RICHARD THE THIRD.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE SIXTH QUARTO,

1622.

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

BY PETER AUGUSTIN DANIEL.

LONDON:

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1889.
43 SHAKSPERE QUARTO FACSIMILES,
WITH INTRODUCTIONS, LINE-NUMBERS, &C., BY SHAKSPERE SCHOLARS,
ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR. F. J. FURNIVALL.

I. Those by W. Griggs.

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In the Prefatory notice to the Facsimile of Q3 I proposed to give here any further remarks I might have to make on the question of the relation to each other of the Qo. and Fo. versions of this Play, should it seem necessary on a final review of the subject to modify or supplement in any way the argument of my Introduction to Q1.

In that Introduction I endeavoured to prove (1) that the Folio represented substantially the Play as first set forth by Shakespeare; (2) that the Quarto represented, though very imperfectly, a shortened and revised version; and (3) that the Folio itself was printed from a copy of Q6 enlarged and altered in accordance with the MS. copy of the Fo. version which had been preserved in the library of the theatre.

Further study of the subject, while editing Qos. 3 and 6 for this series, has not induced in me any change from the position I then assumed; and as I have, I believe, stated my case with all needful detail in that Introduction to Q1, I have here only to refer the reader to it as my final contribution to the discussion of what is perhaps the most difficult of all Shakespearean problems.

Qos. 3 and 6 form an Appendix to the Introduction to Q1, and will enable the student to test for himself the truth or error of the conclusions to which my study has led me.

I have myself made a minute collation literatim et punctuatim of Qos. 3 and 6, and have marked in the latter with a cross [+] every line differing in any degree of significance from the former. Comparison of the two with the corresponding lines of the Fo. may thus readily be made; though, of course, the reader must bear in mind that it is only by its agreement with erroneous readings
that the question of the connection of the Fo. with either Q₃ or Q₆ can be decided.

I believe I have set forth in detail all instances of this kind of any moment in pp. vii—xiv of the Introduction to Q₁, and it is needless therefore to repeat them here; indeed for convenience it is better that they should be in a separate book, when, with the Qos. 3 and 6 and the Fo. open before him, the reader devotes himself to the examination of the question.

The text of this facsimile of Q₆ is taken from the copy in the British Museum, Press mark—C. 34. K. 51. Its Title-page, however, being defective in the imprint in this copy, has been completed from another copy (c. 34. k. 50) in other respects imperfect.

P. A. DANIEL.

January, 1889.
THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
KING RICHARD
THE THIRD.

Contayning his treacherous Plots against
his brother Clarence: The pittifull murder of his innocent
Nephewes: his tyrannicall Vfurpation: with the whole
course of his detested life, and most
deserved death.

As it hath been lately Acted by the Kings Maiefies
Servants.

Newly augmented.
By William Shake-speare.

LONDON,
Printed by Thomas Purfoot, and are to be sold by Mathew Law,dwelling
In Paul's Church-yard, at the Signe of the Foxe, neere
S. Austin's gate, 1622.
Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Now is the winter of discontent,
Made glorious summer by this Sonne of York:
And all the clouds that low'd upon our house,
In the deeps of the Ocean buried,
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments.
Our sterne alarums chang'd to merrie meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightfull pleasures.
Grim-visag'd war, hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now instead of mounting bar'd steeds,
To fright the soules of fearfull adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not harpe of sportive trickes,
Normed to court an amorous looking Glafe:
I that am rudely stamp't, and want loy's Maiestie,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I that am curtail'd of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, vnfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world half 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 pass away the time,
Vnleffe to spie my shadow in the Sunne,
And defiance on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore since I cannot prove a louer,
To entertain these faire well spoken daies,
I am determined to prove a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies:
Plots haue I laid, inductions dangerous;

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<table>
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<tr>
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<td>36</td>
<td>By drunken prophesies, libels and dreams, To let my brother Clarence and the King, In deadly hate the one against the other, And if King Edward be as true and just As I am subtle, false and trecherous: This day should Clarence closely be mewd vp, About a Prophesie which saies that G. Of Edwards heirs the murderer shall be. Due thoughts downe to my soule. Enter Clarence with a Guard of men. Brother good days, what meanes this armed guard That waits upon your grace? Cla. His Maiestie tendering my persons safetie hath ap- This conduct to convey me to the Tower. (pointed) Glo. Upon what cause? Cla. Because my name is George. Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours, He shoulde for that commit your good fathers: O belike his maiestie hath some intent That you shall be new christened in the Tower, But what is the matter Clarence, may I know? Cla. Yea Richard when I doe know, for I protest As yet I doe not, but as I can learne, He hearkens after prophesies and dreams, And from the croffe-row pluckes the letter G: And saies 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 toyces as these, Haue moved his Highnesse to commit me now. Glo. Why this it is when men are rule by women, Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower, My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis she That tempts him to this extremecity: Was it not she and that good man of worship Anthony Woodville her brother there, That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower, From whence this present day he is deliuered? We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe. Cla.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
of Richard the Third.

_Gla._ By heauen I thinke there is no man secour'd
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistrelle Shore;
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his deliverie?

_Glo._ Humble complaing to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie,
lletell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in favoure with the King,
To be her men, and weare her liuerie,
Theiealous ore-worne widdow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubd them Gentlewomen,
Are mightie goslips in this Monarchy.

_Bro._ I befeech your graces both to pardon me?

_His maiesie hath straitly gien in charge,
That no man shall have priuate conference,
Of what degree focuer with his brother.

_Glo._ Euen so & please your worship Brokenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the King
Is wife and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well strooke in yeaeres, faire and not jealous,
We say that Shore's wife hath a prettie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a pafling pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes:
How say you sir, can you deny all this?

_Bro._ With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nought to do.

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

_Bro._ What one my Lord?

_Glo._ Her husband knowe, wouldst thou betray me?

_Bro._ I befeech your Grace to pardon me, and withall for-
Your conference with the noble Duke.

_Gla._ We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.

_Glo._ We are the Queenes Abiects and must obey,
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoever you will imploie me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widdow sister,

A 3. I will
The Tragedie

I will performe it to infranchise 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 deliuer you, or lie for you,

Meane time haue patience.

_Cla._ I must perforce, farewell.

_Glo._ Go tread the path, that thou shalt worse returne,
Simple plaine _Clarence_, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes heere, the new deliuered _Hastings_?

_Enter Lord _Hastings_.

_Hast._ Good time of day vnro my gracious Lord.

_Glo._ As much vnro my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this openaire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?

_Hast._ With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

_Glo._ No doubt, no doubt, and so shall _Clarence_ too,
For they that were your enemies, are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.

_Hast._ More pitty that the Eagle should be mewed,
While Kites and Buzzards prey at libertie.

_Glo._ What newes abroad?

_Hast._ No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phisitions feare him mightily.

_Glo._ Now by St. Paul this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouermuch confumed his Royall person,
Tis very grieuous to be thought upon,
What is he in his bed:

_Hast._ He is.

_Glo._ Go you before, and I will follow you,

_Exit _Hast_.

He cannot liue I hope, and must not die
Till George be packt with post horse vp to heauen,
Ile into virge his hatred more to _Clarence_,

With
of Richard the Third.

With lyes well steeld with weightie arguments,
And if I saile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to buffell in:
For then I'll marry Warwick's yongest daughter,
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readieft way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reache vnto,
But yet I run before my horse to Market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. Exit.

Enter Lady Anne, with the hearfe of Harry the 6.

Lady Anne. Set downe, set downe your honorable Lord,
If honor may be shrowded in a hearfe,
Whilest I a while obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of vertuous Lancaster.
Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
Thou bloodies remnant of that royall blood,
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 selfsame hands that made these holes:
Loe, in those windowes that let forth thy life,
I poure the helpelesse blame of my poore eyes.
Curst be the hand that made the fatall holes,
Curst be the heart, that had the heart to do it,
More direfull hap beside that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can wish to Adders, Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venomeous thing that liues;
If euer he hauechild, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and untimely brought to light:
Whole vgly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopefull mother at the view,
If ever he have wife, let her be mad:
As miserable by the death of him.
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee,
Come now towards Chertey with your holy load
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And still as you are a weare of the weight,
Rest you whiles I lament King Henry's coarse.

Enter Gloster.

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

La. What blacke Magitian conjures vp this fiend
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarse, or by St. Paul,
Ile make a coarse of him that disobeyes.

Gen. Stand backe and let the Coffin passe.

Glo. Vnmanner'd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breft,
Or by Saint Paul Ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.

La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell.

Auant thou feared full minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power over his mortall bodie,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet Saint for charitie, be not so curt.

La. Foule diuell, for Gods fake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou haft made the happie earth thy hell:
Fil'd it with cursing cries and deepe exclamies,
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.

Oh Gentlemen see, see dead Henry's wounds,
Open their congeald mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, bullesh, thou lumpes of soule deformity,

For this thy presence that exhailes this blood,
From cold and emptie veynes where no bloude dwels.
Thy deed inhumaine and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall.

O God, which this blood mad'ft, reuenge his death:
O earth, which this bloude drink'ft, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,
Of Richard the Third.

Of earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou didst swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hel-gouernd armes hath butchered.

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses,

La. Villanne, thou knowst no lawe of God, nor man:
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie,

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

La. Oh wonderfull when devils tell the truth.

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

La. vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.

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

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

Glo. By such dispaire I should accuse my selfe.

La. And by dispaire shouldst thou stand excuse,

For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst, unworthy slaughter vpon others.

Glo. Say that I flew them not.

La. Why then they are not dead:

But dead they are, and diuellish flaushe by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

La. Why then he is alive.

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

La. In thy foule throat thou lyst. Queen Margret saw
Thy bloody fawtichion smoaking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that thy brother beate aside the poynt.

Glo. I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue
Which laide their guilt upon my guiltlesse shoulders.

La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloody minde,
Which never dreamt on ought, but butcheries.

Didst thou not kill this King?

Glo. I grant yee.

B

La.
The Tragedie

La. Doest graunt me hedgehog, then God graunt me too.
Thou maieft be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.
La. He is in heaven, 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 else, if you will heare me name it.
La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.
La. I hope so.
Glo. I know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kind in counter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a flower methode:
Is not the causer of the time-leffe deaths,
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cause, and most accurl effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect.
Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest that houre in your sweere bosome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beautie from their cheekes.
Glo. These eyes could never indure sweet beauties wrack,
You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night overhad 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 vnnatural,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell just and reasonable,
To be reuenged on him tha slew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La.
of Richard the Third.

_La._ His better doth not breath upon the earth.

_Glo._ Go too; he liues that loues you better then he could.

_La._ Name him. 

_Glo._ Plantagenet.

_La._ Why what was hee?

_Glo._ The sellestame name; but one of better nature.

_La._ Where is hee?

_Glo._ Here. _She spitteth at him._

Why doest thou spit at mee?

_La._ Would it were mortall poyson for thy fake.

_Glo._ Neuer came poyson from so sweete a place.

_La._ Neuer hung poyson on a fowler toade,

Out of my sight, thou doest infect my eyes.

_Glo._ Thine eyes sweete Lade haue infected mine.

_La._ Would they were Basiliskes to strike thee dead.

_Glo._ I would they were, that I might die at once,

For now they kill me with a liuing death:

_Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawn salt teares,

Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops,

I neuer sued to friends nor enemie,

My tongue could neuer learne sweete soothing words.

But now thy beautie is propos'de my see:

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake,

_Teach not thy lips such scorne, for they were made

For killing Lady, not for such contempt.

If thy reverencefull heart cannot forgiue,

_Loe here I lend thee this sharpe pointed sword,

Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,

And let the soule forth that adoreth thee:

_I laie it naked to thy deadly stroake:\n
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.

_Nay, do not pawse, twas I that kild your husband,

But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:

_Nay now dispatch, twas I that kild king Henry,

But twas thy heavenly face that set me on:

_Take vp the sword againe, or take vp me._

_La._ Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,

I will not be the executioner.

