The Tudor Facsimile Texts

King Richard the Third

[By William Shakespeare]

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

King Richard the Third

[By William Shakespeare]

1597

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ow is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by this sonne of Yorke:
And all the cloudes that lowrd vp on our house,
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments,
Our sterne alarums change to merry meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull meaures.
Grim-visage de warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now in stead of mounting barbed steedes,
To fright the soules of fearfull aduersaries.
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not shapte for sportive trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glasse,
I that am rudely stampt and want loues maiefty,
To fruit before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I that am curtail'd of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, vnfinisht, sent before my time
Into this breathing world scarce halfe made vp;
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spie my shadow in the sunne,
And descent on mine owne deformity:
And therefore since I cannot proue a louver
To entertaine these faire well spok'n daies.

A 2

I am
The Tragedy

I am determined to produc a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies:
Plots have I laid inductuous dangerous,
By drunken Propheyes, beliefs and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other.
And if King Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and trecherous;
This day should Clarence closely be meted vp,
About a Prophecy which faies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherers shall be,
Due thoughts downe to my soule,
Enter Clarence with
Heere Clarence comes,
a gard of men.
Brother, good dayes, what means this armed gard
That waites vpon your grace?

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

Glo. Upon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alack my Lord that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your Godfathers:
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 know; for I protest
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after Propheyes and dreams,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And faies a wizar told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These as I learne and such like toies as these,
Have mov'd his highnes to commit me now.

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

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

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

Bro. I befeech your Graces both to pardon me:
His Maiestie hath streightly giuen incharge,
That no man shall haue private conference;
Of what degree foeuer with his brother.

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

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

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

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

A 3
The Tragedy

Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury and will obey,
Glo. We are the Queens abjuctions 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,
I will performe it to enfranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well:
Glo. Well your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliuer you or lie for you,
Meane time have patience.
Cla. I must perforce; farewell, Exit Clar.
Glo. Go tred the path that thou shalt nere returne,
Simple plaine Clarence I doe loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes here the new deliuered hastings?
Enter Lord Hassings.

Haft. Good time of day vnto my gratious Lord:
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to the open aire,
How hath your Lordship brooke imprisionment?
Haft. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thankes
That were the cause of my imprisonement.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shal Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaid as much on him as you.
Haft. More pitty that the Eagle should be mewed,
While keiths and buffards prey at liberty.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Haft. 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 Saint Paul this newes is bad indeede;
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouermuch consumed his royall person,
Tis
of Richard the third.

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

Hst. He is.

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

He cannot live, I hope, and must not die,
Till George be packt with post horse up to heaven.
Ile in to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steeld with weighty arguments,
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not an other day to live
Which done, God take King Edward to his merc;
And issue the world for me to bussell in,
For then Ile marry Warwick's yongest daughter:
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent.
By marrying her which I must reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still hies and raignes,
When they are gone then must I count my gains. Exit,

Enter Lady Anne with the hearse of Harry the 6.

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

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

Enter Glocester.

Glo. Stay, you that beare the corse and set it downe.
La. What biacke magitian coniures vp this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deedes.
Glo. Villaine set downe the corse, or by S.Paule,
Ile make a corse of him that disobeies.

Gent. My Lord, stand backe and let the coffin passe.
Glo. Vnmanerd dog, stand thou when I command,
Advance thy halbert higher than my brest,
Or by Saint Paul Ile strike thee to my loote,
And spurne vpon thee begger forthy boldnes.

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

Glo. Sweete Saints for Charity be not so curt.
La. Foule Diuell, for Gods sake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:
Fild it with cursing cries and deepe exclaimes.
If thou delight to view thy hainous deedes,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.

Oh
Oh gentlemen see, see dead Henries wounds,
Open their congeald mouthes and bleede afresh.
Blush blush thou lump of foule deformity,
For tis thy presence that exhales this bloud,
From cold and empty veines where no bloud dwells.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall.
Oh God which this bloud madest, revenge his death,
Oh earth which this bloud drinkst, revenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,
Or earth gape open wide and eate him quicke.
As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings bloud,
Which his hell-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Lady you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
Lady Villaine thou knowest no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knowes some touch of pitty.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Lady Oh wonderfull when Diuels tell the troth.
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry
Vour perficte deuine perfection of a woman,
Of these suppos'd euils to give me leave,
By circumstance but to acquite 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 haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee thou canst make
No excuse currant but to hang thy selfe.
Glo. By such despare I should accuse my selfe.
La. And by despairing shouldst thou stand excuse,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst vnnworthy slaughter upon others,
Glo. Say that I slew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead,
But dead they are, and diuellish slauent by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
The Tragedy

La. Why then he is alieue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead, and flaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou liest, Queene Margaret saw
Thy bloudy faulchion smoking in his bloud,
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was prouoked by her flaunderous tongue.
Which laid their guilt vpon my guilltleffe shoulders.
La. Thou wait prouoked by thy bloudy minde, Which never dreamt on ought but butcheries,
Didst thou not kill this King. Glo. I grant yea.
La. Dost grant me hedghogge then god grant me too
Thou maiesst be damned for that wicked deed,
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnsit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place els 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 Lady Anne,
To leaze this keen incounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a flower methodes:
Is not the causer of the timeles deaths,
Of these Plantagenets Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner.
La. Thou art the cause and most accurfit effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect.
Your beauty which did haunt me in my sleepe:
To undertake the death of all the world
So I might rest one houre in your sweete bosome.
La. If I thought that Itell thee homicide,
These nalles should rend that beauty from my cheekes.
Glo. These eyes could never indure sweete beauties wrack,
of Richard the third.

You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cheerd by the sonne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
   La. Blacke night overshaide thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curse not thy selle faire creature, thou art both.
   La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell most unnaturall,
To be reuengd on him that loueth you.
   La. It is a quarrell just and reasonable,
To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.
   La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Glo. Go to, he liues that loues you better then he could.
   La. Why that was hee.
Glo. The selle same name but one of better nature.
   La. Where is he. Shes spitteth at him.
Glo. Heere.

Why dost thou spitte at me.
   La. Would it were mortall poifon for thy sake.
Glo. Neuer came poifon from so sweete a place.
   La. Neuer hung poifon on a fouler toade.
Out of my sight thou doest infect my eies.
Glo. Thine eies sweete Lady haue infected mine.
   La. Would they were basiliskes to strike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death:
Those eies of thine from mine haue drawn salt teares,
Sham'd their aspect with store of childish drops:
I never sued to friend nor enemy,
My tongue could never learne sweete soothing words:
But now thy beauty is propofde my fee:
My proud heart fue and prompts my tongue to speake,
Teach not thy lips such scorne, for they were made
For kissting Lady not for such contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgive,
Lo here I rend thee this sharpe pointed sword:

B2  Which
The Tragedy

Which if thou pleafe to hide in this true bosome,
And let the soule forth that adoreth thee:
I have it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death vp on my knee.
Nay, doe not paws, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beauty that provoked me:
Nay now dispatch twas I that kild King Henry:
But twas thy heavenly face that set me on: Here he lets fall
Take vp the sword againe or take vp me. the sword.
La. Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it:
La. I haue already.
Glo. Tush that was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and even with the word,
That hand which for thy loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue:
To both their deaths shalt thou be necessary.
La. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are false.
Glo. Then never was man true,
La. Well, well, put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But shall I live in hope.
La. All men I hope live so.
Glo. Voutruly to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompsasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy breast incloseth my poore heart.
Weare both of them for both of them are thine,
And if thy poore devoted suppliant may
But begone fauour at thy gratious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happines for euer.
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
of Richard the third.

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

La. With all my heart, and much it ioies me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tressill and Barkley go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

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

Exit.

Glo. Sirs take vp the corse.

Ser. Towards Chertsie noble Lord.

Glo. No to white Friers there attend my comming.

Was euer woman in this humor woed,  
Was euer woman in this humor wonne:
Ie haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What I that kild her husband and his father,
To take her in her hearts extreme hate:
With curses in her mouth, teares in her eies,
The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by,
Hauing God, her conscience, and these bars against me:
And I nothing to backe my suite at all,
But the plaine Diuell and disssembling lookes,
And yet to win her all the world to nothing.  

Hath she forgot already that braue Prince
Edward, her Lord whom I some three months since,
Stabd in my angry moode at Tewxbury,
A sweeter and a loueller gentleman,
Framd in the prodigality of nature:
Young, valiant, wife, and no doubt right royall,
The spacious world cannot againe afford:
And will she yet debase her eyes on me
That cropt the golden prime of this sweete Prince,
And made her widdow to a woffull bed,
The Tragedy

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

Enter Queene, Lord Rivers, Gray.

R1. Haue patience Madame, theres no doubt his Maie-
Will soon recouer his accustomed health.

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

Qu. If he were dead what would betide of me.

Ry. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.

Gr. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne.

To be your comforter when he is gone.

Qu. Oh he is young, and his minority
Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Gloucest.

A man that loues not me nor none of you.

Rj. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Qu. It is determinde, not concluded yet.

But so it must be if the King militray. (Enter Buck, Darby
Gr. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.

Buck. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.

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

Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lo: of Darby,
To your good praieres will scarcely say, Amen:

Yet Darby notwithstanding, shees your wife,

And
And loues not me, be you good Lo. affurde
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Dar. I doe beseech you either not beleue
The envious flaunder of her false accusers,
Or if she be accus'd in true report,
Bears with her weakes which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Ly. Saw you the King to day, my Lo: of Darby?

Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Came from viisiting his Maiestie.

Qu. With likelihood of his amendment Lords?

Buc. Madame good hope, his Grace speakes cheerfully.

Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him.

