waie

Vnlesse thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

King Infer faire Englands peace by this alliance.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

King Say that the king which may command intreats.

Qu. That at her hands which the kings king forbids.

King Say she shalbe a high and mightie Queene,

Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth,

King Say I wil loue her everlastinge.

Qu. But how long shall that title ever last,

King Sweetlie inforce unto her faire lyues end,

Qu. But how long farely shall her sweet life last?

King So long as sheauen and nature lengthens.

Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

King Say I her soueraigne arm her subiects loue.

Qu. But she your subiect loaths such soueraintie.

King Be eloquent in my behalfe to her,

Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainlie told.

King Then in plaine terms tell her my louing tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honest is to harsh a stile.

King Madame your reasons are too shallow & too quicke

Qu. O no my reasons are to deepe and dead.

Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,

King Harpe not one that string Madam that is past.

Qu. Harpe on it still shall I till hartstrings breake.

King Now by my George, my Garter and my crown.

Qu. Prophand, dishonerd, and the third vsurped.

King If weare by nothing,

Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath,

The George prophand hath loft his holie honor,

The Garter blemisht pawnd his knightlie vertue,

The crown vsurpt disgra\textsuperscript{c}ct his kingly dignitie,

If something thou wilt weare to be beleue,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wronged.

King Now by the world.

Qu. Tis ful of thy soule wrongs.

King My
of Richard the third.

King. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath that dishonor.

King. Then by my selfe.

Qu. Thy selfe thy selfe misusest.

King. While, then by God.

Qu. Gods wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst feared to break an oath by him,
The vnitie the king my brother made,
Had not bene broken, nor my brother slaine.
If thou hadst feared to break an oath by him,
The emperiall mettal circling now thy brow,
Had graft the tender temples of my childe,
And both the princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now, two tender plate fellowes for dust,
Thy broken faith, hath made a praie for wormes.

King. By the time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wrongd in time orepast,
For I my selfe, have manie teares to wash,
Hereafter time, for time, by the past wrongd,
The children live, whose parents thou hast slauerted,
Vngouernd youth, to waile it in their age,
The parents live, whose children thou hast butched,
Olde withered plantes, to waile it with their age,
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast,
Misused, eare vfed, by time misused orepast.

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

It will not be avoided but this:
Therefore good mother (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Please what I will be, not what I have been,
Not by desert, but what I will deserve,
Vrge the necessity and state of times,
And be not pious, fond in great designs.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus.

King. I, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.

King. I, if your selfes remembrance, wrong your selfe.

Qu. But thou didst kill my children.

King. But in your selfes remembrance, I buried them,
Where in that nest of spiceries they shall breed,
Selfes of themselves, to your recomplie.

Qu. Shall I go winne my daughter to thy will.

King. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Qu. I goe, write to me verie shortlie.

King. Bear her my true loues kisse, farewell.

Exit.

Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. Enter Rat.

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

King. Some light footed friend, post to the Duke of Norff.

Rat. Little thy selfe, or Catelbie, where is hee?

Cat. Hermy Lord.

King. Flie to the Duke, post thou to Salisbury,
When thou comft there, dulle waindful villaine,
What standst thou still? and goest not to the Duke.

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

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

Rat. What is it your highnes pleasure, I shall do at Salisbu-
King. Whie? what wouldst thou doe there before I goe? (ty,
Rat. Your highnes told me I should post before.
King. My mind is chang'd sir, my minde is changd.

How now, what newes with you?

Enter Darbi.