_Glo._ Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it.

_La._ I haue alreadie. 

_B 2 _Glo._
The Tragedie

Glo. Tush, that was in the rage:
Speak 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 thou shalt by accessarie.
La. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are falle.
Glo. Then never man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I shall live in hope.
La. All men I hope live fo.
Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.
La. To take, is not to give.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy brest inclosteth me poote heart.
Were both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore suppliant may
But beg on fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost conformes his happinesse for ever.
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leave these sad designes
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where, after I haue solemnely enterrd
At Chertfic Monasterie this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with al expedient dutie see you:
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Graunt methis boone.

La. With all my heart, & much it joyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tresfull and Bartry, goe along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you desere:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue said farewell alreadie.

Exit. Glo.
of Richard the Third.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the cours.
Sirs. Towards Chertlie noble Lord?
Glo. No: to white Fryers: there attend my comming.

Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile have her, but I will not keepe her long.
What I that kild her husband and her father,
To take her in her hearts extremest heate:
With curses in her mouth, teares in her eyes.
The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by:
Having God, her conscience, and these barres against me;
And I nothing to backe my suit withall
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, Whome I some three moneths since
Stabd in my angry mood at Tewxbury?
A sweeter and a louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigallitie of nature:
Yong, 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 woefull bed?
On me, whose al not equals Edwards moity,
On me that halt, and am vnhapen thus?
My Dukedom to be a beggerly denier,
I doe mistake my person all this while.
Upon my life she finds, although I cannot
My selfe, to be a marualious proper man,
Ile be at charges for a Looking-glasse,
And entertaine some score or two of tailors
To studie fashions to adore my body,
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with a little cost.
But first Ile turne you fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine our faire sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my shaddow as I passe.

Exit.

Enter.
The Tragedie

Enter Queene, Lord Rivers and Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, thers no doubt his maiestie,
Will soone recover his accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entretaine good comfort,
And cheere his grace with quicke and merry words,
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.

Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
Is put into the truft of Rich. Gloucester,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.

Ri. It is concluded he shall be Protector?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the King miscarrie, Enter Buck Darby.

Gr. Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby,
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your Maiestie joyfull as you haue bene.

Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lord of Darby,
To your good prayers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby, notwithstanding thee your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.

Dar. I beseech you either not beleue
The envious flaunders of her accusers,
Or if she be accused in true report,
Bear with her weakenesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Ri. Saw you the King to day my Lord Darby?
Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Came from visiting his Maiestie.

Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords.

Buc. Madame, good hope, his grace speaks cheerfully.
Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. Madam we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Glocester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord Chamberlaine.
of Richard the Third.

And sent to warne them of his royall presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will never be.

If our happinelle is at the highest,

Glo. They doe newe wrong, and I will not indure it.

Who are they that complaines into the King?

That I forsooth am storne love them not:

By whom they loue his grace but lightly

That fill his ears with such diffentious rumors:

Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,

Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceitful and cog,

Ducke with French nods, and apish courteefe,

I must be held a rankerous enimie.

Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,

But thus in simpla truth must be abused

By ilken fie, inlinuating lackes?

Glo. To home in this presence speakes your grace?

Qu. To thee that halft nor honestie nor grace.

When haue I injur'd thee, when done thee wrong,

Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?

A plague vpon you all. His royall person

(Whome God preserve better then you would wish)

Cannot be quiete carce a breathing while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of Glocestuer, you mistake the matter:

The King of his owne royall displication,

And not prouokt by any futher else,

Ayming belike at your inferior 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 grounds of your ill will and to remoue it.

Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,

That wrens may prey where Eagles dare not peack,

Since every lacke became a Gentleman

There's many a gentle person made a lacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning brother Glo.

You enuie mine aduvancement and my friends,

God graunte we never may have need of you.

Glo. Meane time, God grant that we haue need of you,

Our
The Tragedie.

Our brother is imprisoned by your means,
My selfe disgraced, and the Nobilitie
 Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to enoble those,
That scarce some two dayes since were worth a noble.

Qu. By him that raisde me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoyed,
I never did incense his Maiestie
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earnest advocate to pleade for him.
My Lord, you doe me shamefull injurie,
Falsely to draw me in these vile trespsects.

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

Riu. She may my Lord,

Glo. She may, L. Riviers, why who knowes not so?
She may doe more sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deerts.
What may shee not? she may, yea marrie may she.

Riu. What marrie may she?

Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.

Qu. My L. of Glocester, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpraidings, and your bitter scoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiestie,
With those grosse tants I often haue indured.
I had rather be a country servant mayd,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at;
Small joy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Marg. Enter Qu.

2. Mar. And lestned be that small, God I beseech thee,
Thy honour, state, and state is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling the King?
Tell him and spare not, looke what I sayd,
I will auoch in presence of the King:
'Tis time to speake, when paines are quite forgot.

of Richard the Third.

Qu. Mar. Out duel, I remember them too well,
Thou slewst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward my poore sonne at Tewxburie.

Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs.
A weeder out of his proud aduersaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I spilt mine owne.

Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster:
And Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margarets bataille at Saint Albons slaine:
Let me put in your mind, if yours forget,
What you have been erst now, and what you are:
Withall, what I have been, and what I am.

Qu. Mar. A murtherous Villaine, and to ill thou art.

Glo. Poore Clarence did forsake his Father Warwicke,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which Iesus pardon.)


Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pitiful like mine,
I am too childish foolish for this world.

Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,
Thou Cacodemon, where thy kingdom is.

Ri. My Lord of Glocester in thofe busie daies,
Which here you urge to prove vs enemies,
We followed then our Lord, our lawfull King,
So should we now, if you should be our king.

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

Qu. Mar. 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. Mar. A little joy enjoyes the Queene thereof,
For I am she, and altogether joylesse.
The Tragedie

I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you depofd, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, do not turne away.

Glo. Foulewrinkled witch, what makst thou in my sight?
Qu. Ma. But repetition of what thou haft mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a fonne thou owesst vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleagence:
The sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.

Glo. The curfe me noble father laide on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,
And then to driethem, gau'st the Duke a clout
Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland:
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed,

Qu. So just is God to right the innocent.
Haft. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babje,
And the most merciless that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themselfes wept when it was reported,
Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buc. Northumberland then present, wept to see it.

Qu. Ma. What? were you wrangling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curfe preuaile so much with heauen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwars death,
Their kingdomes losse, my woefull banishment,
Could all but answer for that peccuah brat?
Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then give way dull cloudes to my quicke curses:
If not by warre, by surfeit die your King.
As our by murder, to make him a King.

Edward
of Richard the Third.

Edward thy sonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Died in his youth, by like untimely violences,
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out live thy glory, like my wretched selfe:
Long maist thou live to waile thy childrens losse,
And fee another, as I see thee now
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art stabled in mine:
Long die thy happy daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of griefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene,
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so was thou Lord Haslings, when my sonne
Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off.

Glo. Have done thy charme thou hateful withered hag.

Lt. M. And leave out thee? Fly dog, for thou shalt heare
If heaven have any greevous plague in store, ( me,
Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee :
O let them keep it till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurie downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
Thy friends suspect for traytors whilst thou liest,
And take deepe traytors for thy dearest friends,
No sleepe close vpon that deadly eye of thine,
Vnleffe it be whilst some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly duels,
Thou eunich markt, abortius rooting hog,
Thou that wast fead in thy naturitie
The flace of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slander of thy mothers heauie womb,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou deestred, &c.

Glo. Margaret.


Lt. M. I call the nere.

Glo. Then I crie thee mercy: for I had thought

Thou
The Tragedie

Thou hadst called me all these bitter names.

Qu. Mar. Why so I did, but looke for no reply:

O let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. This done by me and ends by Margaret. selfe,

Qu. Thus have you breathed your curse against your

Qu. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flourish of my for-

Why strewst thou sugar on that botted spider, (tune:

Whole deadly web in nareth thee about?

Fool, Fools, thou wert a knife to kill thy selfe,

To helpe thee curse that poisoned bunchbacke toade.

Haft. Falle hoarding woman, and thy fretick curse,

Least to thy harme thou moue our patience.

Qu. M. Foolus shame upon you, you haue all mou’d mine.

Ri. Werc you well seru’d you would be taught your duty.

Qu. Ma. To serue me well, you all should doe me dutie,

Teach me to be your Queene, and you my subiects:

Ofserue me well, and teach your selues that dutie.

Durf. Dispute nor with her, she is lunarique.

Qu. M. Peace maister Marquesse, you are malapert,

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:

O that your young nobilitie could judge,

What t’were to loose it and be miserable?

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

And if they fall they dash them selves to peeces.

Glo. Good counsell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.

Durf. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.

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

Our airey builderth in the Cedars top,

And dallies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.

Qu. Ma. And turnes the Sunne to shade, alas, alas,

Witness my Sunne, now in the shade of death,

Whole bright outshining beames, thy cloudie wrath,

Hath in eternall darkenesse soulded vp:

Your airey builderth in our aeries neast.

O God that feest it, do not suffer it:

As it was won with blood, last be it so.

Beck. Have done for shame, if not for charitie.

Qu. M. Virge neither charitie nor shame to me,
of Richard the Third.

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered,
My charitable with me haue you dealt,
And in my shame shall liue my sorrowes rage.

Buck. Haue done.

Q. Mary. O princely Buckingham, I will kisse thy hand,
In signe of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely house,
Thy garments are not spoited with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here, for curses never passe
The lips of them that breath them in the aire.

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

Glo. What doth she say my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Q. Ma. What doest thou scorne me for my gentle coun-
And toothd the diuell that I warne thee from? (fell,
O but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poore Margaret was a Prophetesse:
Lieue each of you, the subjectts of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to Gods.

Exit.

Haft. My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses.

Riu. And so doth mine, I wonder shees at libertie.

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

Haft. I never did her any to my knowledge.

Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was too hot to doe somebody good,
That is too colde in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid,
The Tragedie

He is frankt vp to sattie for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cause of it.

Re. A vertuous and a Cristianlike conclusion,
To prye for them that haue done scath to vs.

Glo. So do I ever being well advised,
For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.

Cas. Madame, his maiestie doth call for you.
And for your noble Grace: and you my noble Lord.

Qu. Catsby, we come, Lords will you goe with vs,
Re. Madame, we will attend your Grace.

Glo. I doe thee wrong, and first began to braule,
The secret mischief that I set abroach,
I lay vnto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whome I indeed haue laid in darkenesse:
I doe bewepe to many simple guls:

Namely to Hastings, Darby, Buckingham,
And say it is the Queene, and her allies
That stirre the K. against the Duke my brother.
Now they beleue me, and withall wher me
To be reuenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Gray.

But then figne, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs to doe good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked villanie
With old od ends, stolen out of holy writ,

And seem a Saint, when most I play the Diuell.
But soth here comes my Executioners. Enter Executioners.

How now, my hardy stout resolued mates,
Are ye not going to despatch this deed?

Exe. 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 haue done, repair to Crosbie place:

But first be sudaine in the execution:
Withall, obdurate: doe not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pittie if you marke him.

Exe. True, fear not, my Lord we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be affurde:
We come to vse our hands and not our tongues.

Glo.
of Richard the Third.

"Gl. Your eyes drop millstones, when sooles eies drop tears
Like you Lad's, about your business."

Exeunt. 355

I. iv

Bro. Why lookest thou Grace so heauty to day?

Cla. Oh, I have past a miserable night,
So full of vgly sights, of gaffly dreams:
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though t'were to buy a world of happie dayes,
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Bro. What was your dreeame? I long to heare you tell it.

Cla. Methought I was imbarke for Burgundie,
And in my company my brother Glocester,
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walke
Upon the hatches, there we looked towards England,
And cined v p a thousand feareful times,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster,
That had befaluen vs: as we paffed long,
Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled, and in stumbling
Strooke me (that thought to slay him) ouer-boord
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.