Buc. Madame we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Glocester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord chamberlaines,
And sent to warne them to his royall presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will noether be.

I see our happines is at the highest. Enter Glocester.

Glo. They doe me wrong and I will not endure it,
Who are they that complaines unto the King,
That I forsooth am sterne and love them not:
By holy Paul they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such decentious rumors:
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceit, and cog,
Ducke with French nods and apish courtseie,
I must be held a rankerous enimy.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abuse,
By slyen sicky insinuating iackes?

Ly. To whom in all this presence speakes your Grace?

Glo. To thee that hast not honesty nor grace,
When have I injured thee, when done thee wrong?
Or thee or thee of any of your faction:
A plague upon you all. His royall person
(Whom God preferre better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiets scarce a breating while,
The Tragedy

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of Glocsester, you mistake the matter:
The King of his owne royall disposition,
And not prouok't by any suiter else,
Ayming belike at your interior hatred,
Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,
Against my kindred, brother and my selfe:
Makes him to fend that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will and to remove it.

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

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

Glo. Meane time God grants that we haue neede of you,
Our brother is imprison'd by your meanes,
My selfe disgrac't, and the nobility
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions,
Are daily giuen to enoble those
That scarce some two daies since were worth a noble.

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

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

Qu. She may my Lord.

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

By. What may she.

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

Qu. My Lo: of Glocester, I haue too long borne Your blunt vpbraiding and your bitter scoffes, By heauen I will acquaint his Maiestie With those grosse taunts I often haue endured: I had rather be a countrey seruant maid, Then a great Queene with this condition.

To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at: Enter Qu. Small joy haue I in being Englands Queene. Margaret.

Qu. Mar. And ifned be that final, God I beseech thee, Thy honour, state, and feate is due to me.

Glo. What threat you me with telling of the King, Tell him and spare not, looke what I haue said] I will auouch in presence of the King: It is time to speake, my paines are quite forgot.

Qu. Mar. Out diuell I remember them too well, Thou flewest my husband Henry in the tower, And Edward my poore sonne at Teuxbery.

Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband King, I was a packhorse in his great affairs, A weeder out of his proud adueraries, A liberall rewarde of his friends: To royalize his bloud I spilt mine owne.

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

Glo. In all which time you and your husband Gray, Were factious for the house of Lancaster: And Ryuers, so were you, was not your husband, In Margarets battaile at Saint Albones slaine: Let me put in your mindes, if yours forget What you haue beene ere now, and what you are, Withall, what I haue been, and what I am.

Qu. Ma. A murderous villaine, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poore Clarence did forsake his father Warwicke, Yea and forswore himselfe (which Iesus pardon.) Qu. Ma. Which God reuenge, Clo.
The Tragedy

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

Qu. Ma. Hie thee to hell for shame and leave the world Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.

Ry. My Lo: if Gloucester in those busie daies Which here you urge to prove vs enemies, We followed then our Lo: our lawfull King, So shoulde we you if you shoulde be our King,

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

Qu. As little joy my Lord as you suppose You shoulde enioy, were you this countries King, As little joy may you suppose in me,

That I enioy being the Queene thereof.

Qu. Ma. A little joy enioies the Queene thereof, For I am she and altogether joyleffe, I cannot longer hold me patient: Heare me you wrangling Pyrats that fall out, In sharing that which you haue pild from me: Which of you trembles not that lookes on me? If not, that I being Queene you bow like subiects, Yet that by you depose you quake like rebels:

O gentle villain doe not turne away.

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

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

His
of Richard the third.

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

Qu. So lust is God to right the innocent.

Hast. 'Twas the foulest deed to slaye that babe,
And the most merciless that ever was heard of.

Riu. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dorf. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buch. Northumberland then present wept to see it.

Qu. M. What! were you snarling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Did Yorkes dread curse preuail so much with heaven,
That Henries death my lovely Edwards death,
Their kingdoms losse, my wofull banishment,
Could all but answer for that pecuiush brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why then give way dull cloudes to my quicke curses:

If not, by war, by surfeet die your King,
As ours by murder to make him a King.
Edward thy sonne which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my sonne which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence,

Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Outlive thy glory like my wretched selfe:

Long maieft thou live to waile thy childrens losse,
And see another as I see thee now

Deckt in thy rights, as thou art stald in mine:
Long die thy happy daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of griefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene:

Riuers and Dorset you were standers by,
And to waft thou Lo: Hastings when my sonne
Was stabd with bloody daggers, god I pray him,
That none of you may live your naturall age,
But by some unlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withred hag.

Qu. M. And leave out the slay dog for thou shalt hear me

C2 Exce-
The Tragedy

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee:
O let them keep it till thy sinner be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee the trouble of the poore world's peace:
The worne of conscience still beginn thy soule,
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends:
No sleepe, close vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnleffe it be whilst some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee with a he'f of vgly ducels.
Thou eluih markt abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that wast seald in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slander of thy mothers heavy wombe,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

Glo. Margaret.
Qu. M. I call thee not.
Glo. Then I cry thee mercy, for I had thought
That thou hadst cald me all these bitter names.
Qu. M. Why so I did, but lookt for no reply,
O Let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. This done by me, and ends in 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 bottled spider, (tune
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Foole foole, thou whett a knife to kill thy selfe,
The time will come that thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse that poisenous bunchback toade.
Hast. False boading woman, end thy frantike curse,
Left to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Q. M. Foole shame vpon you, you have all mow'd mine,
Re. Were you well seru'd you would be taught your duty.
Q. M. To serue me well you all should doe me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:
O serve me well, and teach your felues that duty.
Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatique.
Q. M. Peace Master Marques you are malapert,
Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce currant:
O that your young nobility could judge,
What twere to loose it and be miserable:
They that stand high have many blast to shake them.
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.
Glo. Good counsell mary, learne it learne it Marques.
Dor. It toucheth you my Lo: as much as me.
Glo. Yea and much more. but I was borne so high,
Our aery buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.
Q. M. And turns the sun to shade, alas, alas,
Witness my son, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright outshining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darkenes fouled vp:
Your aery buildeth in our aeries nest,
O God that seest it, doest not suffer it:
As it was wonne with bloud, lost be it so:
Buck. Have done for shame, if not for charity.
Q. M. Vrge neither charity nor shame to me,
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butched,
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame, I'll liue my sorrowes rage.
Buck. Have done.
Q. M. O Princeely Buckingham, I will kisse thy hand
In signe of league and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee and thy Princeely house,
Thy garments are not spotted with our bloud,
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.
Buck. Nor no one here, for curfes never passe
The lips of those that breath them in the aire.
Q. M. Ile not beleue but they ascend the skie,
And there awake gods gentile sleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,
The Tragedy

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

Glo. What doth the say my Lo: of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I reioyce my gratious Lord.

Qu. M. What doest thou scorn me for my gentle coun-
And footh the diuell that I warne thee from:

O but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poore Margaret was a prophetesse:

Lieue each of you the subiects of his hate,
And he to your, and all of you to Gods. Exit.

Haft. My hair doth stand on end to heare her curfes.

Ryu. And so doth mine, I wonder shees at liberty.

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

Qu. I never did her any to my knowledge:

Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong,
I was too hoat to doe some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence he is well repaid,
He is franckt vp to satting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cause of it.

Ryu. A vertuous and a Christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that haue done scathe to vs.

Glo. So doe I euer being weladuifde,
For had I curft, now I had curft my felfe.

Cates. Madam his Maiesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you my noble Lo:

Qu. Catesby we come, Lords will you go with vs.

Ry. Madame we will attend your grace. Exeunt man.Ry.

Glo. I doe the wrong, and first began to braule
The secret mischieses that I set abroad,
I lay vnto the grievous charge of others:
Clarence whom I indeed have laid in darkenes,
I doe bewepe to many simp leguls.

Name-
Namely to Hatlings, Darby, Buckingham,
And say it is the Queen and her allies,
That stirre the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they beleue me, and withall whet me,
To be requenged on Ryuers, Vaughan, Gray:
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs doe good for euill:
And thus I clothe my naked villany,
With old odde ends stolne out of holy writ,
And seem a Saint when most I play the Diuell:
But soft here come my executioners. Enter Executioners.
How now my harde stout resolued mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deede.
  Execu. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
  Gl. It was well thought vpon, I haue it here about me,
When you have done repair to Crosby place;
But first, be sudden in the execution,
With all obdurate, doe not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps,
May, move your harts to pitty if you marke him.
  Exec. Tufh feare not my Lo: we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be assured:
We come to vse our hands, and not our tongues.
  Gl. Your eies drop millstones when fooles eies drop tears,
I like you lads, about your busines. Exeunt.

  Enter Clarence, Brokenbury.

  Brok. Why lookes your grace so heauitly to day?
  Clar. Oh I haue past a miserable night,
So full of vgly sights, of gaitly dreames,
That as I am a christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though twere to buy a world of happy daies,
So full of dismall terror was the time.
  Brok. What was your dreame, I long to heare you tell it.
  Cla. Me thoughts I was imbarke for Burgundy,
And inny company my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabbine tempted me to walke,
The Tragedy

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

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

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

The murtherers enter.
In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?
Execu. I would speake with Clarence, and I came hither
Bro. Yea, are you so briefe.
(on my legs.
2 Exe. O sir, it is better to be briefe then tedious,
Shew him our commission, talke no more. He readeth it.
Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reaon what is meant hereby,
Because I wilbe guiltles of the meaning:
Here are the keies, there fits the Duke a sleepe.

D Ile
The Tragedy

He to his Majesty, and certify his Grace,
That thus I have resigned my charge to you.