Dar. None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing.
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.
King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad;
Why doest thou runne so many mile about,
When thou maist tell thy tale a neerer way.
Once more, what newes?
Dar. Richmond is on the Seas.
King. There let him sinke, and be the sea on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doeth he there?
Dar. I know not mightie Souveraigne, but by guesse.
King. Well sir, as you guesse, as you guesse.
Dar. Sturd vp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Elie,
Hemakes for England, there to claime the crowne.
King. Is the chaire emptie, is the sword vnswaied?
Is the king dead, the Empire vnpoised?
What heire of Yorke is there alive but we?
And who is Englands King, but great Yorke's heire?
Then tell me, what doeth he vpon the sea?
Dar. Unlesse for that my liege, I cannot guesse,
King Unlesse for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guesse, wherefore the Welshman comes,
Thou wilt revolt, and flye to him I feare,
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.
King Where is thy power then, to beate him backe,
Where are thy tennants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore?
Safe conducting, the rebels from their ships.
Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
King. Cold friends to Richard, what doe they in the North?
When they should serue, their Soveraigne in the West.
Dar. They have not bin commanded, mightie Soveraigne.
Pleaze it your Maiestie to giue me leaue.
The Tragedie

Ile muster vp my friendes and meeke your grace,
Where, and what time, your Maiestie shall pleafe.

King. I, I, thou wouldest be gone, to ioyne with Richmond,
I will not trust you Sir.

Dar. Most mightie Soueraigne,
You have no caufe to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be falle.

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

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonshire,
As I by friendes am well auertised,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bifhop of Exeter, his brother there,
With manie mo confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Liege, in Kent the Guilforde are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors,
Flocke to their side, and till their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

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

He strikes him,

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

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

King. O I cry you mercie, I did mistake,
Rattle reward him, for the blow I gaue him,
Hath any well auised friend giuen out,
Rewardes for him that brings in Buckingham.

Mes. Such proclamation hath bene made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir Thomas Louel, and Lord Marques Dorset,
Tis said my liege are vp in armes.

Yet
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Britaine nauie is dispers'd, Richmond in Dorshire
Sent out a boate to aske them on the shore,
If they were his assistants yea, or no:
Who answered him, they came from Buckingham,
Upon his partie, he mistrusting them,
Hoist sail, and made away for Britaine.

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

Enter Cesbie.

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

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

Enter Darbie, Sir Christopher.

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

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

Dar. What men of name resorte to him.

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

Dar. Returne vnto thy Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartelie consented,
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter,

These
The Tragedy

These letters will resolve him of my minde.
Farewell.

Enter Buckingham to execution.

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

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

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

Rat. It is my Lord.

Buck. While then Aloules day, is my bodies dome day:
This is the day, that in king Edwards time,
I wliht might fall on me, when I was found,
False to his children, or his wiuces allies;
This is the day, wherein I wliht to fall,
By the false faith, of him I trusted most;
This, this Aloules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:
That high al-feer, that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doeth he force the swordes of wicked men,
To turne their owne pointes, on their Mafiets boosome:
Now Margarets curse, is fallen vpon my head,
When he quorh she, shall split thy hart with sorrow.
Remember, Margaret was a Prophetesse,
Come firs, convey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the dew of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,
Bruised underneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Hauwe we marcht on without impediment,
And here receiue we, from our Father Stanlie,
Richard the third

Lines of fair comfort, and encouragement,
The wretched, bloudie, and vsurping bore,
That spoild your somer-fieldes, and fruitful vines,
Swils your warme bloud like wash, and makes his trough,
In your inboweld bowmes, this foule swine,
Lies now euen in the center of this Isle,
Neare to the towne of Leycester as we leaue:
From Tamworth thether, is but one dayes march,
In Gods name cheerelie on, courageous friends,
To reap the haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.

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

Exit.

Enter King Richard, Norffolke, Ratcliffe,
Catesbie, with others.

King. Here pitch our tentes, euen here in Bosworth field,
While, how now Catesbie, while lookt thou so bad.
Cate. My hart is ten times lighter then mylookes.
King. Norffolke, come hether.
Norff. We must haue knockes, ha, must we not?
King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lie to night,
But where to morrow, well, all is one for that;
Who hath discried the number of the foe.
Norff. Sixe or seuen thousand is their greatest number.
King. While our battalion trebles that account,
Besides, the Kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the aduersie partie want,
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Let vs want no discipline, make no delate,
The Tragedy

For Lordes, to morrow is a busie day.