Lord, Lord, methought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyfe of water in mine eares,
What vgly sights of death within mine eyes:
Methought I saw a thousand fearefull wrackes,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, greate Anchors, heapes of pearle,
Inestimable stones, vnvalued jewelcs,
Some lay in dead mens sculls, and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabite, there were crept
As twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which Wade the slimie bottome of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Bro. Had you such leisuer in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe?

Cla. Methought I had: for still the envious flood
Kept in my soule, and would not let it foorth,
To keepe the emptie, vast, and wandring ayre,

But
The Tragedie.

But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to issues in the sea.

Brok. A wake you not with this fore agonie ?
Clar. O no, my dream was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest of my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancholy flood,
With that grim serpilman which Poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night:
The first that there did greet my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud, what scourge for perjurie
Can this darke monarchie afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: Then came wandering by,
A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dadled in blood, and he squeakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence?
That stab me in the field by Tewburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments.
With that I thought a legion of soule fiends
Environed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling, wak't, and for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.

Brok. No maruell (my Lord) though it affrighted you,
I promise you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.

Clar. O Brokenburie, I have done those things,
Which now bear evidence against my soule,
For Edwards sake, and see how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me,
My soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.

Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your grace good rest,
Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing bowers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for unfelt imagination,
They often see a world of restless cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,
of Richard the Third.

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?

Exe. I would speake with Clarence, & I came hither on my

Bro. Ye, are ye so briefe?

2. Exe. O sir, it is better be briefe then tedious.

Shew him our Commission, take no more. He readeth it.

Bro. I am in this commanded to deliver

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,

Because I will be guilte of the meaning:

Here are the keyes, there fits the Duke a sleepe:

Ile to his Maiestie and certifie his Grace,

That thus I haue resignd my place to you,

Exe. Do so, it is a point of wifedome.

2. What shall we stab him as he sleepes?

1. No, then he will say twas done cowardly

when he wakes.

2. When he wakes,

Why foole he shall never wake till the judgement day,

1. Why then he will say we stab him sleeping.

2. The verging 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 damned

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


2. I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humour will

Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tell xx.

1. How doest thou feel thy selfe now?

2. Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet within

1. Remember our reward when the deed is done.

2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.

1. Where is thy conscience now?

2. In the Duke of Glosters purse.

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

Thy conscience flies out.

2. Let it goe, ther's few or none will entertaine it.

1. How if it come to thee againe?

D 2. He
The Tragedie

2. He not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward. A man cannot steale, but if he accuseth him, he cannot steale but it checks him, he cannot lie with his neighbors wife but it detects Him, it is a blushing shamefull spirit that murines In a mans bosome: it fills one full of obstacles, It made me once restore a piece 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 live well, endeavors to trust. To himselfe and to live without it, Zounds it is even now at my elbow, perplexing me Not to kill the Duke.

2. Take the devil in thy minde, and beleue him not, He would insinuate with thee to make thee sigh.

1. Tur, I am strong in fraud, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee.

2. Stood like a tall fellow that respects his reputation, Come shall we to this gear? 1. Take him over the costard with the hilts of my sword, And then we will chop him in the Malmsey, but in the next

2. Oh excellent device, make a soppe of him. (room:) 1. Harke, he flits, shal I strike?

2. No, first lets reason with him. Cla. awakes. Cla. Where art thou Keeper, give me a cup of wine. 1. You shall have wine enough, my Lo. anone. Cla. In Gods name, what art thou:

2. A man, as you are. Cla. But not as I am, royall.

1. Nor you as we are, loyall, Cla. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble. 2. My voice is now the Kings, my looks mine owne. Cla. How darkely and how deadly dooth thou speake?

Tell me, who are you? wherefore come you hither? Am. To, to, to. Cla. To murder me? Cla. You scarcely have the heart to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to doe it, Wherein my friends have I offended you?
of Richard the Third.

1. Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cla. I shal be reconciled to him againe.

2. Neuer my Lo. therefore prepare to die.

Cla. Are you cald forth from out a world of men

To lay the innocent? what is my offence?
Where are the evidence to accuse me?

What lawfull quest haue giuen their verdict vp

Unto the frowning Judge, or who pronounced

The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,

Before I be convict by course of law?

To threaten me with death is most vnlawfull:

I charge you as you hope to have redemption,

By Christts deare blood shed for our greeuous sinnes,

That you depart and lay no hands on me,

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. What we will doe, we doe upon command.

2. And he that hath commanded is the King.

Cla. Erroneous vassall, the great King of Kings,

Hath in his Tables of his Law commanded,

That thou shalt doe no murther, and wilt thou then

Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?

Take heed, for he holdes vengeance in his hands,

To hulve upon their heads that breake his Law.

2. And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,

For false forswearing and for murther too?

Thou didst receive the holy Sacrament

To figne in quarrell of the house of Lancaster.

1. And like a traitor to the Name of God,

Didst breake that vow, and with thy treacherous blade

Vnripst the bowels of thy Soueraigns soune,

2. Whome thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.

1. How canst thou virge Gods dreadful Law to vs,

When thou haft broke it in so deare degree?

Cla. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

Why first, he sends ye not to murder me for this,

For in this sin he is as deepe as I.

If God will be revenged for this deed,

Take not the quarrell from his powerfull armes,
The Tragedie

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, brave Plantagenet,

The Princely Nounce was brooke dead by thee.

Cla. My brothers love, the Deuill, and my rage,
Thy brothers love, the Deuill, and thy fault,

Have brought vs hither now to murder thee.

Cla. Oh, if you love brother, hatenot me,
I am his brother, and I love him well:

If you be hirde for need, goe backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother Glocester,

Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

2. You are deceiued, your brother Glocester hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loves me and he holds me deare,

Go you to him from me.

Am. I so we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,
Blest his three fonnes with his victorious arme:
And chargd vs from his soule to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship,

Bid Glocester thinke on this, and he will weep,

Am. I, milstones, as he leffoned vs to weep.

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

1. Right, as snow in harvest, thou deceiued thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.

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

2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thraldome: to the joyes of heauen.

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

Cla. Haft thou that holy seeling in thy soule,

To counsell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,

That thou wilt war with God for murthering me?

Ah first consider, he that set you on

To do this deed, will hate you for this deed.

2. What
of Richard the Third.

2. What shall we doe?

Cla. Relent, and save your soules.

1. Relent, is cowardly, and womanish.

Cla. Not to relent, is beaftly, saufe, and diuclifh.

My friend, I speke some pittie in your lookes;
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and intreat for me:
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?

I. Thus, and thus: if this will not serue, He flabs him.

He chop thee in the malnessey But in the next roome,

2. A bloody deed, and desperately perfromed,

How faine like Pilate would I waft my hand,

Of this most grieuous guiltie murder done.

I. Why doest thou not helpe me?

By heauen the Duke shall know how flacke thou art.

2. I would he knew that I had faued his brother,

Take thou the pee, and tell him what I say,

For I repent me that the Duke is slaine.

I. So do not I, goe 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 meed I muft away,

For this will out, and here I muft not stay.

Exit.

Enter King, Queene, Haftings, Rivers, &c.

King. So, now I haue done a good dayes worke,

You peeres continue this vnited league,

I euery day expect an Embassage

From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:

And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,

Since I haue faed my friend at peace on earth:

Rivers and Haftings, take each others hand,

Difemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.

Ri. By heauen my heart is purgd from grudging hate,

And with my hand I sweale my true hearts loue,

Haft. So thrue I as I sweare the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your King,

Leaft he that is the suprême King of Kings,

Confound your hidden failehod, and award

Either of you to be the others end.

D 3

Haft.
The Tragedie

Hast. So prosper I, as I swears perfect love.
Riu. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.
Kim. Madame, your selves are not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,
You have been factious one against the other:
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand,
And what you doe, do it vnfinedly.

Dor, Here Hastings, I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine.

Ha. And so swears I my Lord.
Kim. Now princely Buckingham seale thou this league,
With thy embracement to my wives allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.

Buc. When ever Buckingham doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most love,
When I have most need to impoy a friend.
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be hevn to me. This doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zele to you or yours.

Kin. A pleasing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnio my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Glocestfer.

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke,
Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene,
And princely peers, a happie time of day.

Kim. Happie indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother we have done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire love of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed peers,
Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
of Richard the Third.

Hold me a foc, 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 tome to be at nemitic.
I hate it, and deside all good mens loue.
First Madame, I intreate peace of you,
Which I purchases with my duteous service.
Of you my noble cousen Buckinghani,
If ever any grudge were lodgd betwene vs.
Of you my Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without desert have frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all:
I do not know that English man alive,
With whom my soule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thank my God for my humilitie,

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all strifes were well compounded,
My soueraigne liege I do besech you Majestie
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this,
To be thus scornde in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?

You doe him injurie to scorn his coarse.

Ri. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?

Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?

Bne. Looke I to pale Lord Dofet as the rest?

dor I my good Lord, and no one in this presence,

But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes,

Kin. Is Clarence dead? the order was reuerst.

Glo. But he (poore soule) by your first order dide,

And that a winged Mercury did beare,

Some tardie crippe bore the countermaund,
That came too lagge to see him buried:

God graunt that some lesse noble, and lesse joyall,

Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:

Deferue not worse then wretched Clarence did,

And yet goe currant from suspicion.  

Enter Darbie.

Dar.
The Tragedie.

Dar. A boone (my soueraigne) for my service done,

Kim. I pray thee peace, my foule is full of sorrow.

Dar. I will not rife vnlesse your highness graunt,

Kim. Then speake at once, what it is thou demandest?

Dar. The forfeit (soueraigne) of my servants life,

Who slew to day a ryotous gentleman

Lately attendant on the Duke of Norsfolke,

Kim. Have I a tongue to doome my brothers death,

And shall the same giue pardon to a flauce;

My brother slew no man, his fault was thought,

And yet his punishment was cruell death.

Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,

Kneeled at my feete and bad me aduise?

Who spake of brother-hood? who of loue?

Who told me how the poore foule did forfake

The mightie warwicke, and did fight for me?

Who told me in the field by Twexburie,

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 lapp me,

Euen in his owne armes, and gaue himselfe

All thin and naked to the numb cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully plucks, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my minde.

But when your carters or your wayting vassails

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced

The precious Image of our deare Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,

And I vniustly too must graunt it you.

But for my brother, not a man would speake,

Nor I (vngracious) spake vnto my selfe,

For him, poore foule: The proudest of you all

Haue bene beholden to him in his life,

Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:

Oh God, I feare thy iustice will take holde

On me, and you, and mine, and your for this.

(Exit.

Come Hastings, helpe me to my closet, oh poore Clarence

Glo.
of Richard the Third.

This is the fruit of ravenous:
How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,
Looks pale when they did heare of Clarence death.
Oh, they did urge it still vnto the King,
God will revenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company. Exeunt.

Enter Dutches of Yorkes with Clarence Children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?
Dut. No boy.
Boy. Why do you wring your hands and beate your
Andrie, Oh Clarence my unhappy sonne?
Girls. Why do you looke on vs and shake your head?
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castaways,
If that our noble father be aliue?

Dut. My prittie Cosen, you mistake me much,
I do lament the sickness of the King:
A sloth to loose him now your fathers dead:
It were loft labour to weep for one that's loft.

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

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and thalow innocents,
You cannot geffe who cause thine fathers death.

Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vncle Gloucester
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprin him:
And when he told me so he wept,
And huggd me in his arme, and kindly kist my cheekes,
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.

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

Boy. Thince you my Vncle did dissemble, Granam?
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noife is this?

Enter.
The Tragedie

Enter the Queene.

Qu. Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
He joynes with blacke despaine against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemie.

Dut. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragick violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaves; the sap being gone?
If you will live, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our swift winged soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah, so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liued by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which greeues me when I see my shame in him,
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And haft the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatched my children from mine armes,
And plucked two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, O what causeth haue I
Then, being but mottie of my selfe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne the cries?

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

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand.
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Give me no helpes in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. Edward,
of Richard the Third.