Exe. Do so, it is a point of wisdom.
1. What shall I stab him as he sleeps?
2. When then he will say twas done cowardly

When he wakes.
1. When he wakes,

Why foole he shall never wake till the judgement day.
1. Why then he will say, we stab him sleeping.

The urging 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 hand

For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
2. I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humor will

Change twas wont to hold me but while one would tel xx.
1. How doest thou feel thy selfe now? (in me.
2. Faith some certaine drags of conscience are yet with

Remember our reward when the deed is done.
1. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
2. Where is thy conscience now?

In the Duke of Glocesters purse.
1. So when he opens his purse to give vs our reward,

Thy conscience flies out.
2. Let it go, theres few or none will entertaine it,
1. How if it come to thee again?

2. Ile not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,

It makes a man a coward: A man cannot steale,
But it accuseth him: he cannot sweare, but it checks him:
He cannot lie with his neighbors wife, but it detects
Him. It is a blushing shamefast spirit, that mutinies
In a mans bosome: it fills one full of obstacles,
It made me once restore a purse of gold that I found,
It beggers any man that keepses it: it is turned out of all
townes and citties for a dangerous thing, and every
Man that means to live wel, endeavors to trust to
To himselfe, and to live without it,

1 Zounds
of Richard the third.

1 Zounds it is even now at my elbowe persuading me
Not to kill the Duke.
2 Take the duel in thy minde, and beleue him not,
He would insinuate with thee to make thee sligh.
1 Tut, I am strong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.
2 Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation,
Come shall we to this seere.
1 Take him over the costard with the hils of thy sword,
And then we wil chop him in the malumey But in the next
2 Oh excellent deuice, make a stop of him (roome.
1 Harke he stirs, shall I strike.
2 No, first lets reason with him.
cla. Where art thou keeper, giue me a cup of wine.
1 You shall haue wine enough my Lo: anon.
cla. In Gods name what art thou.
2 A man as you are,
cla. But not as I am, royall.
2 Nor you as we are, loyall.
cla. Thy voice is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.
2 My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.
cla. How darkly, and how deadly doest thou speake:
Tell me who are you, wherefore come you hither?
Am. To, to, to.
cla. To murther me. Am. I.
cla. You scarcely haue the hearts to tell me so;
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to doe it.
Wherein my friends haue I offended you?
1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.
cla. I shalbe reconcil'd to him againe.
2 Neuer my Lo: therefore prepare to die.
cla. Are you cald foorth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? what is my offence.
Where are the evidence that doe accuse me:
What lawfull quest haue given their verdict vp
Vnto the frowning ludge, or who pronounst
The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be conuict by course of law?
ThiTfAgcdy

To threaten me with death, is most unlawful:
I charge you as you hope to have redemption,
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart and lay no hands on me,
The deed you undertake is damnable.

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

\textit{Cler.} Erronious Vassalle, the great King of Kings,
Hath in the tables of his law commanded,
That thou shalt doe no murder, and wilt thou then
Spare at his edict, and fulfill a man's
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
2. And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrell of the house of Lancastor,
1. And like a traitor to the name of God.
Didst breake that vowel, and with thy treacherous blade,
Unripst the bowels of thy soueraigns sonne.
2. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

1. How canst thou urge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,
When thou haft broke it in so deare degree?

\textit{Cler.} Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deed,
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why sirs, he sends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this sinne he is as deep as I:
If God will be reuenged for this deede,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull armes,
He needs no indirect, nor lawlesse course,
To cut off those that have offended him,

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

\textit{Cler.} My brothers loue, the diuell, and my rage.
1. Thy brothers loue, the diuell and my rage
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.

\textit{Cler.} Oh if you loue my brother, hate not me,
of Richard the third.

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

2. You are deceiu'd, 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 sonses with his victorious arme:
And charged vs from his soule, to love each other,
He little thought of this deuided friendship.
Bid Glocester thinke of this, and he will weepe.

Am. I, milstones as he lefond vs to weepe.

cla. O doe not flander him for he is kind,

1 Right as snow in haruest, thou deceiu'ft thy selfe,
Tis he hath lent vs hither now to slaughter thee.

cla. It cannot be, for when I parted with him,
He hugged me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliverie.

2 Why so he doth, now he deliveres thee,
From this worldes thraltome, to the joyes of heauen;

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

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

2 What shall we doe?

cla. Relent and sake your soules.

1 Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.

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

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

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

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

   Riu. By heauen, my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
   And with my hand I sweale my true hearts loue.
   Hast. So thrue I as I truely sweare the like.
   Kin. Take heede you dally not before your King,
   Least he that is the supreme King of Kings,
   Confound your hidden falshood and award
   Either of you to be the others end.
   Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.
   Riu. And I, as I loue hastings with my heart.
   Kin. Madame, your selfe are not exempt in this,
   Nor your son Dorset, Buckingham nor you,
   You haue beene factious one against the other:
   Wife, loue Lo: Hastings, let him kisse your hand,
   And what you doe, doe it vnfainedly.

   Q. Here Hastings I will never more remember
Richard the third.

Our former hatred so thrive I and mine.

"Do Rest. This entcrchange of loue, There protest,
Vpon my part shalbe vnviolable.

"Hart. And so sweare I my Lord.

"Kinc. Now princely Buckingham seale thou this league
With thy embracements to my wiu'es allies,
And make me happy in your vnity.

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

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

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

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

"Kin. Happy indeede as we haue spent the day:
Brother we haue done deeedes of charity:
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong insfenced peeres.

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

Of you my noble Cosen Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were logde betweene vs.
Of you Lo: Ruets, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without desert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, gentlemen, indeed of all:
I doe not know that Englishe man alioe,
With whom my soule is any iottte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Qu. A holy day shal this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all Strifes were well compounded.
My soueraigne liege I doe beseech your Maiesty,
To take our brother Clarence to your Grace.

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

Ryu. Who knowes not he is dead; who knowes he is?

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

Buck. Looke I so pale Lo: Dorset as the rest?

Dor. I my good La: and no one in this presence,
But his red couler hath forsooke his cheekes.

Kin. Is Clarence dead, the order was reuerst.

Glo. But he poore soule by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardy cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lag to see him buried:
God grant that some lefte noble, and lefte loyall,
Neerer in bloudy thoughts, but not in blond:
Defence not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from suspition. Enter Darby.

Dar. A boone my soueraigne for my service done.

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

Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse grant.

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

Dar. The forfeitt soueraigne of my seruants life,
Who flew to day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.

Kin. Haue.
of Richard the third.

Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And shall the same giue pardon to a flauce?
My brother flew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel death.
Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete and bad me be aduisde?
Who spake of Brotherhood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore soule did forfake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me:
Who told me in the field by Teuxbery,
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me,
And said deare brother, hie and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lappe me
Euen in his owne garments, and gauce himselfe
All thin and naked to the numbcolde night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully puckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters,or your weighting vassales
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaite
The pretious image of our deare Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon pardon.
And I vngratious too, must grant it you:
But for my brother, not a man would speake,
Nor I vngratious speake vnto my selfe,
For him poore soule: The proudest of you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God I feare thy Jusitice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this.  (Exit.
Come Hastings help me to my closet, oh poore Clarence,
Glo. This is the fruit of rashnes: markt you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death?
Oh they did vrge it still vnto the King,
God will revenginge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company.

E    Exeunt.  Enter
The Tragedy

Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence Children.

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

Dut. No boy.

Boy. Why doe you wring your hands, and beat your breast, And cry, Oh Clarence my unhappy sonne?

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

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

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

Dut. Peace children, peace, the King doth love you wel, Incapable and shalow innocents, You cannot guesse who causde your fathers death.

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

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

Boy. Thinke you my Vnkle did dissemble Granam?

Dut. I boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, hark what noitce is this. Enter the Queene.

Qu. Oh who shall hinder me to waile and wepe? Ques.

To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe? He joine with blacke despaire against my soule, And to my selfe become an enemy.

Dut. What means this scene of rude impatience.

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

Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead. Why grow the branches, now the roote is withered? Why wither not the leaves, the sap being gone? If you will live, lament: if die, be briefe: That our swiftwinged 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 wept a worthy husbands death, And liu'd by looking on his images. But now two mirrours of his Princely semblance, Are crackt in pieces by malignant death: And I for comfort haue but one false glasse, Which grieues me when I see my shame in him. Thou art a widdow, yet thou art a mother, And haft the comfort of thy children left thee: But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes, And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes, Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I Then, being but moity of my griece, To ouer go thy plaints and drowne thy cries? Bo/. 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 widdowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

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

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

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

Qu. What staye had I but Edward, and he is gone? Am. What staye had we but Clarence, and he is gone?

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

Qu. Was neuer Widdow, had so deare a losse.

E2
Ambo. Was neuer Orphanes had a deater losse.
Du. Was neuer mother had a deater losse:
Alas, I am the mother of these mones,
Their woes are parcelld, mine are generali:
She for Edward weepes, and so doe I:
I for a Clarence weepes, so doth not the;
These babes for Clarence weepes, and so doe I:
I for an Edward weepes, so doth not they.
Alas, you three on me threefold distrest,
Poure all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. Enter Gloestt.
Gl. Madame haue comfort, al of vs haue cause, with others,
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them,
Madame my mother, I doe crie you mercy,
I did not see your Grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blessing.
Du. God biefe thee, and put meekenes in thy minde,
Loue, charity, obedience, and true duety.
Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
Thats the butt end of a mothers blessing:
I marueil why her Grace did leave it out.
Buck. You cloudy Princes, and hart-forroving peeres
That beare this mutuall heauy lode of moane:
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we haue spent our haruest of this King,
We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinterd, knit, and ioynd togethertogether,
Must gently be preferu'd, cherisht and kept,
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.
Glo. Then be it so, and go we to determine,
Who they shalbe that straight shall post to Ludlow:
Madame, and you my mother will you go,
To give your censures in this waighty busines,
Ans. With all our hearts. Except man, Glo. Buck
Buck.
of Richard the third.