Enter Richmond with the Lordes, &c.

Rich. The weareie fonne hath made a golden fete,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Gives signall of a goodlie day to morrow,
Where is Sir William Brandon, he shall beare my flanerd?
The Earle of Pembroke keepe his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest;
Where is Lord Stanlie quarterd, doest thou know.

Blunt. Verily I have mistane his coulers much,
Which well I am affur'd, I have not done,
His regiment, lies halfe a mile at leaft,
South from the mightie power of the king.

Rich. If without perrill it be possible,
Good captaine Blunt beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this moft neede full scrowle.

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

Rich. Farewell good Blunt.

giue me some inke, and paper, in my tent,
Ile drawe the forme, and model of our battel,
Limit each leader to his feueraul charge,
And part in iuft proportion our small strength,
Come, let vs consult upon to morrowes busines,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.

Enter king Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe Catesb. &c.

King. What is a clocke.

Cat. It is fixe of clocke, full supper time.

King. I will not sup to night, giue me some inke and paper,
What is my beuer easier then it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cat. It is my Liege, and all thinges are in readines.

King. Good Norffolke, hie thee to thy charge,
Vfe carefull watch, chufe trustie centinell,

Norff. I goe my Lord.
of Richard the third.

King. Stur with the Larket to morrow gentle Norffolke.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesby.

Rat. My lord.

King. Send out a Pursuaint at armes

To Stanleys regiment, bid him bring his power

Before sun rising, lest his sonne George fall

Into the blind caue of eternal night.

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

Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,

Looke that my statues be found and not too heavy Ratliffe.

R. t. My lord.

King. Sawft thou the melancholie Lo Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himselfe,

Much about cock shut time, from troupe to troupe

Went through the army cheering vp the soldiours.

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

I haue not that alacrity of spirt

Nor cheere of mind that I was wont to haue:

Set it down. Is inke and paper ready?

Rat. It is my lord.

King. Bid my guard watch, leve me.

Ratliffe about the mid of night come to my tent

And helpe to arme me: leve me I say.    Exit. Ratliffe

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Darby. Fortune and victorie set on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,

Be to thy person noble father in law,

Tell me how fares our louing mother?

Dar. I by attourney bleffe thee from thy mother,

Who prays continualie for Richmonds good,

So much for that the silente hours steale on,

And flakie darkenesse breakes within the caie,

In briefe, for so the season bids vs be:

Prepare thy battell earlie in the morning,

And put thy fortune to the arbitrement,

Of bloudie strokes and mortall flaring war,

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

L. 3     With
The Tragedie

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

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

Enter the ghost of young Prince Edward, sonne

Harry the fixt to Ri.

Ghost to Ri. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow.
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,
At Teuksbury, dispaire therefore and die,
To Rich, Be cheerful Richmond for the wronged soules
Of Butchered princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henrys issue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the ghost of Henry the fixt.

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

Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire and die.
To Rich, Vertuous and holic be thou conqueror,
Harrie that prophified thou shou'dst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe live and florish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

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

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

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, Vaughan.

King Let me set heauie in thy soule to morrow,
Rivers that died at Pombret, dispaire and die,
Gray. Thinke vpon Graie, and let thy soule dispaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie feare,
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.

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

Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

Ghost to Ri. Dreame on thy Cozens smothered in the tower,
Let vs be lead within thy boosome Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruine, shame, and death,
Thy Nepheyes foules bid thee dispaire and die,
To Rich. Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace and wake in joy,
Good angels guard thee from the bores annoy,
Lie and beget a happie race of kings,
Edwards unhappie sonnes do bid thee florish,

Enter the ghost of Hastings.