_Amb. Oh for our father, for our deare Lo. Clarence._

_Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence._

_Que. What stay had I but Edward, and is he gone?_  
_Amb. What stay had we but Clarence, and is he gone?_  
_Dut. What stay had I but they, and they are gone?_  
_Que. Was neuer widow, had so deare a losse._  
_Amb. Was euer Orphans had a dearer losse?_  
_Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer losse?_

_Alas, I am the mother of these moanes,_  
_Their woes are parcelld, mine are generall:_  
_She for Edward weepes, and so do I:_  
_I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:_  
_These babes for Clarence weepes, and so do I:_  
_I for an Edward weepes, and so do they:_  
_Alas, you three on me three-ould disterst._

_Powre all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,_  
_And I will pamper it with lamentations._  
_Enter Gloster, with_  

_Glo. Madame have comfort all of vs have cause others._

_To weep the dimming of our shining starre:_  
_But none can cure their harms by wailing them._  
_Madame my mother, I doe cry you mercy,_  
_I did not see your Grace, humbly on on my knee._  
_I craue you blessing._  

_Dut. God blest thee, and put mekenesse in thy minde,_

_Loue, charitie, obedience, and true duty._

_Glo. Amen, make medi a good old man._

_Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing:_  
_I maruell why her grace did leaue it out?_  

_Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart sorrowing Peeres,_  
_That bcare this mutuell heauie load of moane,_
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:_  
_Though we haue spent our harvest for this King, We are to reape the harvest of his soone:_  
_The broken rancour of your high s wolne hearts,_
But lately splinted, knit, and joyned together,_  
_Must greatly be preferu'd, cherisht, and kept._
_Me seemeth good that with some little traine,_
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fethct_  
_Hither to London, to be crownd our King._

_Ez_  

_Glo._
The Tragedie

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 give your censures in this weightie businesse.

Ans. With all our hearts. 

Exeunt. 

Buck. My Lord, who ever journeyes to the Prince,
For God's sake let not two be behind:
For by the way He fort occasion,
As index to the stroke we lately talkt off,
To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King,
Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistorie.
My Oracel, my Prophet, my deare Cofen:
I like a child will goe by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behind. 

Exit.

Enter two Citizens.

1. Cit. Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.
1. Hears you the newes abroad?
2. I, that the King is dead.
3. Bad newes birtlady, seldomes comes the better,
I feare, I feare, twill prove a troublesome world. 

Enter another Cit.

3. Cit. Good morrow neighbours.

Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?

1. I doth. 3. Then maisters looke to see a troublous world.
2. No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shallaigne.

3. Woe to that land that's gouern'd by a childe.

In him there is a hope of gouernment,
That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouern well.

1. So stood the state when Harry the fixt
Was crown'd at Paris, but at nine moneths old.
3. Stood the state so? no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politike grace counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Uncles to protect his Grace.
2. So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3. Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:

For
of Richard the Third.

For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Which touch us all too near if God prevent not,
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,
And the Queenes kindred haustie and proud,
And were they to be rule, and not rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

2. Come, come, we fear the worst, all shall be well.

3. When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes.
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Un timely stormes make men expect a death:
All men be well: but if God interpose,
Tis more then we do, or I expect.

1. Truly the soules of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot alwaies reason with a man
That lookes not heavily and full of feare.

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

1. We are sent for to the juslice.

3. And so was I, I leacare your company.

Exeunt.

Enter Cardinal, Dutches of Yorke, Qu. yong Yorke.

Car. Last night I heard they lay at Northampton,
At Stonystratlford 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 grown since last I saw him.
Qu. But I heare no, they lay my soonne of Yorke
Hath ouertane him in his growth,
Yor. I mother, but I would not have it so.
Dut. Why, my yong Cousin it is good to grow.
Yor. Granam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My Vncle Riuers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Vncle Glo.
Small hearbs haue grace, great weeds grow space:
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweete flowers are flow, and weeds make haft.
The Tragedie

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 yong,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That if this were a 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 been remembred,
I could have given my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine.
That should have neerer tought his growth then he did
Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
Tor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
Twas full two yeares ered could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a prittie iest.
Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?
Tor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou were borne.
Tor. If we were not he, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perillous Boy: go too: you are too shrewd.
Car. Good Madame be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers haue cares.

Enter Dorset.

What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mightie Dukes, Gloucester 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 gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrannie beginns to jet.

Vpon
of Richard the Third.

Upon the innocent and lawlefe throane:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre.
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.

Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sones were lost,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,
And being feated, and domestike broyles
Cleane overblowne,themselues the conquerours,
Make war vpon themselues, blood against blood,
Selfe against selfe, O preposterous
And fastncice outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.

Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuarie.

Dut. Ile goe along with you.

Qu. You haue no caufe.

Car. My gracious Lady, go.

And thither bare your treasure and your goods.
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace,
The Seale I keepe, and so betid to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours:
Come ile conduct you to the Sanctuarie.

Exeunt.

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

Buck. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your cham -

Glo. Welcome deare Cofen iny thoughts soueraigne:

The weary way hath made you melancholie.

Prin. No Vnkle, but out our crosse on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearesome, and heauie:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweete Prince, the untainted vertue of your yeares,
Haue not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguishe of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes;
Seldome or never impeth with the heart,
Thefe Vncles which you want, were dangerous,
Your grace attended to their fudged words,
But loot not on the poyson of their hearts:

God
The Tragedie.

God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.

Prim. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.

Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. M. God bleffe your Grace, with health and Happie daies.

Prim. I thank you good my Lo. and thanke you all.

I thought my mother and my brother Yorke,

Would long ere this have met vs on the way:

Fie, what a slug is Hastings that he comes not

To tell vs whether they will come or no. Enter L. Haft.

Buck. And in good time here comes the Sweating Lord.

Prim. Welcome my Lord, what, will our mother come?

Haft. On what occasion God he knowes, not I:

The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke

Hauetaken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince

Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,

But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course

Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace

Perswade the Queene to send the Duke of Yorke

Vnto his Princely brother presently?

If she denie, Lord Hastings go with them,

And from her jealous armes plucke him perforce.

Car. My Lo. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie

Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,

Anon except him heere: but if she be obdurate

To milde entreaties, God forbid

We should infringe the holy priviledge

Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this land,

Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.

Buck. You are too senselesse obstinate my Lord,

Too ceremonious and traditionall.

Weigh it but with the greatness of this age,

You breake not Sanctuarie in seazing him:

The benefit thereof is alwaies granted

To those whose dealings haue deserved the place,

And those who haue the wit to claime the place,

This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserved it,

And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then
of Richard the Third.
Then take him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priviledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Saetuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children neuer till now.
Car. My Lord, you shall ouer-rule my mind for once?
Come on Lord Haflings, will you goe with me?
Pri. Good Lords make all the speedie haft you may.
Say Vnclle Glocestfer, if our brother come,
Where shall we soijourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it thinkis best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may counsell you, some day or two
Your highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Pri. I doe not like the Tower of any place:
Did Julius Caefer build that place my Lord?
Buck. He did, my gracios Lo. begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue redified.
Prin. Is it vpon record, or else reported
Succesfully from age to age he built it?
Buck. Vpon record my gracious Lord,
Prin. But say my Lord it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should live from age to age,
As twere retaild to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wise, so yong, they say do never live long.
Prin. What say you Vnclle?
Glo. I say, without Caracters fame liues long:
That like the formall vice, inquitie,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prin. That Julius Caefer was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit setdowne to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Cousen Buckingham.
Buck. What my gracious Lord?
Prin. And if I liue untill I be a man,
The Tragedie

Ille winne our ancient right in France againe,
Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a King.

Glo. Short sommers lightly have a forward spring.

Enter yong Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.

But. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of Yorke.

Prim. Richard of Yorke, how fares our noble brother:

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

Prim. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:

Too late he dide that might have kept that title,

Which by his death hath lost much maiestie.

Glo. How fares our cousin noble Lo.of Yorke?

Yor. I thank you gentle vnclle. O my Lord,

You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:

The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.

Glo. He hath my Lord.

Yor. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire cousin, 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 haue power in me as in a kinsman.

Yor. I pray you vnclle giue me this dagger.

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

Prim. A begger brother?

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

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

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

Yor. A greater gift? O thats the sword too it.

Glo. I gentle cousin, were it light enough.

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

In weightier things youe say a begger nay.

Glo. It is too weightie for you grace to weare.

Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.

Glo. What, would you haue my weapon little Lord?

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


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

Vnclle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:

Vnclle, my brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am little like an Ape.
He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.

_Buc._ With what a sharpe provisit what he reasons,
To mitigate the scorne he giue his uncle,
He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning and so young is wonderfull.

_Glo._ My Lo: wilt please you passe along?
My selfe and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will you to your mother, to intreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

_Tor._ What will you goe vnto the Tower my Lord?

_Prin._ My Lord Protector will haue it so.

_Tor._ I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

_Glo._ Why, what should you feare?

_Tor._ Mary my uncle Clarence angry ghost!
My Granam told me he was murdred there.

_Prin._ I feare no vnclcs dead.

_Glo._ Nor none that liue, I hope.

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

But come my L. with a heauie heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

_Execut._ _Prin._ _Tor._ Hast. _Dorfmanct._ _Bt_ch._ _Buc._

_Buc._ Think you my Lo: this little prating Yorke,
Whas not incensed by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

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

_Buc._ Well let them reft: come hither Catesby,
Thou art sworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart.

Thou knowest our reasons verydevon the way:
What think'st thou, is it not an easie matter
To make William L. Hastings of our minde,
For the instalment of this noble Duke,
In the seat and all of this famous Ile?

_Cates._ He for his fathers sake do loves the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.

_Buc._ What think'st thou then of Stanley, what will he t

_F 2_
The Tragedie

Cat. He will doe all in all as Hastings doth.

Buc. Well, then no more but this:

Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,

Sound Lord Hastings how he stands affected

Vnto our purpose, If he be willing,

Encourage him and shew him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, Ice, cold, vnwilling,

Be thou so too: and so breake off your take,

And give us notice of his inclination,

For we to morrow hold deuided counsels,

Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employed.

Glo. Commend me to Lord William, tell him Catesby

His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries

To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,

And bid my friends for joy of this good newes,

Give gentle Mistris Shore, one gentle kiffe the more.

Buck. Good Catesby effect this businesse soundly.

Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heede I may.

Glo. Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we sleepe?

Cat. You shall my Lord. Exeunt Catesby.

Glo. At Crosby place, there shall you finde vs both.

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

William Lord Hastings will not yeeld to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head man, some what we will do,

And looke when I am King, claime thou of me

The Earledome of Hertford and the moveables,

Whereof the King my brother stood possesst.

Buck. Ie claime that promis at your Graces hands.

Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingnesse.

Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some forme. Exeunt.

Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.


Hast. Who knocks at the coore?


Hast. What a clocke?

Mess. Upon the stroke of foure.

Hast. Cannot thy maister sleepe the tedious nights?

Mess. So it should seeme by that I haue to say.
of Richard the Third.

First he commends him to your noble Lordship.

Hast. And then. Mes. And then he sends you word,

He dreamt to night, the Boare had cast his helme:

Besides he says, there are two counsels held,

And that may be determined at the one,

Which may make you and him to rewe at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,

If presently you will take horse with him,

And with all speed post into the North,

To shun the danger that his soule diuines,

Hast. Good fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord:

Bid him not feare the separated counsels:

His Honour and my selfe are at the one,

And at the other is my servaunt Catesby:

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,

Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.

Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instancie.

And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond,

To tryst the mockerie of vnquiet slumbers.

To flye the Boare before the Boare pursuie vs,

Were to incence the Boare to follow vs,

And make pursuite where he did meane no chafe.

Go, bid thy maister rise and come to me,

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where he shall see the Boare will vse vs kindly.

Mes. My gracious Lord, Ile tell him what you say,

Enter Catesby to L. Hastings.

Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.

Hast. Good morrow Catesby: you are early stirring,

What newes, what newes, in this our tottering flate?