Buck. My Lord who euer iourneties to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two stay behinde:
For by the way llc sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talkt of,
T o part the Queens proud kindred from the King.

Glo. My other selfe,my counsels consistory:
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Costen:
Ilike a childe will go by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde.

Enter two Citizens.

1 Cit. Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2 Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself.
1 Heare you the newes abroad?
2 I, that the King is dead.
1 Bad newes birlady, seldome comes the better,
I feare, I feare, twill prooue a troublous world.  Ent.anoe-
3 Cit. Good morrow neighbours.  ther Cit.

Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?
1 It doth. 3 Then masters looke to see a troublous world
1 No no, by Gods good grace his sonne shall raigne.
3 Woe to that land thats governed by a childe.
2 In him there is a hope of governement,
That in his nonage counsel under him,
And in his full and ripened yeres himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then governe well.
1 So stoode the state when Harry the sixe
Was crownd at Paris, but at ix. moneths olde.
3 Stoode the state so? no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famoufly enricht
With politike grave counsel : then the King
Had vertuous Vnickles to protect his Grace.
2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all;
For emulation now, who shall be neerest:
Will touch vs all too neares, if God prevent not,
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester.
And the Queens kindred hauty and proud,
of Richard the third.

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

Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.

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

Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene rememberd,
I could haue giuen my Vnckles grace a flout, mine.

That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did

Dut. How my pretie Yorke? I pray thee let me heart it.

Yor. Mary they say, my Vnckle grew so fast,

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours olde:

Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.

Granam this would haue heene a biting iest.

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

Yor. Granam his nurse.

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

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

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

Car. Good Madame be not angry with the childe.

Qu. Pitchers haue eares. Enter Dorset.

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

What newes Lo: Marques?

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

Qu. How fares the Prince?

Dor. Well Madame, and in health.

Dut. What is thy newes then?

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

With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Dor. The mighty Dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.

Car. For what offence.

Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:

Why, or for what, these nobles were committed,

Is all unknowen to me my gratious Lady.

Qu. Ay me I see the downfall of our house,

The tyger now hath caezd the gentle hinde:

Infulting tyranny begins to set,

Upon the innocent and lawlessfethroane:

Welcome destruction, death and massacre,
The Tragedy

I see as in a mappe the ende of all.

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

Q.h. Come come my boy, we will to sanctuary:

Dut. Ile go along with you,

Q.h. You haue no caufe.

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

Exeunt.

The Trumpets sound. Enter young prince, the Dukes of Glo-

cester, and Buckingham, Cardinal, &c.

(bes)

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your cham-

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

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

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

Prin.
of Richard the third.

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

Gio. My Lo, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

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

Pri. I thank you good my Lo: and thank you all:

I thought my mother, and my brother Yorke,

Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:

Fie, what a slugg is Haftings that he comes not

To tell vs whether they will come, or no. (Enter 1. Haft.

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

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

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

The Queene your mother and your brother Yorke

Haue taken sanctuary: The tender Prince

Would faine haue come with me, to meete your grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and pecuiff course

Is this of hers? Lo: Carduall will your grace

Persuade the Queene to send the Duke of Yorke

Vnto his PrinceLy brother presently?

If she deny, Lo: Haftings go with him,

And from her Jealous armes plucke him perforce.

Car. My Lo: of Buckingham, if my weake oratory

Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,

Anone expect him here: but if she be obdurate

To milde entreaties, God in heauen forbid

We should infringe the holy priuiledge

Of blessed sanctuary, not for all this land,

Would I be guilty of so deepe a sinne.

Buck. You are too feneceleffe obstinate my Lo:

Too ceremonious and traditionall:

Weigh it but with the grossenes of this age,

You breake not sanctuary in seazing him:

The benefit thereof is alwaies granted

To those whose dealings haue defruide the place,

And those who haue the wit to clame the place:

This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor defruied it,

And therefore in mine opinion, cannot haue it.

F Then
The Tragedy

Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no priuilege nor charter there:
Otherwise I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children never till now.

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

Hast. I go my Lord.

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

Glo. Where it seems best into your royal 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.

Prit. I doe not like the tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæsar build that place, my Lord?

Buc. He did, my gracious Lord: begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages have reedified.

Prit. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age he build it?

Buc. Upon record my gracious Lord:

Prit. But say my Lord: it were not registred,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As twere retailde to all posterity,
Euen to the generall all-ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say doe never liuelong.

Prit. What say you Vnckle?

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

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

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

Prin. And if I live untill I be a man, Ile winne our auncient right in France againe, Or die a souldier as I liude a King.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring. Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.

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

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

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

Tor. I brother to our grieze as it is yours: Too late he died that might have kept that title, Which by his death hath lost much maeesty.

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

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

Glo. He hath my Lo:

Tor. And therfore is he idle? 

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

Tor. Then he is more beholding to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne, But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

Tor. I pray you Vnckle giue me this dagger:

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

Tor. A begger brother?

Tor. Of my kind Vnckle that I know will giue, And being but a toy which is no grieze to giue.

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

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

Glo. I gentle Cosen, were it light enough.

Tor. O then I see you will part but with light gifts, In weightier things youle say a begger nay.

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

Tor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.

Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord?

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


Tor. My Lo: of Yorke will still be crosse in talke: Vnckle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

F 2

Tor.
The Tragedy.

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

Buck. With what a sharpe provided with reasons,  
To mitigate the scorn he shews his Vnckle:  
He pretty and aptly taunts himselfe,  
So cunning and so young is wonderfull.

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

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

glo. Why, what should you feare?  
Tor. Mary my Vnckle Clarence angry ghost:  
My Granam tolde me he was murdtred there.

Pri. I feare no Vnckles dead.

glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.

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


Buc. Thinkes you my Lo: this little prating Yorke,  
Was not incensed by his subtile mother,  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

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

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

Cam.
of Richard the third.

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

Enter a Messenger to Lo: Hastings.

Hast. Who knockes at the dore.

F 3

Haft.
The Tragedy

Haf. What's a clocke?
Mef. Upon the stroke of foure.
Haf. Cannot thy Master sleepe these tedious nights?
Mef. So it should seeme by that I haue to say:
Firft he commendes him to your noble Lordship.
Haf. And then, Mef. And then he sends you word.
He dreamt to night the beare had raife his helme:
Beside, he sates there are two counceuls 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 to North into the North,
To shun the danger that his soule diuines.

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

Mef. My gratious Lo: Ie tell him what you say.  Enter
Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lo:  (Cates:
Haf. Good morrow Catesby, you are early stirring,
What newes what newes; in this our tottering state?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeede my Lo:
And I beleue it will neuer stand vpright,
Till Richard weare the garland of the Realme.

Haf. Howe? weare the garland? doeft thou meane the
cat. I my good Lord.  (crowne?
Haf.
of Richard the third.

Hast. Ile haue: this crowne of mine, cut from my fliout-
Ere I will see the crowne so foule misplaste: (ders
But can't thou gueffe that he doth aime at it.
Cat. Vpon my life my Lo:and hopes to find you forward
Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he sendes you this good newes,
That this fame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeede I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they haue beene still mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voice on Richards fide,
To barre my Mauers heires in true discent,
God knowes I will not doe it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordschip in that gratious minde.
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they who brought me in my Mauers hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedy:
I tell thee Catesby. Cat. What my Lord?
Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile tend some packing, that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gratious Lord,
When men are vnprerard and looke not for it.
Hast. O Monftrous monftrous, and so fals it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray, and so twill doe
With some men els, who thinke themselves as safe
As thou: and I who as thou knowelt are deare
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Hast. I know they doe, and I haue well deferved it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my Lo: where is your boare - speare man?
Fare you the boare and go so vnprouided?
Stan. My Lo: good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may left on: but by the holy roode.
I doe not like thefe feuerall counsels l.
Hast. My Lo: I hould my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe protest.

Was
The Tragedy

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

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

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

Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that have accuse them weare their hats:
But come my Lo: let vs away. 

Haft. Go you before, I le follow presently. 

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

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

Haft. I tell thee fellow tis better with me now.

Then when I met thee laft where now we meete:
Then was I going prisoner to the tower,
By the suggession of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keep it to thy selfe.)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then ever I was.

Pur. God hold it to your honors good content.

Haft. Gramercy Haftings hold i(spand thou that,He gives 
Pur. God saue your Lordship. 

Haft. What Sir John,you are wel met, 

I am beholding to you for your last daies exercise:
Come the next sabbath and I will content you. 

Whil- Enter Buckingham. 

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

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

Buck.
of Richard the third.

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

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

Ratl. Come bring forth the prisoners.
Ryu. Sir Richard Ratcliffe let me tell thee this:
To day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Gray. God keep the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned bloudsuckers.
Ryu. O Pomfret Pomfret. Oh thou bloudy prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peeres.
Within the guilty closure of thy wals
Richard the second here was hackt to death:
And for more slander to thy dismall soule,
We give thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke.
Gray. Now Margarets curse is fallne upon our heads:
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.
Ryu. Then curse the Hastings, then curse the Bucking-
Then curse the Richard. Oh remembre God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister, and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied dear God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest virtuall must be spilt.
Rat. Come come dispatch, the limit of your lines is out.
Ryu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leave vntill we meete in heavuen. Exeunt.

Enter the Lords to Councell.

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

G Who
The Tragedy

Who is most inward with the noble Duke.

Bi. Why you my Lo: me thinks you should soonest know

Buc. Who is my Lo? we know each others faces: (his mind
But for our harts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine:
Lo: Hastings you and he are neere in loue.

Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well:
But for his purpose in the coronation:
I have not founded him nor he delivered
His Graces pleasure any way therein:
But you my noble Lo: may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe, Ie gie my voice,
Which I presume he will take in Gentle part.

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

Glo. My noble L. and Cozens all, good morrow, (Ent.Glo.
I have been long a sleeper, but I hope
My absence doth neglect no great desigues,
Which by my presence might have been concluded:

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

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

Hast. I thank your Grace.

Glo. My Lo: of Elie, Bifh. My Lo:

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

Bifh. I go my Lord.

Glo. Cozen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath founded Hastings in our busines,
And findes the tсты Gentleman so hoart,
As he will loose his head care giue content,
His Masters sonne as worshipful he termes it,
Sha I loose the roialty of Englands throane.


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

For
For I my selfe am not so well provis'd,
As else I would be, were the day prolonged.
By, Where is my L. protector, I haue sent for these strawbe-
Ha. His Grace lookes cheerfully and smooth to day, (ries.
Theres some conceit or other lices him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I thinke there is neuer a man in christendome,
That can lesser hide his love or hate then he:
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceivst thou in his face,
By any likelihood he shewed to day?
Haft. Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue shewn it in his lookes.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I say. Enter Glocester.
Glo. I pray you all, what doe they deferue,
That doe conspire my death with diuellish plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuail'd,
Vpon my body with their hellish charmes?
Haft. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,
To doome the offenders whatsoever they be:
I say my Lo: they haue deserued death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witnisse of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd vp.
This is that Edwards wife, that monstrous witch,
Comforted with that harlot Trumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft, thus haue marked me.
Haft. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lo:
Glo. If thou protector of this dammed Trumpet,
Tells thou me of if? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paule,
I will not diue to day I sweare,
Vntill I see the same, some see it done,
The rest that love me, come and follow me. Exeunt manes.
Ha. Woe woe for England, not a whit for me: Cat. with Ha.
For I too fond might haue prevented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
G 2
But
The Tragedy

But I disdain'd it, and did come to fly,
Three times to day, my footcloth horse did stumble,
And startled when he look'd upon the tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughterhouse.
Oh, now I want the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I tolde the Pursuivant.
As we were triumphing at nine enemies:
How they at Pomfret boldly were butcher'd,
And I my selfe secure in grace and favour:
Oh Margaret Margaret: now thy heavy curse,
Is lighted on poore Haftings wretched head.

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

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

Enter Duke of Gloucester and Buckingham in armour.

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

Buc. Tutt fear not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian:
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on every side:
Intending deepe suspicion, gasly lookes
Are at my service like enforced smiles,
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my stratagems.

Enter Maior.

Glo. Here comes the Maior.

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

Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.

Buc. The reason we haue sent for you.

Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the walls.
of Richard the third.

Buck. Hark, I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buc. God and our innocence defend vs. Enter Catesby
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby. with Hast head.
Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The daungerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So deare I lou’d the man, that I must wepe:
I rooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a christian,
Looke ye my Lo: Mayor.
Made him my booke, wherein my soule recorded,
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smoothe the daubd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparent open guilt omitted:
I meane his conversation with Shores wife,
He laid from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well well, he was the couer’d sheltred traitor
That euery liu’d, would you have imagined,
Or almost beleuie, were not by great preseruation
We lye to tell it you? The subtle traitor
Had this day plotted in the councell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloccestre.

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

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

Dut. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning have prevented,
Because, my Lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speake, and timely ouer confess
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well have signified the same
Vnto the Citizens, who happily may
Misconstrue in him, and wayle his death.

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

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

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

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

Buc.
of Richard the third.

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

Glo. If you thriue well, bring them to Baynards castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied,
Wyth reuerend fathers and well learned Bishops.

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

Glo. Now will I in to take some priuy order, Exit Buc.
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to giue notice, that no maner of person
At any tyme have recourcse vnto the Princes. Exit.

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

Enter Glocestre at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord, what say the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mumme, and speake not a word.

Glo. Toucht you the bastardy of Edwards children?

Buck. I did, wyth the infatuate gredineffe of his desires,
His tyrannye for trifles, his owne bastardy,
As beyng got, your father then in Frunce:
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Beyng the right Idea of your father,
Both in your forme and noblenesse of minde,

Laid
The Tragedy

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

clo. A and did they so?

Buc. No so God helpe me,

But like dumbe statues or breathing stones,
Gazed each on other and looke deadlie pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And askt the Maior, what meant this wilfull silence?
His anfwere was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was urge to tell my tale againe:
Thus, faith the Duke, thus hath the Duke insered:
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the Hall, hurled up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, God save King Richard.

Thankes louing Citizens and friends quoth I,
This generall appallue and louing shoute,
Argues your wisedomes and your love to Richard:
And so brake off and came away,

clo. What tonguelesse blockes were they, would they not

Buc. No by my troth my Lo:

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

Glo. The Maior is here at hand, and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mighty suite:
And looke you get a praiere booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen good my Lo:
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:

Be not easily wonne to our request:
Play the maides part, say no, but take it.

clo. Fear not me, if thou canst pleade aswell for them,

As I can say nay to thee, for my selfe? 

No
No doubt wee bring it to a happie issue.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Buck</th>
<th>You shall see what I can do, get you vp to the leads. Exit.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Now my L. Maior, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withal, Enter Catesby.

Here coms his servant: how now Catesby what saies he,

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Catesy</th>
<th>My Lord, he doth intreat your grace</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

To visit him to morrow or next day,
He is within with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly suite would he be mou'd;
To draw him from his holy exercice.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Buck</th>
<th>Return good Catesby to thy Lord again,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Tell him my selfe the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe desigues and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing then our generall good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Catesy</th>
<th>Ile tell him what you say my Lord. Exit.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Buck. A ha my Lord this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a lewd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dalying with a brace of Citizens,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping to ingroffe his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull soule.
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himself the fourerainty thereon,
But sure I feare we shall never winne him to it.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Maior</th>
<th>Marry God forbid his grace shoule say vs nay.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Buck. I feare he will, how now Catesby, Enter Catesy.

What saies your Lord?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Catesy</th>
<th>My Lo. he wonders to what end, you have assembled</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Such troupes of Citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warmd thereof before,
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Buck</th>
<th>Sorry I am my noble Colen shoule</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Suspe& me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect love to him,
And so once more retume and tell his grace: Exit Catesby.

H When
The Tragedy

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

Enter Rich. with two bishops a lesse.

Maior. See where he stands between two clergymen.

Buck. Two props of vertue for a christian Prince,
To staie him from the fall of vanitie,
Famous Plantaganet, most gracious prince,
Lend favorable eares to our 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 graces pleasure?

Buck. Euen that I hope which pleaseth God aboue,
And all good men of this ungoverned isle.

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

Buck. 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?

Buck. Then know it is your fault that you resign
The supreame seat, the throne maiestical,
The sceptred office of your ancesitors,
The lineall glorie of your roiall house,
To the corruption of a blemished flocke:
Whilst in the mildnesse of your sleepe thoughts,
Which here we waken to our countires good,
This noble Ile doth want her proper limbes,
Her face defaet with scars of infamie,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulness and darke obliuion,
Which to recure we hartily solicit,
Your gratious selfe to take on you the soueraingtie thereof,
Not as Protector steward substitute,

Or
Or lowlie factor for anothers gaine;
But as successuialie from bloud to bloud,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this comforted with the Citizens
Your verie worshipfull and loving friends,
And by their vehement intigation,
In this just suite come I to moue your grace.

Glo. I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Belt fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deserues my thanks, but my defect
Vnmeritabiel shunes your high request,
First if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As my ripe reueneu and dew by birth,
Yet so much is my pouerty of spirit,
So mightie and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnes,
Beeing a Barke to brooke no mightie sea,
Then in my greatnes couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glorie inotherd:
But God be thanked there's no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The roiall tree hath left vs roiall fruit,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seat of maieftie,
And make no doubt vs happe by his raigne,
On him I laie what you would laie on me:
The right and fortune of his happe flats,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

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

H.2 To
The Tragedy

To Benaister to the king of France,
These both put by a poor petitioner
A care; crazd mother of a many children,
A beauty-worthy and disrested widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best dates
Made prize and purchase of his lustfull eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To base declension and loathed bigamie,
By her in his unlawful bed he got.
This Edward, whom our manners terme the prince,
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that for reverence to some alive
I give a sparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall selfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie:
If not to bless thee and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
From the corruption of abusing time,
Vnto a lineall true derived course,

Mayor. Do good my Lord your Citizens entreat you.

Glo. Alas, why would you heape these cares on me,
I am vnfit for state and dignitie,
I do beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child your brothers sonne,
As well we know your tendermes of heart,
And gentle kind efferminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kin,
And gallie indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you accept our suite or no,
Your brothers sonne shall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come, Citizens, zounds I intreat no more.

Glo. O do not sweare my Lord of Buckingham.
of Richard the third.

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

Ano. Doe, good my lord, least all the land dore w it.

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

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

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

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

Mayor. Amen.

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

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

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your grace.

Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewel good coofine, farwel gentle friends.

Exeunt.

Enter Queene mother, Ducheffe of York, Marques Dorset, at one doore, Ducheffe of Glocester at another doore.

Duch. Who meets vs heere, my neece Plantagenet?

Qu. Sister well met, whether awaie so faft?

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

Qu. Kind sister thanks, weele enteral togither, Enter
And in good time here the Lieutenant comes, Lieutenant.

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

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

I may not suffer you to visite him,
The King hath straightlie charged the contrarie.

 Qui. The King? whose, whose that?