Ghost. Bloudie and guiltie, guiltlie awake,
And in a bloudie battaile end thy daies,
Thinke on lord Hastings, dispaire and die,
To Rich. Quiet untroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

Enter the ghost of Lady Anne his wife,
Richard thy wife, that wretchted Anne thy wife,
The Tragedie

7 hat neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fells thy sleepe with preturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeles sword despaire and die,

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

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the crown,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O in the battaile thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy giltinesle,
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Painting, despaire, despairing yeeld thy breath,

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

Richard starteth vp out of a dreame.

King Ri. Give me another horse, bind vp my wounds,
Have mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame,
O Coward conscience, how doft thou affliet me?
The lights burned blew, it is now dead midnight,
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I fear? my selfe thereis none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is I and I,
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason whie?
Leave I revenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for anie good
That I my selfe have done vnto my selfe;
O no, alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deedes committed by my selfe,
I am a villaine, yet I lie I am not,
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand feuerall tongues,
And euerie tongue brings in a feuerall tale,
And euerie tale condemns me for a villaine,

Periurie
of Richard the third.

Periurie, periurie, in the highest degree,
Murther, terme murther, in the dyreft degree,
All feuerall sinnes, all vide in each degree,
Throng to the barre, crying all guifie, guifie.
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule will pitie me:
And wherefore should they, since that I my selfe,
Finde in my selfe, no pitie to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I had murthred,
Came to my tent; and every one did threat,
To morrows vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zoundes, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I, the earlie village cocke,
Hath twice done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.
King. O Ratcliffe, I haue dreamd a fearefull dreame,
What thinkft thou, will our friends proue all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.
King. By the Aposle Paul, shadowes to night,
Haue stroke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the substance often thousand fouldiers,
Armed in prooue, and led by shallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neere day, come, go with me,
Vnder our tents Ile plaie the eafe dropper,
To see if any meane to shrinke from me.  

Exeunt.

Enter the Lordes to Richmond.

Lo. Good morrow Richmond.
Rich. Crie mercie Lordes, and watchfull gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard here.
Lo. How haue you left my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowifie head,
Haue I since your depature had my Lordes,

M. Me
The Tragedy

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

Ld. Upon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Whie, then tis time to arme, and giue direction.

His oration to his soldiers.

More then I haue saied, louing countriemen,
The leasure and informent of the time,
For bids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard, except those whome we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? truelie gentlemen,
A bloudie tyrant, and a homicide.
One rased in bloud, and one in bloud established,
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slauughtered those, that were the meanes to helpe him.
A base soule stone, made precious by the foile,
Of Englands chaiere, where he is falsely set,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemie.
Then if you fight against Gods enemie,
God will in iustice, ward you as his soldiers,
If you doe sweate to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countriens foes,
Your countriens fat, shall paie your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerors.
If you doe free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quites it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all these rightes,
Aduance your standards, drawe your willing swords,
For me, the raunfome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this could corps on the earths cold face:
of Richard the third.

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

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond.
Rat. That he was never trained vp in armes.
King. He said the truth, and what said Surrey then.
Rat. He smiled and said, the better for our purpose,
King. He was in the right, and so in deede it is:

Tell the clocke there. The clocke striketh.

Give me a calender, who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke,
He should have braud the East an hower agoe,
A blanke day will it be to some bodie Rat.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sunne will nor be scene to day,
The skie doeth frowne, and lowre vpon our armie,
I would these dewie tears were from the ground,
Not shine to day, while, what is that to me,
More then to Richmond, for the selfe-same heauen,
That frownes on me, lookes sadlie vpon him.

Enter Norffolke.

Norff. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field,
King. Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,
Call vp Lord Standlie, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth, my souldiers to the plaine,
And thus my battaile shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equallie of horse and foote,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
John, Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of this foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow,
In the matnie battle, whose puissance on either side,
Shall be well winged with our chieuest horse:
This, and Saint George to bootes, what thinkst thou Norffolke?
M. z. A good
The Tragedy

Nor. A good direction warlike foueraigne, this found I on my tent this morning, Iacky of Norfolke be not so bold, For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

King A thing deuiled by the enemie. Go gentlemen every man into his charge, Let not our babling dreams affright our soules: Conscience is but a word that cowards use, Deuill at first to keepe the strong in awe, Our strong armes be our conscience swords, our law. March on, joine brauie, let vs to it pell mell, If not to heauen then hand in hand to hell.