Cat. It is a reeling world indeede my Lord,

And I beleue will never stand vnright.

Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

Hast. Who is it weare the Garland? doest thou meane the

Cat. I my good Lord, (Crowne?)

Hast. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shoul-

Ere I will see the Crowne so soule misplace: (ders,)

But canst thouasse that he doth ayme at it?

Cat. Upon my life my L. and hopes to finde you forward.

F 3. Upon
The Tragedie

Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And therepon he sends you this good newes:
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, must die at Pomfret.

Haft. Indeed I am no mourner for this newes,
Because they have beene still mine enemies:
But that Ie give my voyce on Richards side,
To barre my maisters heires in true descent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.

Cat. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.
Haft. But I shall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me in my maisters hate,
I liue to looke upon their tragedie:
I tell the Catesby. Cat. What my Lord?
Haft. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ie send some packing, that yet thinke not on it.

Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord
When men are vnpreparel, and looke not for it.

Haft. O monstrous, monstrous, and so fals it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Gray; and so twill doo
With some men else, who thinke themselves as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.

Haft, I know they do, and I haue well deserued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-speare man?
Feare you the Boare, and goe you so vnprouided?

Stan. My L. good morrow, good morrow Catesby:
You may go on, but by the holy Roode,
I do not like these several counsels L.

Haft. My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And never in my life do protest,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so tryumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords of Pomfret when they rode from London
Werie locund, and suppose their states was sure,
of Richard the Third.

And indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soon the day recast,
This sudden scab of rancor I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I prove a needleless coward,
But come my L. shall we to the Tower?

"Hast. I go: but stay, hear you not the news?"
This day those men you talk of, are beheaded.

"Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that have accused them weare their hats:
But come my L. let us away. Exit. L. Standley, & Cat.

"Hast. Go you before, I'll follow presently."

Enter Hastings a Pursuant.

"Hast. Well met Hastings, how goes the world with thee?"

"Pur. The better that it please your good Lordship to ask."

"Hast. I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee last where now we meete:"
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ever I was.

"Pur. God hold it to your Honours good content."

"Hast. Gramercy Hastings, hold spend thou that."

"He gives him his purse."


"Hast. What sir John, you are well met:
I am beholding to you for your last dayes exercise:"
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. He whisper

"Enter Buckingham."

"Buc. How now Lord Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the Priest, (priest?)
Your Honour hath no shruing worke in hand.

"Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talk of, came into my minde:
What goes you to the Tower, my Lord?"

"Buc. I do, but long I shall not stay,
I shall returne before your Lordship thence.

"Hast. Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there."

"Buc. And supper too, although thou knowest it not:"

Come
The Tragedie.

Come, shall we go along?

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

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.
Riu. 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 keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Riu. O Pomfret, Pomfret. O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble Peeres:
Within the guilty closure of thy walls.
Richard the second here was hacked to death:
And for more slander to thy dismall foule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarets curse if false upon our heads,
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.

Riu. Then curst the Hastings, then curst the Buckingham,
Then curst the Richard. O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my siter and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest vuiulently must be spilt.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out.
Riu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaves, vntill 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 rayall day?

Buc. Are all things fittiing for that royall time?
Dar. It is, and let but nomination.
Bisp. To morrow then, I gueffe a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord Protectors minde herein?

Who is most inward with the noble Duke? (his mind.

Bis. Why you my L: me thinks you shou’d soonst know

Buc. Who is my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,
Lord
of Richard the Third.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation
I haue not founded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleasure any way therein:
But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my voyce,
Which I presume he will take in good part.

Bisb. Now in good time here comes the Duke himselfe.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My noble L. and couens all good morrow,
I haue bene long a sleepe, but now I hope
My absence doth neglect no great desigines,
Which by my presence might haue bene concluded.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. Hastings had now pronounstit you part;
I meane your voyce for crowing of the King.

Glo. Then my L. Hastings, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

Hast. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of Elie.

Bisb. My Lord.

Glo. When I was last in Holborne,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Bisb. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Cousen Buckingham, a word with you: Catesby hath founded Hastings in our business,
And findes the talty gentleman so hote,
As he will loose his head ere giue consent,
His maiuers sonnes as worthifull he termes it,
Shall loose the royaltie of Englands throane.


Dar. We haue not yet set downe this day of triumph.
To morrow in mine opinion is too foone:
For I myselfe am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolonged.

Enter the Bishop of Elie.

Bisb. Where is my L. Protector, I haue sent for these straw-

G

Hast.
The Tragedie

Haft. His grace lookes cheerfully and smooth to day,
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 lesser hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face straight shal you know his heart.

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

Haft. Marry, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would have shewne it in his face.

Dar. I pray God he benot, I say.

Enter Gloster.

Glo I pray you all, what do they deserve
That do conspire my death with diuellish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuailed
Upon my body with their heluish charmes?

Haft. The tender loue I heare your grace my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,
To doome the offenders whatsoever they be:

Haft. I say my Lord they haue deserued death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witnesse of this ill,
See how I am bewitched, behold mine armme
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.

This is that Edwards wife, that monstrous witch,
Conforst with that harlot Strumpe shorle;
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.

Haft. If they have done this thing my graciour Lord.

Glo. If thou Profeher of this damned Strumper,
Tell thou me of iifs? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I sweare,
Untill I see the fame, some see it done:
The res that love me, come and follow me. Exeunt, mane

Haft. Wo, wo for England, now a whit for me. Ca, with Haft.

For I too fond might haue prevented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I disdaind it, and did scorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horse did stumble,
And startled when he lookt vp the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
Oh, now I want the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I told the Pursuivant,
As were triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butchered,
And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curse
Is lightened on poore Hasings wretched head.

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

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

Enter Duke of Gloster and Buckingham in armours.

Glo. Come cousen, canst thou quake & change thy colour?
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and stop againe,
As if thou were deftraught and mad with terror.

Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and pric on every side:
Intending deepes suspition, gaitly looke:
Are at my seruice like inforced (miles,
And both are readie in their offices
To grace my stratagems. Enter Maior.

Glo. Here comes the Maior.

Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord Maior

Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.

Buc. The reason we haue sent for you.

Glo. Catesby overlooke the walles.

Buc. Hark, I heare a drumme.

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

Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs.

Glo. O, O. be quiet, it is Catesby.

Enter
The Tragedie

Enter Catbby with Hastings head.

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

Glo. So dear I lou'd the man, that I must wepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmleffe man,
That breathed upon this earth a Christian:
Look ye my Lord Maior:
I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparent open guilt omitted:
I meane his conference with Shores wife,
He laid from all attainer of suspicit.

Buck. Well, well, he was the couerst helted traitor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleue, were not by great preseruation
We liue to tell yt you? The subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Glocester,

Mayor. What had he so?

Glo. What thinke ye we are Turkes or Infidels,
Or that we would against the course of Law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safetie
Inforft vs to this execution?

Ma. Now faire befall you, he desperu'd his death,
And you my good L. both, haue well proceeded,
To warne falle traitors from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistrefle Shore.

Glo. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death.
Which now the longing haft of these our friends
Somewhat against our meaning haue prevented,
Because my Lord, we would haue had you heard
The traitor speake, and timely confesse
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same.
of Richard the Third.

Unto the Citizens, who happily may
Mischief true vs in him, and waile his death,

Ma. My good L. your graces word shall serve,
As well as I had seene or heard him speake:
And doubt you not right noble Princes both,
But Ie acquaint your dutious Citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we with your Lordship here,
To avoid the carping censures of the world,
Yet witnisse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.


The Maior towards Guild-hall hies him in all post,
There at your meeteest advantadge of the time,
Inferre the baftardy of Edwards children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was tearmed so.
Moreover, urge his hatefull luxurie,
And beastiall appetite in change of lust,
Which strecthed to their seruants, daughters, wives,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauege heart,
Without controll lifted to make his prey:
Nay for a need thus farre come nearre my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vnfatiate Edward, noble Yorke,
My Princely father then had wares in France,
And by iuU computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this sparingly as it were farre off,
Because you know my Lord, me brother liues.

Buc. Fear not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator.
As if the golden feer for which I pleade,
Were for my selfe.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied

G 3. With
The Tragedie

With reverend fathers and well learned Bishops.

Buc. About three or four a clock look to heare

What newes Guild-hall affordeth, and so my Lord farwell.

Glo. Now will I in to take some priuie order (Ex. Buc.

To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to give notice that no manner of person
At any time have course unto the Princes. Exit.

Enter a Scriaener with a paper in his hand.

This is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairely is ingross'd,
That it may be this day read ouer in Pauls:
And mark how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen hours I spent to write it ouer.
For yeasternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The president was full as long a dooing,
And yet within these five hours liued Lord Hastings
Untainted, vnexamined: free, at libertie:
Here's a good world the while. Why who's so gross
That sees not this palpable deuice?
Yet who so blind but layes he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seene 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 baflardy of Edwards Children?

Buc. I did; with the inefatiate greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne baflardy,
As being got, your father then in France:
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in one forme and noblenesse of minde:
Layd upon all your victories in Scotland:
Your Discipline in warre, wisedome in peace:
Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd, or sleekly handled in discourse:
And when my Oratorie grew to end,
of Richard the Third.

I had them that loves their Countries good,
Cry, God save Richard, Englands royall King.

Glo. A, and did they so?

Buc. No fo God helpe me,

But like dumbe statues or breathleffe stones,
Gaze eace on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them:
And askt the Mayor what means this wilfull silence?

His answere was, the people were not wont
To be spoket too, but by the Recorder.

Then he was vrged to tell my tale againe:

Thus faith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferred:

But nothing speake in warrant from himselfe:

When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,

And some ren voyces cryed, God save King Richard:

This general applause and louing shoute,

Argues your wisedome and your loues to Richard:

And to brake off and came away.

Glo. What tongueleffe blocks were they, would they not

Buc. No by my troth my Lord.

Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his bretheren come?

Buc. The Mayor is heere: and intend some feare,

Be not spoken withall, but with mightie fute:

And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,

And stand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,

For on that ground He build a holy defcint:

Be not easie wounde to our request:

Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.

Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade as well for them,

As I can say nay to thee for myselfe,

No doubt weele bring it to a happie issue.

Buc. You shall se what I can do, get you vp to the leads, &c.

Now my Lord Mayor, I dance attendance here,

I thinke the Duke will not be spoken withall. Enter Catesby.

Here comes his servant: how now Catesby, what stays he?

Cat. My Lord he doth entreate your Grace

To vistit him to morrow, or next day:
The Tragedie.

He is within with two reverend Fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly state would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Bus. Returne good Catesby to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe desigues and matters of great moment,
No leafe importing them then our generall good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cat. Ile him what you lay my Lord.

Bus. A ha my Lord, this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a leawd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull soule,
Happy were England, would this graciour prince
Take on himselfe the foueraightie thereon,
But sure I feare we shall never winne him to it.

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

Enter Catesby.

Bus. I feare he will, how now Catesby,
What sayes your Lord?

Cat. My Lord he wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troupe of Citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before:
My Lord, he fears you meane no good to him.

Bus. Sory I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect love to him,
And so once more retourne and tell his grace:

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

Enter Rich. and two Bishops aloft.

Maior. See where he stands betweene two Clergimen.

Bus. Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince:

To stay him from the fall of vanitie,
of Richard the Third.

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable cares to my request:
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 Graes pleasure?

Bne. Even that I hope which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd Ile.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seeme disgracious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Bne. You have my Lord, would it please your Grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault,

Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land?

Bne. Then know it is your fault that you resigne
The supreme Seate, the Thrones maestical,
The Sceptred office of your Ancestors,
The lineall glory of your royall House,
To the corruption of a blemish'd flocke:
Whilst in the mildenesse of your sleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to your Countryes good:
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbses,
Her face desac't with scars of infamie,
And almost shoudred in this swallowing gulph
Of blind forgetfulness and darke oblivion:
Which to recover we heartily solicitte
Your Gracious selfe to take on you the soueraignty therof,
Not as Protector, Swteard, Substitute,
Nor lowly Factor for an others gaine?
But as successiuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this comforted with the Citizens,
Your worshipfull and very loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this juft suite come I to moue your Grace.