 Lyeu. I crée you mercie, I meane the Lord protector.

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

 Du. yor. I am their Fathers, Mother, I will see them.

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

 Lyeu. I doe beseech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it. Enter L. Stan les.

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

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

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

 Qui. O Dorset speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heelles,
Thy Mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outstrip death, go crosse the seas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell,
Go hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter house,
Leaf thou increaie 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 my sonne,
To meette you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not tane tardie, by vnwise delaie:

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

A. Coca-
of Richard the third.

A Cocatrice hast thou hatch to the world,
Whose vnauoied eye is murtherous.
   Ste. Come Madam, I in all hast was sent.
   Duch. And I in all vnwillingnes will go,
I would to God that the inclisue verge,
Of golden mertall that must round my browe,
were red hotte stele to seare me to the braine,
Anointed let me be with deadlie poyson,
And die, ere men can say, God saue the Queene.
   Qu. Alas poore soule, I enuie not thy glorie,
To seede my humor, with thy selfe no harme.
   Duch. glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as I followed Henries course,
When scarfe the bloud was well waft from his handes,
Which issuied from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint, which then, I weeping followed,
O, when I say, I looke on Richatds face,
This was my wifh, be thou quoth I accurrst,
For making me so young, so olde a widow,
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be so madde,
As miserable by the death of thee,
As thou hast made me by my deare Lordes death,
Loe, ear I can repeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans hart,
Groffelie grewe captuie to his honie wordes,
And prou'd the subiecte of my owne soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept my eyes from sleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enjoyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beside, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will no doubt, shortlie be rid of me.
   Qu. Alas poore soule, I pittie thy complaints.
   Duch. glo. No more then from my soule I mourne for yours.
   Dor. Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.
   Duch. glo. Adew poore soule, thou takit thy leawe of it.
   Do. bor. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee.
         Goe
The Tragedie

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

The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard cround, Bucking-

ham, Catesby with other Nobles.

King Stand al apart. Cousin of Buckingham,
Give mee thy hand: Here be ascended the throne.
Thy high by thy aduice
And thy asistence is king Richard seated:
But shall we wear these honours for a day?
Or shall they laft, and we reioice in them.
Buc. Stil liue they, and for euer may they laft.
King Ri. O Buckingham, now do I plaie the touch,
To trie if thou be current gold indeed:
Young Edward liues: thinke now what I would say.
Buc. Saie on my gracious soueraigne.
King Whie Buckingham, I saie I would be king.
Buc. Whie so you are my thrice renowned liege.
King Ha: am I king? tis so, but Edward liues.
Buc. True noble prince.
King O bitter conquence,
That Edward sthil should liue true noble prince.
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dul:
Shall I be plaine? I with the bastards dead,
And I would haueit suddenlie performe,
What faith thou? speake suddenlie, be breiie.
Buc. Your grace may doe your pleasure.
King Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freezezeth,
Saie, haue I thy consent that they shal die?
Buc. Gite me some breath, some little pause my lord,
Before I positue thee speake herein:
I wil resolute your grace immediatlie. Exeit.

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

Boy,
Richard the third.

Boy, high reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

Boy. My Lord.

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

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

King. What is his name.

Boy. His name my Lord is Tirrell.

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

Enter Darby.

How now, what needes vth you?

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

King. Catesby.  Cat. My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquite me out some meane borne gentleman,
Whom I will marrie straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him;
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe give out
That Annem my wife is sicke and like to die,
About it, for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes whose growth may damadge me,
I must be marrie to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marrie her,
Uncertaine vsie of gaine, but I am in
So far in bloud that finne vll plucke on fin,
Tear falling pittie dwells not in this eie.  

Enter Tirrel.

Isthy name Tirrell?

Tyr. James Tirrell and your most obedient subject.

I  King.
The Tragedy

King Arthou indeed?

Tir. Praye me my gracious soueraigne,

King Darfl thou resolute to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two enemies.

King Why then thou hast it two deepe enemies,

Foesto my rest, and my sweet sleepe is disturbs,

Are they that I would haue thee deale with:

Tirrel I meane those bastards in the tower.

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

And soone ile rid you from the feare of them.

King Thou sing'st sweet musick. Come hither Tirrel,

Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare, be wisperes in his eare.

Tis no more but so faire is it done,

And I will loue thee and prefer thee too.

Tir. Tis done my gracious lord.

King Shal we heare from thee Tirrel ere we sleepe? Enter Buc.

Tir. Ye shall my lord,

Buck. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,

The late demand that you did found me in,

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

Buck. I heare that newes my lord.

King Stanley he is your wifes sonnes. Well looke to it.

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

For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,

The Earledome of Hertford and the moveables,

The which you promisid I shold possesse.

King Stanley looke to your wife, if thee convoy

Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.

Buck. What saies your highnes to my iust demand.

King As I remember, Henrie the fift

Did prophesie that Richmond should be king,

When Richmond was a little peevish boy:

Aking perhaps, perhaps.

Buck. My lord.

King How chance the prophet could not at that time,

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

Buck. My lord, your promisid for the Earledome.

King Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,

The Maior in curtesie shord me the Castle.
of Richard the third.

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

Buck. My lord.

King. I, what's a clocke?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind

Of what you promised me.

King. Well, but what's a clocke?

Buck. Upon the stroke often.

King. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Which let it strike?

King. Because that like a Lacke thou keepst the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,

I am not in the gaving vain to day.

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

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

Buck. Is it even so, rewardst he my true service

With such deepe contempt, made I him king for this?

O let me thinke on Hastings and be gone

To Brecon while my fateful head is on.

Exit, Enter Sir Francis Trelaw.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloudie deed is done,

The most arch-aet of pitteous massacre,

That euer yet this land was guiltie of,

Dighton and Forrest whom I did suborne,

To do this ruthles piece of butchery,

Although they were fleete villains, bloudie dogs,

Melting with tendernes and kind compassion,

Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:

Lo thus quoth Dighton laie those tender babes,

Thus thus quoth Forrest girdling on another,

Within their innocent alabaster armes,

Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalk,

Which in their summer beautie kist each other,

A booke of prayers on their pillow laie,

Which once quoth Forrest almost changed my mind,

But & the Diuell their the villaine stoop,

Whilst Dighton thus told on we smothered

L2
The Tragedy

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

And here he comes, all haile my soueraigne leige.

King. Kind Tyrrell am I happie in thy newes.

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

King. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did my Lord.

King. And buried gentle Tyrrell?

Tyr. The Chaplaine of the tower hath buried them,

But how or in what place I do not know.

Tyr. Come to me Tyrrell soone at after supper,

And thou shalt tell the processe of their death,

Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,

And be inheritor of thy desire.  Exit Tyrrell.

Farewel til soone.

The fonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meanelie haue I matcht in matriage,
The fonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams boleme,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world godnight,

Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At young Elizabeth, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly o'er the crowne,

To her I go a folliethriuing wooer,  Enter Casesby.

Cat. My Lord.

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

Cat. Bad newes my lord, Ely is fled to Richmond,

And Buckingham backt with the hardie Welchmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare

Then Buckingham and his rash leyued armie:

Come I haue heard that feareful commenting,
Is leaden seruitour to dull delaie,

Delaie leads impotent and snailie pact beggerie,

Then fierie expedition be my wing.
of Richard the third.

Ioues Mercurie and Herald for a king:
Come mutter men, my counsaile is my shield,
We must be briefe when traitors braue the field.  Exeunt.

Enter Queen Margaret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperitie begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of Death:
Here in these confines stile have I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine adversaries:
A dire induction am I witnessse to,
And wil to Fraunce, hoping the consequence
Wil prooue as bitter, blakke and tragical.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here?
Enter the Que and the Duchesse of Turke.

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

Qu. Mar. Houer about her, saie that right for right,
Hath diumd your infant meone, to aged night.

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

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

Dutch. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortal living ghost,
Woes scane, worlds shame, graues due by life usurpt,
Rest thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfullie made drunke with innocents bloud.

Qn. O that thou wouldst as wel affoord a graue,
As thou cant yeeld a melancholie feate,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here:
O who hath anie caule to mourne but I!

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

Qu. Mar. If ancient forrow be most reuereuent,
Give mine the benefite of signorie.

I3
The Tragedie

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Qu. Mary. I cald thee then, vaine floorish of my fortune,
I cald thee then, poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what I was,
The flattering Index of a direfull pageant,
One heaued a high, to be hurld downe belowe,
A mother onelie, mockt with two sweete babes,
A dree of which thou wert a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of uerie dangerous shot,
A Queene in ieast onelie to fill the sceave,
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children, wherein doest thou ioye?
Who sutes to thee, and cries God save the Queene?
Where be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troopes that followed thee?
decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happie wife, a moost distrested widow,
For joyfull Mother, one that wailes the name,
For Queene, a verie caitie crownd with care,
For one being suied to, one that humblie sues,
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none,
For one that scorned at me, now scorned of me,
Thus hath the course of justice whe'eld about,
And left thee but, a verie praine to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didst usurpe my place, and doest thou not,
Usurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow,
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burshtened yoke,
From which, even here, I slippe my wearie necke,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mishance,
These English woes, will make me smile in France.
The Tragedie

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

Qu. Mar. Forbear to sleepe the nights, and fast the daies,
Compare dead happinesse with living woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fayer then they were,
And he that slew them fouler then he is,
Betting thy losse makes the bad causer worse,
Revoluing this, wil teach thee how to curse.

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

Du. Why should calamitie be full of words? Exit Mar.

Qu. Windie aturies to your Clent woes,
Aerie succeeders of intelliate ioies,
Poore breathing Orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart,
Help not at al, yet do they ease the hart.