His Oration to his army. What shal I saie more then I haue inferd? Remember whom you are to cope withall, A sort of vagabonds, rascols and runawaies, A scum of Britains and base lacky pesants, Whom their orecloted country vomits forth, To desperate aduentures and affurd destruction, You sleeping safe they bring to you vnrest, You hauing lands and blest with beauteous wives, They would refraine the one, dittaine the other, And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow? Long kept in Britaine at our mothers coft, A milkefopt one that neuer in his life Felt so much colde as over shooes in snow: Lets whip these stragglers ore the seas gaine, Laff hence these overweening rags off France, These famifiht beggers wearie of their lies, Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit, For want of means poore rats had hangd themselues, If we be conquered, let men conquer vs, And not these baftard Britains whom our fathers Haue in their own land beaten bobd and thump't, And in record left them the heires of shame. Shall these enjoy our lands, lie with our wiues? Raushe our daughters, barke I heare their drum, Fight gentlemen of England, fight bold yeomen,
of Richard the third.

Draw archers draw your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in bloud,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves,
What faires lord Stanley, wil he bring his power?

*M* My lord, he doth deny to come,

*King* OOF with his sonne Georges head.

*Nor* My lord, the enemie is past the marsh,

After the battaile let George Stanley die.

*King* A thousand harts are great within my bosome,

Advance our standards, set upon our foes,

Our ancient word of courage faire saint George

Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,

Vpon them victorie fits on our helmes.

*Exeunt.*

*Alarum, excursions.* Enter Catesby.

Cate. Rescew my lord of Norffolke, rescew, rescew,
The king enacts more wonders then a man,

Daring an oppofite to euerie danger,

His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,

Rescew faire lord, or else the daie is lost.

*Enter Richard.*

*King* A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

*Cate.* Withdraw my lord, Ie helpe you to a horse.

*King* Slaue I haue set my life vpon a caft,

And I will stand the hazard of the die,

I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,

Iue haue I slaine to daie in stead of him,

A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

*Alarum.* Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slain

then retract being founded. Enter Richmond, Darby, bearing the crowne, with other Lords, &c.

*Ri.* God and your armes be praises victorious freends,
The daie is ours, the bloudie dog is dead,

*Dar.* Courageous Richmond, we hast thou acquit thee,

Loe here this long usurped roialtie,

From the dead temples of this bloudie wretch,

Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,

Weare it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
The Tragedie

Rich. Great God of heaven saie Amen to all,
But tell me, is young George Stanley living.

Dar. He is my lord, and safe in Leicester towne,
Whether if it please you we may now withdraw vs.

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

John Duke of Norfolke, Watcr Lord Ferris, sir
Robert Brockenbury, & sir William Brandon.

Riks. Inter their bodies as become their births,
Proclaime a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will returne to vs,
And then as we have tane the sacrament,
We will unite the white rofe and the red,
Smile heaven upon this faire conjunction,
That long have frownd upon their inmutie,
What traitor hearts me, and saies not Amen?
England hath long been madde and scar’d her selfe,
The brother blinde shed the brothers bloud,
The father rashlie slaughterd his own fonne,
The fonne compeld ben butcher to the fire,
All this deuided Yorke and Lancater,
Deuided in their dire deuifion,
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeivers of each royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance conioine together,
And let their heires(God if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faste peace,
With smiling plentie and faire prosperous daies,
Abate the edge of traitors gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloudy daies againe,
And make poore England wepe in streames of bloud,
Let them not liue to taft this lands increafe,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace,
Now ciuill wounds are stop’t, peace liues againe,
That she may long liue heare, God faie Amen.

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