Glo. I know not whither to depart in silence,
The Tragedie

Orbiterly to speake in your reprofe,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deferves my thankes, but my defert
Vnmeritable shunnes your high request,
First if all obfacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the Crowne,
As my right reuene and due by birth,
Yet fo much is my pouertrie of Spirit,
So mightie and fo many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie sea,
Then in my greatnesse couer to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
But God be thanked there is no need for me,
And much I neede to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the healeing hours of time,
Will well become the fcafe of maieftie;
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I lay, what you would lay on me:
The right and fortune of his happie starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buc, My Lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and truiall,
All circumftances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brothers fonne,
So fay we too, but not by Edwards wife:
For firft he was contracted to Lady Lucy,
Your mother liues, a witneffe to that vow,
And afterwards by Subftitute betrhothed
To Rona, fister to the King of France,
These both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazed mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and distrefed widdowe,
Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
Made prize and purchafe of his lustfull eye,
Seduce the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To base declension and loathed bigamie,
By her in this unlawfull bed he got,
of Richard the Third.

This Edward, whom our manners terme the Prince:
More bitterly could expolleute,
Sauc that for reverence to some alue
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 blesse, and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall storeck,
From the corruption of a buling time,
Vn to a lineall true derived course.

Mai. Do good my Lord, your citizens entreat you.
Catt. O make them joyfull, grant their lawfull suit.
Glo. Alas, why would you heape those cares on me,
I am vnfit for state and dignitie:
I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buc. If you refuse it as in loue and zeal,
Loth to depose the childe your brothers sonne,
As well we know your tenderneffe of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorfe,
Which we have noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you except our suit or no,
Your brothers sonne shall never raigne our King,
But we will plant some other in the thrones,
To the disgrace and downfell of your house:
And in this resolution here we leaue you,
Come Citizens, zounds, I le intreat no more.

Glo. O do not sweare my Lord of Buckingham.
Catt. Call them againe, my Lord and accept their suit.
Ano. Do, good my Lord, leaft all the land doe rewe 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,
Cofen of Buckingham, and you sedge grauemen,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I must haue patience to endure the loaden,

H 2

But
The Tragedie

But if blacke scandall or so soule faine't reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blotts and stains thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.

May. God blesse your Grace, we see it, and will say it.

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

Buc. Then I salute you with this kingly Title:

Long live King Richard, England's royall King.

May. Amen.

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

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

Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.

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

Farewell good Cousen, farewell gentle friends. Exeunt.

Enter Queene mother, Dutschesse of Yorke, Marques Dorset at one doore, Dutschesse of Gloucester at another doore.

Dut. Who meetes vs here, my Neece Plantagenet?

Qu. Sister well met, whither away so fast?

Dut. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,

Upon the like devotion as your felowes,

To gratulate the tender Princes there.

Qu. Kind sister thankes, wee enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes,

M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,

How feares the Prince?

Lieu. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,

I may not suffer you to visit him,

The King hath straightly charged the contrary.

Qu. The King? why, who's that?

Lieu. I cry you mercie, I meane the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord protest him from that Kingly title:

Hath he set bounds between their love and me:

I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?

I am their father, mother, and will see them.

Dut. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, in love their mother:

Then
of Richard the Third.

Then feare not thou. Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

_Lie._ I doe beseech your Graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it.

_Enter Lord Standly._

_Stan._ Let me but meete your Ladies at an houre hence,
And Ile salute your Grace of Torke, as mother:
And reverent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you must goe with me to Welfminster,
There to be crowned Richards royall Queene.

_Qu._ O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May have some scope to beate, or else I found
With this deadly likeing newes.

_Dor._ Madam, haue comfort, how fares your Grace?

_Qu._ O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heele,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt ouerstrip death, goe crosse the seas,
And liue with Richmond from the race of hell,
Goehie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter house,
Leave thou increafe the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

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

_Dutch._ O ill dispairing winde of miserie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,
A Cokatrice halt thou hachte to the world,
Whose vnaughtyed eye is murtherous.

_Stan._ Come Madam, I in all haste was sent for.

_Dutch._ And I in all vnwillingeast will goe,
I would to God that the inclusiu verge
Of golden mettal that must round my browe,
Were red hotte ele ele to seare me to the braine,
Annoynted let me be with deadly poyfon,
And die, ere men can say, God faue the Queene.
The Tragedie

Qu. Alas poor soul, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me I followed Henries course,
When I scarce the blood was well waft from his hands,
Which issued from my other angell husband,
And that dead faint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I say, I lookt on Richards face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurst,
For making me so yong, so old a widow.
And when thou weepst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife if any be so badde
As miserable by the death of thee,
As thou haft made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, even I can repeate this curse againe,
Even in so short a space, my womans heart
Crostly grew captiue to his hony words,
And proud the subjectts of my owne soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept mine eyes from sleepe,
For never yet, one houre in his bed,
Haued I enjoyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But haue bene waked by his tumerous dreams,
Besides, he hates me for my fathers Warwicke,
And will shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Alas poor soul, I pittie thy complaints.

Dut. Glo. No more then from my soule I mourne for yours
Qu. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glorie.

Dut. Glo. Adue poor soul, thou takst thy leaue of it.

Dut. Tor. Go thou to Richmond, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to Lancaurie, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie old yeares of sorrow haue I seene,
And each houre Ioy wrackt with a wecke of teene.

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

King. Stand all apart. Cofen of Buckingham,
Give me thy hand: Here he ascended his throne.

Thus
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. Still live they, and for ever may they last.
  Kin. Ri. O Buckingham, now I doe play the touch,
To trie if thou be current gold indeed:
Yong Edward liues: thinkenow what I would say.
  Buc. Say on my gracious soueraigne,
  King. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.
  Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowned Liege, 
  Kin. Ha: am I King? tis so, but Edward liues.
  Buc. True noble Prince.
  Kin. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should liue true noble Prince.
Cofen, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plaine? I wish the baftards dead,
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What faiest thou? speake suddenly, be briefe.
  Buc. Your grace may do your pleasure.
  King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freezezeth,
Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die?
  Buc. Give me some breath, some little pause my Lord,
Before I positively speake herein:
I will resolute your grace immediately.
  Cat. The King is angry, see, he bites the lip.
  King. I will converte with iron witted fowles,
And vnrespectiue boyes, none are for me.
That looke into me with considerate eyes:
Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.
  Boy. Lord.
  King. Know'st thou not any whome corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death.
  Boy, My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whole humble meanes match not his haughty minde,
Gold 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 Terrill.
The Tragedie.

King. Go call him hither presently.
The deepe revoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And flops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?
Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marqucffe Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts 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,
Whome I will marry straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue 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 damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Uncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,
Teares falling pitie dwells not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrel?
Tir. James Tirrel, and your most obedient subject.
King. Art thou indeed?
Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.
King. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.
King. Why there thou haft it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepees disturbs,
Are they that I would have thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane thosse bastards in the Tower.
Tir. Let me have open meanes to come to them,
And soone Ile rid you from the seare of them,

King. Thou singst sweet musick. Come hither Tirrell,

Go by that token, rife and lend thine care. He whispers in

Tis no more but lo, lay, is it done

And I will loue thee, and prefer thee too,

Tir. Tis done my gracious Lord,

King. Shall we heare from thee Tirrell ere we sleepe?

Enter Buckingham.

Tir. Yea my good Lord.

Buc. 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.

Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.

King. Stanly, he is your wiues sonne: Well looke too it.

Buc. My Lord I claime your gift, my due by promise,

For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,

The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,

The which you promisst I should possesse.

King. Stanly looke to your wife, if the conuey

Letters to Richmond you shal anfwereit.

Buc. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust demand?

King. As I remember Henrie the sixt

Did prophesie that Richmond should be King,

When Richmond was a little peeuit boy,

A King perhaps; perhaps.

Buc. My Lord.

King. How chance the Prophet could not at that time,

Hauetold me, I being by, that I should kill him.

Buc. My Lord, your promisfe for the Earledome,

King. Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,

The Maior in curtfei shewed me the Castle,

And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I started,

Because a Bard of Ireland told me once

I should not liuelong after I saw Richmond

Buc. My Lord.

King. I, what a clocke?

Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde

Of what you promisst me.

King. Well, but what a clocke?

Buc. Upon the Stroke o'ten.
The Tragedie

King. Well, let it strike.

Buc. Why let it strike?

King. Because that like a Jacke thon keepst the stroke Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vainc to day.

Buc. Why then resolve me whether you will or no?

K. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. Exit.

Buc. Is it even so? rewards he my true service With such deepe contempt, made I him King for this? O let me thinke on Hastings, and begone To Brecknock, while my fearfull head is on. Exit.

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done, The most arch-act of pitteous massacre, That euer yet this land was guiltie of,

Dighton and Forrest whom I did subborne, To do this ruthfull piece of butchery, Although they were flest villaines, bloody dogs, Melting with tendernesse and compassion, Wept like two children in their deaths sad Stories: Loe thus quoth Dighton lay these tender babes, Thus, thus quoth Forrest girdling one another Within their innocent alabaster armes, Their lips like fourc red Roses on a slanke, When in their sommer beautie kill each other, A booke of prayers on their pillow laie, Which eonce quoth Forrest almost chang'd my mind, But O the Diuell ! there the villains stop't, Whill? Dighton thus told on we smothered The most replenished sweet worke of nature That from the prime creation euer he framde, They could not speake, and so I left them both, To bring these tydings to the bloody King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he come. All haile my soueraigne Liege.

King. Kind Tirrell, and I happie in thy newest?

Tir. If to have done the thing you gaue in charge Beget your happinesse, be happie then, For it is done my Lord.
of Richard the Third.

King. But didst thou see them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle Tirrill?
Tir. The Chaplain hath buried them:
But how or in what place I do not know.
King. Come to me Tirrill soon at after supper,
And thou shalt tell me the process of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire. Exit Tirrill.
Farewell till soon.
The sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meanely haue I matchit in marriage,
The sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams boome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Britaine Richmond aimes
And yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookest proudly ore the crowne,
To her I goe a jolly thriving wooer. Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Lord.

King. Good newes or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?
Cat. Bad newes my Lord, Ely is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welchmen
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.
King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his rash leiuied army:
Come, I haue heard that fearfull commenting,
Is leaden scruto to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and snailie-pac't beggary,
Then ferie expedition be my wings,
Iowe, Mercerie, and Herald for a King.
Come muffer men, my counsaile is my shield,
We must be briefe, when traitors braue the field. Exeunt.

Enter Queene Margaret sola.

Qu. Mar. So now prosperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines silie haue I lurkt,
To watch the wayning of mine aduersaries:
A dire induction am I wittesse too,
And will to France, hoping the consequesce

Will
The Tragedie

Will prove as bitter, blacke and tragical,
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here.

Enter the Queene, and the Duke of York.

Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!

My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweetes,
If yet your gentle soules shine in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houre aboute me with your airie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.

Houre about her, say that right for right,
Hath dim'd your infant morn, to aged night,

Wilt thou O God die from such gentles lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

When holy Mary died, and my sweet Son.

Blest. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall living Ghost,
Woes scene, worlds flame, graues dueby life vsurp,
Rest their vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,
Unlawfull made drunk with innocents blood.

O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholy feat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere:
O who hath any caufe to mourn but I?

So many misteries have craz'd my voice
That my woe-weatherd tongue is mute and dumb.

Edward Plantagenet, why are thou dead?

If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Give mine the benefit of signorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit societie,
Tell over your woes againe by viewing mine:

I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him.
I had a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kild him.

I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a Rutland too, and thou holpst to kill him.

Thou hadst a Clarence too, till Richard kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
of Richard the Third.