Duch. If so, then be not too long, tide, go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sweet sons smotherd,
I haire his drum, be copious in exclamies.

Enter K. Richard marching with Drummes and Trumpets.

King Who intercepts my expedition?

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

Qu. Hadst 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 sonnes, and brothers;
Tell me thou villaine flawe, where are my children?

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

And little Ned Plantagenet, his sonne?

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

King A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I saie. The trumpets
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of war:
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

_Du._ Art thou my son?

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

_Du._ Then patiently here my impatience.

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

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

_King._ And brieve good mother for I am in haft,

_Du._ Art thou so haflie I have flaid for thee,

God knowes in anguii, paine and agonie,

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

_Du._ No by the holie roode thou knowest it well,

Thou canst on earth to make the earth my hell,

A gresous burthen was thy beth to me,
Techie and waierward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightful, desperate, wild, and furious.
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous,
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtile, bloudie, trecherous,

What comfortable houre canst thou name

That ever grac't me in thy companie?

_King._ Faith none but Humphrey hourie, that calld your grace
To breake faft once forth of my companie,
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace,

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

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

_Du._ Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordainace,

Eearie from this war thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with grieue and extremes age shall perishe,
And never looke ypon thy face againe,
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse,
Which in the daie of bataille tire thee more
Then all the compleat armor that thou weare,

My praiers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the little soules of Edwards children,
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successse and victorie,
The Tragedy
Bloudie thou art, bloudie wilt be thy end,
Shame fereues thy life, and doth thy death attend.

Exit.

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

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

Qu. I have no more fornesse of the royall blood,
For thee to murther for my daughters Richard,
They halbe praying nunnes not weeping Queens,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.

King. You have a daughter called Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, roiall and gracious.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue!
And ile corrupt her maners, staie her beautie,
Slander my selfe as false to Edwards bed
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So she may liue vnskard from bleeding slaunder,
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.

King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall bloud,
Qu. To saue her life, ile saie she is not so.

King. Her life is onlie safest in hir birth,
Qu. And onlie in that safetie died her brothers.

King. Lo at their births good stars were oppolite,
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrarie.

King. All vnauoied is the doome of deffinie,
Qu. True when avoied grace makes deffinie,
My babes were deffinde to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Qu. To be descouered that can do me good,
King. The advancement of your children mightie Ladie.

Qu. vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads,
King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The high imperial tipe of this earths glorie.

Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what fate, what dignitie, what honor?
of Richard the third.

Canst thou demisfe to anie child of mine.

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

Qu. Be briefe, leaft that the process of thy kindnes,
Laff longer telling then thy kindnes doe.

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

Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.

King. What do you thinke?

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

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

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

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

Qu. What thou?

King Euen I, what thinke you of it Maddame?

Qu. How canst thou wooe her?

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

Qu. And wilt thou learn of me?

King. Madam with all my hart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding harts thereon ingrave,
Edward and Yorke, then happelie she wil wepe,
Therefore present to her as sometimes Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercher steeped in Rutlands bloud,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a storie of thy noble acts,
Tel her thou mad'st awaie her Vncle Clarence,
Her Vncle Rulers, yea, and for her fake
Mad'st quicke conuenience with her good Aunt Anne,

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

K.2 To
The Tragedy

To win your daughter.

There is no other way

Unlesse thou couldst put on some other shape,

And not be Richard that hast done all this.

King Inter santé Englands peace by this alliance.

Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

King Saie that the king which may command intents.

At her hands which the kings king forbids.

Saie she shall be a high and mightie Queene.

To waile the title as her mother doth.

Saie I will loue her everlastinge.

But how long shall that title euer last.

Sweetie inforce vnto her faire lyues end,

But how long sailely shall her sweet life last?

So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.

So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

Saie I her soueign am her subiects loue.

But the your subiects loaths such soueraintie.

Be eloquent in my behalfe to her,

An honest tale speedeth best being plainlie told.

Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Plaine and not honest is to harsh a stile,

Madame your reasons are too shallow & too quicke.

O no my reasons are to deepe and dead.

Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue.

Harpe not one that saile Madam that is past.

Harpe on it still shall I till hartstrings breake.

Now by my George, my Garter and my crown.

Prophand, dishonerd, and the third usurped,

If you sweare by nothing.

By nothing, for this is no oath,

The George prophand hath lost his holie honor,

The Garter blemisht pawnd his knightlie vertue,

The crown usurpt disgrac't his kinglye dignittie,

If something thou wilt sweare to be beleue

Sweare then by something that thou hast not wrongd.

Now by the world.

Tis ful of thy soule wrongs.
of Richard the third.

King. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath that dishonord,

King. Then by my selfe.

Qu. Thy selfe by thy selfe misusest.

King. While, then by God.

Qu. Gods wrong is most of all,

If thou hadst feared to break an oath by him,

The vnitiue the king my brother made,

Had not bene broken, nor my brother slaine.

If thou hadst feared to break an oath by him,

The emperiall mettall circling now thy brow,

Had graft the tender temples of my childre,

And both the princes had bene breathing here,

Which now, two tender plaie. fellowes for dust,

Thy broken faith, hath made a praie for wormes,

King. By the time to come.

Qu. That thou haft wrongd in time ore past,

For I my selfe, haue manie tears to wash,

Hereafter time, for time, by the past wrongd,

The children liue, whose parents thou haft slaughtered,

Vngouerd youth, to waile it in their age,

The parents liue, whose children thou haft butcherd,

Older withered plantes, to waile it with their age,

Swear not by time to come, for that thou haft,

Misusd, eare vscd, by time misusd ore past.

King. As I intend to prosper and repent,

So thrive I in my dangerous attempt,

Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound,

Dayes yeeld me not thy light, nor right thy rest,

Be opposite, all planets of good lucke,

To my proceedings, if with pure heartes love,

Immaculate devotion, holiethoues,

I tender not thy beauteous princelie daughter,

In her confines my happines and thine,

Without her followes to this land and me,

To thee her selfe, and manie a Christian soule,

Sad deolation, ruine, and decaie,

It cannot be avoided but by this,

K. 3. It will
The Tragedie

It will not be avoided but this;
Therefore good mother (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her.

Plead what I will be, not what I have been,
Not by desert, but what I will deserve,
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not pious, fond in great designs.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the diuell thus.
King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to do good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.
King. I, if your selves remembrance, wrong your selfe.
Qu. But thou didst kill my children.
King. But in your daughters wombe, I buried them,
Where in that nest of spicerie they shall breed,

Selfes of themselves, to your remembrance.

Qu. Shall I go winne my daughter to thy will.
King. And be a happy mother by the deed,
Qu. I go, write to me verie shortlie.
King. Bear her my true louses kisse, farewell. Exit.

Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. Enter Rat.

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

King. Some light footed friend, post to the Duke of Norff.
Ratllie thy selfe, or Catesbie, where is hee?
Cat. Heremony Lord,

King. Flee to the Duke, post thou to Salisbury,
When thou comft there, dull vnmindfull villaine,
While standst thou still? and goest not to the Duke.
Cat. First mightie Soueraigne, let me know your mind,
What, from your grace, I shall deliver them.

King. O, true good Catesbie, bid him leve straight,
The greatest strength and power he can mak,
And meete me pretentie at Salisbury.
of Richard the Third.

Rat. What is it your highness pleasure, I shall do at Salisbury.
King. Whie? what wouldst thou doe there before I goe? (ry,
Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.
King. My mind is changd sir, my minde is changd.

How now, what newes with you?

Enter Derby.

Dar. None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good, nor bad:
Why doest thou turne so many mile about,
When thou maist tell thy tale a neeter way.

Once more, what newes?

Dar. Richmond is on the Seas.

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

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

King. Well sir, as you gueffe, as you gueffe.

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

King. Is the chaire emptie; is the sword vnswaied?

Is the king dead? the Empire vnposset?
What heire of Yorke is there alieue but we?
And who is Englands King, but great Yorkes heire,
Then tell me, what doeth he vpon the seas?

Dar. Vnlesse for that my liege, I cannot gueffe,

King. Vnlesse for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueffe, wherefore the Welshman comes,
Thou wilt revolt, and flie to him I feare.

Dar. No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.

King. Where is thy power then? to beate him backe,
Where are thy tennants? and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne shore?
Safe conducting, the rebels from their ships.

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

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

Dar. They haue not bin commaunded, mightie Soueraigne.

Please it your Maistie to give me leave,
The Tragedie

Ile muster vp my friendes and meeete your grace,
Where, and what time, your Maiestie shall please.

King. I, I, thou wouldst be gone, 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, leave behinde,
Your sonne George Stanlie, looke your faith be firme,
Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.

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

Enter a Messenger,

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

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Liege, in Kent the Guilforde are in armes,
And euerie houre more competitors,
Flocke to their aide, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

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

He striketh him.

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

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

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

Mes. Such proclamation hath bene made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

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

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

Enter Catelie.

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

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

Exeunt.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stile of this most bloudie bower,
My sonne George Stanlie is slain, vp in hold,
If I reuolt, off goes young George's head,
The feare of that, with holdes my present aide,
But tell me, where is princelie Richmond now?

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

Dar. What men of name resort to him.

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

Dar. Retourne vnto thy Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartlie consented,
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter,
The Tragedy

These letters will resolve him of my minde.

Farewell.

Enter Buckingham to execution.

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

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

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

Rat. It is my Lord.