A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That Dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,
Thy wombe let loose to chafe vs to our granes,
O vpright, iuff, and true disposing God,
How do I thank thee,that this carnall curse
Preyes on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pue-fellow with others mone.

Dut. O, Harries wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thee.

Qu. Mar. Beare with me, I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it:
Thy Edward he is dead,that stabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quite my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they
March not the high perfection of my losse:
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this Tragick play,
The adulterate Hastings,Riniers,Vaughan,Gray,
Vntimely linoothered in their duskie Graves,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely referued their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand,
Enflues his pitteous, and vupitted end,
Earth gapes, hels burnes,fiends roare,Saints pray,
To hauch him suddenely conveyed away.
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 with for the to helpe me curse
That botteld spider, that foule hunch-backt toad.

Qu. Mar. I cald the then, vaine flourirh of my fortune,
I cald thee then poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a desireful pageant,
One heau’d a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
The Tragedie.

A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of every dangerous shot.
A Queene in last, onely to kill the scene:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doest thou joy?
Who fues to thee, and cries God faue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging trouipes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, a most distrested widow:
For joyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catafic crown'd with care:
For one being sue'd too, one that humbly sue's:
For one commanding all, obey'd of none:
Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Having no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, even heere, I slip my weardied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell York's wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, will make me smile in France.

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

Qu. Ma. Forbear to sleepe the night, and fast the day,
Compare dead happinesse with lusing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that flew them sower then he is:
Betring thy losse makes the bad causer worse,
Revolving this, will teach thee how to curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,
Qu. Ma. Thy woe's will make them sharp & pierce like mine.


Qu. Windie atturnies to your client woe's,
Aerie successors of intellecate joyes,
of Richard the Third.

Poore breathing orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they doe impart
Helpe not at all, yet doe they eale the harts.

Dut. If so, then be not tong-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let them soothe
My damned sonne, which thy two sons smothered:
I heare his drum, be copious in exclamations.

_Enter King Richard marching with Drummes
and Trumpets._

_King._ Who intercepts my expedition?

_Dut._ Ay he, that might haue intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accused wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.

_Que._ Hidst thou that forehead with a golden crowne;
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owed that crowne,
And the dire death of my two sons, and brothers:
Tell me thou villain slave, where are my children?

_Dut._ Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his Sonne?

_Que._ Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray?

_King._ A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,

Let not the heavens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike 1 lay. _The trumpets
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

_Dut._ Art thou my sonne?

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

_Dut._ Then patiently heare my impatience.

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

_Dut._ I will be milde and gentle in my speach.

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

_Dut._ Art thou so hali, I have laid for thee,
God knowes in anguill, paine and agonic.

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

_Dut._ No by the holy roode thou knowest it well,
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell:
The Tragedie

A freuous burthen was thys birth to me,
Techic and waiward was thy insancie,
Thys schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious;
Thys age confirmde, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre cant thou name,
That ever grace me in thy companie?

King. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald thy grace
To breake a fast once forth of my companie:
If it be so gracios in thy sight,
Let me march on, and not offend thy grace.

Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall never see thee more.

King. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iuft ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perih,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore taketh with thee my most heauie curse,
Which in the day of battell thee more more
Then all the compleat armoure that thou wearst,
My pryers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the little soules of Edwards children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promife them successe and victor,
Bloudie thou art, and bloudie will be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. Exit.

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much leffe spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to all.

King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.

Qu. I have no more soues of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters, Richard
They shall be praying Nunnnes, not weeping Queens,
And therefore louell not to hit their liues,

King. You have a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her manners, slaine her beautie,
Slander my selfe, as falce to Edwards bed,
Throw over her the vaile of infamie,
So she may liue vnscarde from bleeding slauhter;
of Richard the Third.

I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.

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

Qu. To save her life, Ile say she is not so.

King. Her life is onely safest in her birth.

Qu. And onely in that safety died her brothers.

King. Loe at their births good stars were opposite.

Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.

King. All vnaugyded is the doome of destiny.

Qu. True, when avoyded grace makes destiny,

My babes were destinde to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

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

As Intend more good to you and yours, (armes,

Then ever you and yours were by me wrong'd.

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

To be discouered that can doe me good.

King. The aduancement of your children mightie Lady.

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

King. Not to the dignitie and height of honor,

The height imperall tipe of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,

Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,

Canst thou demisfe to any child of mine.

King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all.

Will I withall endow a child of thine,

So in the Lerne of thy angry soule,

Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs

Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Qu. Be briefe, leaft that the process of thy kindnesse

Laft longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.

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

Q. My daughters mother thinks it with her soule.

King. What doe you thinke?

Qu. That thou doft love my daughter from thy soule,

So from thy soule didst thou love her brothers,

And from my hearts sillage, I doe thanke thee for it.

Ki. Be not so hauish to confound my meaning.

I meane that with my soule I love thy daughter,

And meane to make her Queene of England.
The Tragedie

Qu. Say then, who doest thou meane shall be her King?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who should else?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madam?
Qu. How canst thou woe her?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were best acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A pair of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happily she will weep,
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkerchief steeped in Rutlands blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her Vncke Rivers, yea, and for her sake
Madest quicke concuenance with her good Aunt Anne.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleffe thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
King. Infeffaie Englands peace by his alliance,
Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.
King. Say that the King which may command intreats
Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.
King. Say she shall be a high and mightie Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will love her euerlastingly.
Qu. But how long shall that title euerlast?
King. Sweetly enforce unto her faire lues end.
Qu. But how long fairely shall that title last?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
King. Say I her soueraigne am her subiects love.
Qu. But she your subiect loaths such soueraignty.

King
of Richard the Third.

King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

King. Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.

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

King. Madam, your reasons are too shallow, & too quick.

Qu. O no, my reasons are too deepe and dead.

Too deepe and dead poore infants in their grave,

Harpe on it till shal I, till heart-strings breake.

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

Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third usurped.

King. I weare by nothing.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath,

The George prophan'd, hath lost his holy honor:

The Garter blemisht, pawn'd his Knightly vertue:

The Crowne usurp'd, disgrac't his Kingly dignitie,

If something thou wilt sweare to be beleude,

Sweare then by something that thou haft not wrong'd

King. Now, by the world.

Qu. Tis full of thy soule wrongs.

King. My fathers death.

Qu. Thy selfe haft that dishonor'd.

King. Then by my selfe.

Qu. Thy selfe, thy selfe misuseth.

King. Why, then by God.

Qu. Gods wrong is most of all:

If thou haft fear'd, to breake an oath by him,

The unitie the King my brother made,

Had not beene broken, nor my brother slaine.

If thou haft fear'd to breake an oath by him,

The Imperiall mettall circling now thy brow,

Had grac't the tender temples of my child,

And both the Princes had bene breathing here,

Which now two tender play-fellowes for duff,

Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worme.

King. By the time to come.

Qu. That thou haft wrong'd in time orepast,

For I my selfe haue many teares to wash.

Hereafter time for time, by thee past wrong'd.

The children liue, whose parents thou haft slaughtered,
The Tragedie

Vngouernd youth, to wayle it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou haft butcherd,
Old withered plaints to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haft
Misused, ere vied, by time misused orepidst.

King. As I entend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my selfe my selfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated devotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and shine.
Without her followes this land and me,
To thee, her selfe, and many a Christian soule
Sad desolation, ruine and decay,
It cannot be avoided but by this:
It will not be avoided but by this:
Therefore good Mother (I must call you so)
Be the attorney of my loue to her,
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deférue:
Urge the necessarie and flatte of times,
And be not pecuill fond in great desigines.

📝. Shalt I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to doe good.

📝. Shalt I forget my selfe to be my selfe?
King. I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.

📝. But thou didst kill my Children.
King. But in your daughters wombe Ile buriethem,

Where in that nest of spicerie there shall breed,
Selfes of themselfes, to your recommture.

📝. Shalt I goe win my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happy mother by the deed.

📝. I goe, write to me very shortly.

King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell.  Exit ♛.

Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman.  Enter Rat.

Rat. My gracious Soueraigne, on the Westerne coast,

Rideth
Rideth a puissant Naus: To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow-harted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd 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-foot friends post to the D. of Norfolke.

Ratclife thy selfe, or Catesby, where is he?

Cat. Heere my Lord.

King. Some light-foot friend, post to the Duke:
Norfolke, Ratclifte thy selfe, or Catesby, where is he?

Cat. First mightie soueraigne, let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliver him.

King. O true, good Catesbie, bid him leve straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at Salisbury.

Rat. What is your highnesses pleasure I shall do at Salisbury?

King. Why what wouldst thou doe there before I go?

Rat. Your Highnes told me I should post before.

King. My mind is chang'd sir, my mind is chang'd:

How now, what newes with you? Enter Darby.

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 doost thou runne so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes?

Dar. Richmond is on the seas.

King. There let him sinke, and be the season on him,
White liuered runnagate, what doth he there?

Dar. I know not mightie soueraigne but by guess.

King. Well sir, as you guess, as you guess.

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

King. Is the Chaire empty? Is the sword vnswaid?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossett?
What heire of York is there alive but we?
And who is Englands King, but great Yorkes heire?

Then
The Tragedie.

Then tell me what doth he upon the sea?

Dar. Vnlesse for that my Liege, I cannot guesse.

King. Vnlesse for that, he comes to be your Liege,

You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes,

Thou wilt revolt, and fli to him I feare.

Dar. No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.

King. Where is thy power then to beat him backe?

Where are thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon 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 do they in the North?

When they should serve their soueraigne in the West.

Dar. They have not been commanded mightie soueraign,

Please it your Maiestie to giue me leave,

Ile muste vp my friends and meet your Grace,

Where and what time your Maiestie shall please?

King. I, I, thou wouldest begone to ioyne with Richmond,

I will not trust you sir.

Dar. Most mightie soueraigne,

You haue no caufe to hold my friendship doubtfull,

I neuer was nor neuer will be false.

King. Well, go muster men; but heare you, leaue behind

Your fon George Stanley, looke your faith be firme:

Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.

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

Exit. 

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Gratious soueraigne, now in Devonshire,

As I by friends am well aduertised,

Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,

Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,

With manye moe confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My liege, in Kent the Guilfordes are in armes,

And euery houre more competitors.

Flocke to their aide, and still their power encreaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

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

He striketh him. 

King.
of Richard the Third.

King. Out on ye Owles, nothing but songs of death.
Take that untill you bring me better newes.
Mef Your Grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckingham's armie is disperst and scattered,
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.

King. O I cry you mercie, I did mistake,
Rateliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him:
Hath any well advized friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in Buckingham?
Mef. Such proclamation hath been made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mef, Sir Thomas Louell, and Lord Marques Dorset,
This said my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace,
The Brittaine Nauie is disperst, Richmond in Dorsetshire,
Sent out a boat to ask them on the shore,
If they were his assilants yea, or no:
Who answered him they came from Buckingham
Upon his partie: he mistrulling them,
Hoist sail, and made away for Brittaine.

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

Enter Catesbie.

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 newes, yet they must be told.

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

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the ffe of this most bloudie Bore,
My son George Stanley is franckt vp in hold,
If I rueoult, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, with-holds my present aide,

But
The Tragedie

But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Christ. At Pembroke, or at Hertford well in Wales.

Dar. What men of name refer to him?

S. Christ. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soulldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew.
With many more 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 my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him the Queene hath hartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter,
These Letters will dissolve him of my mind,
Farewell. Exeunt.

Enter Buckingham to Execution.

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

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, soyle injustice,
If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for revenge, mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day, fellowes, is it not?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies Doomesday:
This is the day, that in King Edwards time
I wast might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wifes allies:
This is the day wherein I wast to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This, this All-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined respite of my wronges:
That high all-feer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in ieaft.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men
to
of Richard the Third.

To turne their points on their maisters bosome:
Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetess.
Come first, convey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,
Bruit'd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Hate we marcht on without impediment:
And here receiue we from our Father Stanley,
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,
The wretched, bloodie, and vfurping Boare,
That spoil'd your sommer-field, and fruitful vines,
Swils your warme blood like wath, and makes his trou gh,
In your imboweld bosomes, this soule wine
Lies now eu'en in the center of this Isle,
Neere to the towne of Leicester as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one daies march,
In Gods name cheare on, couragious friends,
To reape the hauuest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.

1 Lor. Every mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloudie homicide.
2 Lor. I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.
3 Lor. 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 makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Enter K. Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.

King. Heere pitch our tents, eu'n here in Bosworth field,
Why how now Catesby, why lookest thou so sad?

Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.

King. Norfolke, come hither.

Norfolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord.

King. Up with my tent there, heere will I lye to night,

But
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<th>The Tragedie</th>
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<td>82.</td>
<td>But where to morrow? well all is one for that:</td>
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<td>Who hath defcried the number of the foe?</td>
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<td>Nor. Six or feuen thousand is their greatest number.</td>
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<td>11</td>
<td>King. Why, our battalion trebles that account,</td>
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<td>12</td>
<td>Besides, the Kings name is a tower of strength,</td>
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<td>Which they upon the aduerse partie want:</td>
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<td>Vp with my tent there, valiant Gentlemen,</td>
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<td>Let vs survey the vantage of the field,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Call for some men of sound direction,</td>
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<td>Lets want no discipline, make no delay,</td>
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<td>For Lords, to morrow is a busie day.</td>
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</table>

Exeunt.

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seat, |
And by the bright tracke of his serie Carre, |
Gives signall of a goodly day to morrow: |
Where is sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd, |
The Earle of Pembroke keep his regiment, |
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him, |
And by the second hour in the morning, |
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent, |
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest, |
Where is Lord Stanly quartered, doest thou know? |
Blunt. Unless I have misyne his colours much, |
Which well I am assur'd I haue not done. |
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at leaft, |
South from the mightie power of the King. |
Rich. If without perill it be possible, |
Good captaine Blunt beare my good night to him, |
And give him from me, this most needfull scrowle, |
Blunt. Upon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it. |
Rich. Farewell good Blunt.

Give me some Inke and paper in my tent, |
Ile draw the forme and mode of our battell, |
Limit each leader to his feuerall charge, |
And part in iuft proportion our small strenght: |
Come, let vs consult vpon to morrows businesse, |
Into our tent, the aire is raw and cold. |

Enter K. Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesbie. |

King. What is a clocke?
of Richard the Third.

Cat. It is six of the clock, full supper time.

King. I will not sup to night, give me some Inke & paper,
What, is my Beauer easer then it was?
And all my armor laid into my tent.

Cat. It is my Liege, and all things are in readiness.

King. Good Norfolk, his theeto thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trusty Centinell.

Nor. I goe my Lord.

King. Stir with the Larke to morrow gentle Norfolk

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesbie.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Send out a Pursuant at armes

To Stanleys regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, leafe his sonne George fall
Into the blind caue of eternall night,
Fill me a bowle of wine, give me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my flaes be found and not too heauy Ratcliff,

Rat. My Lord.

King. Sawest thou the melancholy L. Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himselfe,

Much like Cockshur times, from troupe to troupe
Went through the armie chearing vp the soldiers.

King So I am satisfied, give me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheare of mind that I was wont to haue:

Set it downe, is Inke and paper readie?

Rat. It is my Lord.

King. Bid my Guard watch, leaue mee,

Ratcliff about the midst of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me I say. Exit Ratcliff.

Enter Darby to Richmond in tent.

Dar. Fortune and victorie fit on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Beto thy person, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Dar. I by attorney bleffe thee from thy mother,

Who praies continually for Richmonds good,
The Tragedie

So much for that: the silent hours steal on,
And flakie darkness breaks within the East,
In briefe, for so the season bids us be:
Prepare thy battle carefully in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitration,
Of bloudie strokes and mortall flaring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With best advantage will deceuie the time,
And aide thee in this doubfull shocke of armes:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene thy tender brother George,
Be executed in his Fathers fight.
Farewell, the leisure and the fearfull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundered friends should dwell upon,
God giue vs leisure for these rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and I speed well.

Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Least leaden slumber slie me snore to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. Exeunt.
O thou whole captaine I account myself,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heauie fall,
The usurping helmet of our adueraries,
Make vs thy Ministers of chastifement,
That we may praise thee in the victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still.

Enter the Ghost of prince Ed. Son to Henry the first.
Ghost to K. Rich. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
Think how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,
At Tenkesbury: dispaire thersore and die.
To Rich. Be cheerful full Richmond, for the wronged soules of
of Richard the Third.

Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries issue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixt.

Ghost to K. Ri. When I was mortall, my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Think on the Tower, and me: despair and die,
Harry the sixt bids thee despair and die.

To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,
Harry that prophesied thou shouldst be King,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, live and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavie on thy soule to morrow,
I that was wafted to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell think on me.
And fall thy edgeleffe sword, despair and die.

To Rich. Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, live and flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Riners, Gray, Vaughan.

Riu. Let me sit heavie on thy soule to morrow,
Riners that died at Pomsret, despair and die.

Gray. Think upon Gray, and let thy soule despair.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan, and with guiltie feare
Let fall thy launche, despair and die.

All to Rich. Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ricke, some,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Le. Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy daies.
Think on Lord Hastings, despair and die.

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

Enter the Ghosts of two yong Princes.

Ghost to K. R. Dreame on thy cousins smothered in the
Letvs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And weigh the downe to ruine, shame and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee despair and die.

To Ri. Sleepe Richmond sleepe in peace, and wake in joy.

L 3 Good
The Tragedie

Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards unhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Queen Anne his wife.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fits thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the batailla thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse word, despair and die.

To Rich. Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.
The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O, in the batailla thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting despaire, despairing yeld thy breath.

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

K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.

K. Ric. Give me another horfe, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie lefu: soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how doest thou affliet me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearfull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What doe I feare my selfe? there is none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I:
Is there a murderer heere? No. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Left I revenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That my selfe haue done vnto my selfe:
of Richard the Third.

No: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
Iam a villaine, yet I lye, Iam not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand fueuerall tongues,
And euery tongue brings in a fueuerall tale.
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periurie, in the highest degree,
Murder, terme murder, in the dyreft degree,
All fueuerall finnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng all to the barrre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
I shall deplaine, there is no creature louses me,
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
And wherfore should they? since that I my selfe,
Find in my selfe, no pitty to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I murthered
Came all to my tent, and euery one did threat
Tomorrowes vengeaunce on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Zounds, who is there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my Lord, tis I: the early village cocke.

Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.

King. O Ratcliff, I haue dreamd a fearefull dreame,
What thinkst thou, will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt my Lord.

King. O Ratcliff I fear, I fear.

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

King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night

Haue strooke more terror to the soue of Richard,
Then can the substance of ten thousand soouldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by shalow Richmond.

Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,

Under our Tents Ie play the ewele-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.

Enter the Lords to Richmond.
Lords. Good morrow Richmond.
The Tragedie.

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue rane a tardie sluggard heere.
Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreams,
That ever entred in a drowlie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their soules, whose bodies Richard murthred,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How faire into the morning is it Lords?
Lor. Upon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Why then is time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I have said, louing country-men, (His Oration to
The leisure and inforcement of the time, (His founders.

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 whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne,then him they follow:
For,what is he they follow? truely gentlemen,
A bloudie tyrant, and a homicide.
One raisde in bloud, and one in bloud established:
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him:
A base soule stone, made precious by the foyle
Of Englands chaire, where he is falsely set,
One that hath ever beeene Gods enemie:
Then if you fight against Gods enemie,
God will in iustice ward you as his foundiers:
If you swear to put a Tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countries foes,
Your countries fat, shall pay your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wifes,
Your wifes shall welcome home the conquerors:
If you doe free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:

Then
Then in the name of God and all thesrights, 
Aduance your standards draw your willing swords 
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt, 
Shall be this cold corps on the earths cold face: 
But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt, 
The least of you shall share his part thereof, 
Sound drums and trumpets boldly, and cheerfully, 
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was never train'd up 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 indeed it is:
Tell the clockethere. The clock stricketh.

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

King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke,
He should have bra'd the East an hour agoe,
A blace day will it be to some bodie Rat.

Rat. My Lord.

King. The Sunne will not be seene to day,
The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon our armie,
I would these deanie teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day: why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond: for the selfe-same heauen
That frownes on me looke sadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

King. Come, buttle, buttle, caparison my horfe,
Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my fouldiers to the plaine,
And thus my battell shall be ordered.
My fore-ward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earle of Surrey
Shall have the leading of the footes and horfe,
They thus directed, we will follow
The Tragedie

In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse?

This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkest thou not.

Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne,

This found I on my tent this morning.

Dockey of Norfolke, be not to bold,

For Dicken thy master is bought and sold.

King. A thing devised by the enemie,

Goe Gentlemen every man vnto his charge,

Let not our babbling dreams affright our foules,

Conscience is a word that cowards use,

Deuise as first to keepe the strong in awe,

Our strong armes be our conscience, swords our lawe.

March on, joync brauely, let vs too it pell mell,

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

What shall I say more then I haue infcrd,

Remember whom you are to cope withall,

A sort of vagabonds, Rascols and runawaies,

A sum of Brittaines, and base lackey pefants,

Whom their orecloyd countrey vomits forth

To desperate aventure and affur'd destruction,

You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:

You hauing lands, and blest with beauteous wiues,

They would restraine the one, distaine the other,

And who doth lead them but a paltry Fellow?

Long kept in Brittain at our mothers cost,

A milke lope, one that neuer in his life

Felt so much cold as ouer shoes in snow:

Let's whip these straglers ore the seas againe,

Lash hence these overweening rags of France,

These famish beggers weary of their liues,

Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,

For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselves.

If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,

And not thele baward Brittaines whom our fathers

Haue in their oweneland beaten, rob'd and thumpt,

And on record left them the heirs of shame.

Shall these enjoy our lands, lie with our wiues?

Rauish our daughters, hark, I heare their drum,
of Richard the Third.

Right Gentlemen of England fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw, your arrows to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken stans,
What saies Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
  Mef. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
  King. Off with his sonne George's head.
  Nor. My Lord, the enemy is past the marsh,
After the bataile, let George Stanley die.

King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
Advance our standards, let upon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Upon them, victorie sits on our helps.

Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesbye.

Cat. Refcew my Lord of Norfolke, refcew, refcew,
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Refcew faire Lord, or else the day is lost. Enter Richard.

King. A horfe, a horfe, my Kipdome for a horfe.

Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ifle helpe you to a horfe.

King. Slaue I haue fet my life uppon a caff,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye,
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Fieue haue I slaine to day instead of him.
A horfe, a horfe, my kingdom for a horfe.

Alarum, Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine,
then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby hearing the
Crowne, with other Lords.

Rich. God and your armes be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours the bloudie dog is dead.

Dar. Courageous Richmond, well haft thou acquit thee,
Loe heere this long usurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloudie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of heauen say Amen to all.
But tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Dar. He is my Lord; and safe in Leicester Towne,

Whither if it please you, we may now withdraw vs.

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


Rich. Enter their bodies, as become their births,

Proclaine a pardon to the fouldiers fled,

That in submission will returne vs,
And then as we have tane the Sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red.

Smile heaven upon this faire conjunction,

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity,

What Traitor heares me, and says not Amen?

England hath long beene mad, and scard herself,

The brother blindly shed the brothers blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his owne son,

The sonne compeld, beene butcher to the fire,

All this divided Yorke and Lancaster,

Divided in their dire diuision.

O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeders of each royall house,

By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,

And let thy heires (God if they will be so)

Enrich the time to come with smooth-faç't peace,

With smiling plentie, and faire prosperous daies.

Abate the edge of Traitors gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloudie daies againe,

And make poore England weepe in streams of bloud,

Let them not liue to taf this lands encreafe,

That would with treafon wound this faire lands peace.

Now ciuill wounds are stopp'd, peace liues againe,

That she may long liue heare, God say Amen.

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