Buck. Whie then Alsoules day, is my bodies dome day:
This is the day, that in king Edwards time,
I wish might fall on me, when I was found,
Falte to his children, or his wifes allies;
This is the day, wherein I wish to fall,
By the false faith, of him I trusted most:
This, this Alsoules day, to my fearfull soule,
Is the determind respite of my wrongs:
That high al-see, that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in lef.
Thus doeth he force the swordes of wicked men,
To turne their owne pointes, on their Maiters bosome:
Now Margarets curfe, is fallen upon my head,
When he quorh the, shall split thy hart with sorrow.
Remember, Margaret was a Prophete, to
Come fits, conuert me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the dew of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friendes,
Bruist underneathe the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowles of the land,
Hauue we marcht on without impediment,
And here receiue we, from our Father Stanlie,
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,
The wretched, bloudie, and vsurping bore,
That spoild your forset fields, and fruitfull vines,
Swils your warme bloud like wash, and makes his trough,
In your inboweld bosomes, this foule swine,
Lies now euew in the center of this Ile,
Neare to the towne of Leycester as we learne:
From Tamworth thether, is but one dayes march,
In Gods name cheerele on, courageous friendes,
To reap the harvest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.

1. Lo. Eric mans conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloudie homicide.
2. Lo. I doubt not but his friendes will flye to vs,
3. Lo. He hath no friendes, but who are friendes for seare,
Which in his greatest neede will shrinke from him.

Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with Swallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings.

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

King. Here pitch our tentes, euem here in Bosworth field,
Whie, how now Catesbie, whie lookst thou so bad.

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

King. Norffolke, come hether.

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

Norff. We must both gie, and taka, my gracious Lord.

King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lie to night,
But where to morrow, well, all is one for that:

Norff. Sixe or seuen thousand is their greatest number.

King. Whie our battalion trebles that account,
Besides the Kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the aduerse partie want,
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs survey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Let rs want no discipline, make no delightful.

For
For Lordes, to morrow is a busie day. Exeunt.

Enter Richmond with the Lordes, &c.

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

Give me some inke, and paper, in my tent,
Ie drawe the forme, and model of our battel,
Limit each leader to his feuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strengthe,
Come, let vs consult vpon to morrowes busines,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.

Enter King Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe
Catesb.e, &c.


cng. What is a clocke.
Cas. It is fixe of clocke, full supper time,
King. I will not sup to night, give me some inke and paper,
What is my beuer easier then it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cas. It is my Liege, and all things are in readines.
King. Good Norffolke, hee thee to thy charge,

Write carefull watch, chufe trustie centinell,
Norff. I goe my Lord.
of Richard the third.

King. Stur with the Larket to morrow gentle Norffolke.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.
King. Catesby.
Rat. My lord.
King. Send out a Pursuant at armes
to Stanleys regiment, bid him bring his power
Before sun rising, least his sonne George fall
Into the blind cause of eternal night.
Fill me a bowle of wine, give me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my staves be found and not too heavy Ratliffe.

R. t. My lord.
King. Sawft thou the melancholie Lo Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himselfe,
Much about cocke shut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the army cheering vp the soldiours.
King. So I am satisfied, give me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacrity of spirit
Nor cheere of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it down. Is inke and paper ready?
Rat. It is my lord.
King. Bid my guard watch, leave me.
Ratliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
And helpe to arm me: leave me I say.

Exit. Ratliffe

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.
Darby. Fortune and victorie set on thy helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy person noble father in law,
Tell me how fares our louing mother?
Dar. I by attomey bless thee from thy mother,
Who praieth continuallie for Richmonds good,
So much for that the silent houres steale on,
And flashie darkenesse breaks within the east,
In briefe, for so the seasion bids vs be;
Prepare thy battell earlie in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement,
Of bloudie strokes and mortal flaring war,
As I may, that which I would, I cannot,

With
The Tragedie

With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aide thee in this doubtful shocke of armes,
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seen thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers sight.
Farewell, the leisure and the searefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of love,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long fundered friends should dwell upon,
God give vs leisure for these rights of love,
Once more a diew, be valiant and speed well.

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

Enter the ghost of young Prince Edward, sonne
Harry the sixth, to Ri.

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

Enter the ghost of Henry the sixt.

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

Harrie the first bids thee dispaire and die.
To Rich. Vertuous and holie be thou conqueror.
Harrie that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe liue and florish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me set heauie in thy soule to morrow,
I that was waft to death with fulsome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeles sword, dispaire and die.
To Rich. Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good angels guard thy battaile liue and florish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, Vaughan.

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

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

Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

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

Enter the Ghost of Hastings.

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

Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne his wife,
Richard thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
The Tragedie

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now 'ills thy sleepe with preturbations,
To morrow in the battale thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeles sword despaire and die.

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

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.
The first was I that helpe thee to the crown,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O in the battale thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy giltinesle,
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting, despaire, despaire yeld thy breath,

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

Richard faresth vp out of a dream.

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

Periurie
of Richard the third.

Periurie, periurie, in the higheft degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyreft degree,
All fecretall sines, all vile in each degree,
Thrond to the barre, crying all guitle, guitie.
If I will dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule will pitie me:
And wherefore should they, fince that I my felfe,
Finde in my felfe, no pitie to my felfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I had murthered,
Came to my tent, and euer one did threat,
To morrows vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

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

Enter the Lordes to Richmond.

Lo. Good morrow Richmond.
Rich. Crie mercie Lordes, and watchfull gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie flaggard here.
Lo. How haue you flept my Lord?
Rich. The sweeteff sleepe, and faireft boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowifie head,
Haue I fince your depature had my Lordes.
The Tragedy

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

La. Upon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Whic, then tis time to arm, and give direction.

His oration to his soldiers.

More then I haue said, louing countriemen,
The leasure and inforcement of the time,
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good caufe, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarke, stand before our faces,
Richard, except those whome we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow ? truelie gentlemen,
A bloudie tirant, and a homicide.
One rai'd in bloud, and one in bloud established,
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those, that were the meane to helpe him.
A base soule stone, made precious by the foile,
Of Englands chaire, where he is falsely set,
One that haue bene Gods enemie.

Then if you fight against Gods enemie,
God will In iustice, ward you as his soldiers,
If you doe sweate to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countries foes,
Your countries fat, shall paie your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerors.
If you doe free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all these rightes,
Aduauance your standards, drawe your willing swordes,
For me, the raunfome of my bold attempt,
shall be this could corps on the earths cold face:

But:
of Richard the third.

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

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond.
Rat. That he was never trained vp in armes.
King. He said the trueth, and what said Surrey then.
Rat. He smyled and said, the better for our purpose,
King. He was in the right, and so in deede it is;
Tell the clocke there. The clocke striceth.

Give me a calender, who saw the Sunne to day?

Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke,
He should haue braud the East an hower agoe,
A blakke day will it be to some bodie.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sunne will not be seen to day,
The skie doth frowne, and lowre vpon our armie,
I would these dewie tears were from the ground,
Not shine to day: whic what is that to me;
More then to Richmond, for the selfe-same heauen,
That frownes on me, lookes sadlie vpon him.

Enter Norffolke.

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

M. 2. A good
The Tragedy

Nor. A good direction warlike soueraine, be sheweth him a paper.

This found I on my tent this morning.

Loke of Norfolkke be not so bould,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

King. A thing dyuited by the enemie.

Go gentemen every man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules:

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Deuise at first to keepe the strong in awe,

Our strong armes be our conscience swords, our law.
Match on, joine brauelie, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to heauen then hand in hand to hell.

His Oration to his army.

What shall I saie more then I haue inferred?
Remember whom you are to copre withall,

A sort of vagabonds, rascals and runauiyes,
A Scum of Britains and base lackey pefants,

Whom their orecloied country vomits forth,
To desparate adventures and asurd destruction,

You sleeping fast they bring to you vnrest,
You hauing lands and blest with beauteous wifes,

They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrye fellow?

Long kept in Britaine at our mothers cost,
A milke sopt, one that neuer in his life

Felt so much colde as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these stragglers oer the seas againe,

Lash hence these overweening rage of France,
These famislht beggers wareie of their liues,

Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themselues,

If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastaerd Britains whom our fathers

Haue in their own land beaten bobd and thumpt,
And in record left them the heires of Shame.

Shall these enjoy our lands, lie with our wifes?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,

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

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

M.s. My lord, he doth deny to come,
King Off with his sonne Georges head.
Nor. My lord, the enemie is past the marsh,
After the bataille let George Stanley die.

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

Exeunt.

Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesby.

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

Enter Richard.

King A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.
Cates. Withdraw my lord, Ie helpe you to a horse.
King Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die,
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Fieue haue I slaine to daie in stead of him,
A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.

Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine
then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby, bearing the
crowne, with other Lords, &c.

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

Dar. Couragious Richmond, we haft thou acquit thee,
Loe here this long usurped roialtie.
From the dead temples of this bloudie wretch,
Hawe I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
The Tragedie

Rich, Great God of heauen fiae Amen to all,
But tell me, is yong George Stanley living.

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

Rich. What men of name are slaine on either side?
John Duke of Norfolke, Water Lord Ferris; Sir
Robert Brooke bur, & Sir William Brandon.

Rich. Inter their bodies as become their births,
Proclain a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red,
Smile heauen vpon this faire conjunction,
That long have frowned vpon their enmity,
What traitor heares me, and faies not Amen?
England hath long been madde and feard herselfe,
The brother blindlie shed the brothers bloud,
The father rashlie slaughterd his owne sonne,
The sonne compeld ben butcher to the fire,
All this deuided Yorke and Lancastre,
Deuided in their dire deuision,
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeivers of each royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance conioine together,
And let their heires (God if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faste peace,
With smiling plentie and faire prosperous daies,
Abate the edge of traitors gracious Lord,
That would reduce these blody daies againe,
And make poore England wepe in flames of bloud,
Let them not liue to taff this lands increase,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace,
Now civil wounds are stopt, peace liues againe,
That she may long liue heare, God faie Amen.

FINIS.
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